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S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.

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S. AUG. EPIST. CCXXXVIII. AD PASCENT.



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VOL. XII.—JANUARY, 1887.—No. 45.

SCIENCE AND SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

HUMAN knowledge is not confined to experience. The objects presented to us by the senses and by consciousness are very few, comprising, as they do, but our own actions and existence and a very small portion of the material universe; whereas the range of our mental view is unbounded, there being absolutely nothing that may not fall within it. By experience we know only the concrete and existent, but intellectual cognizance takes in also that which is abstracted from actual existence. Accordingly, as whatever exists in this world of ours is individual and finite, we experience things only in their individuality and limitation in time and space, with powers and qualities narrowly circumscribed; and as the finite is contingent and, in many regards, potential, we see but what is changeable in its being, comes into existence and goes out of it, develops and decays again. The things thus brought to our view resemble the ocean, on which all is moving and floating, on which wave follows wave, rising and subsiding, to be dashed against the shore. Reason, on the contrary, contemplates the infinite, the universal, and the necessary. Its objects, raised above fleeting time, freed from limits and changes, dwell in a higher sphere, where there is eternal rest and necessity, perfection ideal and sublime without deficiency and fluctuation. It is in beholding this order of truths that the mind finds its chief delight, for they are the highest and the grandest; and it is in attaining them that

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our knowledge becomes solid and certain in proportion as it widens and expands.

Mere experience, then, is a very imperfect kind of knowledge. To be perfected and rendered congenial to our intellect, it must be illumined with a superior light by being brought under the higher intuitions of reason. Such is, indeed, the tendency of all human inquiries. No scientific investigation is considered complete before it has reached a general law, and before the theorems at which it arrived are proved to be of undeniable certainty and necessity. The scientist does not know merely the peculiar action of this or that electric, sounding, or heated body, but he knows what phenomena electricity, sound, or heat will produce in all bodies, in those which we have experienced, and in those which we do not experience. The astronomer, observing the actual position of the stars, is enabled to point out, with full certainty, also the positions which they have occupied in times gone by and which they will occupy in centuries yet to come. Medicine does not teach what under certain conditions may happen to the one or the other individual; but, a certain organic disorder having been discovered, it considers the same from a general point of view, searches into its nature, foretells its phases, and prescribes remedies for it in all its different cases. It is an axiom that the object of science is the necessary and the universal. Therefore, to produce perfect knowledge, experience must be joined to reason, the latter putting on the former its views, and so raising and ennobling it.

But, surrounded as we are by a material world that strikes our senses and impresses itself on our mind, how shall we reach those sublime ideas of a sphere eternal and immaterial? By what way have they come into our intellect? And to what extent is truth to be attributed to them? Momentous questions, which down from the time of Plato and Aristotle have been discussed by the philosophers of all ages, yet have always been answered differently. Some have thought these supreme ideas to be innate in the human mind; others held that they were acquired by our own activity; some, again, considered them as mere classifications, as the ultimate result of our experiences; others maintain them to be prior to all experience. Among these latter some are of the opinion that they are but the frame-work of our mind reflected on the things we see, whilst others show how they are gained by the immaterial power of our intellect from the objects presented to our senses. As one school says, they are but a fiction or a creation of our own intellectual faculty; as the other thinks, they are real and have a solid foundation in the things without us. It is not our intention to pass in review all the different systems; we shall speak only of the modern speculation of phenomenism, Kantism, and agnosticism,

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and oppose to them the sound doctrine of the scholastic theory. Nor shall we in particular discuss the origin of those ideas. Our chief purpose is to inquire into the objective truth and reality of universal and necessary notions and principles, which are supreme in human knowledge, not only because they regard the eternal and immutable order, but also because in their light reason contemplates its objects and reaches all truth.

We commence with phenomenism, or, as it was formerly termed, empiricism. Its fundamental tenets are laid down by John Locke, who is, on that account, justly called the metaphysician of empiric philosophy. All our knowledge, he maintains, is derived merely from experience. What we directly know are the phenomena, that is, the impressions produced on our sensitive organs by the exterior bodies, or on our mind by our own operations. These primitive and naked perceptions are compared, opposed to one another, or gathered into classes according to their likeness or unlikeness, and according to their mutual relations. Beyond this the intellect cannot go; it has no other material to work upon, no other operation by which to form an idea.

It is easily understood that in such a theory general conceptions and principles are unreal. The universal is, in Locke's opinion, exclusively the work of our mind, having been fabricated, not in comparing things, but in comparing subjective impressions and ideas. The one mark in which several ideas are found to agree becomes, if separated from all other qualities, applicable to many conceptions, and hence is general, a species or a genus, according to its narrower or wider extension. It may also be designated with one name, which thus will signify many things and thoughts, but by no means will it ever express the intrinsic constitution of things as they exist in nature. Real essences are neither identical with the similarity that is thought to exist between our ideas, nor are they contained in the impressions produced on our senses or our consciousness; they are not at all mentally represented; they are unknown to us, and will ever remain unknowable.[1] With this theory of universal notions Locke remained consistent, when he taught that the general principles, too, founded on them were destitute of objective validity; that their use was dangerous, and often led to erroneous conclusions; that they did not advance the discovery of new truths, but served only to teach sciences already established, or to silence adversaries in disputations; that they were not first known, but were gathered from the experience of individual things by generalization or induction.[2] David Hume further developed Locke's theory. He denied also the reality of

[1] J. Locke, *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, Book iii., Chapter iii.
[2] *Ibid.*, Book iv., Chapter vii.

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substance, as the substratum in which qualities, actions, and impressions inhere, and the reality of cause, as that which by its activity produces things into being, because neither the one nor the other was manifested by experience. Nothing was thus left but phenomena.

On these tenets the whole wisdom of our latest empirics is based. No other doctrine do they profess, when they proclaim the relativity of all our knowledge, or deny the possibility of knowing anything as it is in itself, and, in particular, of reaching the intrinsic nature or constitution of things; or when they ridicule metaphysics, because it deals with essences and deduces from the sensible the existence of the supersensible, by means of universal principles; or when they hold it to be the only business of science to compare the phenomena experienced and to reduce them to the highest generalizations; or when they declare induction to be the only scientific method productive of true and reliable knowledge reduced to system. That such views are nowadays widely spread among the educated classes of society is known to any one who is acquainted with the most recent literature.

Still, it would be altogether wrong to say that, since the rise of modern philosophy, these ideas have been generally entertained by men of learning. It has never been overlooked that we cognize not only the existence of phenomena, but also their connection and dependence, their possibility and necessity, their uniformity and universality, sometimes almost as soon as they are presented to us; and it was always understood that science cannot content itself with the mere comparing of impressions received in our senses, but must penetrate to the hidden causes, to nature and substance, to objective truth and reality, and must connect all it has taken in into one all-comprising whole. An important something beyond experience could not be denied. Reflections like these occasioned Kant to reason out a system altogether opposed to Hume's empiricism, in order to preserve rational knowledge in its proper rank and dignity. The universal, the necessary, cause, and substance were granted by him to be above all experience, yet, nevertheless, to be known to us, nay, to be the very forms that render objects knowable. Only these forms, he thought, had reality, not in the things without us, but in the mind within us, belonging to its very constitution, and being the very modes inborn to it according to which the understanding is naturally fitted to judge and to reason.

But, though intrinsic to us, the forms are perceived in the outward objects, because they are in the act of perception projected on them, just as the yellow color of a jaundiced eye is put on the exterior body. Things, therefore, appear to us, not in their own shape and constitution, but in that of the mind. So far went Kant

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in this line of thought that he maintained things, as they are in themselves, to be absolutely unknowable to us, and that he took any determinate mode or attribute perceived in them for a merely subjective form of our cognitive faculty. Consequently, unity, plurality, reality, negation, limitation, substance, cause, possibility, necessity, existence, are, in his opinion, not in the objects we are cognizant of, but result from the different modes of judgment; the soul, the universe, and God, we seem to perceive in the objective order, are nothing but the hypothetical, disjunctive, and categorical modes of reasoning, inasmuch as the relations of inherence, coherence, and dependence, under which we are subjectively necessitated to view objects presented to us, suppose an absolute substance in which all exists, an absolute whole to which all belongs, and an absolute cause on which all depends. That to such conceptions nothing corresponds in the world without us, Kant thinks to have proved by pointing out the self-contradictions which they imply, whenever their objects are considered as being in themselves beyond the appearance.

Of the same objective unreality are, of course, also the judgments by which we explicitly and with reflection apply our mental forms to the objects apprehended. He calls them *synthetical à priori*, by which name they have become famous in the schools. *A priori* they are, in his opinion, because they are prior to all experience, since the forms predicated in them are the mind's ability of judging; *synthetical*, because their predicate is not contained in the obvious conception of the subject.

By no means, however, are these and like views peculiar to Kant; they have been embodied in numerous philosophical systems that sprang up after his times. In fact, all modern philosophers, on the one hand hostile to Christianity, on the other hand claiming depth of thought and speculation, adopted this kind of rationalism. In our own days there is a movement going on back to Kant, because his theory of innate forms of thought is deemed a bulwark strong enough to withstand the destructive tendency of extreme empiricism, and to reassert the ideal world, the unity of science, and the truth of lofty intuitions.

Agnosticism itself, as taught by Herbert Spencer, and positivism, as set forth by J. Stuart Mill, claim, with regard to ultimate notions and principles, to have reconciled empiricism with Kantism;[1] so closely are the two most prominent philosophers of our time wedded to the so-called German Aristotle. Their systems present

[1] "In Psychology," says Mr. Spencer, "the arrested growth recommences now that the disciples of Kant and those of Locke have both their views recognized in the theory that organized experiences produce forms of thought." *First Principles*, P. i. Chapter i., § 6.

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themselves in reality as a combination of these two extremes. In the opinion of Spencer, as well as of Stuart Mill, experience is the only source of knowledge; all that is beyond it is either altogether unknowable, or is known but vaguely and indefinitely. We can know things, not as they are in themselves, but only as they impress themselves on us, and as, thus impressed, they are related to one another; science does not consist in searching into causes and natures, but in comparing impressions and ideas, and it has completed its task when it has reached the highest classifications. Universal conceptions have of themselves no truth, and do not refer to objective reality; they are but symbols, faint and incomplete fancies, extremely inadequate representations which we form of a group of objects. By the general judgments founded on them we are led into danger, and very often into error. Universal propositions, to be reliable, must be verified by experience or induction, which Spencer likes to call the accumulative process; if this be not done, they are altogether vicious and illusive, and in no way distinguishable from pure fictions.[1]

Nevertheless, both Herbert Spencer and Stuart Mill admit universal, necessary, and *à priori* truths, and even require them as the basis and the starting-point of their speculation. Their nature and origin Mr. Spencer, in his "First Principles," explains in the following terms: "Lest he should not have observed it, the reader must be warned that the terms '*à priori* truth' and 'necessary truth,' as used in this work, are to be interpreted not in the old sense, as implying cognitions wholly independent of experiences, but as implying cognitions that have been rendered organic by an immense accumulation of experiences, received partly by the individual, but mainly by all ancestral individuals whose nervous systems he inherits."[2] Undoubtedly this is an approach to Kant. In the course of the same work he gives a more full account of how experience is registered and accumulated in our organism. Similar sensations, says he, "are combined and superposed in our organic faculties; dissimilar sensations, on the contrary, are decomposed and segregated." Hence genera and species arise, which, as often repeated actions work structural changes, are embodied in our organs. "By a parallel process are, simultaneously with the impressions, also the connections of sequence and existence grouped in our mind." For "whenever two phenomena that have been experienced in a given order are repeated in the same order, those nerves that were affected by the transition are affected again, and such molecular modification as they received from the first motion propagated through them, is increased by this second motion along the same route. Each such motion works a structural alteration, which

[1] *Ibid.*, § 9.

[2] *Ibid.*, P. ii., § 54, note.

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involves a diminution of the resistance to all such motions that afterwards occur." Different phenomena, since they affect different nervous elements, "will have their connections severally represented by motions along different routes, and along each of them the nervous discharges will severally take place with a readiness proportionate to the frequency with which experience repeats the phenomena." "The segregation of the successive motions within our organism so becomes the cause and the measure of the mental connection of impressions."[1]

Furthermore, as equilibrium must exist between our impressions, which form the outer world, and our ideas derived from them, which form the inner world, each outer connection which we perceive generates an inner connection; repeated experience results in the formation of a mental connection, having a relative strength that answers the relative constancy of the physical connection represented, so that at last on the occurrence of conditions the relation in thought arises as certainly as the relation in things.[2]

A certain disposition, therefore, of our organism mechanically effected by experience, or by repeated sensations, according to this theory, necessitates us to gather the phenomena in certain classes, to connect them in a certain order of sequence and coëxistence, and to conceive that to certain relations in nature correspond certain ideal relations. The necessity is altogether subjective, because it constitutes our very ability of thinking, judging, and reasoning, but is projected on the objects perceived; it is a peculiar structure of our organism, yet is put as an intuition on the things themselves. As to the validity of the general principles and data that arise from these necessary views, Mr. Spencer maintains that, at the outset of our reasoning, they must be admitted as *provisionally* true, since without them we could not even think, but are later on confirmed and verified by experience, according to the inductive method.[3]

Not much different is J. Stuart Mill's theory. That nature is uniform he grants to be a postulate prior to our reasoning; that many universal axioms are admitted by us, from which we draw inferences, and that certain relations between phenomena, a certain order of sequence and coëxistence, are necessarily believed, he concedes as undeniable facts; but he denies uniformity and necessity to have any foundation in nature outside of us. By what theory, then, does he account for them? By association psychologically. "By this term," says W. G. Ward, "he denotes that psychological theory which alleges that man's *belief* in necessary truth does not authenticate any corresponding *reality*, but results from past uniformity in the association of ideas. All my life long I have been seeing trilaterals which are triangular, while I have

[1] *Ibid.*, § 167. [2] *Ibid.*, § 174. [3] *Ibid*, § 39.

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had no experience to the contrary. So inseparable an association, then,—thus Mr. Mill argues—has been established in my mind between the idea of trilateralness and triangularity, that I am deluded into the fancy of some *à priori* connection between them, independent of what is known by experience; I am deluded into the fancy that by my very conception of a trilateral figure I know its triangularity."[1]

Further explaining the theory, the late Dr. Ward adds: "This doctrine may be stated as follows: 'I know the fact that all trilaterals are triangular, just as I know the fact that all wood floats on the water, and that all stones sink therein. I have seen in my life a vast number of trilateral figures, and I have found them all triangular; all other men have had the same experience; and the same laws of induction which prove that throughout the sphere of human observation wood floats on the water, prove also that throughout the sphere of human observation trilaterals are triangular. Whether either of these two propositions is true in distant parts of stellar regions ("Logic," vol. ii., p. 108) is a question on which I cannot form even a reasonable conjecture.'"[2]

To convince the reader that such is really the drift of Mill's theory, the following sentences are quoted from his works: "Mathematical axioms ("Logic," vol. i., p. 258) are experimental truths: generalizations from observation." "The reverse of the most familiar principles of arithmetic and geometry might have been made conceivable *even to our present mental faculties*, if those faculties had coëxisted with a totally different constitution of external nature" ("On Hamilton," pp. 85, 86 note). "We should probably be as well able to conceive a *round square* as a heavy square, if it was not that *in our uniform experience* at the instant when a thing begins to be round, it ceases to be square" (*Ib.*, p. 85).[3]

So the necessary and uniform association of ideas in our mind, consequent on repeated experience, deludes us into the fancy of objective uniformity and necessity, because it compels us to put on the objects without us what is a habit or a disposition of our faculties within us.

This, then, is common to the authors of the three principal systems of modern philosophy that they deny all reality of the ideal order, all objective truth of universal and abstract conceptions. Let us for the present only see whether they can do so without utterly destroying all science and rational knowledge, and without entangling themselves in self-contradictions.

The case of phenomenism or empiricism is at once clear. There

[1] *The Philosophy of Theism*, by the late G. W. Ward, vol. i., p. 37.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 41. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 42, note.

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being, according to its tenets, no higher faculty in us than that of receiving impressions, of assorting and separating them, of dividing the qualities of which as elements they consist, and of recompounding them in a new manner, there are no principles according to which and from which we may draw conclusions; there are no intrinsic constitutions of things into which we may gain insight, no causes into which we may search; there are no universal and necessary laws in the universe, known in their proper working, that may warrant our inferences concerning the future and the past; there is no real order and proportion between phenomena, no intrinsic dependence of the one on the other, no action, no agent productive of them, no substratum sustaining them, no purpose realized in them. All that our mind may reach is a limited number of phenomena that just happen in the present moment; all that our rational faculties may do, is the mere binding them together according to their resemblance or difference. In vain do empirics recur to induction, to obtain by it universal principles or general laws as a basis of reasoning. For experience alone gives us but a few individual facts or contingent existences; yet these collected and put together can never make up a species, or a genus, or a universal, which, as to the number of the subjects it comprises, is unlimited, or constitute a necessary truth and reality liable to no changes. The more general the law is which is to be discovered, the further it reaches back to bygone ages, or extends the times yet to come, the greater the certainty is which it should give us about the past and the future, or about the hidden sources and powers of nature, the less can experience, concerned only with the present, be sufficient to generate its notion in our mind. Science cannot consist with phenomenism; by phenomenism it has been bound with fetters and deprived of its own light.

But is not Kantism a solid support of rational knowledge? With this view, indeed, the German philosopher devised his system, and with this hope he is resorted to by many nowadays. Will their expectation be fulfilled? True, he admits all the great notions necessary to uphold a speculative system, and the universally necessary principles fit to enrich our reasoning. Yet, all these conceptions and axioms have no objective reality whatever, since they are but the frame-work of the mind projected on the thing perceived; considered as objectively real without us, they are mere delusions, and the conclusions built on them prove to be self-contradictions. All we reach beyond ourselves is an indeterminate something absolutely unknowable. Is science served by such a theory? Does anything yet remain of its truth and dignity?

What is still worse, Kant has uprooted the very faculty with

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which speculative knowledge could be acquired. Theoretical reason, in his "Critique," turns out to be altogether illusive, because it represents to us as existing outside of us what, in fact, is but within us; and practical reason blindly forces on us certain postulates, giving us no insight into them nor affording any evidence for their truth. The theory is, on that account, suicidal, having denied the trustworthiness of the reasoning faculty, and having, at the very outset, taken this denial for the foundation of all inquiries. Besides, such is the abstruseness of Kantian philosophy, such its obscurity, that few may entertain the hope to penetrate its mysteries, and that these fortunate ones themselves constantly contend with one another about the true sense of the speculative tenets that should enlighten the learned world.

Yet if the condition of empiricism and of Kantism is desperate, that of agnosticism is doubly so, because it is the combination of the errors of both of them. Like empiricism, it does not go beyond the phenomena, and considers their classification as the proper and only province of science, discarding the inquisition into the nature of things and denying the very possibility of attaining to more than a relative knowledge; and, like Kantism, it regards universal notions and principles, though the final result of long-continued experience registered in our organism, as unreliable and leading to false conclusions, so as utterly to stultify human reason and to discredit all our faculties.

Modern philosophy, therefore, works the destruction of all science; for it demolishes the foundation of reasoned knowledge by cancelling the principles from which reasoning proceeds; it disowns the truth of our conclusions by denying the trustworthiness of our faculties; it deprives us of any rational method of inquiry by despising or overthrowing the rules and laws of sound logic; it does away with the unity and solidity of any scientific system by ignoring the ground on which any reality may rest and the ultimate ideas under which a particular experience is included.

Still, as science is the aspiration of rational nature, for we all are longing for perfect knowledge, so is its existence an undeniable fact, attested by the history of the human race. Science, in its wider sense, has always been cultivated, and its advancement has most contributed to the welfare and to the elevation of mankind. Science, in its stricter and modern sense, as the knowledge of physical nature, is, in a special manner, and with most remarkable results, promoted in our days. Nobody prides more in its inventions than these same anti-Christian philosophers. Who is not acquainted with the praises bestowed on it by Lord Macaulay?

"The New Philosophy," says he, "has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the

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fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form before unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled men to descend to the depth of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but part of its fruits, and of its first-fruits." ("Essay on Lord Bacon.")

The wonderful success so warmly admired is real and not exaggerated. But then, if this be so, the modern philosophical systems, which deny the truth of abstract ideas and principles, must be utterly false; for without the latter no reasoning is possible, and without reasoning the marvelous progress of science, the astonishing inventions of our age, could not be made. The farther, therefore, investigation advances, the louder it disclaims the latest speculative theories; the more our modern philosophers extol science, the more they endeavor to unify it, the more they glory in its results, the more glaringly they contradict their own fundamental tenets. Their systems, therefore, stand in open self-contradiction and are thus their own refutation.

To confirm what we have said of the influence which abstract conceptions must have on science, we shall, in conclusion, produce the testimony of an unsuspected author. "The human mind," says the Duke of Argyll, "in the exercise of its own faculties and powers, sometimes by careful reasoning, sometimes by the intuitions of genius unconscious of any process, is able, from time to time, to reach now one, now another, of those purely intellectual Conceptions which are the basis of all that is intelligible to us in the Order of the Material World. We look for an ideal order or simplicity in material Law; and the very possibility of exact Science depends upon the fact that such ideal order does actually prevail, and is related to the abstract conceptions of our own intellectual nature. It is in this way that many of the greatest discoveries of Science have been made. Especially have the great pioneers in new paths of discovery been led to the opening of those paths by that fine sense for abstract truths which is the noblest gift of genius. Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo were all guided in their profound interpretations of visible phenomena by those intuitions which arise in minds finely organized, brought into close relations with

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the mind of Nature, and highly trained in the exercise of speculative thought. They guessed the truth before they proved it to be true; and those guesses had their origin in Abstract Ideas of the mind which turned out to be ideas really embodied in the Order of the Universe. So constantly has this recurred in the history of Science that, as Dr. Whewell says, it is not to be considered as an exception, but as the rule." [1]

It is, then, a peremptory necessity to go back to a speculative philosophy which, as it reaches, by abstraction, the supreme notions and the most universal truths, so, after a careful examination, accounts for their origin and warrants their objective reality. Such is the philosophy of Aristotle and of the scholastics. The time in which it flourished, the "Dark Ages," ought not to create any prejudices against its worth. True it is, nature was then not searched into as it is nowadays; science was in part neglected, in part but imperfectly cultivated for the want of instruments and means of observation. But the logical method, which leads to certain and legitimate conclusions, was taught, the ultimate causes to which all inquiries should bring us were penetrated, the sublime ideas which join in wonderful harmony all parts of the universe, and by which the temporal is classed under the eternal, the contingent and the particular under the necessary and universal, were cherished; in short, the things above the material world and beyond experience were studied at that time with results no less marvelous than physical nature is inquired into in our age. Scholasticism is not, as some scientists are wont to say, a wreck on the shore of time; its tenets deserve the fullest consideration also in our enlightened century.

But what is the scholastic doctrine concerning the necessary and universal? Let us look first into the manner in which their knowledge is attained, and then into the objective reality of such knowledge, and in both respects let us examine the simple conceptions as well as the judgments founded on them.

Whenever an object is presented to our intellect through the senses or through consciousness, we view in it existence and essence, or in other words, we cognize that it is, and we cognize what it is. We do not, however, perceive them both in the same manner, though by the very same act; the intellect apprehends essence directly, the existing individual indirectly; essence as that which is realized, existence as its realization, the individual as the subject in which it is realized, just as the eye by the same vision directly perceives color, indirectly the body as that in which color

[1] *Reign of Law*, pp. 109, 110.

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inheres.[1] Essence, therefore, is called the formal and the primary object of the intellect, the aspect under which it considers whatever is put before it, whilst individual existence is its secondary and material object.[2] And as the human intellect, while the soul is united to the body, has its objects presented through the senses, the essence properly and especially proportioned to it, after the manner of which it apprehends all others, is the essence of material things.[3]

This tenet of the scholastics ought, however, not to be construed as though we took in the peculiar nature of everything at first sight. Not one of them has ever adopted this view, although such an interpretation is not seldom put on them. We know an object that falls within the horizon of the mind first only under a general and vague aspect,[4] as a thing or being, as a body, or as a living substance, as a plant or an animal, and not until after careful observation as this or that specific being; and again, the intrinsic constitution of each object we know, with some completeness, only by many inferences partly from experience, partly from abstract principles. Yet whether we cognize a thing adequately or inadequately, specifically or indeterminately, our attention is always chiefly directed to the nature of that which we apprehend of it. When we consider it as a substance, we know in some way, indistinctly at least, what a substance is; when we consider it as a tree, we likewise know what a tree is; when we consider it as a human being, we obtain some knowledge of man's nature. The ancient doctrine, thus stated, fully agrees both with our consciousness and with the peculiarity of the human intellect, which, inasmuch as it is immaterial, penetrates to the essence of its objects, and inasmuch as it depends on the senses, is imperfect and but gradually progresses to full and perfect knowledge.

It should also be understood that essence is seen altogether separated from individual and concrete existence, not in our first and direct cognitions, but after reflective acts only, by which we attend in the object directly perceived to the one property without attending at all to the other; an abstraction which is not exercised until the cognitive faculties have already reached a considerable

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[1] S. Thomas, *Sum. Theol.*, P. I., qu. 86, art. 1; Card. Zigliara, *Summa Phil., Psychologia* (38).

[2] "Primo in conceptione intellectus cadit ens, quia secundum hoc unumquodque cognoscibile est, in quantum est actu, ut dicitur in IX. Metaphys., text 20; unde ens est proprium objectum intellectus, et sic est primum intelligibile, sicut sonus est primum audibile." S. Thom., *S. Theol.*, P. I., qu. 5, art 2.

[3] "Intellectus humani, qui est conjunctus corpori, proprium objectum est quidditas sive natura in materia corporali existens; et per hujusmodi naturas visibilium rerum etiam in invisibilium aliqualem cognitionem ascendit." *Ibid.*, qu. 84, art. 7.

[4] *Ibid.*, qu. 85, art. 3.

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development. Whoever will recall to his mind what course he followed in his mental evolution, will easily find this completely true.

Many a reader, however, whilst the above explanations were given, may have asked himself what after all is meant by essence. This question we shall now answer. Essence is that whereby a thing is what it is, or whereby it is intrinsically constituted; it is that reality in a being by which it is distinguished from any other thing, and which is the root of all other perfections and properties; it is that by which anything is ranged in a certain class, in this and no other species; it is the collection of the marks by which we express the definition of a being. All these explanations have been given by the scholastics and are well understood and still adhered to in Christian schools, though many modern philosophers would fain decry essence as an empty and meaningless name. To use an illustration, the essence of Socrates is rationality and animality; for these two marks constitute him a man and place him in the human species; they distinguish him from any other being, from the stone, the plant, the brute of whatever kind, and in them all other perfections and endowments are rooted. It is at once evident that essence so conceived does not, indeed, imply concrete existence; for the mere notion of a rational animal does not at all manifest to us any such being as existing, as, in general, by the mere knowledge of what a thing is we do not yet apprehend that it exists. Also a man that does not, but can possibly exist, is mentally represented by those two marks of animality and rationality. It is only potentiality or aptitude to exist that is meant by essence, actuality being neither excluded nor included, because not at all attended to.

Hence two properties of essence are understood. For the reason that in its concept abstraction is made of concrete or actual existence, it does not imply any determinate individuality; and for the reason that it expresses only the constituents of a being, it denotes not the accidental qualities, which may or may not be in the thing, but merely that without which a thing cannot be at all. Rationality and animality are no individual man, neither Socrates nor Plato, neither Cæsar nor Cicero; nor do they refer to that which can be dispensed with, as, for instance, to a certain color, or size, or temperament, because not expressing anything more than that without which nobody can be a human being.

Yet to what purpose this unfolding of the conception of essence? Every attentive reader has, no doubt, understood that essence must be necessary and universal, and that, consequently, by unravelling this idea we have pointed out in what manner universal and necessary notions are formed. Essence is, in fact, universal,

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not yet actually and formally, as it does not imply in its conception relation to many subjects in which it may exist and of which it may be predicated, but radically, inasmuch as, by further reflection on its abstractness from individuality, it can be apprehended to exist in, and to be predicable of, many subjects. Hence the scholastics call it the direct or metaphysical universal, because it is not yet reflected on and indued with properties resulting from our consideration; and they oppose it to the logical or formal universal, the genus or the species, which has its actual communicability to many in consequence of our thought and reflection. The more indeterminate an essence has become by abstraction, the wider is such universality of it.

Essence is also necessary in many respects. Nothing can be without its essence and all that is contained in it; for essence constitutes the thing. And no essence can be without those marks or realities of which it is made up; for nothing can be without its own constituents. Nay, not only are the same marks always absolutely necessary for the same essence, but they can, moreover, neither be increased nor decreased; for whenever we substitute other constituents, or when we increase or decrease them, the thing constituted will no more remain the same, but will be converted into something else. From this it likewise follows that the essential marks of a being cannot be changed, because every change is an increase or decrease in reality. Lastly, as being is the proper object of the intellect, and is constituted by the essential marks, we can without the latter conceive nothing. Essences, therefore, have an absolute necessity, as in the objective order of being, so also in that of thought.

Akin to these two attributes of essence, to universality and necessity, and consequent on them, is eternity. This, however, is not positive but negative, that is to say, it does not mean that essences have existence without beginning and end, for they do not include at all actual existence, but merely that they are abstracted from time and independent of it; wherefore the principles founded on them have their truth at any time, before all time, and after all time.

Before we go on in our discussion, it will be useful for a deeper understanding to mark some radical differences that exist between the doctrine of the modern and that of the scholastic philosophers concerning the nature of abstraction and the universal conceptions resulting from it. The former take abstraction merely for the separation of qualities impressed on our organs or our mind by experience, the putting aside in our consideration of one after the other, until at last only one or some are left common to many objects. Thus abstraction is in their view the dividing of the im-

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pressions received in our senses or consciousness into their components. The abstraction, on the contrary, by which we form universal ideas according to the scholastic theory, is not a division of the thing that is brought under our survey, but a consideration of it according as it is more or less determined. A few words of explanation are needed. Since our mind is directly adapted to the cognizance of material substances, so as to cognize all other things after their manner, and since material substances are determinable and determined, grow and develop, we always proceed in our contemplations from indeterminateness to determinateness, from potentiality to actuality. The intellect, therefore, views its objects first as yet indeterminate and then as determined, and distinguishes in them something that is completed and perfected, and something that is completive and perfective, whether in nature the one element be distinct from the other or not.

So it considers in a being not only subject and qualities inhering in the same, and parts united with one another, thus separating, as it were, substance from accidents and component from component; but also the constituents, without which the thing conceived can never be, and the accessory endowment without which it can be, thus marking off essential from accidental properties; the potentiality to exist and the realization or actualization of the same, thus making a distinction between essence and existence; essence as yet potential and its subject not yet existing and numerically determined; essence realized and its subject existing and numerically determined so as to stand in itself and apart from any other whole even of the same kind, thus distinguishing between metaphysical essence and indeterminate individuation, between existent essence and determinate individuation; that which intrinsically completes the essence and gives it its peculiar shape, and that which is completed and shaped in it, thus conceiving essence to consist of a material and of a formal component.

Under all these aspects the mind views its objects; sometimes it views them so that from a subject considered all further determinations are excluded, sometjmes so that such determinations are merely not attended to; again, sometimes so that from a determination or form the subject is excluded and separated, and sometimes so that it is not excluded, but only indeterminately conceived. In forming universal conceptions we consider the whole being, not merely essence, but also individuality, for not humanity, but man, is predicable of many human beings; yet individuality we consider as yet undetermined; essence, on the contrary, as determined either as to its material or as to its formal component, or as to both of them. If the material component is determined, we form the genus;

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if the formal component, the specific difference; if both of them, the species.[1]

What difference then is there between the universal of the scholastics and that of the agnostics and phenomenists? The empiric universal consists but of one or few qualities impressed on us, and not of the nature or intrinsic constitution of the object, which, indeed, no organic impression can represent; but the scholastic universal is the essence of the object at once perceived by the intellect, abstracted from concrete individuation, more or less determined, completely or incompletely expressed, according as reflection and mental development are more or less advanced. The universal of the empirics is not abstracted from individual existence, for it is a quality given by experience, an element of the impression produced in our organic faculties; it is, therefore, individual as to its entity or reality, and general only as far as in representation it may stand for a whole group of like things. The universal of the scholastics is freed from all determinate individuality, and, consequently, as it may exist in many subjects numerically distinct, it has generality as to being. What the modern philosophers style universal is not a whole, but a quality or property without a subject in which it inheres; hence, strictly speaking, it is not even predicable of many things; for predication is the affirmation or negation of identity between two terms, but qualities or properties are not identical with the things in which they are. What the scholastics term universal is the whole that consists of essence and indeterminate or abstract individuality, all consequent determinations not being excluded, but merely prescinded; it may, therefore, truly be predicated as identical with many subjects, both existing and not yet existing. Lastly, the universal of which phenomenists speak results from *organic* experience, ancestral and personal, registered and not registered, being, as it were, the compendium of our several impressions. The universal of the scholastics is conceived by the *intellect* on the occasion when an object is presented to us by the senses or by consciousness, but is not gathered or inferred by induction or accumulation from the qualities experienced. The essence, which is the universal, is included already in our first conceptions; and as its separation from determinate individuality and its relation to many subjects is the work of abstract consideration and reflection, we may obtain it from the perception of even one single object.

The objection, therefore, which agnostics and phenomenists raise against universal notions is, from their point of view, well founded in many respects. As explained by their theories, universals are, indeed,

[1] See S. Thomas, Opusc. *De Ente et Essentia*, c. 3.

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but symbols, representing of groups of objects only the average forms, unconnected with the real constitution of things and their objective order, of little use in the gathering of new knowledge and the discovery of new truths. But either the professors of those systems have not attained to any really universal notions, or their objections do not hold against the scholastic view, which they wholly ignore or misrepresent.

But after so many preliminary explanations, it is now time to enter upon the discussion of the main question, the reality of universal conceptions. What is, we must ask ourselves, the nature of that which is represented by general or abstract ideas, no matter in what way they originate? Is their object a mere appearance, because the creation of our intellect, or the reflection of our own mind, whose framework is projected outside of us? or is it real in nature without us and brought from without into our cognitive faculties? Of course, by reality we do not understand actual existence, for it is from this that essence is abstracted or prescinded. Reality, in its widest sense, and as such we have here to speak of it, is that which does not spring from our mind, but is outside it and independent of it. So even possibility is real; for, whether something can exist or not, whether it does or does not imply an intrinsic contradiction, is not the outcome of our thought, but is presupposed.

To come to the point, let us first ask, where do we find the essences which, we said, are universal? In the things, we answer, of which we are truly cognizant through the senses or through consciousness. Essence is most intrinsic to them. It is realized in them, for they are but its actuality or its realization; it is expressed in them as the plan of the architect is expressed in the building completed; for the essential marks of the species exhibit the idea of all the individuals comprised in the same. Essence is necessarily presupposed to all that is, since it is the potentiality or aptitude to exist, and potentiality is prerequired for actuality; wherefore the latter would, without the former, be an absurdity, an impossibility. Animality and rationality are in Socrates, not abstract, but concrete, actualized and clothed with individual marks, and are presupposed to Socrates; for were they not some entity and could they not be combined and so constitute a being, no man could ever be brought into existence. Whoever, then, does not deny that anything exists and can be known to us, must also grant that in the objective order without us there are essences, not created by our mind, but prior both to thought and to concrete existence. As, therefore, rationalists no less than empirics admit the existence of our mind, at least with its operations, and of something that determines our own perceptions, they evidently contradict themselves

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when they ridicule the conception of essence, as though it were a fiction of our imagination.

They, however, reply that it is merely the structure of our own mind that compels us to look in this manner on the objects before us. Were essence implied in our mental framework, or were uniform laws registered, in consequence of long-continued experience, in our organic powers, would we not likewise perceive both the one and the other in the phenomena, though neither of them had any reality in itself? Were it so, the trustworthiness of our cognitive faculties would be completely destroyed, and skepticism would have full and universal sway. The object, then, of the intellect would no more be real being, but an unreal appearance; our representations, objectively considered, would be nothing; our entire knowledge would attain to nothing but to fictions, our cognitive faculties would no more be adapted to make known things as they are in themselves, but constantly to delude us; the things we conceive as existing beyond our thought would sink into nothingness, because the very elements of which they consist would be nonentities, and lack all real foundation. Logically, we are thus pushed to absolute nihilism, a doctrine which no one can accept without self-contradiction, and with which our adversaries least of all can be satisfied, since they advance as true and certain long theories concerning the nature both of our mind and of all that by our mental acts appears to us.

Many other considerations force the same conviction on us. The very nature of cognition admits of no other view. In the opinion of all, cognition is representation, and if true, representation of things as they are in themselves. Yet a representative act does not create, but presupposes, the object to be represented or mentally reproduced. It is for this reason, no doubt, that our cognitive faculties are by their very structure fitted to receive impressions from the outer world, and that by the contact which they thus have with exterior objects they are determined to their acts, being unable to produce certain representations except under certain external influences, and to refrain from others in certain surroundings. The object, then, is given to us, not made by us, and is intuitively perceived by us, not only as to its existence, but also as to its essence; for such is the nature of the intellect that, as a cognitive faculty, it truly represents what is properly proposed to it or connected with it, and that as a faculty to whose province belong the essences of the things apprehended, it expresses their marks or constituents as they are in the objective order of reality, without illusion.

Of course we do not intend to say that essences exist as universals in nature, or that none of their properties are derived from the

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mind's operation. Indeed, whatever exists is individual; universal existence is absolutely repugnant. Universality, then, as such, is not in nature, yet the marks that constitute an essence universally predicable are real, are met with in existing beings, and are independent of the mind. These the intellect does not create, it only frees them from their individual modifications by abstraction, that is, by not attending to their ultimate determinations, and having thus divested them, apprehends their aptitude to be in many subjects. The whole doctrine was expounded at full length by the Scholastics, and was by the school of St. Thomas generally summarized in the following proposition: Universals, as to their abstractness from individuality and as to their relation to many subjects in which they are apt to be and of which they may be predicated, are in the mind or result from its consideration; universals as to the essence itself, that is realized in many, and is predicable of many subjects, or essences merely considered as constituent marks, are in the things that exist in nature.

The Angelic Doctor illustrates this view with an appropriate similitude taken from sensuous perception. "The sight," says he, "perceives the color of the apple without its odor. If, then, it be asked where the color is that is perceived without odor, it is evident that the color perceived is only in the apple; but that it is perceived without odor comes from the sight, by which only color, and not odor, is represented. Likewise is humanity, which we intellectually conceive, only in this or in that individual; but that it is conceived without individual determinations or is abstracted, from which abstraction universality results, this it has from its being apprehended by the intellect, in which the nature of the species, but not that of the individual constituents, is represented."[1]

The doctrine thus stated is without difficulty defended against the objections of modern philosophers. It is obviously absurd, they say, that experience, which is but organic representation, can perceive essence and universality. Granted; but from this we infer, not that there are no really universal conceptions, no essences abstracted from individuality, for consciousness most distinctly testifies to the contrary, but that besides the organic faculties there is in man another faculty which is inorganic and immaterial.

[1] "Visus videt colorem pomi sine ejus odore. Si ergo quaeritur, ubi sit color, qui videtur sine odore, manifestum est quod color, qui videtur, non est nisi in pomo. Sed quod sit sine odore perceptus, hoc accidit ei ex parte visus, in quantum in visu est similitudo coloris, et non odoris. Similiter humanitas quae intelligitur, non est nisi in hoc vel illo homine; sed quod humanitas apprehendatur sine individualibus conditionibus, quod est ipsam abstrahi, ad quod sequitur intentio universalitatis, accidit humanitati, secundum quod percipitur ab intellectu, in quo est similitudo naturæ speciei, et non individualium principiorum." *S. Theol.*, P. i., qu. 85, art. 2 ad 2. See also Opusc. *De Ente et Essentia*, c. 4.

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Again, it is said by Mr. Spencer that abstract or universal ideas are false because of their inadequacy, since they represent a group of objects only as to one or the other of their properties, or, as we would say, only under one, and not under every, aspect. Were cognition false whenever it is not adequate and comprehensive, all our faculties, the external senses above all, would by their very nature be illusive, since each one is adapted to the perception of an object under only one respect, and all human knowledge, that of empirics and agnostics not excepted, would be utterly untrue, because deficient and limited.

With more semblance of truth it might be objected that abstraction puts on things a division of forms and properties, of potentiality and actuality, which in reality does not at all exist, and that it leads us to consider as compound what is essentially simple, and as material what is altogether immaterial. The difficulty was foreseen and solved by the scholastic philosophers long ago. As there is no falsehood in not saying of a thing whatever is knowable of it, provided we do not deny anything to be in it over and above our assertion, so there cannot be any untruth in considering an object from one point of view, and not considering it from another, if we do not deny or positively exclude other respects under which it may be viewed, and other truths that may be attained by a different consideration. So the several sciences divide among themselves the same object, the human body, for instance, and examining into it from many sides, bring to light its different components, organs, powers, functions, and qualities. Will anybody, on that account, question the result obtained by their researches? Is mathematics false because it does not inquire also into the health of the bodies, the dimensions of which it measures; or are the laws of chemical affinity not to be trusted, because chemistry does not busy itself with the ultimate origin of material elements? Neither does a division in our thought of forms and properties which in nature are inseparable and indivisible, nor does the consideration of the simple and immaterial, after the manner in which we consider the compound and material, imply any falsehood; if we are but conscious that they are modes of our own mental acts only, and by no means of the objects contemplated, and if we affirm or deny of the object only that which we know of it, but not the way in which we have obtained our knowledge. Is not the constant use of figures of speech and metaphors in any language something similar? Who will say that it obstructs the way to truth and does not rather further its understanding?

We, then, conclude that abstract notions are not imaginary, but real, because their objects are completely realized in nature around

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us, and are truly represented within our mind. Yet, though this is so, the order of finite existences is not the ultimate foundation of their reality; for, as essence is potentiality or aptitude to exist, it precedes actual existence. Essences have a reality which, transcending all time and being before all production or creation, is necessary, universal, and eternal. Since, however, they do not actually exist in themselves, as Plato seems to have thought, the Scholastics infer from such properties of theirs that they are founded on the Infinite, Self-existent Being, which, inasmuch as it is imitable, is the archetype of all that is and can be.

So much, for the present, of abstract conceptions, of their universality, necessity, and objective reality. Many other questions concerning them, highly important and interesting, might yet be discussed, did our narrow space allow it. We must pass over to the principles descending from them. The way of their descent is easily traceable. Having formed abstract notions of lesser or greater universality, we compare them with one another, and judge affirmatively or negatively, according as by the comparison we find that an essence, abstractly conceived, contains or excludes an attribute likewise apprehended abstractly, or, to speak more adequately, according as we see a subject taken indeterminately in one respect to be identical or not identical with a subject taken indeterminately in another respect, because the essential marks determinately considered in the one are included in, or excluded from, those determinately considered in the other. Thus we predicate the term "animal" of the term "man," because animality is an essential mark of man, a constituent of his essence, or because man, a subject undetermined as to individuality, is found to be identical with animal, a subject undetermined, moreover, as to the formal constituent of its nature, the material component distinctly viewed in the latter being contained in the distinct conception of the former.[1]

Judgments of this kind are *abstract*, *analytical*, and *à priori*. They are abstract, not merely because they consist of abstract terms, but also because they enunciate no concrete or individual existence, wherefore this truth is independent of time and facts; *analytical*, because they are formed consequently on the resolution of the conception of the subject into its elements; *à priori*, because they are based, not on the experience of effects produced, but directly on the essence of things intellectually known, the first and principal of all intrinsic causes. The predicate is, however, not always seen by immediate comparison to be contained in the essence of the subject or to be excluded from it; a comparison of

[1] S. Thomas, Opusc. *De Ente et Essentia*, c. 3.

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both of them with a third term may be necessary. If an immediate comparison suffices to discover the relation between subject and predicate, we have an immediate analytical judgment formed by intuition; if a comparison with a third term is needed, we have a mediate analytical judgment, obtained by reasoning.

The universality and necessity of either judgment is at once patent. For their subject is always a universal, either metaphysical or logical; but judgments are called universal or particular according as their subjects are universal or particular terms. Hence, we must infer that the more universal the subject is, the more universal, also, the judgment is; and, furthermore, that, as a term is the more universal the more indeterminate it is, for universality is based on abstraction from determinateness, the judgments formed of the most indeterminate terms are of all the most universal. Again, the most indeterminate conceptions, since they contain the simplest and plainest marks, are easily compared, and at once discovered to include or to contradict each other; wherefore we generally form of them immediate judgments. The most universal propositions, therefore, are supreme principles, because, as, on account of the widest extension of their terms, they contain other truths less universal, so, on account of their immediate and compelling evidence, they are apt to illustrate them and render them certain. For this reason, the principles derived from the conception of being, those, for instance, of contradiction, of the excluded middle, and of sufficient reason, are the first of all; for, while they are most universal and need no proof to be admitted, all others are resolved into them, and are demonstrated or elucidated by such resolution.

No less plain is the necessity of analytical judgments, whether mediate or immediate. They are as necessary as the essences on which they are founded. Essences, we said above, are necessary, inasmuch as they cannot be without certain marks, which are their constituents, and can, like the units of a number, neither be increased nor diminished. If, therefore, a predicate is, whether by intuition or by reasoning, seen to be contained in the very essence of the subject, it stands to reason that it must be affirmed; and if, on the contrary, a predicate is repugnant to the essence of the subject, it is evident that it must be denied of the same. Under no circumstances, and in no supposition, can it be otherwise. For, what belongs to the very constitution of a thing must always be in it, and must, in a true judgment, always be attributed to it; and what is repugnant to the nature of anything, because destructive of its essentials, can never be in it, and can never be truly predicated of it; else things would be startling self-contradictions, because they would be without their own constituents. So compel-

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ling is the necessity of these judgments, that we cannot even conceive them to be false, that the necessity of all other propositions is, in order to render it more evident, reduced to theirs, that this denial itself is their affirmation, since nobody can deny them but on some ground and without cleaving to the necessary distinction between truth and falsity, that is to say, without admitting the two principles of sufficient reason and contradiction. Analytical principles are, consequently, of a much higher necessity than the synthetical ones which we gather from experience; for the actions and their substrata, the bodies and our own self, which are the objects of our experience, are, as to their existence, absolutely contingent and changeable, and only in the supposition that they do exist, is it impossible that, at the same time, they do not exist.

Can any doubt now, about the objective truth and reality of analytical or *à priori* principles, still be entertained? If essence is objectively real, the marks, too, implied in it must be real, and cannot possibly be mere fictions or reflections of the subjective structure of the mind. If essence is in the objective order outside of us, its components, too, belong to it, really and objectively, and not merely in appearance. But if so, the essential marks are predicated of the subject in full agreement with objective reality. The same holds good of negative judgments. Essence being objectively real, it is the reality outside us that forbids us to predicate of a subject attributes essentially repugnant to it, and it is in objective reality that man cannot be irrational, and a stone cannot be immaterial, because otherwise an object would be without its essential constituents.

What a contrast, then, between the Scholastic theory on universal and necessary principles and that of the modern philosophers! The subjective necessity, consequent on repeated impressions and effecting that, one thought rising in us, another also must be awakened, is altogether different from the objective necessity which we perceive to connect or disconnect subject and predicate. From the subjective necessity results merely a succession of thoughts, but no perception of the relation between the objects represented, and, consequently, no judgment. The objective necessity, perceived and affirmed, is a judgment based on the cognizance of the relation of the two terms. The subjective necessity, therefore, generates a connection of thoughts which is altogether blind, that is not founded on any reason perceived; the objective necessity is understood to rise from the very essence of the one term, which includes or excludes the essential marks of the other term; and, therefore, as it affords firmness to our judgment, so it also throws light upon it. Which of the two theories advocates enlightened knowledge?

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The positivists and agnostics are in doubt whether abstract truths, for instance, the theorems of mathematics or the principles of ethics, hold good also in distant stellar regions; whether, in times gone by or in ages yet to come, anything was or will be true that we now confidently proclaim as most certain. And, consistently, they must doubt of it. For all depends on the environments that act on us, and the structural changes which our organism accordingly undergoes; but environments and their effects produced in us are different in different times and places. So our modern philosophers can reach no solid ground, no immutable necessity, no unlimited universality. The Scholastics need not fear that their axioms will ever prove untrue, that two and two will once be or are now somewhere five, that some time other laws of thought or morality will reign; for they see abstract truths founded on the essences of things, and distinctly understand their contradictory to be an absurdity, because implying things to be without their essential marks and constituents. By the abstraction and the keen power of the human intellect of which they are conscious of being possessed, they arrive at a necessity and universality which admit of absolutely no exception or change, being eternal and above all contingency.

For whom does experience speak, adopted by many of our adversaries as the only test of truth? According to the theory of Herbert Spencer, we inherit certain universal intuitions with our nervous system from our ancestors; whence it would follow that sciences are transmitted from parents to their offspring, and that the latter is in possession of scientific views and axioms previously to all education. According to Kant's system of innate forms, certain intuitions, judgments and reasonings necessarily and universally result from the very nature of the mind, and we should therefrom infer that they can be neither prevented, nor altered, nor admit of any evolution. According to Stuart Mill and other phenomenists, we are cognizant of universal laws and universal truths only after a long experience of which they are compendiums. But history and the consciousness of all mankind testify to the contrary. The fact is, we have not the scientific views of our parents from the dawning of our reason; we are all alike in need of instruction; nor are the ideas of time and space, judgments of necessity and possibility, existence and reality, or the reasoning concerning the universe, the soul and God, the same in us in our different periods of life, or the same in all men; they are contrariwise, everywhere differently formed and developed, in some suppressed, by others rejected, by Kant himself denied as objectively true. Nor have we to wait for an advanced age, and to spend our time in widely extended observation, before we attain to a clear

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and certain knowledge of general principles, both theoretical and practical. Experience plainly shows that from the beginning the mind is without actual or habitual knowledge of any kind, a *tabula rasa*, but is endowed with faculties adapted to its pursuit; that the intellect first apprehends the objects in the material world outside of us and our actions within us, but penetrates at once beyond their mere existence; that particular and universal notions so obtained are evermore perfected and widened, and our own powers are constantly evolved by the help of others as well as our own efforts; that, however, in all this there prevails the greatest variety, the intellectual acquirements of the several individuals being of diverse degrees, and their views of things of the greatest importance, being not only different, but also entirely opposite.

With all these facts of experience, the Scholastic system is in full harmony; it rejects both innate forms projected on the objects which would render our views invariable, and cognition by mere organic powers which allow us only to group concrete phenomena. It admits an immaterial intellect, dependent as to the presentation of objects on the senses, but fitted to reach their essence and free it by abstraction from concrete existence, to proceed from general notions so formed to general judgments, and from these to conclusions, yet, at the same time, owing to its dependence on the senses, slowly progressing in cognition and needing outward assistance; made to know things as they are in themselves, and hence not compelled to assent but by their light and evidence, yet, for the same reason, when evidence is not afforded, subject to the sway of the will and, therefore, varying, as individuals differ, in opinions and deductions drawn.

It must strike any one what ample scope is thus given by the Scholastic theory to the extension of solid and true knowledge. The universal judgments formed of abstract notions, being combined as premises, beget conclusions universal, too, and necessary; from them, again, new inferences can be drawn, until the ultimate ramifications of truth are reached. So, complete systems of rational knowledge are built up. The abstract notions of quantity are developed into the wonderful science of mathematics, whose numerous and ever-growing theorems, certain, evident, and absolutely necessary, disclose, in the dimensions of bodies, never thought of proportions, the wisdom of a Maker we can only admire, but never fully comprehend. Metaphysics, after it has unfolded the most general conceptions and gathered from them the first and supreme principles, led by their light, searches into the material and the immaterial, the contingent and the self-existent ideally conceived, until it has found the ultimate causes of all being; it so acquaints us with the spiritual substance of the soul, and manifests to us the

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unlimited power of its intellect and its will; it penetrates into the Divinity, the first cause and principiant, making known to us, to some extent, the nature and infinity of the same, the divine, pure, eternal intelligence, infinite bounty and power, the eternal source of all order and sanctity. Though the realm of things divine is mysterious and far too sublime for our feeble sight, still sound intellectual philosophy convinces our reason of many a truth concerning them, not only with irresistible necessity, but also with a most delightful clearness.

As to the natural sciences themselves, based on experience, we now understand how metaphysics, their queen, lends them principles to regulate their reasoning, to illumine their observations, and to lead them on to new discoveries.

Metaphysical truths are the laws of thought, without which conclusions are arbitrary and unworthy of intellectual assent. Metaphysical consideration will turn the observer's mind to that which is essential, apart from that which is accidental; it will make him generalize in the shortest way, and inquire after the surest method into the causes of the phenomena, into the forces that produce them, and the laws that govern them. Metaphysical axioms, joined with facts known by experience, will generate in us ever new and ever deeper cognizance; by them we shall be enabled to know the harmony of the universe and the purpose intended by its single portions, as well as by the whole, to infer, with certainty, the past and the future, and to bring to light what was hidden from all preceding ages. Metaphysics solves all the questions that science cannot answer, and yet, which being left unanswered, it cannot proceed in its course.

What claim to truth have its researches, if the trustworthiness of our faculties is not warranted? Yet this is not an object to which experience extends. J. Stuart Mill is compelled to confess that we cannot know it but by intuition. It is maintained by the phenomenists that the uniformity of nature is the major premise of all induction, in their opinion the only valid scientific demonstration, and that, without it, absolutely nothing can be done by science. Still, how do they know this first and fundamental datum?

Mr. Bain assumes it as a postulate, forced on us without any reason;[1] Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer think that by the unlearned it is believed, in consequence of a merely subjected bent of mind, but that by philosophers, though first postulated as provisionally true, it is proved also inductively, being the ultimate result of all particular inductions. But such solutions undermine the very foundation of rational science, involve it in a vicious circle,

[1] See *Philosophy of Theism*, by G. W. Ward, vol. i., p. 66.

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and, as no induction based on observation only is complete, nay, is the less complete the more general the law is to be demonstrated by it, destroy all certainty.

A far better solution of these questions is offered us by Scholastic philosophy. It tells us that the reality of the object evidently known to us clearly manifests also the aptness of the intellect to perceive things as they are in themselves. It teaches us to reduce phenomena, uniform and constant under varying circumstances, to uniform and constant causes, to recognize as such causes the nature of the things and of their forces, and to conceive natures or essences, abstracted from individuality, as universal and as the same in every one of their subjects. And, because it discovers the plan that underlies the system of the universe, and traces it back to an Infinite Mind and wise Providence, it knows this material world not to be changeable at random, but to be the realization of an eternal purpose. Can nature's uniformity be more forcibly, more clearly evidenced?

It has been said that speculative philosophy was a chaste virgin, delighting the human mind with her sublimity, yet barren, because productive of no real advantage; that science, on the contrary, wedded to matter, has produced wonderful results, changing the surface of the earth. But the truth is, that it is sound rational philosophy that bestows productiveness on science, furnishing it with all the axioms and principles needed and the method to be followed, stimulating it to the most advanced inquiries and directing its operations so as to prevent it from clashing with higher truths and from opposing the immaterial welfare of mankind.

For, indeed, we are deeply concerned with many things far beyond the phenomenal world. The moral order, the sanctity and necessity of our duties, the inviolable rights of all, also of the weak and helpless, the infinite, which alone can gratify our intellect and satiate our will, are not perceptible by the senses or through the instruments of scientists; and still, without their knowledge and the firm conviction of their truth, mankind is doomed to destruction. If science, guided by higher views, yields its results, to infer from them the existence of an invisible power, an infinitely wise Orderer, it becomes a mighty means conducive to eternal as well as temporal happiness. But if it wantonly denies what it does not know, if it scorns the light of a superior wisdom, and the source of the imperishable good, it is a bane to humanity.

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POPE CLEMENT VIII. AND BEATRICE CENCI.

Beatrice Cenci, Racconto Storico dell' Avvocato Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi. Pisa, 1854.

Beatrice Cenci, Causa Criminale del Secolo XVI. Memoria Storica di Filippo Scolari. Milano, 1856.

AFTER only two months of pontificate, Innocent IX. died, on December 30th, 1591; and was succeeded, on January 20th, 1592, by Ippolito Aldobrandini, who assumed the name of Clement VIII. The new Pontiff was a son of Sylvester Aldobrandini, a Florentine patrician and a famous jurisconsult, whose hostility to the Medici had entailed exile upon himself and family. The youth of Ippolito was passed in Venice, Ferrara and Urbino. Having embraced the ecclesiastical state, he attracted the notice of Alexander Farnese, Bishop of Spoleto, and by the aid of this prelate he prosecuted his studies at Rome and Bologna. In time he became an auditor of the *Rota*, and finally Sixtus V. invested him with the purple. As legate in Poland, he contributed to the liberation of Maximilian of Austria, and thus earned the gratitude of Philip II. Hence it was that the Spanish monarch designated him, to his own adherents in the Sacred College, as one upon whom he would willingly see the tiara conferred. As Pontiff, says Polz, Clement VIII. was devoted to the interests of the Church; he issued very severe edicts against duelling; he promulgated many wise constitutions for the religious orders; he manifested his regard for virtue and literature by raising to the cardinalate such men as Baronius, Du Perron, Bellarmine, and Tarugi, and by issuing corrected editions of the Vulgate, of the Breviary, and of many liturgical works. He condemned, in a special constitution, the opinion that sacramental confession might be made by means of a letter or by proxy. The last years of his reign were occupied with the discussion concerning divine grace, which had been raised, in 1594, between the Dominicans and the Jesuits; and in 1597 he instituted the celebrated congregation *De Auxiliis*. It was Clement VIII. who reconciled Henry IV. to the Church, and who conferred the laureateship on Tasso. His character must have been admirable, when even Ranke thus expresses himself: "The new Pope showed the most exemplary activity in the exercise of his dignity. From early morn he was busy; at mid-day audiences began, all reports were read and examined, all dispatches discussed, legal questions

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were investigated, precedents were compared. Frequently the Pope showed himself better informed than the referendaries charged with the reports. He labored as assiduously as when he was a simple auditor of the *Rota.* He paid no less attention to the details of the internal administration of his government than to European politics, or to the great interests of the spiritual power. . . . . Every evening Baronius heard his confession; every morning he celebrated Mass. During the first years of his Pontificate twelve poor persons dined with him each day. He thought nothing of the pleasures of the table, and he fasted every Friday and Saturday. After the week's labor, his Sunday recreation was found in the company of some pious monks or of the fathers of the Vallicella, with whom he discoursed on profound religious subjects. These austere habits, continued under the tiara, increased the reputation of virtue, piety and exemplary life which he had hitherto enjoyed. . . . . In his person were always observed those sentiments and manners which agree with the idea of a good, pious and wise man." Such was the view of the character of Clement VIII. taken by all the authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But in our day the enemies of the Papacy have represented this Pontiff as a cruel tyrant who, because of an abominable thirst for gold, and a desire to enrich his relatives, did not scruple to shed the blood of an entire innocent family. Naturally this accusation has been re-echoed by the virulent school which has obtained almost absolute control of the Italian unitarian movement —a school which adopts any means to injure the Holy See.[1]

In 1854 the famous Tuscan revolutionist, Francis Dominick Guerrazzi, published in Pisa a so-called history of *Beatrice Cenci*, which, being a tissue of historical falsehoods, of obscenities, ribaldries, and blasphemies, was well calculated to further the work of the secret societies in Italy. Having issued his romance as a "history," it was but consistent in Guerrazzi to declare that, in order to give the world a true account of Pope Clement's atrocious conduct in the Cenci matter, he had "searched the records of the past; read the accusations and the defence; compared narratives, writings and memoirs; hearkened to distant tradition . . . . opened ancient tombs, and questioned the ashes, for if one knows how to interrogate them, even ashes will speak."[2] Guerrazzi certainly caused the ashes of the Cenci to flatter his own political passions; but, as we shall see, he elicited from them no advantage for history.

[1] Among the most distinguished of the propagators of incredulity and anarchy, preëminence must be assigned to Bianchi-Giovini, author of a *History of the Popes;* to Mistrali, a revealer of *The Mysteries of the Vatican;* and to Petruccelli della Gattina, who furnished the world with *Memoirs of Judas Iscariot.*

[2] Page 6.

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He himself admits that the reader will vainly try to find any honey in his book; alluding to the fact of its having been composed in prison, he says that "the anguish of a prisoner produces poison, not honey,"[1] and he fully convinces us of the fact.

Desirous of discovering whether the charges made by Guerrazzi, and also by the poet Niccolini, were supported by evidence, Philip Scolari diligently sought for information among the Italian libraries and archives, especially among those of the city of Venice, and published the result of his investigations—a thorough confutation of the ex-dictator. But before we recur to Scolari's vindication of Pope Clement VIII., it may be well to lay before the reader Muratori's account of the Cenci matter: "In this year (1599) a rare instance of ribaldry and of justice caused much comment in Rome and in all Italy. Francis Cenci, a Roman noble, abounded in riches, for he had inherited from his father an annual income of more than 80,000 scudi; but much more did he abound in iniquity. His least vice was that of the most degrading kind of lust; his greatest, the utter absence of all sense of religion. His first marriage brought him five sons and two daughters; his second, no children. Towards his sons he was incredibly cruel, and to his daughters he was bestial. The elder daughter appealed to the Pope, and thus escaped from trouble, for the Pontiff compelled her father to bestow her in marriage. Beatrice, the younger, remained at home; and when she had matured into beauty, she succumbed to the disordered inclinations of her father, he having taught her that so wicked an act was not sinful. The perverted man even dared to abuse his daughter in the presence of his wife, the girl's stepmother. But finally the child, realizing the brutality of her parent, commenced to revolt, and then he compelled by violence

[1] Page 355.—During the Tuscan revolution of 1848, Guerrazzi, then a celebrated lawyer, became Minister of the Interior, and in March, 1849, was made head of the provisional government. On the restoration of the Grand-Duke, in April, Guerrazzi was imprisoned for four years. He was a man of undoubted genius and a fine romancer, but the term "historical" would ill befit any of his plays or tales. In the *Opinione Nazionale* of July 19th, 1872, we read that a committee having been formed to place a memorial tablet in the Roman Capitol, to perpetuate the remembrance of the priestly iniquity toward the Cenci family, the task of composing the inscription was assigned to Guerrazzi. The *Gazetta d'Italia* of July, 1872, gives the epitaph, which, owing to the peculiarities of epigraphic style, does not readily bear translation: *Beatrice Cenci—Morte acerba—Fiore di giovinezza perduto—Gioie d' amore negate—Denso, unica colpa, rapito—Sepolcro disperso—Tanto non me dolsero—Quanto la fama per longo secolo contaminta—Ora che per voi si può—Sorella Romane—Rendete alle ossa il sepolcro—Alla memoria la fama—Cio facendo gioverete—Alla giustizia eterna—Alla patria—A me ed anco a voi.* This inscription is consistent with Guerrazzi's assertion that "Beatrice Cenci, a maiden of sixteen, was condemned by Clement VIII., vicar of Christ, to an ignominious death, because of a parricide not committed by her" (p. 605), and with this: "The avaricious cruelty of the priests drank the blood, and devoured the goods, of the victim" (*ibid.*).

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what he had previously obtained by fraud. In vain did the girl appeal to her relations. Then, being unable to endure such a miserable life, she imitated her sister, and sent to the Pontiff a memorial, written also in the name of her stepmother. Perhaps this was not presented; it certainly effected nothing, and was not afterward found in the secretariate when it would have served to some purpose. The father discovered this appeal, and increased his cruelty, placing both his wife and daughter under lock and key. Reduced to desperation, they now planned his death, and easily secured the aid of James, the eldest son and a married man, who had felt his father's tyranny. One night, while the old man was sleeping, he was killed by two hired assassins, and the body was so disposed in an orchard that it appeared that death had ensued from an accidental fall. But God did not permit the enormous crime of parricide to remain undiscovered. The criminals were arrested, and they yielded to torture. When Pope Clement had read the whole process, he ordered the wretches to be dragged at the tails of horses. Then the principal lawyers of Rome interceded for the guilty ones. At first the Pontiff refused to hear them, but the celebrated Farinaccio, having obtained an audience, he so dilated, during an interview of four hours, upon the wickedness of the murdered man, and upon the extraordinary wrongs of the children—not to excuse the crime, but to procure a lesser punishment—that the Holy Father relented, and suspended the course of justice. Then there was hope for the lives, at least, of the delinquents; but just at that time a matricide was perpetrated in another noble family, and the Pope became so exacerbated that he ordered the immediate execution of the Cenci. On September 11th a high scaffold was erected in the Piazza di Ponte, and the two women and the brothers, James and Bernard, were led to it. Bernard, however, was pardoned and set at liberty, he being only fifteen years old, and being proved innocent of complicity in the murder.[1] The women were beheaded, and James received death from the strokes of the mace. All the spectators were filled with compassion, for they remembered the iniquity of the father, the cause of so much woe; and they especially admired the youth and

[1] Notwithstanding this assertion of Muratori, the young Bernard was cognizant of, and consentient to, the murder of his father. The lawyer Farinaccio, in his appeal to the Pope, admits that the boy "confesses his assent to the work of the assassin Olimpio," and he quotes these words of the confession: "Olimpio spoke with James and my brother Paul, and said that he wished to kill our father, because our father had dishonored him, and had expelled him from the fortress. He also said that our sister Beatrice was discontented with our father, because he kept her imprisoned, and she could no longer endure such a life; he also said that Beatrice wished our father's death, and I desired Olimpio to effect it with the consent of James, Paul and myself . . . and James, Paul and I told him to do what he deemed best."

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beauty of Beatrice, and her wonderful courage when she mounted the scaffold and laid her head on the block. Many persons fainted, and owing to the great crowd, not a few were trampled upon, or injured by the vehicles. The narrative of this horrible event spread throughout Italy, and various judgments were passed upon it. Farinaccio left an authentic memorial in *Quest.* 120, *No.* 172, and in *Book I., Cons.* 66, where he says: "If we could have furnished proof of the violence offered by Francis to his daughter, she would not have been condemned to death, because he ceases to be a father who commits such brutality."[1]

And now for the documentary evidence concerning the trial of the Cenci. The first document found by Scolari is a "Note" of John Mocenigo, Venetian ambassador to the Holy See, addressed to the Senate under date of September 11th, 1599, and in it we read: "This morning the Cenci, convicted of the murder of their father, were executed." Throughout the report there is not the slightest insinuation that the trial had not been conducted according to the Roman jurisprudence of the day. There is expressed no doubt of the guilt of the unfortunates, not a hint as to any unworthy motive on the part of the judges or of the sovereign. But let us come to the process. Scolari drew it from two authentic codices, which he carefully compared, and found to be substantially alike. The first belonged to the library of Thomas Farsetti, a Venetian patrician, and it is Codex No. 79, Class 6, of the Appendix to the Italian MSS., now preserved in the library of St. Mark. Ten of its pages are devoted to the narrative of the Cenci horror, and the writer, a Bolognese named Charles Ricci, entitles his work: "Death of James and Beatrice Cenci, brother and sister, and of Lucretia, their stepmother, parricides, in Rome, on Saturday, September 11th, 1599." The other codex, numbered 1771, now belonging to the Cicogna family, has a narration entitled: "The ignominious and memorable death of James and Beatrice Cenci, parricides of Francis Cenci, and of his second wife, Lucretia, in the year 1599." From this process we gather:

I. *The Causes of the Murder.*—It appears that Francis Cenci, only son of the treasurer of Pope Pius V., had an annual income of 80,000 scudi, and was, by his most abominable life, the cause of his own ruin, of that of his family, and of many strangers. . . . . That his least vice was the sin against nature; his greatest, disbelief in God. That he had already been fined 200 scudi for the above sin against nature. The only good he ever performed in his life was the erection of the church of St. Thomas in the court-

[1] *Annals of Italy*, y. 1599.—The narrative of Moroni, in his *Dictionary*, agrees substantially with this of Muratori.

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yard of his palace; and this he did, with the intention of burying therein all his sons, whom, even in their infancy, he hated. . . . . That Francis was again imprisoned for new sensualities, and his sons besought the Pope to order the execution of one who was a disgrace to the house of Cenci; but that the Pontiff repelled them as rebels against their parent. That the count was liberated with a fine of 500,000 scudi, and he thereafter hated his sons more blindly than ever. That the elder daughter influenced the Pope, by means of a memorial, to order her marriage with the Count Gabbriello di Gubbio, and her father could not avoid the payment of a magnificent dowry. That in order to preclude a similar stroke of policy on the part of Beatrice, he confined her in apartments into which he alone entered, and where he loaded her with blows. That meanwhile, his sons Rocco and Christopher having been killed, he would not give even one cent for their funerals, and declared that he would not be happy until all his sons were dead; that then he would joyfully burn all his possessions. That this infamous man committed actions, and used language, which ought not to be mentioned. That when she had grown mature and beautiful, Beatrice began to prize her honor, whereupon her father cruelly beat her.[1] That being unable to endure the bestial scandals of her opprobrious and miserable life, she sent a memorial to the Pontiff, but it was lost, and when most needed, it could not be found.

II. *The Plot.*—That one of the frequenters of the Cenci palace was a young, handsome, and lively gentleman named Guerra, who had fallen in love with Beatrice, and was much hated by Count Francis, because he was a friend of the sons. That owing to this hatred, Guerra visited the ladies only when the Count was away from home. That Guerra learned, and showed his will to effect, the desires of the women; that when he delayed, Beatrice urged him to the deed. That he opened his mind to James, the elder brother, who willingly joined in the plot against a father who never gave him any money, although he had a family to support. That James, in the apartments of Guerra, and according to the wishes of his sister and stepmother, arranged his father's murder, selecting for the purpose two of the father's vassals who were most hostile to him,—one called Marzio, a friend of the sons, and another named Olimpio, who had been castellan for the Colonna at Rocca

[1] During the trial the violation of Beatrice was not proved, for the unfortunate persisted in silence on that point, remaining firm in the intention she had announced in prison: "Unbind me, and what I ought to deny, I will deny," which meant: "I will avow my crime, but not its cause; I will die sooner than publish my own dishonor." Had she revealed her provocation, she would, in all probability, have at least escaped death.

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Petrella. . . . . Guerra agreed with these assassins to pay them 2000 scudi for the killing of Francis Cenci—that is, he would pay one third of the sum in Rome, and the two women would pay the balance in Rocca Petrella,[1] when the deed was accomplished.

III. *The Parricide.*—That during the night of September 9th, 1598, opium having been given to the old man by the two women, and he having, therefore, fallen into a deep sleep, Marzio and Olimpio were led to his apartment by said women, who caressed them in encouragement to their work. That said Marzio and Olimpio returned from the Count's chamber, declaring that they pitied an old man in his sleep. That Beatrice, indignant, upbraided them as cowards and breakers of their word, and cried out: "Very well—since your cowardice demands it, I myself will kill my father, and you will get little by it." After this fulminating reproach, the two vassals returned to the Count's chamber. That they plunged a nail into one of his eyes, and drove it deep with a mallet; they drove another nail into his neck, and thus was that miserable soul seized by the devil (*sic*). That the deed being accomplished, the young girl gave a full purse to the murderers, and a gold-trimmed cloak to Marzio for himself. Then both the assassins departed. That then the two women wrapped the corpse in a sheet, and threw it from an old balcony which looked over an orchard, allowing it to fall among the limbs of a tree, so that in the morning it would be believed the Count had started for a necessary near the balcony, and had fallen over and been caught in the branches of the tree—an idea which was readily accepted.

IV. *The Accusation.*—That the death becoming known in the morning, the wife and daughter wept for the loss of the husband and father. . . . . That the Neapolitan Court[2] deemed it its duty to inform the Court of Rome of the event; but some months passed, during which the youngest of the Cenci family died, and thus there remained in the castle only the stepmother, Beatrice, James, and a third brother, Bernard, only fourteen years old. That Guerra, hearing of the investigations of justice, sent assassins to kill Marzio and Olimpio, that they might not testify against the Cenci, but Olimpio alone perished. That Marzio was arrested in Naples and confessed everything. That in Rome James and Bernard Cenci were imprisoned in Corte Savella, while Lucretia and Beatrice were confined in their own palace, whence, on the arrival of Marzio from Naples, they were transferred to prison, and confronted by his depositions.

V. *The Trial.*—That the process having been commenced, all

[1] Count Francis had signified his intention of passing the warm season in this castle, and the plotters resolved to there execute their design.

[2] Rocca Petrella was in the kingdom of Naples.

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the Cenci rested their case on a denial, and so firm was Beatrice in refusing to recognize the gold trimmed mantle given by her to Marzio, that she so filled him with admiration that he withdrew the deposition made at Naples, and died under the torture rather than recede from his retractation. That, therefore, the legal justification for torturing the Cenci being wanting, the Court left them in quiet in the castle for some months. That perchance, however, the murderer of Olimpio was arrested, and he revealed everything, whereupon Guerra fled from Rome disguised as a charcoal burner. That this flight, joined to the confessions of the prisoners, warranted the application of torture to the Cenci; that James, Bernard, and Lucretia did not face the trial, but at once confirmed the avowals. That Beatrice, however, whether under the influence of sweet words, of threats, or of the cord, would admit nothing, so that even the judge, Ulysses Moscati, was confounded. That Moscati, having referred everything to the Pontiff, His Holiness relieved him of the case, fearing that he might be influenced into excessive tenderness by the beauty of Beatrice. That the Pope ordered that while the girl was attached to the cord, and before she should be subjected to further torment, her stepmother and brothers should be brought before her. That James and the others besought her not to persist in a denial which would only expose her to suffering, and would injure her soul instead of saving it. That then Beatrice answered them: "You wish, then, to disgrace our house?" Then turning to the attendants, she said: "Unbind me. Let me be examined, and what I ought to deny, I will deny." That then she confessed that she had procured the murder of her father. That immediately all were accorded more liberty, and the whole family were allowed each other's society after a separation of five months. That they dined together, and were then led to the prison of the Tor di Mona. That in consequence of the avowal of the parricide, the Pope ordered that the horrid crime should be punished by drawing at the tails of horses; but this severe sentence so affected many cardinals and princes, that they interceded for the Cenci, whereupon the Pontiff remarked: "He would not have thought that Rome could furnish people to defend parricides." That, however, the Pope listened, for four consecutive hours, to the arguments of the defenders, and then took their writings; that he was so concerned about the case that he remained up all night, closeted with the Cardinal Zacchia dei Nobili, studying the papers; that he seemed so satisfied with the arguments that many hoped for a commutation of the sentence. That the Pope finally ordered a suspension of execution in order that he might more fully consider the case.

VI. *The Punishment.*—That meanwhile a horrid matricide oc-

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curred in Rome, namely, the murder of Constance, Marchioness-dowager of Oriolo, by her younger son, Paul Santacroce; that this event so affected the Pontiff that on the morning of September 10th, 1599, he summoned Mgr. Taverna, Governor of Rome, and placing the case of the Cenci in his hands, ordered that justice should be satisfied as soon as possible. That the culprits were executed on the following morning, and that Beatrice, especially, died like a Christian penitent, even blessing the cord which bound her arms, saying in a loud voice: "Oh! sweet cord, bind this body to chastisement and corruption, that my soul may obtain eternal glory!"

The process shows us, therefore, that Count Francis Cenci was deliberately assassinated by counsel and procuration of his wife and children; that the accused confessed their guilt; that Clement VIII. patiently listened to the intercessory arguments of the best advocates of Rome; that he devoted the vigils of the entire night to a consideration of these reasonings; that the occurrence of a similar crime caused him to give reign to justice; nevertheless, Guerrazzi says that "Beatrice Cenci, a virgin of sixteen years, was condemned by Clement VIII., the vicar of Christ, to an ignominious death, for a crime not committed by her," and he asserts that the reason for this outrage was the desire of the Pontiff to appropriate the wealth of the Cenci—"the avaricious cruelty of the priests drank the blood, and devoured the goods of the victim." Now, even if we disregard the value of the process as a synchronous, authentic, and, therefore, an incontestably conclusive piece of evidence, how comes it that the powerful connections of the Cenci raised no cry of horror, emitted no protest, because of the Papal injustice? How comes it that all Rome, all Italy, seems to have entertained no suspicions in the matter? Perhaps fear was the cause of this silence. But we know that just as in ancient Rome there were never wanting writers to register the cruelties of those emperors who caused the world to tremble, so, in mediæval and modern Papal Rome there were always men willing not only to note the real vices and crimes of guilty Popes, but even to do as Guerrazzi has done—to accuse all Popes, even without reason. Was it only in the sixteenth century, and during the reign of a Pontiff whom history does not present as ever having inspired anybody with fear, that Papal crimes were covered by the trembling veil of silence? And we should remember that in the time of Clement VIII., the war excited by Luther against the Papacy was at its height, that even Italy was overrun by the emissaries of heresy. What was to restrain these virulent enemies of Rome from penning such a narrative as Guerrazzi excogitated, had there been the slightest foundation for it? There, too, were the foreign am-

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bassadors to the Roman Court; there, especially, those Venetian agents whose "Relations" to their Senate always gave even the minutest of gossipy details of the hour. But Guerrazzi's accusation of murderous robbery falls to the ground, if we reflect that the criminal jurisprudence of Rome contained the maxim that the crime of parricide did not entail confiscation of property. "*Singulariter in hoc crimine non habet locum pœna confiscationis bonorum; sed ista deferruntur venientibus ab intestato.*"[1] Neither Clement nor his nephews could hope for any inheritance *ab intestato* from the Cenci, for their families, the Aldobrandini and Barberini, were not connected with the house of Cenci. Again, before her death, Beatrice was allowed to make her will, and, according to this instrument, the Archconfraternity *delle stimate* received 15,000 scudi, and fifty poor girls received dowries; therefore, the property of Beatrice was not confiscated. Finally, the great lawyer Farinaccio made the greatest effort of his professional career in his defence of the Cenci, and in his works, published after the death of Clement VIII., he dwells much and earnestly upon the tragic affair. Now, had there been any foundation for Guerrazzi's accusation, the advocate would certainly have known of it, and what an excellent opportunity of adding to his reputation it would have afforded him. He needed only to declare that he had lost his case simply because of the covetousness of the sovereign, who was determined to effect the ruin of his clients. But, on the contrary, he says: "This crime was so horrible, so unheard of—a daughter and a wife plotting, and paying for, the murder of a father and husband—that we may say that only the great magnanimity of the most holy Pontiff freed the young Bernard from the penalty of death. And we trusted to obtain the same pardon for Beatrice, if she had furnished—which she would not—proof of that provocation which we alleged in her favor."

[1] This corresponds with the maxim of the Roman law, that "the assassin of him to whom he was to succeed, is admitted to the succession, even though he be unworthy of it." *Horat. Carpani juris cons. Mediolanen. Collegii in capit. Omnium, Novell. const. tit. de jure Fisci Comment.*, Milan, 1583.

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SOME PAGAN THEORIES OF REVELATION.

WE propose in the present paper to deal with an aspect of Paganism, the consideration of which has been to a great extent neglected by Catholic writers on non-Christian religions. Most of the great non-Christian systems profess to derive their doctrines from sacred books, which for those who accept their teaching have as great an authority as, or even a greater than, the Bible has for us. Now the question suggests itself—on what grounds are these books thus accepted as a divine revelation, and to what extent does the received argument for the sacred books of some pagan creeds differ from the arguments usually given in the schools of Christian theology in defence of the inspiration and authority of Holy Scripture? As a typical religion, a kind of test case, we shall take Hinduism. Its sacred code—the Veda—is probably the oldest book, properly so called, now extant, if we except the earlier portions of the Old Testament. Let us see what are the grounds on which Hindu commentators insist as sufficient to justify their acceptance of the Veda as the basis of their religion.

First, a word to explain what manner of book the Veda is. All that we need say here on this point may be thus briefly summed up. There are four books known as the *Veda* (*i.e. knowledge* or means of knowledge); of these four that which is regarded as the source of the others, and the Veda *par excellence*, is the Rig-Veda (*i.e.*, Veda of Praise). It is of this book we have to speak. It is a collection of more than a thousand hymns to the ancient gods of India,—some addressed to spiritual beings, others to the forces of visible nature; some sublime and full of force and beauty, others that tell of absurd and meaningless superstitions. The hymns are written in an archaic form of Sanskrit very different from the classic Sanskrit of the epic and dramatic writers, which for more than 2000 years has been the sacred language of India. In fact, the Sanskrit of the Veda bears to the classic Sanskrit much the same relation that the English of Chaucer bears to our own. We roughly estimate the length of the whole Veda as equal to about five or six times that of the book of Psalms; it is, therefore, much shorter than the Old Testament. The six quarto volumes of the *editio princeps* of the Veda, edited by Professor Max Müller, contain not only the Veda, but also Sayara's commentary; and so great is the proportion of comment to text that very often the large quarto page contains only one line of the latter.

The date of this collection of hymns is estimated at more than a

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thousand years B. C. The reasons for assigning this as the lowest possible date need not be stated here. Of course the date of individual hymns must be much earlier, for we find among them hymns that indicate very different stages of thought, and even the language of the earlier hymns is more archaic than that of the later ones. Probably we may safely say that the Veda as a whole is some 3000 years old, while its parts, its separate hymns, are older, some of them very much older.

These thousand hymns are the basis at once of the literature and of the religion of India. Sanskrit literature grew up in a vast development of glosses and commentaries on the Veda, and with the exception of the Buddhists and a handful of atheists, every Indian sect and school professes to found its teaching on the Veda, though practically many of the sects diametrically oppose its leading ideas, while professing to draw inspiration from it. There is, indeed, in the attitude of the Hindu sects towards the Veda much to remind us of that of the Protestants towards the Bible; but even Protestant bibliolatry never set up such claims for the Bible as the Hindu writer for his scriptures. With the Hindu encomiasts of the Veda it is the source of all knowledge, secular and profane, and of all good here and hereafter. Thus the Code of the Laws of Manu, a work of the highest authority for the Hindu, dating from about the Christian era, contains the following praises of the wondrous book:

"The Veda is the eternal eye or source of knowledge for the patriarchs, gods and men. It is beyond human power and comprehension. . . . . All traditions that are apart from the Veda, and all heretical views, are fruitless in the next world, for they are declared to be founded on darkness. All other books external to the Veda, which arise and pass away, are worthless and false. The system of the four castes, the three worlds, the four states of life, all that has been, now is and shall be, is made manifest by the Veda. . . . . The eternal Veda supports all beings, hence we regard it as the chief source of well-being to the creature, man. Command of armies, kingly power, judicial authority, the lordship of all the worlds, he alone deserves who knows the Veda. As fire when it has acquired force burns up even green trees, so he who knows the Veda consumes thereby the taint his soul has contracted from works. He who grasps the essential meaning of the Veda, in whatever order of life he may be, is fit for absorption into Brahma even while he yet dwells in this lower world."[1]

And again, we are told that if a Brahman were to destroy earth, heaven and hell, and eat of every kind of defiling food, yet he

[1] Manu, xii., 94; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, iii., 23.

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would incur no guilt if he did but keep in his memory the Rig-Veda, for, says Manu: "Just as a clod thrown into a great lake is dissolved when it touches the water, so does all sin sink in the triple Veda."[1] What a hold this reverence for the Veda has upon the Indian mind may be judged from the fact that when, early in the present century, the reformer Ram Mohum Roy broke with Hinduism and idolatry and set up the theistic sect of the Brahma-Samaj, he and his followers still clung to the Veda, explaining it in a monotheistic sense. More than 200 years ago the Jesuit, Father de Nobili, found that the mere name of the Veda was a word of might, and drew many a disciple to the Church in Madura by announcing that he came to teach another Veda (*i. e.* code of knowledge), a Veda older and better than their own.

Nevertheless, even in India the authority of the Veda has not been wholly unchallenged. Besides the heretical Buddhist sects, the atheistic school of Charvaka centuries ago rejected all idea of a revelation, and one of his followers, the poet Brihaspati, proclaims that "the fire sacrifice and the three Vedas were made by nature as a means of livelihood for those who are destitute of knowledge and manliness." And again: "The three authors of the Vedas were buffoons, knaves or demons." But such attacks as these were the work of the doubting few, while on the other hand millions of men, belonging to a hundred sects and schools, have for some thirty centuries accepted the Veda with unhesitating faith. Now, let us see what are the reasons which their doctors give for the faith that is in them.

First, let us hear Sayana, the author of the great commentary on the Veda. He lived in the fourteenth century in the kingdom of Vijyanagar, then the chief Hindu state of southern India, or rather of all India, for the north had already fallen under the Moslem power. The city of Vijyanagar is now a wilderness of ruins, where for miles along the banks of the Tungabhadra river the traveller sees huge masses of masonry that once were palaces and temples. Five hundred years ago it was the centre of Hindu power and learning in the south, and the Brahmin Sayana, the brother of its prime minister Madhava, and the chief of a body of learned men, who at his desire drew up the great commentary on the Veda, may be taken as one of the foremost exponents of Hindu tradition. The opening pages of his commentary contain an elaborate argument for the authority of the Veda. It is far too long and involved to be here reproduced. We must be content to give a summary of its main points, using as far as possible Sayana's own characteristic expressions.

[1] Manu, xi., 263; Muir, iii., 25.

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His argument comes to this: There are three sources of knowledge: 1, perception; 2, inference from the common possession of some essential characteristic; 3, common consent receiving certain writings as a means of knowing the invisible. Our knowledge of the authority of the Veda falls under this third head. Instead of objecting, as we should, that a common consent, for which no satisfactory grounds can be alleged, proves nothing, Sayana takes up another obvious objection—namely, that such books as the Code of Manu are also writings accepted by common consent as a means of knowing the invisible, and yet they are not regarded as parts of revelation. Granted,—replies Sayana,—but the Code of Manu has a known human author; the Veda alone has no personal author. But, urges the objector, you must admit that the Supreme Lord (*paramesvara*) is the author of the Veda; how, then, do you allege that it has no personal author, especially as there are Vedic texts that seem to assign a body to the Supreme Lord, *e.g.*, those that say he has a thousand heads, a thousand eyes.[1] Sayana replies that his allegation amounts to this, that the Veda is not the work of any corporeal being subject to merit and demerit. It is curious to note that a similar argument is often urged by modern Hindus in support of the whole Brahmanical system. Every other religion, they say, has a personal author,—Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Christ, Mohammed,—Brahmanism alone has no personal author, the memory even of its beginning is lost in the beginning of all things.

To return to Sayana and his imaginary opponent. As often happens, the objicient here goes off at a tangent into the side issue of whether the Supreme Lord or lesser deities at his instigation were the authors of the Veda. Then he returns to the main question and objects on another line. Followers of the Veda, he says, cannot really prove that any Veda, or revealed source of knowledge, exists—for all the texts they cite are from the Veda itself, and thus its authority depends upon its own assertion; "but no one, no matter how clever he may be, can mount on his own shoulders." As for the attempt to bolster up this claim by appealing to common consent, "common report, though universal, may be erroneous, as in the phrase, '*the blue sky*,'" which does not represent a fact.

Sayana meets this charge of *petitio principii* by a bold assertion, backed up with an illustration which he takes for a proof.

"Jars, cloth, and other such like objects," he says, "have no inherent property of making themselves visible, yet, for all that, it is no absurdity to speak of the sun, moon and other luminous

[1] *E.g.*, the *Zurnisha Sukta*.

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bodies making themselves visible by their own light. Now, just in the same way, though it is impossible for men or other beings to mount on their own shoulders, the Veda must be held to have by its own force the power of proving itself, as well as of proving other things."

Thus it is, he adds, that tradition says the Veda has the power of showing the past, the future, the distant and the minute. He clearly thinks that it follows, *a fortiori*, that it has the power of manifesting itself (again a good Protestant argument); and then he asserts that the alleged common consent is based on the traditional acceptance of this view, and concludes triumphantly:

"Therefore it is clear that the authority of the Veda, being established by its own essential character and by demonstration, cannot be overthrown by the sect of Charvaka or by any other opponents."

Having thus by a bold use of the *petitio principii* established his main position to his own satisfaction, Sayana proceeds to meet objections drawn from the contents of the Veda. How, urges the objector, can that be the universal source of knowledge which contains verses that are meaningless, doubtful or absurd? Such as: "Deliver him, O grass! do not hurt him, O axe! hear, ye stones!" Every one knows that grass, axes and stones are insensible objects, yet here they are addressed as if they possessed intelligence. Again, how can the Veda be a revelation if it contains such contradictory verses as these?

(1) "There is but one Rudra, no second has ever existed."

(2) "The thousand Rudras who are over the earth."

Why, this is as much a contradiction as if a man were to say: "I am silent all my life." Or, again, is that a revelation which relates facts of common notoriety? As, for instance, in the verses that tell how the marriage garland placed upon the head is an ornament to the face.

Sayana answers sharply: As for the alleged unintelligible verses, no wonder the objicient cannot understand them if he has never opened Naska's Nirukta, or Glossary. If ignorant people cannot understand it, is the fault that of the Veda? "It is not the fault of the post that the blind man does not see it." As to the texts addressed to grass and stones, they are really addressed to the deities that preside over such objects. As for the texts about Rudra, there is no contradiction in them, for Rudra, though one, can assume a thousand forms. Finally, though such matters as the wearing of the marriage wreath are of common notoriety, "yet the good-will of the deities who preside over such things is not generally known," and so the text in question, by indicating this, is declaratory of what is unknown. Thus the intrinsic objections raised against the

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Veda as a revelation go for nothing—and Sayana passes on to another of these.

Our next exponent of the Vedic claims shall be Mādhava, the brother of Sayana, who, besides being for many years prime minister to the king of Vijyanagar, ended his days as chief of the Surcatava sect in the monastery of Singin in Mysore. If we imagined Mr. Gladstone ending his days as archbishop of Canterbury, we might have something analogous to Mādhava's position. Many works bear his name, most of them, perhaps, written by learned men under his direction. One of these, the *Sama darsana sangraha*, or Summary of all the Systems, devotes one chapter to the views of the Mimansa school on the authority of the Veda, to the literal interpretation of which the labors of this school were chiefly directed. The followers of the Mimansa had a maxim or distinction which does them great credit. Instead of talking of the right and wrong view, they generally speak of the first and second view, thus implying that the *prima facie* view of a question is generally wrong, and that second thoughts are best. Like all the Pantheistic sects of India, they hold that the Veda is eternal, evolved from one everlasting thought or word which is the germ of all things and itself the one real existence. Mādhava makes himself their spokesman, and develops their view against a supposed antagonist whose objections are directed not so much against the claims of the Veda in general, as against the Mimansa view that the Veda is eternal. "How," asks the objicient, "can the Veda be said to be without a personal author, when there is no evidence to establish this? Would you maintain that it has no personal author because, although there is an unbroken line of tradition, there is no remembrance of any author, just as, although one soul has gone through repeated transmigrations, there is no recollection of a beginning? But this argument is weak; for those who hold a human origin of the Veda maintain that the line of tradition was interrupted at the time of some great revolution in the universe. Again, what do you mean when you say that no author is remembered? Is it that there are persons who do not remember the author, or is it that no one knows the author? The first proves nothing, the second you cannot know unless you are omniscient or have asked everybody. Moreover, we have actual proof that the Veda had a personal author, for we argue as follows: The sentences of the Veda must have originated from a personal author, for they have the character of sentences like those of the poet Kalidasa or any other author—and as for their authority, in *that* they resemble the sentences of Manu and other sages."

Mādhava then replies for the defenders of the non-personal

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authorship of eternal existence by the Veda. First, we have a positive argument which turns out to be the *series in infinitum* plus an assumption as to fact. "All study of the Veda," says Mādhava, "was preceded by an earlier study of it by the teacher, since the study of the Veda must have always had one common character, the same in former times as now, and therefore this uninterrupted succession of pupil and teacher has force to prove the eternity of the Veda." But this is rather playing with proof, for he admits at once that if it proves the eternity of the Veda, a similar argument would prove the eternity of an epic poem like the Māhābhārata or any other subject of study. Then he closes on his real argument.

He assumes as already proved the fundamental doctrine of his school—the eternity of sound. To make this more er less intelligible, we have summarized the proof usually given for this theory.[1] Sound (Svana) is not mere noise, but significant sound, or rather, it is sound which is adapted to be significant. The connection between a word and its sense is held to be natural, essential and therefore eternal. But unless sound were eternal we could not have this eternal connection between words formed of sound and their sense; therefore the followers of the Mimansa school further explain that when we speak we only make perceptible the already existing sound. This is supposed to be confirmed by the fact that a sound is always recognized as the same; thus, we do not say, I have uttered the sound of ten *gs*, but, I have uttered the sound of *g* ten times.

From the eternity of sound the eternity of the Veda is proved as a necessary consequence. It is pointed out that there must be certain sentences which are essential, necessary, eternal, because the eternal words have a necessary relation to them, and in fact exist for them,—this scheme of eternal words and phrases having, it appears, a relation to a parallel necessary evolution of things. Now these eternal sentences are the Veda.

Mādhava, having briefly indicated this as the recognized proof of the eternity of the Veda, proceeds to confirm it *aliunde* and to meet objections. Some, he says, allege that the Vedic words are not eternal, but spoken by the Supreme Lord. Now, this is impossible, for he spoke them either incorporeally or by means of a body assumed for the purpose; and either supposition is impossible, for the incorporeal cannot speak; and if he assumed a body he could not speak the Vedic words unless they already existed, for their essential character is to reveal the unseen. But if the Supreme Lord "assumed a body in order to show kindness to his worship-

[1] Cf. *Mimansa Sutra*, 12.

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pers," it would not at all follow that he would be able to perceive things beyond the reach of his senses; for what means would he have of apprehending objects removed from him in place, time or nature? "Wherever," he adds, "we do find the power of an organ intensified, this takes place without its going beyond its own proper objects; thus, it may take place in the eye seeing the very distant, or the very minute nerve in the ear becoming cognizant of form." As to those sages who are named in the Veda itself, in connection with this or that group of hymns, they were not the authors, but only the men who first systematically studied them.

Turning to another source of objections, Mādhava observes that the fundamental maxim of the eternity of sound has been attacked by the Nyāyikas or logicians, who will have it that when, for instance, we pronounce *g* ten times, we do not repeat the same identical *g*, but that the species is distinguished from the individual. Then he plunges into an irregular skirmish about this distinction, and if we have proof of nothing else, we have evidence that the battles of nominalism and realism were fought in mediæval India as well as in mediæval Europe. His argument is too involved to follow it here. He concludes that the idea of species is a useless assumption so far as the great question of sound is concerned. The reasoning is extremely obscure, even for an Indian writer. Professor Cowell, his latest translator, practically gives it up. But Mādhava is quite satisfied with it, and concludes with the following magnificent paraphrase of our simple "*ergo stat thesis*:"[1]

"Therefore, as the Veda is thus proved not to have originated from any personal author, and as the minutest germ of suspicion against it is thus absolutely destroyed, we hold it as satisfactorily demonstrated that it has a self-established authority in all matters relating to duty."

Practically his argument amounts to this. The Veda is its own evidence, for it tells us of things no bodily being could have otherwise known, and this in a form no incorporeal being could utter; therefore it has neither been composed by man nor revealed by any spirit, but it exists as necessarily as sound and speech exist. Quite apart from the theory of eternal sound, there is here an assumption that the Veda really does tell us the truth about the invisible world. Mādhava is making a desperate attempt to mount upon his own shoulders; in other words, there is a glaring *petitio principii*. This is a common fault with Hindu writers, giving some ground for the remark made by Professor Gough in his late work on the Upanishads, that they are often stronger in imagination than in

[1] *Sama Darsana Sangraha*, 195.

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reasoning power, a failing he attributes to a mingling of the Aryan stock with lower and half-savage races.

In another work cited by Dr. Muir ("Sanskrit Texts," vol. iii.), the *Nyaya-Mala-Vistara*, we have much the same argument, put more briefly, thus:

"In the books of Kālidāsa and others, the authors are named at the end of each section. Now, if the Veda were also the composition of a personal author, the composer of it would in like manner be discoverable, but such is not the case; therefore the Veda is not the work of a personal author, and this being so, we cannot suspect in it any fallibility consequent on the defects of human reason."

This doctrine of the impersonal character and eternal existence of the Veda actually led to some of the Mimansa school taking up an atheistical position. The creed, or *non-credo*, of this atheistical section of the school is thus summed up by one of its interpreters:

"There is no God, maker of the world, nor has it any sustainer or destroyer; for every man obtains a recompense from the result of his own works. Neither is there any maker of the Veda, for its words are eternal, and their arrangement is eternal. Its authority is self-proved, for since it is from eternity, how can it be dependent on anything but itself." [1]

To all these theories of the non-personal origin of the Veda there is the obvious objection that the *anukramani* or ancient indexes to the Veda give the names of certain seers—Varishna, Sunahsepa, and the rest,—as the authors of the hymns, and these names are frequently mentioned in the very text of the hymns themselves. Many of the writers who hold to the eternity of the Veda, and all those who admit its non-eternity and revelation by God, explain that these seers were not, properly speaking, the authors of the hymns, but that they saw in vision the words of the Veda, as the reward of devotion and penance. Native Sanskritists even make a desperate attempt to derive *rishi* (the general name for these poets) from the root DRIS', to see, in order to justify this view. Of course, the strict followers of the Mimausa school are forced, as we have seen, to deny the possibility of such a vision, and they have recourse to the explanation that the *rishis* were the founders of the Vedic study.

The complete pantheistic view is represented by the Vedanta school. According to this school, the Veda represents the first step in the evolution of the universe from Brahma, the supreme soul and underlying reality of all things. For them the Veda is, as

[1] *Apud* Muir, iii., 95.

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it were, the prolific word from which sprang the universe. We give here the essential points of this theory as summed up by Sankara Acharya, a writer of the ninth century, who at that period drove the Buddhists from southern India, and revived the study of the Veda and of the whole Brahmanical system. He was a voluminous writer, and holds to the pantheistic schools of India much the same relation that St. Thomas holds to Catholic theology.

Sankara, having explained that the Veda is everlasting only in the sense that it is everlasting in relation to the period of created (or rather transient) existences, proceeds thus:

"Brahma is the source of the great Scripture, consisting of the Rig-Veda and its appendices, which, like a lamp, illuminates all subjects and approaches to omniscience. Now, such a scripture, being possessed of the qualities of an omniscient being, could not have originated from any other than an omniscient being. When an extensive treatise on any subject is produced by any individual, as the works on grammar, etc., were by Pânini and others,—even though the treatise in question deals with only a single department of what is to be known,—it is clear that the author is possessed of still greater knowledge than is contained in his work. What, then, are we to say of the transcendent omniscience and omnipotence of that great king from whom (according to the Vedic text, '*the Rig-Veda is the breathing of that great Being*') there issued without effort, as an amusement, like a man's breathing, that mind of universal knowledge, called the Rig-Veda, which gave rise to the classes of gods, beasts and men, with their various castes and orders."

Such is the Vedantist's view, vitiated, like all the rest, by the assumption that the Veda is a source of real knowledge—the very point to be proved. The Vedantist probably is induced to accept the theory because it fits easily into the wider scheme of the essential unity of all things, which he takes to be proved from other sources.

Time will not allow us to attempt a summary of the views of other schools, but we believe we have stated here the main arguments of those schools which are most distinguished for a reverent study of the Veda, and we have stated them as they are set forth by three writers who are probably the three chief commentators in the whole range of Sanskrit literature—Sankara, Mâdhava, and Sayana. Hinduism has, therefore, had a fair hearing.

And now we venture on a few closing criticisms. We have already pointed out that every argument of those three writers is vitiated by a very ill-concealed *petitio principii*, namely, by the open or tacit assumption that the statements made in the Rig-Veda as to things invisible—the effect of sacrifice, the life of the gods, etc.—corre-

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spond to an order of existing realities. The assertion that no man could have known these things, proves nothing until it is shown that they represent real knowledge, and not delusion. Yet these writers are quite alive to the *petitio principii* in an opponent's objections—they have their own characteristic phrase for it; it is an attempt to mount upon one's own shoulders. How, then, do they fail to detect the huge fallacy when it underlies their own reasoning? How is it they see the mote in their neighbor's eye, and know nothing of the beam in their own? There is only one way in which we can account for this blindness. The hymns of the Veda were first chanted by their forefathers beside their rude altars and their camp-fires in the Afghan mountains and by the five rivers of the Punjaub, as the Aryan tribes pressed on into India, driving the dark-faced Dravidian races before their victorious spears. They were the tribal songs of a period of victory and prosperity. They became the heritage of the nation, handed on from father to son, from generation to generation. No new singer could produce anything to which the same reverence could be attached as clung to these songs of the mighty men who had lived in the springtime of their race. To the later writer, centuries after, these hymns collected in the Veda came with the sanction of remote antiquity and immemorial use, and he sought to frame a theory of their origin which would justify his own half-instinctive belief. Thus, in his longing to find something like a reasonable theory to account for their exceptional position in his literature, and in his complete ignorance of their real origin, the argument that fell in with his anxiety to give them a place in his system, and which appealed strongly to his imagination, was not too closely scanned, and soon became the accepted tenet, to be defended against all comers. And it must be remembered that he might well believe that for his central position, the keystone of his system, he had an argument which has been both used and abused by most schools of philosophy. For him India was the world, as the shores of the Mediterranean were the world for the writers of Greece and Rome, as Europe and the Levant were the world for the mediæval scholar. And in this Indian world the Hindu commentators knew that millions of men, speaking some twenty different languages, divided into a hundred sects and schools, had yet for long centuries, if they agreed in nothing else, agreed in this, that the Veda was a revelation of things to which mere sense and human reason could not have penetrated. If Charvaka, Brihaspati, and the like, denied it, they were but a few evil-minded men whose only pleasure was in the things of this world. If beyond the Indian frontiers there were peoples who knew not the Veda, they were but half-human races, dwellers in cimmerian night, who knew not the sun. The consent

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of millions of sensible men was surely not to be overturned by the bold denials of a few atheists, or the ignorance of degraded tribes in the outer regions of the world.

This is a useful warning even to us, to be cautious in using the argument of *consensus communis*. It has certainly been sometimes alleged when the consensus was to be found only in one current of philosophic tradition, that is, in the writings of Greek philosophers and Christian fathers. We do not deny that if used with due precautions, it can be advantageously employed as a secondary and confirmatory argument; but the cases are very few in which it can be used as a primary argument without running some risk of drifting into the same fallacy that has proved a pitfall to the Indian schools.

But perhaps some one will say, if these men, acute as they were in their criticism of an opponent's arguments, could not see the weakness of their own, simply because *it was their own*, and urged by them in support of a cherished belief, may not the same thing happen to us? Of course, we grant at once that it may, for we are all exposed to the temptation to argue very loosely in defence of our own opinions. But at the same time we assert that, although this or that Christian writer may have put forward in defence of the Christian revelation arguments that had no real logical force, this cannot be alleged of the main arguments which have been elaborated in the tradition of the Christian schools in defence of the Scriptures of the Church. It is especially noticeable that all our arguments in defence of the Holy Scriptures differ *toto cælo* from those of the Hindu defenders of the Veda. With us there is no appeal to *consensus communis*, or to the intrinsic excellence of the Bible. We do not claim that it proves itself, but we prove its historical authority as a record of real events by precisely the same order of evidence by which we prove the authenticity of any Greek, Roman, or Sanskrit writer. Then, having proved, from this authentic historical record the existence of the Church, the words recorded in the Bible receive a higher authority still as being stamped with the seal of revelation and interpreted by a custodian and guide appointed by God.

But it is remarkable that the Hindu argument for the Veda is in many points precisely that of the average Protestant for the Bible. The Bible is made to prove itself by its own excellence, as by an inward irresistible feeling in the reader's mind, though the same men would not admit such reasoning in favor of any other book; it is precisely Sāyana's argument for the Veda. A jar cannot make itself visible, but to some can show itself as well as everything else; in the same way, though other books do not prove themselves, the Veda and the Protestant Bible have this power of proving themselves and everything else the reader is determined to find in them.

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SURNAMES AND THEIR MUTATIONS.

PEOPLE who are so fond of adventure as to fancy they would enjoy being suddenly spilled from a buggy in a strange part of the country, not less than two miles from a smithy, and six from the nearest town, are welcome from us to their notion of fun. This is the *contre-temps* that befell us the other day, and is, at least remotely, the cause of the article that ensues. The vehicle which thus came to grief with us was not a prepossessing one as to looks, nor very assuring in the matter of strength, when we hired it a few mornings ago. It had a curious symptomatic wabbling motion of the wheels, as well as other indications of a ramshackle state of the general system, which caused us to suggest very mildly (as is our wont) to the livery man that perhaps he had better furnish a stouter conveyance, since we should want it for ten days, or thereabouts. He assured us, of course, that there was no danger of mischance. He recounted the distances made, without accident, by other travellers in the same drag, and after this highly unsatisfactory and illogical argument, pocketed the hire for the ten days, hinted pretty strongly that he would like to know our business, and getting less satisfaction than he desired, handed us the reins, making use, at the same time, of the phrase, to us somewhat indefinite, "so long," or something sounding like these words, very generally affected, and much in vogue in all this region of country when people part who expect soon to see each other again.

Leaving some of the Atlantic cities of certain of the older States, it does not take long to get among a primitive people, inhabiting what looks like, and in this instance is, a thoroughly exhausted country. However, our object in writing is neither to describe the country, depict the people, nor to indicate, otherwise than in the vaguest manner, where we were or whither travelling. In no section of our land have the inhabitants any patience with a man who fails to describe the indwellers and locality *couleur de rose*, and in the region where chance led us at this time, it is probably more unwholesome than in any other, should we fail to find the people intelligent and progressive, and the lands fertile and well-cultivated. Let it be enough to say, that after making thirty miles the first day, on the afternoon of the second (Tuesday) the establishment in which we travelled came down by the run,—spokes, felloes, hub, tire (and if there be anything else) of one wheel gave way completely, and apparently all at once. And now behold us with a scared horse in hand, surveying, from some distance, the wreck, all but a

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part of one shaft, which yet clung to the panting animal. We elicited from a tow-headed young man, who sauntered along about a quarter of an hour after the accident, the information that a blacksmith (providing he was at home) might be found some two miles off, and that yet four miles farther, on the same road, we might find a tavern, where, to use his own words, "they'll feed you and your beast." This was not eliminated at once from him, but by that sort of manipulation through which you obtain the value of an unknown factor from a cumbrous equation. He invariably addressed us as "Stranger," stated that the shop was "*two mile off*," and, by way of saying something cheerful, informed us that the "*bust-up couldn't be hope*." As he did not recollect, after a great deal of reflection, that he had anything else to do, he agreed, for a *consideration*, to assist us in getting the remains of the buggy forward to the smithy, and Vulcan (who was at home, by good luck), having made a diagnosis of the condition of the rattletrap, informed us that it was a bad case of break-up of the system from general debility, superinduced by old age and abuse of the constitution in youth,—that he would have to call in the services of a wagon-maker—that it would take them both two days to restore the vehicle,—but that "*if nothing didn't happen*," he would have it ready for the road by Friday morning. He loaned us a saddle, and sent us forward to the village of ——, where we must bestow ourselves in the intervening time.

We are pretty sure others are not affected in the same way by similar things as ourselves, else such houses of entertainment (?) could not exist for a week. It is easier to feel than to explain our meaning, but there is a certain primness and starchedness inseparably connected with the word *evangelical* in our mind, perhaps from having once been unfortunate enough to live for some time in a boarding house describing itself as kept by an *evangelical* family, which is (whether met with in individuals, households, or larger communities) to us an utter abomination. We took a fair look around and judged it at once, but we had no resource. It was not dirty; nay, it possessed that kind of cleanliness that is not merely uncomfortable, it is painful. Nor was it noisy. On the contrary, every person was as quiet or spoke as subduedly as though there were a corpse in the next room; but the aspect of every single object and person was scant and close, down to meanness. We were the only guest at supper (they called it *tea*) with the family of six persons, and had not the length of preparation, the sham gentility and mannerism taken away our appetite, we aver that without trouble a hungry man could have consumed everything edible on the table. In what had probably once been the bar-room, before local option or prohibition banished that former adjunct to an inn, there was a

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copy of the King James version of the *Bible*, and a four years old *Directory* of a small city in that portion of the State. We found still another copy of the former in our room, together with a dismal *Hymn-book*, mawkish as to sentiment, uncertain as to theology, and comparing, as to poetry, in the way "Oh, Bob Ridley" or "Up in a Balloon" compares with Byron's "Hebrew Melodies." Knowing, however, that two days must be somehow spent here, and fully realizing, from a cursory glance taken, as we rode into the village, at the twenty-five or thirty houses constituting the same, that there was nothing to be seen by us, and that a stranger would be essentially an exhibition were he to go out, we took the *Directory* to our room, determined to see whether we could find some food for reflection therein. It is just here worthy of remark that, having lived in many places, and travelled extensively, during many years, in which the singular mania, on the part of otherwise sensible people, for furnishing free copies of the "Scriptures" to all public houses, conveyances and institutions has ruled, we do not recall any case of seeing any one, religious, irreligious or neutral, take up and read a verse in any such copy, much less con it over. In hotels, steamers and public halls, however, we have often been pained, both here in America and in Great Britain, to see how readily gentlemen will reach for, and tear a leaf out of, the said book for the purpose of lighting a lamp, the gas, or a cigar; and we feel quite sure that if everybody had the courage to speak his mind and to act out the convictions forced on him by experience, the well-meaning people who are engaged in that work would think twice before they would thus put a constant temptation to, or even a premium on, such vile treatment, not to say desecration. A book never looks so uninviting as when thrust into your hands, and you are thus forced to read it *nolens volens*, or else to assume, almost instinctively, the attitude of indifference or opposition. Now that *Directory* was probably one of the last books in the world that we would have taken up of our own accord, under any other than the existing circumstances; certainly never with the view of passing the time away, nor surely of getting any information from it. Few printed volumes are, unless to the man who wishes to find an address, more absolutely uninviting. Yet, we not only did interest ourselves, but hope to interest the reader in the many observations we made on that dismal array of names. We do not say that the entire list was waded through, nor that the annotations made are as thorough and elaborate as they might have been readily made by one who had access to a library containing authorities on such matters. Indeed, only the letter "H" was reached by Thursday night, and had the work by a French author (Salverte) been at hand, one would have been able to speak both more authoritatively and at greater length in regard to certain

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classes of names. Memory, as it was, recalled facts, and thoughts sprang up with the names; so that if they sprout and pullulate in the reader's mind in anything like the same proportion, we shall both have used our time to such advantage that neither of us shall have reason to lament that seemingly unfortunate break down in the autumn of 1886.

We would, however, first remark that, while corruptions in the spelling and pronunciation of other classes of words are principally the result of ignorance, or of a latent but natural tendency to a phonetic system of orthography, those that occur in proper names, especially in the surnames of persons, are far more largely attributable to petty vanity than to want of knowledge. Had it not been for the illiteracy of the centuries subsequent to the times of Roman writers of the silver age, the Greek never could have degenerated into Romaic, nor would the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French ever have existed in the shape of distinct languages. When we write in English *colleague* and *frontispiece*, we do so because lapse of time (during which the original mistake had become indurated and as if sanctioned) pardoned the want of knowledge of him who first failed to observe their derivation from *collego* and *frontispicium*, falsely imagining them connected with *league* and *piece*. What generations upon generations of men, without the remotest tincture of letters, are manifested to the mind's eye by such foul corruptions as that of the Latin *satisfacere* into the Italian *soddisfar;* of *filius* into the Spanish *hijo;* of *illos* and *illas* into the Portuguese *os* and *as;* or of *hodie* (from *hoc die*) into the French *hui* in *aujourd' hui?* Observe that these were not instances of formless, weak and grammarless jargons, pushing forth and developing themselves diversely in different places, according to the needs and progress of the intellect, but the long-continued and persistent abandonment of highly cultured literary, already existent tongues, for comparatively pithless and meagre *patois*. Were the world to continue for as many millions of years as certain geologists on meagre grounds contend it already to have existed, and did our government and the present diffusion (or dilution) of education (even the simple ability to read and to write) coexist therewith, we suppose it absurd to imagine a dialect of English as springing up, in all that time, varying from the written tongue as broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire does from the English of classic authors, such as Dr. Johnson. In fact, all the diversities of languages since Babel have been the result of ignorance of letters, and the greater and more pervading the illiteracy among a people, the greater the number of *patois*, jargons, dialects and distinct languages among them.

Without letters, humanly speaking, no fixed language can be

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preserved; with a written tongue and a reading people, there is no reason why it should ever materially change, except by the addition of terms principally formed from existent roots, to express the new ideas, or the new material discoveries developed by the march of intellect, which is chiefly the application of sound judgment.

By our spelling books, dictionaries, readers, and other literary works, and also by our newspapers and reviews, we take great pains to fix and impress a certain standard of orthography and of orthoepy in both sense and sound, with regard to the vocables of our language, not even omitting the proper names of places, streams and mountains, in which there are some admitted diversities of usage, though they be few and comparatively slight. It were better that even these did not exist, and, in common with a majority of really literary men, we would deem it highly desirable, both for us and for the Germans (possessing, respectively, the most extensively spoken and the most literary language on earth), that the two great peoples had each its Academy, authorized to pronounce definite judgment and final sentence touching every point that remains *adhuc sub judice*. France, Spain, Italy, and even Russia, are, in this respect, far in advance of us. Now, when we run our eyes over a page or two of this *Directory*, we cannot but be struck by the number of surnames of persons which were originally and should be the same still, but now present to the eye, and (by false orthography) in many instances to the ear, the claim that they are distinct names. If, then, it be an offence (to put it mildly) against the canons of good taste to misspell a common noun, or any other of the parts of speech; if the writer is held to a strict accountability for his vagaries in the orthography of the names of regions, towns, rivers and mountains, why should personal surnames alone be outlawed as a class, and the letters composing them meander, volutate and pitch topsy-turvy, according as sonance or the *fallax aura* of each man's individual fancy shall suggest? Within the last fifty years very many words that had previously been wrongly spelled for generations, even by our so-called Anglo-Saxon literary world, have been corrected and reduced to their normal form with great satisfaction to everybody; for who is there nowadays that is not concerned with writing? Now, the rule or practice which is inconsistent with itself, is a very bad one, and hence the fact that one's ancestor, whether from scanty orthographical attainments or some peculiarly personal vanity, misspelled the family surname, is no good reason why that misnomer should remain irreformable, and be so transmitted to posterity. Probably the greater number of changes may have arisen from ignorance, but many undoubtedly spring, even now, from some personal conceit, arising from a desire to be or seem less plebeian, more *distingué*, than we are interiorly

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conscious of being. *Smith* seems to himself too common under an appellation shared with so many of his fellow citizens. Consequently, when he has by *Central shares*, or *striking oil*, or by the *Cotton Exchange*, or otherwise, advanced beyond the great family of his congeners who got the name "from the *Smith* that forgeth at the fire," he becomes *Smithe*, *Smythe*, or, for greater grandeur, it may be, he doubles the *t!* Well, his action is compendious false pretence, relieved only by the fact that it harms nobody; but, for that matter, neither does any other false spelling, yet we would laugh derisively at him who should misspell so badly any equally simple common noun or word of the language. Under similar circumstances *White* drops the *i* and assumes *y* in its place. The ancestral Tailor is furnished with various exceedingly transparent coverings, under the forms of *Tayler*, *Taylor*, *Tayleure* and *Tayloe*. Indeed, a very brief dip into the *Directory* sufficed to certify the fact that very few of our surnames have remained untampered with. Both interest, therefore, and amusement are found in tracing some of the probable reasons for the various changes therein, as well as fancying the steps by and through which they were brought about. *Reed*, *Stone*, *Hill* and *Dunn* derive what seems to them a neater or more tasteful name, or they want to segregate themselves from the *ignobile vulgus* bearing those names thus unadorned; hence they become *Reid*, *Stowne*, *Hylle* and *Dunne*. We say now nothing of those who, loftily scorning the mire, utterly ignore the original patronymic, and soar at a single flight from Joshua to Edwards. These last (their name is legion in America) go to work straightforwardly, entirely disdaining to make two bites of one cherry; and high English legal authority has lately, or within fifteen years, decided that there is nothing *in law* to prevent any one from assuming whatsoever name best suits his fancy. It may be held, then, that those who have assumed supposititious or remodelled genuine names, have, for the most part, done so that they might attract admiration to or reflect splendor upon themselves. Now, there can be no doubt that proper names are not, in point of fact, amenable to rules. "Nomina propria sine regulis," is a standing rubric in our classical grammars; yet, we cannot readily see any valid reason why those spelling them should not be held to as strict an accountability to the lexicon as in lettering the merest common noun, while yet we know full well that men do call themselves what they please, and spell the names so appropriated just as suits them, without fear of contravening any other statutes than those of truth and good taste. Would it not, therefore, be a good thing that, as coin, worn, disfigured, frayed or clipped, is called in to be recoined, so also surnames, frilled, clipped or in any way changed, whether the change occurred

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in this or in any past generation since surnames were first assumed, should be reformed to the original or to the correct significance and orthography? This would even seem more cogent when applied to the proper surnames of families immediately connected with the laws of descent and inheritance.

It is well known that the Hebrews of old bore but one name, which was always a significant one, and that their more modern descendants never went further than the formation of the patronymic with *Ben* (son), for the purpose of more accurately distinguishing between two of the same name. But when, something more than a century ago, they were compelled in Germany by law, and in other countries by the potent force of example, to adopt surnames, German Jewry, retaining its genuine Hebrew names, took at haphazard such names as you may see to-day over any clothing store, *Rosenstein*, *Löwenstein*, *Rubenstein*, *Lownenstein*, *Buchenbaum*, *Mandelbaum*, *Nussbaum*, *Tannenbaum*, etc., to which names they were and are just as much entitled by descent, as are the colored people of the South who assumed, in like manner, any name they chose, more frequently the name of their temporary master. In England, wherever the Israelites knew, or thought they knew, their descent, they superadded *Cohen*, *Levi Asher*, *David*, *Naphtali*, etc., but the majority seem to have selected, on general principles, such national surnames as *Abrams*, *Isaacs*, *Jacobs*, *Moses* (corrupted into *Moss*), *Solomon* and the like. One name also sufficed the Greeks, and it was always significant, as, indeed, all names must have been originally, and would have remained so but for obsolescence in language and the absurd habit of clipping, piecing or changing them, against which it is the object of this article to protest. The Romans imposed *an individual name*, the name of the *gens*, that of the *familia*, and a reference to some distinctive ancestral exploit, and these they called respectively *prænomen*, *nomen*, *cognomen* and *agnomen;* thus, *Lælius Cornelius Scipio Asiaticus.* But the Latin names, being usually derived from bodily peculiarities, fell far behind those of the Greeks in dignity of significance. *Cocles*, *Capito*, *Paetus*, *Pansa*, *Naso*, *Rufus*, *Strabo*, etc., sound very lofty only to him who does not know that they mean but *One-eyed*, *Big-head*, *Purblind*, *Splayfoot*, *Nosey*, *Red-head*, *Squinter*, etc., while in Greek such names as *Sophron*, *Phenekrates*, *Theokritos*, *Demosthenes*, *Perikles*, *Astyanax* and *Menelaus*, are not in the least vulgarized by their respective translations: *Prudent*, *Force-bringer*, *Divinely adjudged*, *Strength of the people*, *Illustrious*, *King of the city*, and *Power of the tribe.*

Our earlier Saxon ancestors had but one name, generally indicative of some real or fancied quality, either of mind or body, as *Alfred* (all peace), *Edmund* (true mouth), *Edward* (truth keeper),

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etc. The Normans seem likewise to have borne but one personal appellation up to the time of the Conquest, though the initial steps towards what afterwards became a system of family names appear in such adjuncts as *Gros Veneur*, *Chambellan* and *De la Chambre*, *Dispenseur* and *Dispensier*, which remain with us *Grosvenor*, *Chamberlain*, and *Spenser*. *Browning*, *Whiting*, *Deering*, etc, are purely Saxon, the syllable *ing* denoting descent. Both Norse and Saxon made patronymics by suffixing *sen* or *son* to the father's name; hence *Dickson*, *Peterson*, *Johnson*, *Jackson*, etc.; but sometimes the genitive was used instead, and *Hob Walter's*, *Tib Adam's*, and *Knud Graef's*, losing sight of their origin, became surnames under the form of *Adams*, *Walters* and *Graves*. The divisions of property and the necessity of courts of record, soon after, and in consequence of the Conquest, rendered it imperative to describe persons more accurately than could be done by means of a single name. The Gaelic Celts had recourse from time almost immemorial to the *Mac* (son) and *O* (ogh, grandson), which loom up so extensively among English-speaking people in all lists of names at the present day. The Cambrians accomplished the same end by their *Ap;* and having been, at all times, a people much given to genealogy, sometimes carried it to a preposterous extent. Thus, *Dafyd ap Evan*, *ap Hugh*, *ap Owen*, *ap Howel*, *ap Harry*, *ap Richard*, furnish us the family names *Bevan*, *Pugh*, *Bowen*, *Powell*, *Parry* and *Pritchard*. Yet it was not until well on in the fourteenth century that a statute was passed making the use of surnames obligatory. Long, however, before that time many had taken such names, either in one of the ways indicated, or from localities, as *Burgoyne* (Bourgogne), *Devereux* (d'Evreux), *Attemore* (at the moor), *Snooks* (seven oaks), *Applegarth* (garth, an enclosure, perhaps orchard); or from *inns*, as *John o' the Bull*, *Tim o' the Dolphin*, *Will o' the Whitehorse*, *Tib o' the Greentree;* from animals, as *Wolf*, *Lion*, *Hawk*, *Raven*, *Falcon*, *Stag;* from trades and occupations, as *Baker*, *Cordwainer*, *Fuller*, *Walker*, *Driver*, *Waggoner*, *Durward* (doorkeeper), *Hayward*, *Howard* (hogkeeper), *Hereward* (keeper of the town cattle), *Woodward*, *Forester*, etc. Personal peculiarities must have furnished a very large number of names, such as *Little*, *Long*, *Gross*, *Short*, *Black*, *Gray*, *Lightfoot*, *Swift*, *Vaughan* (small), *Bann* (white), *Gwyn* (fair), *Duff* (dark), and the like.

In Domesday Book many apparent surnames are found, but on close examination they seem as yet to be used merely as expletives, or rather as nicknames, and were probably peculiar to the person and did not descend to the son. We reach easily the middle of the twelfth century before it seems to have been looked on as essential (even among people of rank) that they should bear a surname. The *Fitz* in Fitzroy, Fitzsimmons, and Fitzpatrick, etc., is not so

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honorable in its origin as to cause any hankering after such a name, except on the part of those who would, in the words of Dickens, or of one of his characters rather, "sooner be knocked down by a man that had got blood into him, than they'd be picked up by a fellow that hadn't."

In fine, then, all our names had originally a distinct significance, and their meaning would still be palpable to such as are fairly conversant with the *Celtic*, *French*, *Saxon*, and their cognates, had the folks bearing the names been able always to spell aright, or, when able, been willing to do so. In the days of which we speak, few except the clergy could read. Even if they could, manuscripts were scarce and utterly beyond the means of any but the wealthy. Those who could write paid little attention to the orthography of the vernacular, as yet unfixed. Printing was not invented till long afterwards, nor did people at large begin to read and write to any great extent simultaneously with the introduction of type and the printing of books, as is so ignorantly supposed. We have, therefore, sufficiently indicated the facts to which is due the muddled condition of, and in which we find, our system of family nomenclature, not merely as regards English, but also foreign names. Let us now turn to and take up our dismal-looking *Directory*, selecting a few names under each of the letters as far as we may have time.

Acton, *Aikton*, *Ayton*, *Aytoun*, *Eton*, *Eaton*, *Heaton*, *Hayden*, *Hayton*, *Haydon*, and probably *Hadden*, all derived, and more or less corrupted, from *ac* (oak) and *tun* (town, enclosure), are likely all one name, and show the fantastic tricks that may be played with a single surname when scope is given to the taste and fancy of the speller.

Acklcy, *Aikley*, *Hackley*, *Hakeley*, *Oakley*, *Oakleigh*, etc., have the latter syllable from *ley*, or *legh* (a field); are in origin, and should be in fact, but one surname.

Alman, *Allman*, *Almaine*, *Almayne*, *Almon*, *Almond* and *Allmond*, are so many presentations of the Norman word *Alleman*, meaning *German;* while the latter itself, the pure Saxon form for the same meaning, appears later on in this book metamorphosed, as we live, into *Germon*, *Jermyn*, *Jeormond* and *Geormond!*

We take it for granted that *Alaric* (Elrich or Ulrich) the Goth could not have spelled his own name; but where is the necessity for putting it to us nowadays (when, if they wish, people may all know how to spell) in the six forms of *Alrick*, *Allrick*, *Alrich*, *Albrich*, *Aldridge* and *Eldridge?* *Aelric*, the Saxon form of the word, meant *all powerful.*

Appleby (bye, a place) and *Applegarth* (geard, yard) show their Saxon descent at the first blush; but why *Applebee?* why *Ap-*

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plegraith? why *Applegate?* And who shall lash us soundly enough the fellow who spells it *Applegit?* Yet, withal, we recall one of that specific name—an old man, and a schoolmaster!—who actually spelled the name as last set down! Moreover, he insisted so strongly that all other forms were wrong, that one was inclined for a moment to think he might have some information on the subject not generally accessible. When, however, on signing a receipt he subscribed himself *Ansalom Appelgit*, having clearly no knowledge of the name *Anselm*, but misled by a false pronunciation and a false analogy, supposed by him to equal *Absalom* in the Scriptures, his orthographic views ceased to be worth the smallest investigation.

The name *Erwin* (honor gainer) has been about as much disguised and spoiled as is possible by bad pronunciation and correspondent spelling. They twist it into *Arwin*, *Arvin*, *Arrowin*, *Ayrwin*, *Ervin*, *Irvine*, and *Urwin*. We have taken the pains to reckon up fourteen other combinations, and the cry is, "still they come!" They are not, of course, to be found in this *Directory*, but we have seen them elsewhere, and know that they exist.

Andrewson, *Andrisson*, *Anderson*, *Andison*, *Aandyson*, *Besson*, *Beason*, *Betson*, *Bitson*, *Edson*, *Etson*, *Gibson*, *Henson*, *Hanson*, *Hankson*, *Harrison*, *Simson*, *Timson* and *Thomson* (nor does it matter whether you spell the last three with or without a *p*) were all children of *Andrew*, *Andy*, Bet or Bess (accustomed *volare per ora virûm*), of *Ed*, or *Ned*, of *Gib*, *Hen*, *Sim*, *Tim* and *Tom*. We might write a considerable volume on names in *son* alone; but giving the reader credit for information and ability to follow an indicated trail, we shall not return to them, merely adding that *Mattisan*, *Mattison*, *Madison*, *Madson*, *Magson* and *Maxon* serve as a norm for many of this class, and differ only from *Matthewson* and *Matthews* in referring to the better known of the two parents, which happened to be the maternal, *Meg*, *Mag*, or *Mattie*. *Backus* has, of course, nothing to do with the "god of wine," and comes from the Saxon *Baec-hus*, German *Backhaus*, or some name of similar origin in the allied tongues. Instead of modifying it, as has been done, into *Baycus*, *Beakus* and *Bockus*, one should think that those who owned the name might, with very great propriety, have simply translated it into *Bakehouse*. No mistake could readily thence arise. It would be difficult, if not impossible without consulting the story of the different families, to tell how many of those calling themselves *Baird*, *Beard*, *Bord*, *Burd*, *Bird*, *Bard*, *Bayard*, *Byard*, *Biard*, *Byre*, *Byer*, *Byers*, *Byars* and *Beers*, are of Gothic root, and get the name from the word signifying *barba* (beard); how many from the Danish source retouched by the Scottish Lowlanders in the form *bire* (cowhouse);

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who of them are merely Bavarians (*Baier*); and who are entitled to all they claim, viz., a hazy connection with the *Chevalier sans peur*. For there is no use in disguising the fact that in this professedly republican country there prevails a more eager and slavish, a more patent and offensive longing to be connected with aristocracy than exists almost anywhere else, the world over, outside of England, to which nation alone we must yield the palm for intense *love of a lord*. Nor can one say for certain whether *Balantine*, *Ballantyne*, *Bellentine*, and *Ballington* are anything but *Valentine en grande tenue*, though the relationship be strongly suspected, and that the last is the original; while one is quite sure that *Bartly*, *Bartley*, *Berteley*, etc., nay, even many a *Berthollet*, may be but *Bartholomew* (Bar Ptolomæi, son of Ptolemy) in miniature. *Barclay*, *Barklay*, *Berkley*, *Berkeley*, *Birklie*, *Berkeleigh*, etc., are all akin to that bishop who so conclusively proved that there is no matter—which may account for their impression that it matters not how they spell their name; or, they may be inoculated with the spirit of another member of the family, once a Colonial Governor of Virginia, who devoutly "thanked God that there was not a printing press in the Old Dominion."

She who followed the trade of baking was, among the Anglo-Saxons, a *baecster*, and her son, taking the matronymic as a surname, became *Bagster*, or *Baxter*. *Webster* is of an analogous origin, being but the feminine of *Webber* (weaver), for *ster* was to our ancestors a feminine termination, and we still retain it so in the word *spinster;* but as the latter could not creditably have issue it does not appear as a surname. We like the next man on the list for his devotion to accurate phonetic principles, and his determination to carry them out in practice. He was once named *Bierbrauer*, but he now calls himself *Beerbrower*, and we could wish he had said *Beerbrewer* at once, but his children will, without fail, take that step in advance, since it is quite plain that he will give himself no pains to teach them German, and we doubt not but if you meet one of the youthful *Beerbrowers* on the street to-day, and address him in German, the little nose will take an angle of 30° as he informs you that he *don't talk Dutch*.

Bethel, *Bethal*, *Bethall*, *Bethol*, *Bithol*, *Bettal* and *Bettel*, *Bedle*, *Bedell* and *Biddle*, where of Saxon descent, may likely enough be either the Hebrew name for the *House of God*, or the Saxon *Bydel* (messenger). Gross ignorance has corrupted *Bethlehem* into *Bedlam*. But if any of these individuals should turn out to be of Teutonic race, the strong probabilities are that some ancestor once begged his bread. We must therefore leave in abeyance the segregation for want of facts which nothing but their ancestral history can impart, but the knowledge would have been furnished

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by the names themselves at a glance, had they been correctly written.

Broderic may have been *ap Roderick* (filius Roderici), or he may have been a mighty plowman of yore, and secured a name by turning a *broad rig*. *Broadhead* evidently thinks his name looks better as *Brodhead;* but we fail to see any valid reason why he need be ashamed of the personal peculiarity of his forefather. His neighbor, *Greathead*, the *Capitones* of ancient times, and the *Grossetêtes*, *Cabegons* and *Grosskopfs* of the continent of Europe, all seem proud of the title. But no; on turning a leaf, we light upon a degenerate scion of the house who calls himself *Groscup*, and we find another whose name was *Krauskopf*, who ignorantly, or maliciously, insists on writing it *Kroskop*. A bunion is not a desirable thing, and Mr. *Bunnion* has not at all improved it by doubling the *n*. Why did he not, having such fair authority for decking it out, call himself *Bunyan*, like the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress?" One would think it must have been in joke that the ancestral *Bumpus* got his surname, did we not know that it is our Saxon mode of presenting *Bon Père;* but, bad though that be, he who gives his name as *Bumpass* has certainly found "within the lowest deep a lower depth." As to *Birn*, *Birne*, *Birnie*, *Birney*, *Burney*, etc., until proof be adduced to the contrary, they shall all be relegated to the honest and prolific O'Byrnes, and, indeed, the *Birons* and *Byrons*, who are all of them by far more Milesian than French originally. *Bowline* is the root of *Bowling*, *Boling*, *Bolling*, *Bowlen*, *Bolen*, *Bohlen* and *Bolland*, all of which names stand in this *Directory*. It would be hard to persuade us that the *Beebecs*, *Beebes* and *Bibbs* are not related, or that *Boys*, *Boyce* and *Boise* should not settle amicably on some one of these three forms.

No argument is required to prove that *Cahill*, *Cahil*, *Cayle*, *Coyle* and *Kyle* are one and the same name in *Keltic, or Gaelic;* and an Irish scholar will not need to be told which is the correct form. So Callaghan is the name, more or less absurd travesties of which appear under the guises of *Colahan*, *Cullihan*, *Cullihane*, *Kallan*, *Callan*, *Coulahon*, *Calhoun*, *Cullen*, etc. *Carney*, *Kearny*, *Kerney*, *Kirnie*, and probably *Kerne*, are chaps from the stout source of the generous *Kearney*. Such *Carpenters* as come of Teutonic stock were formerly *Zimmermann;* but it is simple folly for Mr. Carter to try the experiment of hiding away the plebeian occupation of his forebears by doubling the *t*, yet he makes the attempt in this book. We have here the *Caulkes* instead of *Cox* or *Cock*. The wonder grows why the *Babcocks* and *Baycocks* did not write themselves down *Babcaulk* and *Baycaulk*. One cannot find fault with Mr. Clerk, who spells his name by its derivation, nor with his neighbor *Clark*, who spells by the sound. Those gentlemen who

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attach an *e* to either might be better employed. But what is this? Who is *Clerque?* We don't think we should like to know the man. *Clough* got his name, as did *Clym* of the *Clough*, in the ancient ballad, and though he cannot pronounce it as his ancestor did, yet he does the next best thing in retaining the old form; he probably calls it *Clo*, or *Clow* (*ow* as in *cow*), for just after him come several who sign as *Clow*, *Clowe* and *Clouse*. Most likely this is where the *Closes*, *Closies* and *Closeys* belong by good rights. Indubitably *Cochran*, *Cochrane*, *Corcran* and *Corcoran* belong to the same division—the former Gaelic, the last Erse. But whence cometh *Cokoge*, and who is he? He is too much for us, unless the above letters be the result of an insane attempt to represent in Latin characters the sound of the Erse word for *Cuckoo;* this is the only vocable known to us in any tongue at all approaching it in sound. But that word which Shakspeare assigns excellent reasons for calling a "word of fear," has been so little of a favorite for surnames that, unless this be an instance, we have no information of its use for that purpose in any language. Upon the whole, *Cokoge* needs looking into. *Connoway* is simply an abomination for *Conway*, who came from that pleasant English town; and when the first *Cookenbacker's* name was signed in a baptismal register it was done in Germany or Holland, and was written, in the one case *Kuchenbäcker*, and in the other *Koekenbakker*. He was only removed from the *Knickerbockers* by producing a different *cookie*, for *cake*bakers were they all.

Crossdale we can stand; *Crow'sdale* also is a name, and has a meaning; but *Crosdell* and *Croasdale*, *Crosdill* and *Croesdell* are nuisances which call for abatement.

Calvert, *Colbert*, *Colvert*, and even *Culbert* need but to be spelled alike, and pronounced aright, to restore a good and reputable name; and if those who bear the name of the *Red Comyn* would either spell this name as history does it for them, or agree to spell it in any one way, we should not be compelled to see *Cumins*, *Cummins*, *Cumings*, *Cummings*, *Cominges*, and *Comynes*, etc., all cheek by jowl in the pages of a city *Directory*, and should also know, if necessary, how to direct or address a letter to any one of them without being obliged to learn his peculiar hitch in spelling. Alongside of *Costello* figures *Costlow*, while *Crowfoot* may take lessons in phonetics from *Croffut.*

Men are named *Hessian*, *Irish*, *English*, *Welsh*, *Scot*, and *French*. Why not also Dane? Of course there is no reason; but why should the person having that surname be such an idiot as to spell it *Dain?* Can it be that he is really named *Dean*, but pronounces it *Dane*, and that the canvasser for the *Directory*, taking it by the sound, is the party in fault? It would be just as reasonable to set

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it down *Dayne*, or even *Daighn*, two forms which, though we have never seen, may, we doubt not, be found in some New York, or certainly, some London *Directory*. The *Donoghues* figure as *Danahee*, *Donahoo*, *Donoho*, *Danahoe*, *Danachy*, and *Donaghy*, as well as in other interminable changes; while *Deacon* spreads himself as *Dakin*, *Deakin*, *Dakyne*, and *Deakyn*. These four are bad enough, but *Deakyne* is so much worse that we would avoid him from a prejudice conceived against his orthography. It is a case not of harmless ignorance, but of sheer pretence. *De Crafft* could not, within the limits of the same number of letters, make more mistakes than he has done in his pretended name. *Kraft* is a good German name; it means *strength;* it is written with a *k* and with a single *f*, and it has no more to do with the Gallic *de* than with the Sanskrit *upa*. But what usually can we expect from a man who sports so many useless letters? We can attribute it to a want of knowledge when *Denis* or *Dennis* (either of which is allowable) appears as *Denny*, *Denney*, *Dennie*, or *Dinney*. But it is much worse, it is fraud and conceit, when a scion of the house of *Devlin*, ashamed of his honorable Hibernian stock, attempts to foist a new name upon the French tongue, and dubs himself *De Valin*. We once knew a chap who, while receiving letters from his honest father Michael, and his kindly sister Bridget, *Devlin*, regularly signed his own with the name *De Valin!* Nay, so utterly ignorant was he of the remotest inkling of French, that he carved his name upon an article of furniture belonging to him, thus: "*De' Valin*"! Supposing that man to have lived, and subsequently to have acquired any sense (we admit the latter part of the supposition to be somewhat violent), he surely must have become an object of compassion, thus handicapped with a false name, and transmitting it to his posterity.

Dickson, *Dixon*, *Dickinson*, *Dickeson*, *Dickerson*, etc., have been alluded to already; they show at once that the first on the list is the true name; but *Dillahay*, while he may, likely enough, not know the origin, or spelling, of his name, has at least no false pretence about him, or he would hasten to sign his true name, which certainly is *De la Haye*, and his people came originally from the Hague (La Haye). How is it that no one is ashamed of a French name, while thousands who have no shadow of a claim thereto ardently affect some *quasi*-Gallic form? We laugh at the individual Frenchman—the nation is as chronically in revolution as even Mexico, but much more severely; has been badly and frequently beaten by other nations; yet the fact remains, that the majority of our folks prefer a French to a German, to a Hollandish, nay, even to an English origin. *Dillon* recalls to mind not merely *Odilon Barrot*, but also the genial and accomplished French Consul at ———, whose name was *Patrice Dillon* (*à la*

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Française), who knew but little English, and was a descendant of one of the many brave Irishmen who, like the *McMahons* of France, and the *O'Donnels* of Spain, abandoned their country on account of the English penal laws, taking service on the continent. The circumstantiality and seriousness with which he used to explain that his name was *Patriece* Dil-lon(g), often afforded his interlocutors immense amusement; though it was well understood that it would be anything but wholesome to allow Mons. D. to see that he was being played upon. Occasionally an innocent-looking messenger, hired for the purpose, would come in, twiddling in his fingers a note, and asking whether "*Pat. Dillon lived thereabouts?*" Poor fellow! He fell at Gravelotte. May he rest in peace. Amen.

Dockwray, *Docwra*, *Dockwra*, *Dockray*, *Dockrea*, *Dockwraith*, etc. (you may find all these forms repeated with *Duck* in their initial syllable), are but *docce* (grass) and *wraed* (wreath), and are but one word, and should be written alike. The *Dorseys* and *Dorsays* seem to be losing caste, instead of aiming at aristocratic distinction, like their townsman, *D'Alton*. They have the same right to spell their name *D'Orsay* as had the dandy count and spoiled tailor of that title. By the way, can one help thinking that *Brummel*, *George IV.*, and *D'Orsay*, all missed their vocation most egregiously, when they went in for anything else than "needle, shears, and tailor's goose." *Dougherty* commends himself to our mind as a kindly, unpretending sort of man. *Docharty* falls below him, as either not knowing the derivation of his surname, or not following it; but still the change of letters can hardly be called a sham. Some whelp of the family once spelled himself *Dorrity*, and has entailed that abortion of a name on many descendants; but are there words sufficient to express in English our scorn for the man who pronounces it *Dohêrty*, or who spells it *Doherté?*

We reckon up seven different ways of spelling the Gaelic name more commonly written *Douglass*, which means "dark green." They cannot all be right, and an authority to determine in all such cases would seem to be much needed. There is also an inclination to throw the accent on the last syllable of such surnames as *Morán*, *Egán*, *Meenán*, *Brennán*, and *Gegán*. The last is already wofully diluted from bold *Geoghegan* through *Gehagan*, *Gahagan*, *Gehan*, *Gahan*, *Gahen* down to the one accented on the ultimate syllable. The younger branches of the family are much to be blamed for this tendency to gallicize the honest and sonorous originals always having a meaning. No Curran that we ever knew, or read of, has allowed any tampering with his name to allow it to change into *Currán*.

Earner is a very good name, and highly appropriate to the four persons in this *Directory* bearing it, as they are set down as

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laborers. *Urner*, on the contrary, who describes herself as a "saleslady," spells her name just as one would have reason to expect from such an announcement of her avocation.

Egle, *Eagle*, *Iggle*, and Igle are no relatives to "*Naiadum pulcherrimæ*," still less to the emblematic bird of *Uncle Sam*, but they get their name from the Teutonic *Igel* (hedge-hog). *Emory*, *Emery*, and *Amory*, *Ambry* and *Ambree*, are all corruptions, either from the Norman-French *Ambrey* (pantry), or from the name of the mineral, itself a corruption of a local name. But as we find in old French works the name *De l'Ambrey* frequently attached to a Christian name, the probabilities are in favor of the former derivation. *Etzel*, who once figured somewhat extensively in the south of Europe as a conqueror, under the name of *Attila*, here appears as *Atzel*, *Atsell*, and Atzell.

Eyre, *Air*, *Ayre*, *Ayr*, *Ayers*, and *Ayars* would be the better for a reduction to one form, provided we had by us the means of finding out which of all is correct. That feudal and post-feudal idea of searching out French or Latin phrases and mottoes which chanced to sound a little like a Saxon name, has misled a great many as to the meaning of their surnames. The Fairfaxes have suffered in this manner, and taking as a motto the words: "*Fare*" and "*fac*," they forgot their name was merely *Fægr-feax* (fair hair). The name *Farmer* is written here *Farmar*, and it seems the current thing to transmute that termination which indicates the agent into anything else. Why could they not leave *Falconer*, since untrimmed and unadorned it is a far better name than any of the staggering forms, *Faulkner*, *Fawkner*, *Fawknor*, and *Fauconner*.

Farrel, *Ferrel*, *Farrall*, *Ferrill*, and *Furll*, all blink the good old name of *O'Farrel;* nor is there any other source whence to deduce the *Farrellies*, *Farrellys*, *Farleys*, *Ferrilies*, and *Ferties*, unless indeed they claim Saxon lineage, in which case they were once *Fairleighs*.

Finnessy, *Finecy*, *Hennessy*, *Hinnephy*, *Hensey*, *Hinchey*, *Henchy*, and *Henszey* have the whole map of Ireland written on them, but we strongly suspect that the *Phinseys* and the *Henseys* do not care to be reminded of *Connemara* or the Bog of *Allan*. *Fleming*, *Flemming*, *Flaming*, *Flemon*, and Flammon hailed originally from Belgium, and their ancestors once spoke *de Vlaemsche taal*.

I take it that that schoolmaster acted strictly within the line of his bounden duty who soundly whipped the first *Ford* who spelled his name either *Fort*, *Forde*, *Foord*, or *Foard*. One *r* is all that *Forest* and *Forester* are justly entitled to, and *Frame*, when he wrote *Fraim*, had just as much right to spell it *Phraigme*, which (though we have never come across it yet) we should not be at all surprised to stumble on some day.

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Fraser, *Frazer*, *Frasier*, *Frazier*, *Frayser*, *Frayzier*, etc., do not, it is true, sound very differently; but there is only one of them correct, the rest taking rise either in ignorance or the vanity which impelled some special *Fraser* to distinguish himself from the *hoi polloi* of *Frasers*, his namesakes.

Quite certain it is that all the *Fullmers* in the list before us came (and that not so very long ago) from Germany, where the name abounds, and is spelled *Vollmer*, and we conceive they had just as much right to call themselves anything else—say *Beaconsfield*—as to mutilate their name at all.

Gallagher, whether Erse or Gaelic, like good wine, "needs no bush;" but what is *Golleher*, and *Golliger*, whence comes it? Yet, when one sees the Irish *Galway* become the Scottish *Galloway*, and that, too, under the hands of professional writers, we must excuse the Gallaghers who mixed the orthography of their family name. *Garahty*, *Geraghty*, Garrity, Garrit, and Garrett, we may count as one; and Mr. *Gold* has townsmen in the *Golts*, *Goolds*, *Goulds*, *Gouldes*, and *Gooldes*, who would save time, and spare silent letters, by spelling as he does.

Gibb, *Gibbes*, *Gibbin*, *Gibbon* (you may attach an *s* to these two), Gibbinson, and Gibbonson are quite analogous with *Gib*, *Gibbin*, *Gibbie*, *Gibby*, *Gibson*, *Tipson*, and *Tippinson*; *Gib* and *Tip* being the Saxon root of each set. We find no one here who squarely faces the music by admitting his name to be *Goose*; though Messrs. *Goslin*, *Goslyn*, and *Gosling* do so by implication. *Chenides* was a Grecian name, and the anserine meaning of Huss struck few as in any way singular. A renowned warrior, *Genseric* (Gänserich, gander), fought well despite such a name. But the people in this list all fight shy of their real name, taking refuge in *Goss*, *Ganss*, *Gass*, *Gause*, *Gauze*, and *Gawse*.

In ancient days of piety the Celts, who practised a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, took pride in calling themselves *Gillemhuire* (servants of Mary), whence we have by greater or less transmutation *Gilmary*, *Gilmer*, *Gilmore*, *Gilmour*, and even *Killmore* and *Kilmer*, the last two as likely to be far from the devotional views of their ancestors as they certainly are from correct views of etymology. The second city of Scotland gives us a single representative, in the shape of *Glascoe*, and the name of the stout Earl *Godwin* appears as *Goodwin*, *Goodwyn*, and *Godewyne*. It is not unlikely that the last mentioned would "*fidging fain*" be a nobleman, and next to being such actually, would be most delighted if he could persuade us of his aristocratic descent.

There is no other objection to *Hagan* than the omission of the *O*, but *Hane*, *Hain*, *Hany*, *Heaney*, *Heanie*, *Hayne*, *Haynes*, *Hine*, *Hind*, *Hindes*, *Hyne*, *Hynd*, *Hyndes*, etc., should, according to na-

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tionality, be reduced to two, or, at most, three forms. In olden days in Virginia, you might, once in a while, meet with a negro who had gotten seized of the name of *Patrick*—not indeed in any deference to the Saint of that name, but in honor of the famous orator of the Revolution. Of this name the average Virginian of that day invariably made *Partuck* in pronunciation, just as the Cubans call every *Gabriel*, by a sort of metathesis, *Grabiel*. In this manner, superadded to a long course of spontaneous corruption, comes the name of Mr. Hardegg; here are the various steps downward: *Headrigg* (top furrow), *Hedrig*, *Hatrigg*, *Hatrick*, *Haddregg*, and *Hardegg*. We forgot to mention, when under *C*, that *Cuthbert* appears as a surname in the form *Cudboard*, and so it may be seen that *Cuddie Headrigg* might end, in this vicinity, by figuring on a tombstone as *Cudboard Hardegg*, *Esq.* In this part of our great Republic, this suffix *Esq.* is very much desired; save a general impression, however, that it is the very decent thing, there is little of a definite nature as to why it is used; but if we were to go into a discussion of the subject of honorary titles, of excellencies, honorables, worships, esquires, etc., not to talk of generals, colonels, captains, etc., we should have to write an article on titles by all means.

Harkins and *Harkness* are "*ower sib the tane with the tither*" to need more than one form between them; and the same is the case with *Hepburn*, *Hebburn*, *Hayburn*, *Hibbern*, and *Hebron*. *Heron* is the fishing bird and nothing else, even though you spell him like the fish, or in any of all these ways, *i. e.*, *Herne*, *Hearne*, *Herron*, or *Harne*. In the Highlands of Germany, where *Hochland* originated, the name is not *Hoagland;* neither is *Hiland* nor *Hyland* the correct spelling of the correspondent Saxon surname.

Who could imagine that an appellation so dignified, and apparently respectable for antiquity as *Homer*, should, when its origin as a surname be scrutinized, sink to the sty, and be detected as a euphemism for *Hogmire!* Or, that the famous *Hogarth* derives thence, being discovered, when run to earth, to be nothing but *Huggard*, *Hoggard* (swineherd), as also the great Howards?

Lord Clarendon's family name appears as *Hyde*, *Hide*, *Hite*, *Hyte*, *Hyat*, *Hyatt*, *Haight*, *Hayghte*. It would require ingenuity to beat it out finer than that; but we beg pardon, for Mr. Hoyd has actually done it!

We must not pass by *Isinsmeed* in our *Directory*, which, with the rickety *Isinsmid*, are the two forms representing the German *Eisenschmidt* (ironsmith, or, as we have it, blacksmith). This sort of phonetic spelling seems very common, through all this region, with regard to German names. So *Krank* (ill, sick) becomes *Cronk; Krankheit* (illness) is *Cronkite; Demuth* (humility) is

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spelled Daymoot; *Krämer* (storekeeper or grocer) changes to *Cramer* and *Craymer; Schneider* (tailor) is Snider or Snyder; Schweitzer (Swiss) takes the form of Sweetser, etc.

Old *Geoffry* and his son are the origin of all the changes that have been rung on that name, and there is no lack of variety in the tunes. We have *Jeffrey, Jeffers, Jefferis, Jeffries, Jeffreys, Jefferson, Jeffrison*, and some ten other *nuances* of lettering, without any, even the remotest, good reason, except the "*taste and fancy of the writer.*"

People bearing *Jocelyn* as a surname, spell it in four different ways in the pages of this sublime guide, and it is likely that the only reason why the extensive family of *Jones* has not, as yet, tampered with their name, is because they have hitherto found that nothing can be done with it without abandoning it altogether.

Ker, Kerr, Kar, Karr should in no respect differ from *Car*, which is the genuine and original form of the name; the adulterine forms are to the true one what a dose of ipecac. is to a plate of raw oysters. It must surely have been a German who *hustled around* to take the names for this book. Nobody in the world but a Teuton would be competent to do what he has done in the way of breaking fresh ground in the spelling of *Connolly*. How do you suppose he has manipulated it? He has positively written it *Kahnely*, and when we discover that poor Connolly's other name was *Mike*, we can form some idea of the injury that was done him in cutting him off thus from kith and kin. We do not doubt but that this same graceless scamp would have spelled the great Liberator's name *O'Kahnel*, and in utter depravity have eaten his supper afterwards with an appetite! *Keogh* (pronounced Kyó, y like *ee*, meaning *mist*) is the reputable name of a very respectable sept in Ireland. But many of the said *Keoghs*, probably belonging to the category, of which a distinguished Celtic grammarian naïvely remarked that "an Irishman without Irish is an incongruity and a great bull," spell the name *Kehoe*, about one-half of them pronouncing it with the accent on the former, and the remainder with stress on the latter syllable. *Kelly, Kelley, Keily, Keiley, Keely, Keeley* (shall we go on?)—well, we can with some difficulty forgive them up to this point, though not one of them is near the original Irish name; but what shall we say of that one who had it printed on his card thus: "*Kehelly*," and then, when addressed as Mr. *Ke-hel-ly*, called attention to the fact that he pronounced it *Kelly?* One is forcibly reminded of the story of the late Mr. Thackeray and the gentleman who spelled his name *Reach*, but insisted that it should be pronounced *Reack*.

But the blacksmith sends us word to come in the morning for the buggy, which he pronounces again roadworthy. We have utilized our time as well as we could, with the meagre material at our

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command, and have only been able to commence without finishing the names we had marked in pencil under the letter *K*. It would be a pity to deprive a tavern, so scantily supplied with reading matter, of the highly interesting and thrilling work on which this article is founded; and probably, if it should ever be worth while to continue these annotations to the end of the alphabet, we shall be able to procure a larger and fuller directory. The present is a sufficient single dose for any reader, and is, at all events, all we have time to write. But we cannot take leave of the "house of entertainment" without corroborating, from personal experience, here acquired, a remark of Mr. Thackeray's, who, in his "Irish Sketch Book," warns all guests to expect the very poorest accommodations and the highest charges at those inns where there is ostentatiously a "Bible," revised or not, in every room of the house.

DON CARLOS AND ISABELLE DE VALOIS.

WE believe it may be safely taken for granted that throughout the civilized, and, therefore, the reading world there are, perhaps, ninety persons out of a hundred who are, at least, under a vague sort of an impression that there was a guilty intercourse of reciprocal love between Isabelle de Valois of Spain and her step-son Don Carlos, and that for this reason he was put to death by Philip II., his father—a repetition of the mythological story in which Theseus, Phædra and Hippolite perform a part known to everybody versed in ancient lore. There is no other authority for both these pretended tragical events and the sympathies they excite than the fertile and unrestrained inventions of poets. As to Don Carlos and Isabelle, they are not mythical; they actually lived, and in an age comparatively much nearer ours than the celebrated Greek characters whose existence and dramatic fate have traditionally come down to us from the remotest antiquity; hence it is much more easy to have justice done to them than to their Hellenic prototypes.

Don Carlos was born on the 8th of July, 1545. His birth was the cause of his mother's death. She was a princess of Portugal.

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Isabelle de Valois was born on the 2d of April, 1546. Her marriage in Paris, on the 29th of June, 1559, with Philip represented by the Duke of Alva, his proxy, was celebrated, among other festivities, by a tournament, in which her father, Henry II., king of France, lost his life by a fatal accident. She was then about thirteen years and two months old.

On the 4th of January, 1560, Isabelle was handed over at Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, a historical spot in Spain of great celebrity, by her French suite to the commissaries of Philip, who conducted her in great pomp to Guadalajara, where she was joined by Philip, who came from Toledo. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Bishop of Burgos on the 2d of February, 1560, Don Carlos and his aunt, Doña Juana, of Portugal, acting as sponsors or official witnesses.

When that ceremony took place Don Carlos was fourteen years and seven months old, and Isabelle thirteen years and ten months, making Don Carlos nine months older than she was. They had not been affianced in early life, nor is it on record that they had seen each other's portraits, as reported by romancers. There had been no project of a *political* marriage between them, as all such marriages are, before the negotiations of the treaty of peace at Cateau Cambresis in 1559. During those negotiations Philip, having become a widower, was substituted for his son for *political* reasons and nothing else. The bride was intended to be the rainbow after the storm—a pledge of amity and peace between the two nations. As Isabelle was *born* on the day of the conclusion of a treaty of peace between England and France, and was *married* by virtue of a treaty of the like nature between France and Spain, the French called her *La Branche d'Olivier*, "the Olive Branch," and the Spaniards, *La Princesa de la Paz*, "the Princess of Peace."

Philip, the bridegroom, was about thirty-four years old, very good looking at that time, and much more liberally gifted, physically and intellectually, than his son Don Carlos ever was. He appeared as a knight in the tournament given on that occasion, among other festivities, and gallantly broke several lances in honor of the queen, whose colors he wore.

Cabrera, the Spanish historian of the epoch, describes the new queen, who, considering her extreme youth, could hardly have been fully developed, as small of stature, of a delicate shape, but with sufficient plumpness, the face of a slightly olive complexion, with beautiful and sparkling eyes, black hair and a physiognomy radiant with benignant affability. Other historians represent her as much taller than Cabrera does, but she may have grown in size as she grew in years. This may account for this discrepancy in their descriptions.

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If Don Carlos had thought himself robbed of a bride, to whom novel writers suppose him to have been affianced, and whom he had loved passionately, nobody having the slightest knowledge of the temper which he exhibited from infancy will believe that he would have stood a willing and complaisant witness to such a marriage. He would have made a scene at the very foot of the altar, and added some new freaks to the long list of the many acts of disobedience, violence and eccentricities recorded of him. Philip was an iceberg of dissimulation—an unfathomable abyss of mysteries. Carlos was a volcano in incessant eruption. He never had a thought or a feeling which he could keep to himself, even on occasions when any other man's lips would have been closed as if with a vise. In his calmest and most reserved moments the shallowness of his weak mind would have permitted the most casual observer to see what was at its bottom.

Under such circumstances, which would have been so trying to him if he had considered himself the victim of the most cruel injustice, he exhibited no refractory spirit, no angry feeling, as he was in the habit of showing, almost daily, about the veriest trifles or on the slightest provocation. He was of a fearless temperament, and all his life he never shrank from braving the wrath of his inflexible father. But on this occasion father and son seem to have acted in perfect harmony. On the 22d of February, twenty days after the marriage, Philip had Don Carlos, solemnly and in great pomp, recognized as his heir and successor by the Cortes assembled at Toledo.

On this occasion the grandees and high officials came to kiss his hand in token of allegiance, and, as usual, the prince gave way to the fierceness of his temper. The Duke of Alva had acted as master of ceremonies, and his manifold occupations probably caused some delay in his approaching the prince to do his *devoir* as the other magnates who had preceded him. When he presented himself, Don Carlos insulted him in the coarsest manner, and in so unjustifiable a way that the king interfered and compelled his son to apologize to the duke.

That interesting story teller, Brantôme, who is more of a gossip after all than a historian, relates that Philip, having accidentally seen a portrait of Isabelle, fell in love with the original, and "determined to cut the grass from under his son's feet," *se détermina à couper l'herbe sous le pied à son fils.* This may be romantic or dramatic, but it is not strictly historical. When the negotiations for peace were going on at Cateau Cambresis, Mary Tudor having died, it was the French negotiators who proposed the substitution of Philip for Carlos, as being more acceptable and advantageous to their king. To this the Spanish envoys replied that, notwithstand-

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ing their master's repugnance to entering again into wedlock, yet from his great regard for the French monarch and his desire to promote the public weal, he would consent to waive his scruples, and accept the hand of the princess with the same dowry that had been stipulated for Don Carlos.

It can readily be understood why Henry II. of France preferred Philip to Carlos for his daughter. It was much more to his personal interest, and to that of France, that Isabelle should marry a powerful monarch in the meridian of life, rather than a mere presumptive heir, a rickety youth of bad health and bad temper, who might never ascend the throne. Surely, in this transaction, Philip does not seem to deserve the obloquy cast upon him for his treatment of his son in robbing him of any conjugal treasure. Probably, as we have already said, Carlos and Isabelle, the *boy* and the *girl in their teens* at the time, had never seen each other, even in painting, so as to fall mutually in love. As to Philip, far from desiring the French marriage, he applied first for the hand of Elizabeth of England, and it was only on his being assured by his ambassador that Elizabeth would never consent to it, and on the expressed desire of the French for the substitution of his person in lieu of that of his son, that he consented to the change.

There are few more lovely characters in history than Isabelle de Valois. When she was hardly fourteen years old, she came to Spain as an angel of peace, with the "olive branch" in her hand, and when she died at the age of twenty-three years, she was the idol of the nation of which she had been the queen for eight years. She seemed to have softened the stern and gloomy character of the king. He certainly was for her the most indulgent of husbands. In many respects he permitted her to break through the hitherto inexorable strait-laced etiquette of the court of Spain. He did not object to her showing herself in public without a veil, which was an enormous violation of an antique Spanish custom imposed by a traditionary sense of propriety. On the contrary, he enjoyed the universal admiration with which the exhibition of her beautiful face filled people of high and low degree.

"No historian of that day," says Prescott, in his unfinished "History of Philip II.," "native or foreign, whom I have consulted, in noticing the rumors of the time, cast a reproach on the fair fame of Isabelle;" and the historian Strada, whilst referring to them, dismisses them as wholly unworthy of credit.

Catherine de Medicis, terrible as she may appear to the imagination of many people, cannot be denied to have been a good mother. When Isabelle was seized with the small-pox a few days after her marriage, she showed the utmost solicitude, and her couriers were daily rushing from Paris to Toledo, carrying remedies, advices

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and a list of precautions to be taken to prevent her lovely face from being pitted. She had faithful and clear-sighted reporters near her daughter, who related to her every detail of that daughter's life as long as it lasted. She wrote to her incessantly, sending instructions as to her conduct, and at times medical prescriptions for her health. She knew the gorgeousness of the queen's household; she knew that Philip, parsimonious as he was in many ways, desired his spouse to have every day a new dress of enormous value, which afterwards, after being worn *once*, became the perquisite of her attendants.

Prescott, who may be said to have exhausted investigation on the subject, expresses emphatically his opinion as follows: "A candid perusal of their despatches (meaning the ambassadors') dispels all doubts, or rather proves that there never was any cause for mystery. The sallow, sickly boy of fourteen, for Carlos was no older at the time of Isabelle's marriage, was possessed of too few personal attractions to make it probable that he could have touched the heart of his beautiful step-mother, had she been lightly disposed. But her intercourse with him from the first seems to have been such as naturally arose from the relations of the parties, and from the kindness of her disposition, which led her to feel a sympathy for the personal infirmities and misfortunes of Carlos. Far from attempting to conceal her feelings in this matter, she displayed them openly in her correspondence with her mother, and before her husband and the world." This is not the usual deportment of guilt.

When the Court came to Madrid and established itself in that city, the French bishop of Limoges, who was in attendance on Isabelle, wrote to her brother, Francis II., on the 28th of February, 1560: "The Prince of Spain, Don Carlos, *fort exténué*, extremely extenuated, came to visit her. She welcomed him in so gracious and affectionate a manner that his father and all the company present were singularly contented, and more than any other, the prince himself, as he has since demonstrated it, and still demonstrates whenever he visits her, which cannot be often, not only because social intercourse is not as frequent and familiar in this country as in France, but because the prince is so much worked by the quartan ague, with which he is afflicted, that he becomes feebler from day to day."

On the 1st of March, 1560, the same prelate wrote again: "The same lady," meaning the queen, "has made every effort to entertain him (the prince) on some evenings, with balls and other innocent pastimes, of which he stands greatly in need, for the poor prince is so low and so emaciated, and is wasting away so visibly from hour to hour that the wisest at court entertain very little

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hope of his living." This was the real condition of affairs at the time when moon-struck defamers represent Carlos and Isabelle as entertaining for each other a guilty passion, and deceiving the whole of Spain under a false appearance of virtue! So young, so cunning, and so secretive! Wonderful it would be, if true.

But it is not astonishing that this poor youthful valetudinarian, who had never felt the tenderness of a mother, for whom his father seemed to cherish an invincible antipathy, and to whom, therefore, we must suppose that the whole servile tribe of courtiers gave the cold shoulder, was profoundly touched when treated with such gentle affection, not exempt, probably, from a secret feeling of pity, by this beautiful being who captivated all hearts, and who to him must have appeared the angel of consolation.

"It is possible," very properly observes Prescott, "when we consider the prince's impetuous temper, that the French historian, De Thou, may have had good authority for asserting that Carlos, after long conversations in the queen's apartment, was often heard, as he came out, to complain loudly of his father's having robbed him of her. But it could have been no vulgar passion that he felt for Isabelle, and certainly it received no encouragement from her, if, as Brantôme tells us: 'Audacious and insolent as he was in his intercourse with all other women, he never came into the presence of his step-mother without such a feeling of reverence as seemed to change his very nature.'"

The fact is, that there is not a tittle of evidence to be found that Philip ever showed the slightest jealousy of any human being in connection with Isabelle. He who never trusted anybody, he whose heart was suspicious by nature and by experience, seemed, on all occasions, to repose the utmost confidence in her discretion; and he was right, for, according to universal contemporary testimony, she never was detected at fault in what concerned her deportment as a queen, a wife, a mother and a woman. She was a pattern of exemplary virtue and gentleness.

Not one of those who constituted the Court of Spain at that time, doubted that Philip had conceived a sincere and profound attachment for his wife. "The king," wrote the French ambassador, Guibert, to his government, a few months after the royal marriage, "goes on loving the queen more and more, and her influence has increased threefold."

A few years later, Saint-Sulpice, another French ambassador, writes to the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis: "I can assure you, Madame, that the queen, your daughter, lives in the greatest content in the world, by reason of the perfect friendship which ever draws her more closely to her husband. He shows her the most unreserved confidence, and is so cordial in his treatment of her

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as to leave nothing to be desired;" and he further says that Philip declared to him "that the loss of his consort would be a heavier misfortune than had ever yet befallen him."

But what puts all doubts on this matter out of the question, is a letter from Isabelle to her mother, in which she thus describes her situation: "Shall I tell you, Madam, that were it not for the excellent company which I have around me and the pleasure of seeing every day the king, my lord, I should find this place the dullest in the world. But I assure you, Madam, that I have so good a husband, and am so happy, that, were the place a hundredfold duller than it is, I would not find fault with it."

If Isabelle had entertained for Don Carlos any other than a proper attachment, she would not have been so active in trying to bring about the match which her mother, Catherine de Medicis, ardently desired for another of her daughters with the prince. The queen said to Ruy Gomez, the most influential of all the members of the king's council: "My sister is of so excellent a disposition that no princess in Christendom would be more apt to moderate and accommodate herself to my step-son's humors, or be better suited to the father, as well as to the son, in their relations with each other." Ruy Gomez approved the queen's views, but tried in vain to have them adopted by Philip. Would the king have been opposed to favoring his son's marriage if he had suspected any wrong relation between the prince and the queen? And let it be said here, parenthetically, that Philip was so well served by his innumerable spies that there was no secret for him in any of the courts of Europe. The most trifling incident that happened in any of them was known to him, and he would frequently surprise his own ambassadors by his minute information on what they were not aware of, although on the spot itself, and he at an immense distance from the occurrence. He cannot, therefore, be supposed as not being familiar with what was passing around himself at home; and when he trusted Isabelle so completely, he knew what he was about. Besides, it was currently believed that all the walls of the royal alcazar had secret ears and eyes.

When Don Carlos was arrested nobody who knew the gentle nature of Isabelle wondered at her grief. She showed it *openly*, because it was an innocent grief. She wept bitterly for two days, until requested by Philip to restrain herself and not affect him by such an exhibition. She solicited of her husband permission to visit the prison in company with his aunt, Doña Juana, of Portugal. Would she have dared to ask such permission, and from such a man as Philip, if there had been in her heart the shadow of guilt? Philip refused, but subsequently granted them the consolation of joining in the celebration of the funeral obsequies of the prince—a

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consolation which he would not have accorded to a sacrilegious adulteress.

Before the death of Don Carlos the queen had been in declining health. The birth of her second daughter had been almost at the cost of her life. Therefore, when it was officially stated that she was in the way of being the mother of a third child, the fears of the result were universal. An obstinate fever seized her; symptoms of the greatest gravity soon ensued; she frequently swooned; her feet became cold and torpid; her stomach could not retain any of the remedies administered to her. The churches all over Spain were crowded with people who fervently prayed for the restoration of the queen's health. They were not heard; she continued to grow worse, and on the last days of September, 1568, all hopes were extinguished. The last moments of her existence corresponded with the whole tenor of her life. She showed no fear of its cessation, for she said that she had always trusted in heaven and would submissively abide by its decrees; that the pomps and glories of this world had always been looked upon by her as mere vanities and shadows, and that she was prepared willingly to exchange them for better and permanent realities.

To the numerous ladies in attendance upon her, and who stood weeping around her bed, she humbly expressed the regret that she had not made them a better mistress. One of them, who relates these details, says that she had not been to them a mistress at all, but the tenderest of mothers and the gentlest of companions.

On the 2d of October she confessed. What sins could such a being confess? The angels themselves must have smiled at the confession. She partook of the Eucharist and asked for the administration of the Extreme Unction, which was granted as she desired. Cardinal Espinosa and the Bishop of Cuença, the king's confessor, offered to her, with deep feeling, all the spiritual consolations of the Catholic Church, and even admitted that they had derived edification from her deportment on that solemn occasion. They were profoundly affected by the Christian resignation of a being so young, so pure, so beautiful, who was parting so meekly with all that she loved on earth, and with such worldly splendors as might naturally have excited regrets in any heart. She was only twenty-three years old and the mother of two daughters.

We have from Fourquevaulx, the French ambassador, an account of her last interview with Philip. "The queen," he relates, "spoke to her husband very naturally and like a Christian. She took leave of him forever, and never did princess show more goodness and piety. She commended to him her two daughters and her principal attendants, beseeching him to live in amity with the king of France, her brother, and to maintain peace; with other discourse

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that could not fail to touch the heart of *a good husband, which the king was to her.* He showed in his replies the same composure as she did, and promised to obey all her requests, but added that he did not think her so near her departure. He then withdrew, as I was told, in great anguish to his own chamber."

Juan Lopez, who gives the most minute details about the sickness and death of Isabelle, relates that the king sent her the most precious of his relics to comfort her. It was a piece of the true cross set in the purest gold and ornamented with pearls and diamonds of immense value. Isabelle pressed it fervently to her lips. She kept in her hand this sacred relic and a crucifix as long as life lasted.

After this interview between the royal husband and his wife, Fourquevaulx was summoned to her bed of sickness and sorrow. He was the representative of her dear France, and of her family that was far away from where she was dying. Through him she was to send her last message to those who, she knew, would weep over her.

"She knew me," writes Fourquevaulx, "and said: 'You see me in the act of quitting this world to pass to a more pleasant kingdom, there, as I hope, to be forever with my God. Tell my mother, the queen, and the king, my brother, to bear my death with patience, and to comfort themselves with the reflection that no happiness on earth has ever made me so content as the prospect now does of approaching my Creator. I shall soon be in a better position to do them service, and to implore God to take them and my brothers under His holy protection. Beseech them, in my name, to watch over their kingdom, that an end may be put to the heresies which have spread there; and I will pray Heaven, in its mercy, to grant them that they may take my death with patience, and hold me to be happy.'"

The ambassador, as it was very natural under such circumstances, tried to comfort her with the hope that her life might still be spared, by the grace of God. She mildly answered, with a sweet and serene expression of the face: "You will soon see how near I am to my end. God has given me grace to despise the world and its grandeur, and to fix all my hopes on Him and Jesus Christ. Never did a thought occasion me less anxiety than that of death."

She remained in full possession of her consciousness until a few minutes before she expired. That death was so tranquil that it was impossible to fix the precise moment when it occurred. "Yet," continues Fourquevaulx, "she opened her eyes, bright and glancing, and seemed as if she would address me some further commands—at least, her looks were fixed on me."

A short time before she died Isabelle was prematurely delivered

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of a daughter, who lived long enough to be baptized. The infant and the mother were placed in the same casket.

We understand how it is possible, and we deplore it, to live and die without any Christian faith whatever. Belief may not be within the attainment of the mere will of man. But we never have been able to understand how it is possible for the most incredulous not to crave at least, even if done in vain, the possession of that complete and absolute faith which makes of death a triumph, a victory, a blessing and a rejoicing, rather than a thing of terror and despair, in the presence of the petrifying Gorgon of horrible doubt.

It is impossible to read without emotion the contemporary descriptions of the desolation and mourning which the death of Isabelle produced all over Spain. It was the simultaneous weeping of a whole people, the dropping of a big national tear, the sobbing of a universal sorrow from the columns of Hercules to the Pyrenees, which it overleaped to extend over the whole of France. The "Olive Branch" had withered, and the "Princess of Peace" had departed for those realms where alone peace reigns forever.

Seated by the side of her husband on the throne, as the embodiment of the spirit of gentleness and mercy, she seemed to illuminate that sombre figure, and to infuse a genial warmth into the atmosphere which surrounded the royal iceberg. So beautiful was she, even in death, that she appeared to be alive; and when she was conveyed to her last resting-place the crowd that witnessed it said aloud that it was the funeral of a saint, and should be honored as such. She was thought to be the only human being who exercised some influence over Philip, although it was not supposed to extend to politics. However this may be, it is certain that as long as she lived the relations of Spain with France remained friendly, and that this international amity ceased after she had disappeared from the scene. As long as the beauteous arch of the rainbow had spanned the sky, the clouds had assumed a smiling aspect, but on its disappearance they gathered into a more threatening mass than before.

And this was the woman whose fame has been assailed by fiction-mongers of exalted rank, as well as by the numerous small parasites that feed upon the crumbs falling from the festal board of literary pruriency! It is enough to tempt all haters of injustice and slander to cherish a feeling of horror for such dramatists or novelists, and even for such historians as are too prone, for the sake of making their pages more interesting, to adopt ill-founded rumors instead of sober facts resting on truthful evidence.

We have seen who was Isabelle de Valois. Let us now make the same inquiry about Don Carlos of Austria. Fiction, through

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Schiller, Alfieri, Saint Real, Mercier, Langle, Lord John Russell, and other poetical dreamers, has, with a more or less vigorous delineation, represented Don Carlos as an accomplished *caballero*, perfect in body, soul and intellect, and as if he had been gifted at his birth with every quality by all the fairies uniting for this benevolent purpose. We summon history to our presence, and shall now give our attention to her impartial testimony on the subject.

Don Carlos was born physically and mentally unsound, and continued to be in that condition through his short life of twenty-three years. He had not been long out of his rocking-cradle before his bad dispositions exhibited themselves. He was of a perverse, impetuous, and extremely violent nature. His tendency to cruelty was remarkable, and showed itself in a sort of passion which possessed him to cut the throats of the young rabbits that were brought to him for his amusement, or to roast them alive. It was noticed that he took great delight in their torture, and in seeing them bleed, palpitate, and slowly die. This is related by many, and particularly by the Venetian ambassador, who drew from it a fatal augury for the character and future career of the prince. Whilst the presumptive heir was growing, Philip was abroad, on the continent accompanying Charles V. in his many excursions, or away in England near Mary Tudor, so that he could not personally attend to the training of his son. He put him, however, in good hands. But those who had charge of the boy refrained, and nothing else could be expected, from exercising the authority which was so much needed and which could only be applied properly and vigorously by a father's hand.

His governor, Don Garcia de Toledo, a brother of the Duke of Alva, and his principal teacher, Honorato Juan, Bishop of Osma, were among the most virtuous and learned men of the age. But Carlos did them very little honor as a pupil. He was ever disobedient, provokingly refractory, thoroughly averse to study, slow and dull to an amazing degree, and gave such poor satisfaction to the Bishop of Osma that the venerable prelate was compelled to report the truth in as soft words as he could find. In vague and mild expressions he nevertheless intimated to Philip that his son was incorrigible, and that very little could be expected of him. Charles V., the grandfather of Carlos, on his way to the convent of Yuste saw him when he was about eleven years old, examined him thoroughly, and, to be plain, was painfully affected on discovering the want of intellect and proficiency in the boy, and particularly his prodigious obstinacy, coupled with a total lack of reverence.

At Guadalajara, where the marriage of Philip and Isabelle took place, and on the road when travelling from Guadalajara to Toledo,

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where the Cortez were assembled, and where Don Carlos was presented to them and sworn to as heir to the crown, it would have been evidently impossible for the boy of fourteen and the young woman of the same age to have had together any love-passage whatever, on account of their official surroundings by day and by night, even if they had been suddenly inflamed at first sight; nor could their youthful discretion be sufficiently reliable to encourage anybody to help them and risk his neck without any possible adequate remuneration, particularly when it was already so well known that Don Carlos was a sieve through which any secret would ooze out.

At the marriage ceremony, Don Carlos, who stood sponsor, looked pale, sallow, thin to the very marrow of his bones, and was hardly able to stand the fatigue of his functions, on account of a quartan fever which had been undermining his constitution. Philip was then in the meridian of life, robust, much better looking than his son ever was. As to Don Carlos, he was an ill-favored, sickly, illiterate, dull, coarse, and very little-attractive youth. Isabelle was a model of dignity and refinement, and had quite a cultivated intellect, although not equal to that of her sister-in-law, Mary Stuart, whose destiny it was to be equally slandered. A few days after the ceremony, Isabelle herself was attacked with the small-pox. It is under such circumstances that the amours of Isabelle and Don Carlos are supposed to have begun.

Don Carlos continued to shake with the ague, and to suffer from increasing debility, until the beginning of 1561, a whole year from the date of the marriage. The health of the prince still grew gradually worse, and Philip was so alarmed that, in the beginning of 1562, he sent him to Alcala de Henarez, a place famous for the salubrity of its atmosphere and for its university, and gave him for companions, to watch over him and keep him in good spirits, two relatives of the same age with himself, Don Juan of Austria and Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma.

Meanwhile Maximilian of Austria, king of Bohemia, was anxious to give his daughter Ana to Don Carlos, and Don Carlos himself, the pretended lover of Isabelle, was pressing his father to consent to the match. This is certainly very far from being romantic! Philip, however, through one of his ministers, informed the king of Bohemia that nothing could please him more than such an alliance for his son, but that the poor youth was so *exténué*, so extenuated, and so worn out by the obstinate disease to which he was a prey, that, as was well known to many, he was incapable of matrimony; that his constitution had been so weakened as not to be able to develop itself; and, therefore, that he had not acquired those faculties of the body which might have been

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expected from his age; and that Don Martin de Guzman, the ambassador of his Cæsarean Majesty and king of Bohemia, knew that such was the fact. And this was Isabelle's lover at this time—this abortion of a man! It is hard not to be tempted to laughter by the extreme ridiculousness of the story.

On the 19th of April, 1562, at Alcala de Henarez, Don Carlos descending a flight of stairs had so heavy a fall that his life was in danger, and Philip hastily departed to visit him. The prince was saved by a surgical operation in the head which is called trepanning; but it was observed that ever since he frequently acted more strangely than before, and that he manifested the caprices and vagaries incidental to lunacy and several of the other symptoms appertaining to that affection of the brain. In his letters, either the order of ideas was inverted or his phrases remained incomplete. A pretty writer of love-letters to Isabelle he must have been!

This young valetudinarian was so ill in 1564 that he made his will on the 16th of May of that year. The caligraphy and spelling of that document are not those of an educated man. He declares that he has nothing of his own, but expresses the hope that his father will have his testamentary dispositions executed. In justice to this unfortunate prince, it must be said that he was susceptible of strong attachments and generous impulses. He was fond of giving with a liberal hand, but this inclination he carried to an extraordinary excess of prodigality.

The extravagances and the evil dispositions of the prince after his fall became more apparent, and attracted general attention. And yet his antecedents had been bad enough! When a boy he had grievously insulted and assailed his governor, Don Garcia de Toledo, who, fearing something worse, thought it advisable to resign. He was not more respectful and well-behaved toward Ruy Gomez, prince of Eboli, the successor of Garcia de Toledo, notwithstanding the dignity and the age of that distinguished statesman.

When the prince reached manhood, he made a very improper use of it, for he became dissolute. Accompanied by a score of wild young men, his favorites and companions, he used to sally forth at night from the palace, and perambulate the streets of Madrid. With drawn swords they perpetrated all sorts of outrages, and among others compelled some of the women whom they met, even those of the highest rank, to submit to being kissed by Don Carlos, whilst he applied to them such opprobrious epithets as no decent lips can repeat. This was of public notoriety and must have reached the ears of Isabelle. If ever she had committed the

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folly of falling in love with that brutal debauchee, she certainly must have become radically cured, or she was no woman.

When the young prince returned to Madrid from Alcala, where he had been so dangerously ill, he one day went into a fit of maniac rage, as was his habit even on trifling occasions. This time, it was because Don Diego de Espinosa, president of the Council of Castile, had driven away the comedian Cisneros, who, probably without the king's permission, was preparing to act some theatrical piece in the apartment of the prince. So furious was Carlos that he went, dagger in hand, after Don Diego and grossly insulted him, saying: "Caitiff, do you dare prevent Cisneros from obeying my orders? By my father's life, I will kill you." And he would have done it if some grandees of Spain, who happened to be present, had not interfered. On another occasion, he was very near murdering Don Alonzo de Cordova, one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. As to the attendants of an inferior order, they lived in perpetual terror of maiming blows or instant death.

In 1565, when Don Carlos was twenty years old, and represented by fiction-writers as passionately in love with his step-mother, this half-crazy and half-idiotic prince borrowed a large sum of money and prepared to run away in disguise to Flanders, under the pretext of going to the assistance of Malta, threatened by the Turks. But, being of too imprudent a nature ever to escape the argus-eyed vigilance of his father, he could not execute his design. It is not the fashion of lovers to run away from the women they idolize and by whom their love is reciprocated. But Don Carlos seems to have been a notable exception.

Two years after, in 1567, the prince, enraged because the Duke of Alva had been appointed governor-general of the Low Countries instead of himself, attempted to poniard him, and would have accomplished his purpose if the iron duke, old as he was, had not overmastered the frantic youth.

It is curious that this romantic, love-sick, and ague-plagued admirer of Isabelle, not caring for what his pretended paramour would think of it, and without fearing to forfeit her favor, never ceased to complain loudly that his father would not consent to his marriage with Ana of Austria. So earnest was he in this matter that he openly wrote to many of the magnates of Spain to induce them to contribute the necessary funds for him to go to Germany. It is demonstrated, we believe, that Don Carlos was obstinately bent upon running away from Spain to marry the German princess, and probably to assume command in Flanders. He communicated his plan, and made the most brilliant offers for support, to Don Juan of Austria, who, although as young as he was, had a great deal more sense. Don Juan not only resisted the proposi-

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tion, but also expostulated at length upon the folly and danger of such an undertaking. Not being able to shake the mulish obstinacy of Don Carlos, he revealed the whole to Philip. The prince suspected it, and shortly after, on the occasion of Don Juan's visiting him in his apartment, locked the door, and taxing him with perfidiousness, drew his sword and attacked him. Don Juan was no less prompt in defence, saying: "Your highness had better beware!" The clash of swords reached the attendants outside, who burst open the door and separated the combatants.

A few hours after this scene, it seems that Philip, whose keen eye had secretly followed all the movements of his son, no longer hesitated about the course which he had to pursue towards his son, and had him arrested in bed a little before midnight. Such an event produced, of course, a great commotion in and out of Spain. We will not enter into the details of what happened after this arrest. The limits of this essay do not permit it, nor would this be necessary to accomplish the purpose we have in view—which is to vindicate historical truth by reëstablishing the fame of Isabelle de Valois on its crystal pedestal. Sufficient to say that in these present days of serious and searching investigation, there is no historian that would venture to stake his reputation for veracity on the assertion that the miserable fate of Don Carlos was in any way connected with the discovery of improper relations between him and the wife of his father, Philip the Second. Such an impression rests upon the most baseless of all fictions.

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MR. MALLOCK ON THE LABOR AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS.

The Old Order Changes. By W. H. Mallock, author of "Is Life Worth Living?" "The New Republic," etc. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

Social Equality; A Study in a Missing Science, An Analysis of the Principles and Possibilities of the Social and Political Democracy of Europe. By W. H. Mallock.

Studies in Modern Socialism and Labor Problems. By T. Edwin Brown, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

THE air is charged with portent and with prophecy. That time of dread, announced of old, seems to have come upon us, when our old men should see visions and our young men dream dreams. There is, certainly, no lack of visionaries among the old, and no lack of dreamers among the young. New gospels are being preached unto us on every hand. The cry, "Lo, here is Christ!" "Lo, there," is heard all around us, while many of the prophets and preachers of the new dispensation tell us that Christ is nowhere. He sits not on the thrones of kings, dwells not in their houses, nor even in the temples erected to His worship. He has vanished, and His worship must be banished utterly from the face of the earth, back into the realm of myth and dream, out of which, they tell us, He was evolved. Even those who present themselves to the world as authorized interpreters of the teachings and doctrines of the Son of Man, interpret them contradictorily and to the confusion of many. The world was warned of old to beware of false prophets. The warning was never more pertinent than it is in these days of emasculated theology, shallow philosophy and flippant skepticism.

Now, if this be a true, or, to any large extent, even a partially true picture of the present general situation and condition of things and peoples, the world is, indeed, in a bad way. Yet, it is just this cry that we hear on every hand from men and publicists who set themselves up as leaders and guides of thought and action. It is the cry of the blind leading the blind, the cry of despair, and it is widely accepted as a true cry. According to it, everything is going to pieces with accelerated speed, and has been going to pieces for ages. There is no hope for man and the world's regeneration, save in a complete upheaval and overthrow of all institutions as now existing.

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The cry is not a new one. The world of man has heard it through the ages. The world has witnessed many a terrible convulsion arising from it. But the world rolls on, and lives through all. The dead past and its lessons are soon forgotten. New generations come up with new activities and ambitions, and in due time the old cry of the aching hearts of the majority of men takes on a new tone. To-day the cry is more universal, and, therefore, more imperative than it ever was. Wealth, power, privilege, possession, government, religion and the rights which they claim are challenged in civilized lands. This challenge, with all that it involves, constitutes the foundation of what is, by some, described as the struggle, by others the war, that is now being waged by the "masses" against the "classes." The masses would push the classes from their places, destroy them, and have none but masses. They would level all. There were "Levellers" before now in English history; but they were speedily crushed. To-day their name is legion, not in England alone, but through all Europe. They have risen from many a grave in many a land. The classes have hacked at them with swords and stamped them out with iron heel; but the monster, as the Demos appears to their affrighted imagination, is hydra-headed. The more heads are cut off, the more spring up, and where is the Hercules to slay it?

Such is a general presentation of a very widespread and widely spreading feeling betokening a distressing unrest and alarm existing in a large and important portion of the public mind. To ascertain how far this alarm and unrest are justifiable by facts, opens up an inquiry of vast importance. To believe that the world, created by God, and that civilized social order, formed and founded by man, more or less in accordance with the Divine plan for human order as declared in Revelation and accepted by reason, are on the verge of destruction, betokens a weakness of intellect and faith. At the same time, that would, indeed, be a weak intelligence which should fail to note the signs of a rising popular tide. The question for the alarmists, for all leaders and men of reason to consider, is, what is to be done to meet the tide? Is there to be an attempt to erect barriers against it, barriers built of the stones of the past? Or, is the attempt to be rather the drawing off of the waters into safe and useful channels, to irrigate society with refreshing streams, producing cultivation, beauty and prosperity where waste and destruction were threatened?

No matter what the form of government, there is not a people claiming civilization to-day, not one or another or many forms of Christianity, which is deaf to this threatening rumble in society, and this challenge to the order that exists. Those who happen to possess wealth and power and position hasten to set the agitation

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down as revolutionary. It indicates, say they, a movement to assail and overthrow the present order of things; substituting for order disorder, for government anarchy, for religion atheism or blank infidelity. It is simply to their minds a threatened but more general, and, therefore, more dangerous repetition of the first French Revolution, which actually effected all these dreadful things in France when it overthrew, once and forever, the old French régime, dragging down Church and State in that moral earthquake which, in destroying the France that was, shook the world. And what followed? A long night of darkness and of horror; a reign of terror, of irreligion, of spoliation, of massacre and of anarchy. Save us from reform after the French fashion! is the shuddering cry to-day.

Does it ever occur to these terror-stricken souls that had only those who fattened on the privileges accorded to them under the old French *régime* made a human and a Christian use of those privileges; opened their eyes and ears, their hearts and purses, to the groans and sufferings of the great masses of their fellow-countrymen; looked ahead a little, looked up to God, searched down into their consciences and discovered that those seething millions, whom they spurned as *canaille*, were, after all, human as themselves, fellow-countrymen and women of theirs, God's immortal creatures made for something higher, holier and nobler than to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, food for powder, human chattels or instruments of pleasure to the throne and the vitiated nobility,—that awful Revolution might never have come to pass, would have had no reason or justification for coming to pass, and could not have kindled into frenzy, into a wild orgie, the mind and the heart of the French nation? Who shall say that the hand of Almighty God was not in that dread movement, at once as a warning and a punishment for accumulated and accumulating sins that had so long been crying to Heaven for vengeance and judgment? God does not destroy nations; they destroy themselves. This is true of pagan as of Christian times and peoples. It takes a multitude of sins, a general confirmation in depravity, to cause God to repent that He hath made man. He sends many warnings before the fatal sentence is written on the wall, before a people is finally told that its days are numbered and are finished; that it is weighed in His balance and found wanting; that its kingdom is taken and given to the Medes and Persians. On France, at that first great warning, which was as much a warning for the world as for France, God sent a deluge, not of water, but of blood.

And it may be as well to call to mind that of all the old order in France, one division, if it may so be styled, alone survived and changed not. It was the Church, the indestructible bark of

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Peter. But for how many dark and dreary days and nights it floated, the tempest in all its fury beating mercilessly upon it, God Himself seeming to have deserted it! Again and again it seemed submerged by the waves and swallowed up between the yawning jaws of the abyss. But again and again the Ark of God rode the fierce waters triumphant, bearing its cargo of faithful souls. King, throne, nobles, privileges, government, order—all were swept away by the angry tide. Yet the Church, which was the most relentlessly assailed of all, could not be destroyed; for God was with it, the Divine arm sustained it. Faithless sons the Church of France had among her clergy and her flock, and not a few of them in high places. But the Church was pure, and the rot that had eaten into the heart of the other orders had but touched the hem of her garment. So she proved the truth, the invincible faith and the power that was in her. Then, as in the times of the early persecutions, her sons and daughters came forth in glad troops to pour out their blood for Christ and for the faith, to rebaptize their degenerate country, and to sow anew with their martyr blood the seed of the Church in France. These are thoughts worth recalling just now when so many who profess to read the signs of the times discover in the labor and social manifestations abroad, and the agitations now at work on every side, the same character of forces and mode of action that culminated in the first French Revolution.

A twin agitation is at work in the world; one part is loosely called a labor agitation, the other a social agitation. Sometimes they work within distinct and apparently divergent lines; but in reality they play into each others' hands, and without the grievances, real or alleged, of the one, the other could not exist. Indeed, neither could exist to any great extent, because they would have no reason for being. Both assail certain positions, which, to the great majority of the holders, are regarded pretty much the same as the doctrine of divine right was regarded by the kings.

As for "labor," to use the English term, generally accepted and understood to represent a very large class, the largest class of all communities, never before in the history of this or of any country did it present so widespread and powerful an organization, so determined and imposing a front as it has presented within the past year. Its operations have not been confined to one land, but have extended to many lands, and those the richest, most active, and most powerful, where labor is busiest and competition keenest. The objects of such organization are ostensibly most praiseworthy. They are intended for the mutual benefit of the workers, and for protection against actual or possible exaction on the part of employers; benefit in time of need, protection in time of danger. The complaint is general that labor is habitually wronged by the

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employer, who is represented as its chief beneficiary, and is not sufficiently protected by the State, of which labor is the right arm; that wages are inadequate, working hours too long; that there is no fair division of the profits accruing from the laborer's toil and skill; and that, as a consequence, there is not sufficient rest and recreation, good enough clothing, food, and housing, nor fair enough chance of advancement for the laborer and his family. In short, capital is represented as a vampire that fattens itself by sucking out the life-blood of labor. So, as no fair dealing can be expected from the employer, and as the power of the State is wielded by the agglomeration of employers, there is nothing for labor to do but help itself, take its own case into its own hands, and wage its war against these hostile giants, the wealth that employs and the State which is at the bidding of wealth, with, perhaps, the Church as a sly ally to both enemies.

Such is a mild statement of the case from the grievance standpoint. How complete or justifiable it may be, readers will judge for themselves. It is not the purpose of this article to go into a detailed account or analysis of the various labor and socialistic movements which have occurred in Europe and in the United States during the past year or for several years past. Those movements have been sufficiently reported, sifted, and discussed in the public press, the courts, and in society at large. It is worth remarking, however, that all the labor disturbances and difficulties, all the social movements, have been based more or less on the same causes of complaint on the part of the aggrieved and the employed. They have been marked by the same characteristics, even to occasional violence and bloodshed, accompanied at times by deplorable excesses. The uprising of labor is not a thing of to-day or yesterday. It is the product of a slow and almost universal growth; and in its alliance, whole or partial, with the social movement it takes on the aspect, not simply of a strike for better wages, better hours, better housing, clothing, food, and education, but of a great social and political revolution. Hence the whole combined movement is described by the alarmists as a revolt against society and the existing order of things.

There is much truth in this charge. But timid men are too easily frightened by phrases, and a just cause is often injured or set back by the process familiarly known as giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him. They accept meanings without examining into them. Suppose for a moment that all these charges now afloat concerning the movements mentioned were wholly true; that they actually are a revolt against society and the order of things as at present existing; what then? What is society? What is the existing order of things? Is one, are both, absolute, perfect, and

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so sacred that they may not be touched or altered without crime and sacrilege?

Society is a much misapplied word. In its use and application by the alarmists it is restricted to a fraction, and by far the smallest fraction, of the human family. It is used to represent "the select few," or the fews within the fews, so to say. It is the ἄριστοι as opposed to the πολλοί. All who have not the right to be admitted within this charmed circle are said not to be "in society." Before the French Revolution but three estates counted in France: the crown, the nobles, and the Church. The rest of the French people counted for nothing in political representation, initiative and action. So that accepting this restricted meaning of a term of universal application, most of the world is not in society. Thus we have already constituted, whether by law or the tacit consent of the favored, a privileged class. A certain barrier, a certain opposition is erected between this class and the rest of the world, and this barrier, which may be as imaginary, yet as real, as certain geographical boundaries, constitutes the first fighting ground between the classes and the masses. Hence the alarm of those within the charmed circle at the rising tide of the Democracy.

The rising tide, they say, threatens to destroy the established order of things. But our worthy alarmists never seem to question themselves as to what is meant by the established or existing order of things. Is this famous order established on the broadest and best possible basis? Is it really open to no improvement? Is there no fraud or wrong mixed up with it? Is it worthy of the vague reverence which is conceded to it? Was it framed and intended solely for the benefit of "society"? Or was it intended and adapted to be the order best fitted for the benefit of the whole community to which it belongs? Much as one might ask, were the blessings and graces of the Christian religion, was the institution of the Church, intended solely for the special benefit of the twelve and their immediate succession, not for all mankind?

After all, what is the established order of things? Is it the same in one civilized country as in another? Is it common to all peoples? Is it the same in any one people to-day as it was five centuries ago? Five centuries ago where were we? where was the Republic? where were the people and Constitution of the United States? Is the established order precisely what it was a century, half a century ago? In other words, is the world fixed, or does it move? Is there progression or none? The truth is, the old order is constantly changing and yielding to the new. That is a law of human progression. The change is not always and immediately and necessarily for the better. It may be too sudden and violent. What, in a deceptive light, may appear a forward move-

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ment, sometimes turns out, after tortuous travel, to have been retrograde. Swamps abound with their will-o'-the-wisps; deserts with their mirages; and rock-bound coasts with their wreckers. All these dangers, and many another, beset the human family in its journey through life and time. In our own days it is beyond question that what was new yesterday is old to-day. It is the part of wisdom, religion, and patriotism not to shrink from change which is inevitable, but to guide that change to right and to the common weal.

Perhaps, after all, these dreaded revolutionists are, like many who preceded them, clamoring for right, though some of them in an uncouth and possibly wrong way. Evil agents there may be among them, taking advantage of the prevailing spirit of discontent to inculcate and preach an avowed doctrine of universal social upheaval. The seat of government, the seat of family life, the throne, the altar, all are to be overthrown. There is to be no God, no Church, no state, no family! Men there are who preach this pernicious and impossible doctrine. Nor are they without following. But human following they could never hope to have had, had they not the resentment against every wrong to play upon, and the weakness and illusion which come upon minds enfeebled by neglect on the part of those whose duty it was, and who had the power and the means, to strengthen them. It would be a lamentable mistake, yet a mistake too often committed by well-meaning people, to identify the general movement now agitating the working classes in civilized countries with such evil elements as these. And it is a question whether even the worst elements which have appeared in recent disturbances are victims of total depravity.

Yet have they certainly entered into a bitter war against all law, order and governments; against Church and State. Their doctrine is that the human family has no hope of free and happy regeneration until everything is overturned, the past and all that it means and contains cast once and forever behind us, and a new order of government, society, and religion built up over the ruins. In this they are all pretty well agreed; but they differ wofully or are wholly in the dark as to the basis on which the new social structure is to be reared; how or by whom it is to be reared; how the human family is to be benefited by it, and everybody made prosperous and happy, or at least put in the way of happiness and prosperity. It is one thing to rail against wrong; it is another and much more difficult thing to discern the right, uproot the wrong, and substitute the right for the wrong. It is a fair question to put to the men who preach and propagate the doctrine that whatever is is wrong. Granted; prove it; but what will you give us in its

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place? We have as yet seen no fair and rational answer to this challenge.

So pressing have become the demands of labor, that all the world is ringing with its cry. It is entering rapidly and deeply into politics, and commands the greatest attention of statesmen. With the irresistible impulse of suffrage in older lands than ours, labor, which was so long practically unrepresented in the hall of legislation, is now forcing its way in, and compelling attention and consideration. Within a very few years, probably, the fate of ministries will depend more on labor's decision and vote than on all other causes combined. Labor, with the ballot in its hand, and with intelligence at its head, is at last armed and equipped and empowered to take its place in the councils of the nations. As for socialism in the German Reichstag, and in the French Chambers, it has already a strong representation. It is for labor now to justify its position, to give the lie to its enemies and to alarmists; to assure the timid by wise and prudent action, and by banishing from leadership the fanatics, the fools, and the dark designers, who are the worst of all its enemies. It should show that its purpose is not necessarily to change the old order, but rather to rejuvenate and build it up anew, by bringing to it new life and blood, and energy, and by forcing out the fossilized evils which have become embedded in it. Above all, it must beware of the social quacks who come, each with his patent nostrum, for the reform, restoration and preservation of society.

A sign of the times, outside the influence of politics, is the rush of literature which the labor problem has produced. Not only are the newspapers occupied with matters affecting labor from day to day, but pamphlets and books of every kind and degree and order of merit continue to pour out from the press in an ever growing, ever widening stream. Men of all bents of mind and literary leanings, from the divine to the philosopher, from the poet to the student of political economy, from the historian to the dramatist and the novelist, have taken up the matter that is in everybody's mouth; and if it be true that in much counsel there is wisdom, there should be wisdom indeed found under this avalanche of labor literature.

One of the most fascinating works tending on the general subject treated in this article, is "The Old Order Changes," by Mr. W. H. Mallock. It is not so many years ago since Mr. Mallock took a very onward leap into literary life and fame. He startled, if he did not shock, English readers, by suddenly presenting them with the very serious problem, "Is Life Worth Living?" In that and in others of his writings, such as "The New Republic," he made very delicate mince-meat of philosophical, social, and theological the-

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ories now prevailing widely in England, while he by no means spared the respective leaders of those theories, but lampooned them under a very transparent disguise. Whether or not one strictly approves of this method of "carrying the war into Africa," there can be no denying that for the time being, at least, it is very effective in the hands of a serious student, a close observer of men, theories, history, and events, and an exceptionally brilliant writer, qualities and characteristics which all his readers, whether they like him or not, must concede to Mr. Mallock. His pen is a literary foil which he uses with supreme skill. He is very clever of fence. His forte is the attack, the assault. He is a bold assailant, and no spirit of reverence stays his hand. Whatever reverence he does possess, and in this he seems sincere, is reserved for the Catholic Church, for the faithful practice of a true Catholic life, and for the whole sum of Catholic teaching in theology or philosophy. His is an eminently logical mind, and he sees the necessity of taking all that is essential in Catholic teaching, or nothing. Mr. Mallock is no minimizer in matters of faith and doctrine. To him, judging by his published works, a man who would wish for spiritual peace, a flawless and steadfast faith in Almighty God and His revelation, a rock and fortress on which to stand secure against all possible assaults, must be a Catholic. Failing this, the soul is forever tempest-tossed on the sea of doubt, error, or spiritual darkness.

It seems strange that a writer who has so often presented, with a rare felicity and force, the Catholic position to minds which by a sort of inherited instinct turn away from Catholic writings, should still remain outside the fold, to continue fighting there the Catholic battle in his own way and with his own weapons. That, however, is a matter between Mr. Mallock's conscience, his reason, and his God. There are many, not in the fold, whose reason recognizes the truth and beauty of Catholicity; but reason is not everything in a man. Up to his present stage Mr. Mallock has shown himself an iconoclast, and he evidently takes the keenest delight in an occupation for which he is perfectly equipped; but the *icons* which he batters and demolishes, he shows to be the images of false gods. His presence may be called an event in modern English letters. Among the writers who turned their attention more especially to scientific and philosophical studies, and to studies in social science, there had been developed a spirit of intolerance and contempt for any such things as revealed doctrine, for any such personality as a Supreme Creator, and for any such system as a Divine order of things in the universe. These clever people dwelt in an atmosphere of scientific and philosophic incense, evolving their theories as to the nature of men and of things out of their inner conscious-

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ness with a placidity and profound belief in their own personal infallibility which would be amusing were it not saddening, and which, of its very pretension, gained a certain following among wavering minds. To Catholic letters most of these were strangers. As in the old fierce days of early Protestantism the Catholic Church was looked upon with horror, as the Scarlet Woman, the incarnation of all wickedness, so in these later days was she regarded as a stumbling block in the way of scientific and intellectual progress, a relic of ages past and gone, which owed such reverence as was still accorded her to the superstition and mental darkness of the ignorant.

Suddenly Mr. Mallock made his appearance in this circle of the gods, and the effect was startling. He put home questions to them, and drove his questions home. He pitted one against the other, and showed the confusion of tongues among the builders of this modern tower of Babel, which these ambitious giants were striving to build up to the heaven they would invent. He dissected their theories with a merciless knife before the very eyes of the quivering subjects. With pitiless logic he forced them on to the necessary conclusions resulting from their theories, showing beyond question that the result would be inevitable chaos in the social and the political, as well as in the physical world. With cunning alchemy he tested the society which was mainly framed on and formed by such theories, and found in it more of dross than of gold. Certainly Mr. Mallock astonished the professors of irreligion, shattering the faith in their infallibility, and lowering them in the eyes of their worshippers, while, strange to say, he exalted the very power and institution which they had made a common object of attack, the Catholic Church, out of which, Mr. Mallock proclaimed, one may say in so many words, there is no salvation. And, oddly enough, the fickle world laughed at and encouraged Mr. Mallock's knight errantry, hastening to burn the gods to-day whom but yesterday they had worshipped.

Mr. Mallock has chosen the attractive form of a novel as the medium by which to communicate his ideas on the social problems now working their way through the world. His work has reference mainly to English society, high, low, and middle. He is by no means the first in this field; he is the latest, rather. All the English novelists of the last half century, who have written with some higher purpose than the mere making of a story, have applied themselves in some shape or form to the puzzle and the contrasts presented by English life and proceeding from the mixed character of the English social structure. When a habit of this kind possesses the novelists of the people, it is an unmistakable echo and indication of something similar possessing the public mind.

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Of old it was said, "only let me make the songs of the people and I will govern them." In these degenerate days the song makers seem to have died out or lost their art. They have had to give place to the novelists and the newspapers in the expression and the moulding of public feeling and opinion.

Mr. Mallock had already written a work on "Social Equality," which he describes as "an analysis of the principles and possibilities of the social and political democracy of Europe;" and another on "Property and Progress," a study of "present social problems in Great Britain, with special reference to the land question." The purpose of his latest book, "The Old Order Changes," is partly indicated in the title. His "order" is that of England, the English higher classes mainly figuring in it. The story is, to some extent, a new development of the ideas and theories presented in Bulwer's "Coming Race" and "Kenelm Chillingly." It is a wail of lament over the degeneracy of these days, in which a young Englishman of gentle birth, ample fortune, and high natural endowments can find no worthy outlet for his ambition and aspirations. As in George Eliot's "Middlemarch," the naturally noble and pious heroine finds her intense devotional spirit and large nature hurt and cramped on every side by the petty surroundings among which she has been born, there being no room in these days for a Saint Teresa, so the novelists of thought and knowledge are at a loss what fitting occupation to find at this time for an English gentleman who has something deeper in his nature than the ambition to figure as a mere man of the world, or to drown himself in what is miscalled a life of pleasure. If this be true, then indeed is there a lamentable vacancy in the upper strata of English society—there is no place for a modern Crusader. In "The Parisians" Bulwer found the same lack in the French society of the Second Empire. The sons of the Crusaders found their occupation gone. The true remnants of the old *règime* were strangers in a strange land. Raoul, the noblest character in the book, devotes himself to works of piety and charity, and is an active member in the ranks of the brethren of St. Vincent de Paul.

Mr. Mallock has a liking for bringing people of the most opposite ways of living and modes of thought together, and he does so with great skill and effectiveness. He has a weakness for polite society, for people of position and fashion, for clever women and brilliant men. Most novel writers have the same weakness; only it happens that, unlike most novel writers, Mr. Mallock's men are really brilliant and his women clever, and if his society is not always strictly polite, if there is at times a repulsive grossness in it, none the less repulsive and gross because it may happen to

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dwell in palaces and breathe a perfumed atmosphere, we must take it as Mr. Mallock gives it, with the conveyed impression that it is a society in which he has lived and moved and had his being. The essence and the brilliancy of it are largely pagan, and not even nobly pagan. We must remember, however, in justice to Mr. Mallock, that he is depicting fashionable society at a time when, as Lord Beaconsfield told us, "girls prate protoplasm in gilded saloons."

Mr. Mallock's saloons are always gilded, and he loves to pitch his tent in pleasant places, generally under southern suns, summer moons, by slumbering seas, in balmy airs, and amid scenery and surroundings where the old has not yet been altogether banished by the new. All these things he pictures with a poet's eye and a critic's free but firm touch. The keen critical faculty in him has tempered, not killed, the fine poetic fancy and imaginative breadth. At the very opening of the story four of his characters are discovered "standing by the side of a lofty mountain road with a bank of savage rocks abruptly rising behind them and a weather-stained crucifix, almost lost in the gathering shadows, was stretching its arms over them with a cold, forlorn solemnity." The scene is in the south of France. The characters are all English. Not one of them is a Catholic. "The lady was a handsome woman in the girlhood of middle age. The man (Carew) was apparently some few years younger, and his face was shadowed, if not lit up, by thought. A few paces away from them two other men were standing; and the pair of disputants, as they brought their discussion to a close, by common consent moved forward and joined their companions. One of these last, so far as appearances went, was remarkable chiefly for the extreme shabbiness of his dress, coupled somewhat incongruously with a look of the completest self-satisfaction. The other, on the contrary, was the very picture of neatness, from his well-trimmed beard to his hand with its sapphire ring. It was at once evident that he was the lady's husband."

The shabby man may be dismissed at once. Beyond representing a certain type of character, he is of no special importance in the story. His shabbiness is an idiosyncrasy or affectation; he is sharp as a needle, and, with as narrow an eye, thrifty as a huckster. "Who," exclaimed Mrs. Harley, as the figure of the shabby man disappeared from them, "would take him for the heir of one of the richest dukedoms in England?"

"Stonehouse," said her husband smiling, "always amuses me. Life in general he seems to regard as a kind of vulgar joke, which assumes a classical character when embodied in a great magnate like himself."

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" . . . . . I must say this of him," says Carew, "and I don't mean it for a compliment. Though he may not look to a stranger like the typical heir to a dukedom, to all who know him he is the very type of a modern Whig—I mean a Whig who is shrewd enough to see his position and has no desire to hide what he sees from his friends."

Surely the shabby and thrifty great Whig magnate here depicted cannot be intended for the Duke of Argyll, whose son has been elevated to the distinction of marrying a daughter of Queen Victoria, the sovereign whom Lord Beaconsfield created Empress of India. Though but a slight sketch, Stonehouse is a very complete one. Mr. Mallock manifests an undisguised detestation of typical Whigs and Radicals in his book. They to him are the political representatives of the new order, which, in the eyes of the old order, is offensive, shabby, common-place, "cheap and nasty," to use Carlyle's phrase. The Whigs of family, hereditary Whigs, are born trimmers, setting their sails to every wind that blows.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Harley, "you, with your strong feelings about family, ought to find in Lord Stonehouse a man after your heart. No one has those feelings more strongly than a genuine Whig."

"There," said Carew, "is the very point where you miss my meaning. It is perfectly true that, as his father's heir, no one sets a higher, though a less imaginative value on himself than does Stonehouse; but of family feeling, in my sense of the words, he has nothing or next to nothing. His family is, for him, not so much a family as a firm, which has been established so many years and has so many millions of capital. . . . What I am saying of Stonehouse and Whigs like him is, that, for their past, as their past, they have no feeling whatever."

In other words, even the great Whig families are a powerful species of *nouveaux riches* in English history, life and politics. They are the typical realization of Bonaparte's scornful phrase, that England was a nation of shopkeepers. They are vulgar intruders into a grand old domain.

"My dear Mr. Carew," interposed Mrs. Harley, "what is it but their past which keeps men like Lord Stonehouse from going over to the Conservatives?"

"They merely feel," said Carew, "like a true trading-firm, that they would lose, if they did, the good-will of their political business; as a grocer would if he suddenly turned shoemaker. No doubt the Whigs value their past in one way. They know that it has a power over the opinions of others, and that it helps to surround them with a certain ready-made deference. Of course, in this way it adds to their own self-importance, but only as might

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the possession of some remote ancestral castle which they like to possess, but have no inclination to visit. They are proud to think of it as a celebrated show-place which oppresses the imagination of the tourist, but which never elevates the imagination of the owner. It speaks *for* them, but does not speak *to* them. They don't listen for the voice which haunts, if they would only hear it, every mouldering turret and every gnarled oak-tree; the voice which whispers to them that they are different from the rest of the world, not because they are rich, but that they are rich (if they happen to be so) because they are different from the rest of the world. It is only people to whom the past conveys this feeling who really know the meaning of the words, *noblesse oblige.*"

It is precisely this idea of essential difference from the rest of the world which "the rest of the world" is to-day so vigorously and relentlessly challenging. After all, the idea springs mainly from long-inherited privilege among a created class of nobles, as in England, which the Norman conqueror drew as a circle of steel around his throne. The feeling of ancient lineage may be, and should be, an incentive to high and noble purpose. But the sense of security in privilege has brought with it a long train of evils. The parent stream, too, has often been muddied. It was Disraeli who told England that its old nobility, the sturdy, manly stuff of which the Barons were made, that was killed off in the wars of the Roses. Certain it is that, from that date out, set in a notable decadence in the English class of nobles, and too many of the great families have since been more noted for their vices than their virtues, while the lower race of newer nobles seem inclined to run hopelessly to the bad. It is no wonder, in the face of history and of fact, that the right and advantages of hereditary statesmanship, as represented in the British House of Lords, has become a standing question for English statesmen. The sense is being forced upon the nobility that, after all, they are not so very "different from the rest of the world," and if this be true of a class which can at least lay some claim to inherited distinction and ancient lineage, how much truer is it of the larger and more offensive class which apes the airs of the *grande noblesse*, and owes its chief distinction to the possession of wealth and the power of purchase?

"About Whigs in general," said Mrs. Harley, "I am quite sure you are wrong. Look at the ——s, look at the ——s, look at the ——s. No one—not the most bigoted Tory in England—for bad or for good both, is more closely wedded than they to this gratifying feeling you speak of."

"Well," said Carew, with a certain vindictive energy, "if they are wedded to it they keep their wife locked up; and they never speak in public without denying the marriage. However," he

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went on, "as I said just now, we will have all this out more fully some day. It shall be when you come to see me at my castle among the mountains. I am longing to show you that. Everything about us will be on my side there and will explain my meaning, and, I think, make you agree with it—at all events, partly. The old village still clings to the shelter of the feudal ramparts. In the valley below you look down on the lord's mill, whose black wheel still turns in the blue-green snow water. The villagers all touch their hats to you and seem proud of your presence. For miles round every hectare belongs to the House of Courbon-Lonket (Carew's cousin). The *concierge* delights in pointing out to a stranger certain of the scutcheons in the courtyard and telling him that Monsieur le Comte has Bourbon blood in his veins; and there is a huge five-sided tower that still stands erect and stares at the landscape with all its old effrontery. Indeed, if it were not for a glimpse of the railway which that tower gives you, you could fancy that you were living before the French Revolution. Now, Mrs. Harley, when are you coming to see me and leave the epoch of progress and the sovereign people behind you?"

All this, of course, is very charming and idyllic, from the lord's point of view, a beautiful picture, lovely to behold—on canvas. It does, truly, belong to the old order, an order that will never again live its old life, and assume its old sway in this world of ours. Still, what is here pictured embraces but the accidents attending the old nobility, and the fairest—the sentimental—side of the picture alone is given us. The darkness, the gloom, the oppression, the wrong, find no place there. But it is to be hoped that the virtue of nobility has not gone out with departing feudalism, any more than heroism with hauberk and helmet. There is just as much need, room and work for a knight in the nineteenth century as in the ninth, even though he be not so picturesquely clad, and without the trappings and the forms of the days of King Arthur.

On the very first page, Carew declares that the only question for him, which has any practical interest, is this: "If our old landed aristocracy ever come to an end, *my* England will have to come to an end also; and I shall buy a chateau in some Hungarian forest. I shall not be leaving my country; my country would have left me." It does not seem to have occurred to the speaker that possibly the country was greater and of more importance than he and his aristocracy. When Marshal Bazaine was on trial for his conduct at Metz, he alleged in his defence before the tribunal, that there was no home government with which to communicate and advise. "Was there no France?" asked the Duc d'Aumale, who presided. The same question might be put to

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Carew regarding his country. Even if his old landed aristocracy were to receive a rude shock, a shock that might benefit both itself and "the rest of the people," would England disappear in consequence? Would there be no England left?

Mr. and Mrs. Harley continue to discuss the structure and composition of English society. Harley is a clever *laissez-faire* sort of man. He enjoys life, is keen enough to discern its contrasts, is a gentleman by birth, instinct and education, with the happy tendency to laugh troubles and dangers away. An enjoyable life is to him the sum of existence, and the means have fallen to him to spend it in pleasant places and amid pleasant company. Mrs. Harley has much more force and positiveness of character. She is not a little of a Radical, and with the ability to defend her views.

She laughs at or combats Carew and his surface mediævalism. She confesses that she does not like "smart people," whether they are Whigs or Tories. She likes "the other people far better."

The "other people" are not, by any means, "the rest of the world." They are, as Carew explains, "lions and celebrities who are nothing but lions and celebrities, who have odd hair and vague wives and daughters, and who not only are cleverer than average people of fashion, but express their cleverness in different social language." These "other people," according to Carew, may be anything you please to make or imagine them, but they are not ladies and gentlemen. Nevertheless, Mrs. Harley clings to them, because she believes they "see life most truly. I like them because they embody the real meaning, the real life of the time—its thought, its science, its art, its politics, even its dreams and its impossible aspirations."

Carew paused for a moment, and then said abruptly: "Well, what do you think of our old Catholic families, and the circle within a circle formed by them? Is no meaning embodied there? Or, if you like to call it so, no impossible dream? As to politics, you are partly right about that, more's the pity: it's your *other people*, no doubt, who make the radical thunderstorm. And yet, on second thoughts, if you stick to polite society, you can see the sheet lightning in the faces of Whigs like Stonehouse."

Mrs. Harley thinks that "once, no doubt, aristocracies did lead. Of whatever life there was in the world, they were the centre. But all things are changed. The centre is shifted now. Not only does the life of the world no longer centre in them, it is not even what it was till very lately, a tune that is played under their windows. My dear Mr. Carew, there is no disguising the fact. Aristocracy as a genuine power, as a visible fact in the world, may not be buried, perhaps; but it is dead."

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Whether or not the case has become so hopeless for the aristocrany as Mrs. Harley presents, it is beyond question that she here gives utterance to an almost fixed conviction in the mind of "the rest of the world." If it be so, then Carew wishes to be with the aristocracy. "I am only thirty-five, but I have outlived my time, and few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage."

"In one thing," says Mrs. Harley, "I think you are right. Among the old Catholic families of England, and amongst the converts who have been absorbed into them, there is an idea, there is an aspiration to live for; and I respect those who live for it, though with it itself" I have no sympathy whatsoever. And, she went on reflectively, "even as Catholics their position narrows their views. I have seen it; I have felt it; I have known and stayed with so many of them." She illustrates her meaning by referring to Catholic relations of hers, the Burtons, "one of the last of the really great households in England." "They are really noble, high-minded women, full of intelligence and anxious to do their work in the world; but of the world they are so anxious to work in, they know about as much as Don Quixote. They have just the same mixture in them that their parents had, of the intensest pride and the intensest humility. Each of those feelings is equally antiquated and equally genuine. They support each other like two cards in a card house, and are about as fit as a card house to endure the weather of the century."

In other words, their Catholic training, education, and surroundings unfitted them for meeting and working in the every-day world of the nineteenth century. They were too good for it, and too innocent. Yet it was Christ who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And again He said, using the innocence of childhood as an example: "Unless you become as one of these little ones, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Mrs. Harley, and many excellent people who think with her, would have the innocent fall, that they may be able to teach the fallen how to rise from their sins. Of such is what is called worldly philosophy.

These Catholic ladies, the Burtons, have a half-sister, Consuelo, whom Mrs. Harley describes as having "a passion, an energy, in her nature which cannot be satisfied with worn-out ways of showing themselves. She does not hear much of any new ideas, it is true; but what she does hear of she drinks in, as a traveller in the desert would drink in drops of water." Consuelo and Carew have been almost lovers; but certain stories told of Carew to the sisters have estranged them. Clever Mrs. Harley succeeds in bringing the estranged parties together at a dinner which she gives, and where some notable personages are present, among them a certain

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"poor invalid," whose presence they fear will spoil the dinner, and set everybody ill at ease. He is a Mr. Foreman.

"Foreman!" exclaimed Carew, with a genuine start of aversion. "Do you mean Foreman, the agitator? Do you mean the Socialist? Do you mean that lying, egotistical scoundrel, half dunce and half madman, who is going about London haranguing the unemployed workmen—poor creatures, whom hunger has made at once savage and credulous—and trying to rouse in them every contemptible quality that can unfit them for any human society—the passions of wild beasts, and the hopes of gaping children? Is that really the man you mean?"

"Poor Foreman!" said Harley with a smile of benign indifference, "I think society is safe enough as long as we have only him to attack it."

"I don't know," Mrs. Harley retorted. "In times of distress, like these, especially on the eve of a general election, a man like that can do an endless amount of mischief."

Foreman, this dreadful enemy to Carew's society, is a well-drawn picture of a social agitator of the time, with a great deal of natural force and ability in him, but not without considerable shallowness and vagueness of ideas, and at a critical time the author makes him a craven. He is a man who, in Mrs. Harley's words, "has made himself familiar with the actual face of poverty." This she gives out as something characteristic and remarkable. Yet of what Catholic priest or sister, or brother, of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is not this a daily truth? Nevertheless, socialism, in its foolish or evil sense, singles out the priest and the Church as its deadliest foes, more hateful even than the powers that be. "Day by day he (Foreman) has sought out and examined the squalor, the destitution, the hopelessness that exists at our very doors almost. No wonder, when his mind is so full of the thoughts of misery, that he feels indignant at us and at all our luxury. . . . I know that he is a visionary about the methods of curing the evil that wants curing, or about the sullen and restless sense of it that is spreading among its victims. Yes, Mr. Carew, you may talk as much as you like about aristocracies, but the great question of the future is the condition of the laboring multitude."

This brings us back to the more immediate subject of this article. The devout Catholic Miss Burtons, in their ignorance of the world around them, and in their natural old English pride of lineage and that conservative worship of a crown and constitution which made it penal to be a Catholic, share with Carew an equal horror of Foreman and his radicalism or socialism. Nevertheless, there is many a Miss Burton who has resigned the world and all it offers to become the bride of Christ, and whose whole life of

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prayer, sacrifice and good works is given up especially to the service of the poor men, women and children, whose wrongs and sufferings the Foremans cry aloud and proclaim in the market place. Socialists who are inclined to look with hatred or suspicion on the Catholic Church as the chief minister to tyranny and the persistent foe to labor, would do well to open their eyes and look around them a little. There is not a talking radical or socialist of them all who is half as well acquainted with poverty, its struggles, its sufferings, its wrongs and its sins as is the ordinary Catholic priest or the sisters who beg and slave for the poor, or the Catholic laymen forming the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Mr. Mallock fixes his admiring regards on the old English Catholic families. There is the lustre of lineage, wealth and position to gild their ancient and steadfast faith. They are indeed worthy of all admiration, but the Catholic Church extends far beyond their circle, stretching out over the highways and into the by-ways, looking for all, and compelling all to come in. The men who write of Catholicity as a beautiful thing in stained glass or mediæval brass and tombstones, or translated into modern silk and satin and fine clothes, are only attracted by the trimmings of the Church, forgetting that it is the living and working body of Christ. When "Father" Ignatius, the Anglican, vested in a Benedictine habit and cowl, visited the Holy Father, Pius IX., and asked him to bless the beads which he presented, the genial Pontiff blessed them while reminding him that the beads and the habit did not make the monk. Fine people add no lustre to the Catholic Church. Catholicity is not and never can be a matter of fashion. It is a matter of conviction, faith and worship, to which all externals are accidents. To the Church the soul of a beggar is as precious as the soul of a king. It was no idle ceremony in the old days, when monarchs and prelates on Maunday Thursday knelt and washed the feet of the poor, feasting them afterwards, but an evidence of a reverend and robust faith, for which the world would be better were it widely reënkindled to day.

Mr. Mallock's hero, Carew, is not altogether an admirable character, although the author plainly intends that he should be admired. He may be a knight *sans peur*, though without being a libertine he is by no means a knight *sans reproche*, a Sir Galahad of the nineteenth century, to whom is given the quest of the Holy Grail. He is desirous of doing some good in the world, of maintaining the old order which he believes absolutely necessary for the maintenance of all order and stability; he is possessed by noble aims and purposes, yet he is as ready to change his love as he would a glove. Mr. Mallock may be faithful in his portrayal of the representative of the higher and the older class in England,

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but in the minds of most readers his typical hero will create half sympathy, half contempt. He has no positive character, save to maintain the class and position into which he was born; and for him to "let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change" is to let it spin into chaos. Even Foreman, with his somewhat vulgar aggressiveness and loose-jointed theories, is, in his earnestness at least, a refreshing contrast to Carew.

It is not, however, as a story that Mr. Mallock's book is being examined here. As a story it is neither remarkably good nor remarkably bad; but it is exceptionally interesting as a presentation of prevalent theories and conflicting opinions on public questions. Following his custom, he hits off various public personages under disguises that are almost too thin for decency and comfort. Foreman, the agitator, is of course a type of any one of half a dozen prominent English agitators to-day. Then there is Snapper, whom Mrs. Harley sets down as "the future Prime Minister of England." To these Catholic ladies, to Carew, and the whole circle, Snapper is the incarnation of all that is odious. If the Whigs are mean, the Snappers are simply detestable. Snapper is "an opulent member of Parliament, who at that time was fast pushing himself into notice, and struggling to be recognized as a leader of the Radical party." Of course Mr. Snapper is no other than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The mention of his name even seemed to affect the sensitive Burton girls "as if it were some disagreeable smell." He is described by one of them as "a man who, in public, lives by denouncing gentlemen, and in private does nothing but vainly struggle to imitate them." Ostentatiously generous to great public charities, especially when fine people appeal to him, he privately grinds and pinches his own tenants. Every sin in the calendar is laid at his door when it is said that he is "not a gentleman." "A gentleman," says Carew, "may forgot the people or offer them stones for bread. It is only men like Snapper who will attempt to coax them with poison, ... the poison of hopes which he knows can never be realized, and of anger at conditions of life which he knows can never be altered." In this statement of the case Carew fails to see that he is begging the whole question. Possibly the Snappers may state truths and engineer in a right direction, however disagreeable they may be personally. It is not essential to be an agreeable person in order to state the truth and be instrumental in forcing forward reforms. As Mrs. Harley remarks, "the poor *have* troubles," and she believes that Snapper "is genuinely anxious to remove or to lessen their troubles."

If the good young ladies heartily detested and despised Snapper, they were positively frightened at Foreman. "Why," says Mrs.

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Elfrida, "he is ten times worse than Snapper himself. Mr. Snapper would only pick the landlords' pockets. This man would murder every one who has a decent coat on his back. Mr. Snapper, too, whatever he believes or disbelieves, never openly insults the Church; but this man is an avowed atheist, who utters his blasphemies in the parks and the public streets. He even ridicules marriage, and advocates everything that is horrible."

Mrs. Harley picks out Foreman as the very man to denounce and expose Snapper. Elfrida thinks he is far more likely to egg him on, for "a socialist hates the upper classes even more than a Radical does." "No," said Carew, "I think you are wrong there. What a Socialist hates is the middle classes. No doubt he thinks landlords very hard indeed; but he thinks them good when compared with a Radical manufacturer, and if he seems to agree with the Radical in so far as he thinks them bad, the two come to this conclusion for exactly opposite reasons. The Radical hates landlords because he thinks they differ from tradesmen; the Socialist hates them because they resemble tradesmen."

Although an avowed Atheist, Foreman has, according to Harley, a code of morals "of the strictest and most difficult kind; and the first law in it is the law of justice with regard to property and the material means of living a decent life. Without such justice he thinks every other virtue is a mockery; and justice with him means not only talk about the poor, but it means exceedingly real and exceedingly rude self-sacrifice for them."

"I think," said Miss Elfrida, "the Church could have taught him this without his taking the trouble to think it out for himself. The Church has taught charity to the poor for some eighteen hundred years; and Mr. Foreman's charity ended with their bodies —for you cannot imagine that he has any care for their souls."

"What Mr. Foreman thinks," said Mrs. Harley, "is this: He thinks that so long as their bodies are treated as they at present are, to work for their souls is a hopeless, is even a ridiculous task. How, he asks, shall they be pure and temperate, how shall they have any of the virtues which good Christians prize, so long as they are housed like pigs and fed worse than pigs—so long as they have no knowledge, and no leisure, and nothing from their childhood that so much as suggests happiness, except drink, and things worse 'than drink!' How shall we tell them to be clean when they have only sewage to wash in."

This may be a rough and rude philosophy, stating rough truths with almost brutal bluntness, but are they not truths all the same? It is this very truth, the almost hopeless misery of so many human beings, that lies at the root of most of the social evils that disturb the poorer masses of mankind. Not even spiritual light and hope

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and consolation is left to millions of them; for have not the governments spent centuries in the attempt to loosen the hold which the Catholic Church at least had on their minds and hearts, to restrain her freedom of action, to rob her of even the means that she possessed of dispensing light and knowledge, charity and labor? They have beggared her in Catholic lands and then reproved her with not feeding and caring for the poor. In chaining her they have cast the people who would have flocked to her wholly out into the exterior darkness, with starved souls as well as starving bodies. Hunger and misery for the body; blank atheism to feed the soul on. Can we wonder at the Foremans and their success with impoverished ignorance, when even those who take to themselves the title of the apostles of the light and progress of the day, spend their intellects in trying to prove to man that there is no God, and that man himself is but an animated lump of organized matter? Why should these fine people be shocked at atheism bawled out in the streets and public squares when their fine professors hatch atheism in their libraries and preach it from their professional chairs? Who is the more guilty: The chemist who prepares the dynamite for the express purpose of destruction, or the poor wretch who, under direction, uses it as a weapon of destruction?

"Think," Miss Elfrida added, "of the monastic orders. In some the work is harder than that of any laborer; in others the food is coarser and more meagre. In this way they are perpetually teaching the poor that there is nothing necessarily degrading either in constant toil or in privation."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harley, "but the hushed asceticism of the monastery or of the convent is a very different thing from the brutal starvartion of the streets. Mr. Foreman's ideal of duty differs from yours in this: You look on poverty as a thing that must be endured, or at best palliated; he looks on it as a thing that must be utterly done away with. Your notion is that the rich ought to help the poor. His notion is that there should be no poor to help. . . . . Whatever may be your opinion of Mr. Snapper's zeal for the poor, Mr. Foreman is perfectly genuine." And "the Cardinal," Cardinal Manning, is cited as stating that "there was much in his (Foreman's) social views, and much in his efforts to spread them, with which, as a Catholic, he himself agreed."

And here is the *laissez-faire* habit of mind to which Carew may trace the downfall of his order thoroughly voiced by Carew himself. "My dear Carew," says Mrs. Harley, "do you think, for one instant, that were there no Mr. Foreman in existence, the people could possibly rest content in the state in which they are now?

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Do you think that, sooner or later, they will not insist upon a change?"

"They have taken," said Carew, "a good many thousand years to think about it, and they are no worse off now than they have been in other ages. The reflection naturally arises that this is poor comfort for the poor." Is their condition to continue for ever thus, inhabitants of what is practically a hell on earth? Was the earth and its fruits, then, only intended for the small but fortunate circle, of which the Carews are happy members, with all the rest of the world created to minister to their wants? If this is the order of society which is to be maintained at all hazards, no wonder that the intellectual lights of this order persistently try to explain and laugh away the existence of an Almighty and just God, of a Divine Son, the Saviour of mankind, who proclaimed the common kindred of man, who taught the mutual responsibilities of the sons of Man, who claimed all as heirs of Heaven and children of God, and who Himself gloried in the simple title that He was the Son of Man. "Suffering and want have always been in the world," adds Carew, as though that statement were any palliation of the crime and neglect of those who, having the means and the opportunity to greatly relieve the suffering and want, are oblivious and callous to it until they find an earthquake about their ears, when they shriek out that chaos and anarchy have come, that the last days are on us. "Multitudes of the poor," he says, "so far as happiness goes, enjoy practically as good a chance as the rich until the agitator comes, like the harpy, to ruin their simple banquet." To which the happy poor, at their simple banquet of crusts and scraps, respond with a fiddle-de-dee! Carew would not even have them possess such education as they enjoy, for "education, as the Radicals conceive it, is a crueller engine of torture than Nero ever invented."

Despatches tell us that bands of hungry and ill-clad workmen celebrated this last feast of Christmas by parading through London singing a mournful chant, a dirge for the living, out of work, out of money, out of food. To impress their misery on the authorities they adopted what the police officials called this new form of begging. It is safe to believe that the majority of these men wanted work and not alms. It is just such a situation as this that forms the ground-plan for revolution, more especially when all England is reeking with the offences of Mr. Carew's class. "Have you ever looked into the faces of an East End mob?" asked Mrs. Harley. "Have you ever realized what an appalling sight they are? The French ambassador has, several times, said to me that he thinks things in England in a most critical and dangerous condition, and that the savage and sullen spirit fermenting through-

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out the country now is just what there was in Paris before the great Revolution. And, at this moment, to add to it, there is all the wild excitement of a general election, which will be largely managed by agitators. Nothing would surprise me less, if we have hard weather this spring, and the misery of cold is added to the misery of hunger, than to hear of serious troubles and outbreaks in London and elsewhere also." It should be remembered that this book appeared since last summer. Here is an East End mob, as Carew saw it from the windows of his clubhouse after his return to England.

"Carew did listen, and now his ears comprehended a confused and approaching noise of shouts, shrieks, groans and the trampling of innumerable feet; and in another moment, added to this, came the crashing of broken glass and outbursts of yelling laughter. At last, he got so far into the bay-window as to be able to see down the street, and what met his eyes was a black, advancing mass, moving like some great volume of semi-liquid sewage, on the surface of which certain raised objects seemed floating, whilst the edges of it, in one place or another, were perpetually frothing against the sides of the shops and houses. A moment more, and this hoarse and horrible inundation was flowing past the windows at which he himself was standing, and he then began to understand its character better. Considering the stones that were flying in all directions, the position he occupied was, no doubt, one of danger, but neither he nor any of the other members showed any inclination to quit it. The spectacle below seemed somehow to fascinate all of them.

"A long procession of discolored and pitiable faces was slowly defiling by; some looking down with a dull or sullen stolidity; others fixing their eyes with an air of ferocious wonder at the impassive group watching them; but, beyond the shaking of an occasional fist, that blank stare at first was the only sign of animosity. The attention of the mob was at first concentrated on the other side of the street, where a certain university club displayed a frontage composed almost entirely of plate glass and of window frames. At the sight of this structure, as if it acted like a signal, a chorus of yells and groans burst suddenly from the multitude, and a storm of missiles began to assail the windows. About this special attack there was a determination and a violence, which, so far as Carew could see, was wanting elsewhere. To smash the glass was not nearly enough; but showers of stones were poured into the rooms through the apertures, and presently, with a noise that thundered across the street, a heavy chandelier fell crashing through the ceiling of the reading-room.

"'That's his club,' exclaimed several of Carew's fellow-spectators. 'It's the club he was kicked out of for advocating the assassination of ministers.'

"'See,' cried another, 'there he is himself—the man in the wagon, with a red flag in his hand.'

"Carew could make nothing out of these mysterious observations, but, craning his neck forward, he looked in the direction indicated, and there was a sight which at once made the matter clear to him. One of those raised objects, which he had already seen from a distance, was now approaching, and it proved to be what his neighbors had hinted. It was a huge open wagon, drawn by four horses. On the shafts and on the sides were seated perhaps a dozen men, wildly gesticulating to the crowd. Whatever they were, they were, plainly, not English workmen. Their long, lank hair and their wild moustaches, which waved and bristled, with an affectation of ruffianly dandyism, said, at least, as much as that.

"Carew glanced for a moment at this cluster of scarecrows, and then his eyes fixed themselves on a figure which rose above them. This was a man seated in a rude arm-chair, which had been propped up on a packing-case. If his satellites looked wild, he looked a great deal wilder; not, indeed, in respect of his dress or hair, for in that

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way his appearance was quiet—common enough; but he was shouting to those around him, like a maniac loose from Bedlam, and waving the red flag which he held, with corresponding gestures. Sometimes he seemed to use it as a sign of encouragement, sometimes to indicate some particular building. Meanwhile his eyes were starting out of his head, and his whole face was flickering with the livid gleam of insanity. Carew started at the spectacle. This figure was Foreman.

"When the wagon reached the club, which was the special object of attack, it halted; the crowd moved round it like water about a rock; and Foreman began to shout with a voice of redoubled emphasis. Most of what he said, Carew failed to catch; but several times he distinguished such broken phrases as 'Blood for blood, I tell you,' and 'A life for a life.' Finally, this was audible: 'Is there no food in there, think you? Those men know how to get it, and so might you, who deserve it more than they do. What keeps your bellies empty? No want of food in the country, but want of courage in yourselves. You're afraid—that's what you are! But, what is it you fear? Better to die fighting, I tell you, than die starving!'

"The words did not fall idly. The harangue was not ended before a rush was made for the doors of the shattered club. At the threshold there was a fierce but short struggle; then, whatever opposition there was was overcome, and a crowd of squalid forms swarmed into the interior."

It is unnecessary to pursue further the scene enacted by Foreman and his followers under the eyes of Carew and the men of his order and against their property and place. The significance of it all is that the sketch is by no means a fancy one. Several such scenes occurred in London during the past year, and for one day at least all London was at the mercy of the "mob." Indeed, so greatly is a repetition of such scenes feared, that the London shopkeepers of the vicinity are now petitioning for the conversion of Trafalgar Square, a great central point for labor meetings, into a park, as though such a change could in any way touch or alter the grievances that occasion the calling of such meetings, or prevent their gathering. Significant is it also to find the Socialists of London, Berlin and Paris stretching out the hand of sympathy to the condemned anarchists of Chicago, who openly preached a propaganda of destruction against wealth, property and the police, and who carried their theories into action by massacring a number of the police with dynamite.

Mr. Foreman's socialistic theories, his assaults on the existing order of things in England and all the world over, may be left to the reader of Mr. Mallock's brilliant work. There are Foremans all around us, and this particular one says nothing specially new or specially forcible beyond voicing the great fact of the misery and crushing poverty of the multitude, while the few, the Carew class, appropriate all the loaves and fishes intended by the Almighty for mankind. A Catholic priest, who is persistently called "Mr." Stanly, as though there were something offensive and impolite in the good old Catholic title of "Father," is set up as a foil to Foreman, and is made to refute him with skill and comparative ease, from Mr. Mallock's point of view. There are also several minor

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characters sketched off with the hand of a master. On the whole, Mr. Mallock fails to make out so strong a case for his "old order" as he would seem to wish. Indeed, much of it, as pictured in this volume, and still more glaringly in his "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" and "The New Republic," seems hardly worth preserving. It is an order that, in the main, has lived in itself and for itself solely, entrenched in misused privilege, a lotos-eating class whose chief ambition it is to

> "Live and lie reclined
> On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind!"

But mankind has come at last to realize its power: the power and the force that lie in numbers. It has sore grievances and sorrows at its feet; intelligence and energy at its head. The intelligence may be used as a false light; the energy may be misdirected. But there they are and stand, living forces in this world, never more to be expelled. While it is true that Utopia will never come to the world, that there will always be suffering and sorrow, it is equally true that this suffering and sorrow might be greatly relieved, partly by legislation, but more largely by the propagation of a wider sense of mutual responsibilities among employers and employed, among all mankind, in fact. Mere philanthropy, nor legislation alone, will never bring this desired change about, nor abolish the hatred and the clashing now existing between rich and poor. Nor will the Draconian code, as adopted in Germany and Russia, purge those lands of Socialism. The only radical cure lies in a new reformation, back from that false one of the sixteenth century, which wrought at once a social as well as a religious schism, to the unity and charity of the Christian family, to the real imitation of Christ in the lives and daily walks of men. And where is this union to be hoped for or found save in the Church of Christ, which is not many but one? It not only teaches men faith, but righteousness. It is not the Church of the rich exclucively. The suffering poor it has always counted its special charge and treasure, even now, as in the days of St. Lawrence and of the Apostles, when there was even community of goods among the Christians. And out of the ranks of the poor how many a great saint and prelate, how many a great order and society, has the Church drawn forth to be a light and an example to men! The Church alone holds the key to the reformation of society, and without the spirit, the help and the example of the Church, the efforts of the most powerful of statesmen will be vain to save nations and existing orders and institutions from the tide that is rising and the storm impending over a darkening world.

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THE GEOLOGICAL INDICATIONS OF COAL AND PETROLEUM IN NEBRASKA.

WITHIN the last few decades of the present century the States have begun to realize that coal is king of the modern industrial world, and that there is no marketable agent more extensively used, or better adapted to the various wants of mankind, than coal. That State must hold the foremost rank in prosperity which rules the largest coal trade. England owes its commercial preëminence to the fact that it has always furnished more than half the coal of the whole world; half the States of the Union have been dependent on the coal prices of Pennsylvania; Ohio comes to the front with its rich coal mines and concomitant oil wells; Iowa and Michigan feel that surrounding States are yearly paying millions to their coal dealers, and for a like reason the territories of Wyoming and New Mexico are looming up in the far west to commercial importance. No sooner was it rumored abroad, a few weeks since, that Omaha was underlaid with a 7-foot coal seam of illimitable extent, than its real estate took a rise, and new life was diffused into every department of the body industrial. The West feels confident that it is destined in the future to rule the coal market. Every indication points to a decline in the old coal fields, while the rate of consumption is on the increase. Previous to the year 1830, England's share in the coal mining industry of the world amounted to three-fourths of the total production; in 1845, to a little more than two-thirds; in 1872, it furnished 131,640,000 tons, which still exceeded half the total production by more than 7,000,000 tons; and in 1877 it reached 136,179,968 tons. This period was a time of continued prosperity, when England ruled the world, financially and commercially. After that her coal resources began to wane. Will they continue so to do? Has England reached the summit of her industrial greatness and commercial supremacy? and will these now decline, and with them her military and naval power, the subservient agent, and, to a large extent, the creature and result of those great interests?

The territory occupied by the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania is but a diminutive spot compared with its area of bituminous coal; it would scarcely cover one-twentieth of Lake Erie, and, after deducting the coal wasted in mining, say 40 per cent., and in preparing, 25 per cent., which constitute a total loss to landowner, miner and shipper, it will seem still more insignificant.

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Successful experiments have been made to use petroleum as a substitute for coal, with a saving of 10,000 tons of coal for the city of Pittsburgh alone. But is it not evident, under the reckless prodigality of production, that this occult and mysterious supply of light and heat and color will be exhausted before the anthracite, and that at best it can only temporarily retard the consumption of the latter?

It is to the West that we must turn for a more generous supply of coal and natural gas. Its fields, so recently opened, exceed in extent the combined area of the old markets; and new discoveries of bituminous, anthracite and petroleum are daily astonishing the world with the romantic description of its exhaustless Plutonian wealth. Every new "find" acts as a stimulant to larger enterprises. Prospect holes are sunk everywhere under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains.

The utility of geology consists not only in pointing out those situations in which coal may be presumed to exist, but in determining those in which it cannot possibly be found; for while the limits of the coal-producing districts have been largely and beneficially extended, by means of researches undertaken in accordance with scientific views, enterprises have been commenced, by persons ill-informed on the subject, which, having been conceived in ignorance and carried on in opposition to sound geological principles, have terminated in utter failure and disappointment. Some few years only have elapsed since the deceptive appearance of coal in strata pertaining to the silurian formation in Waukesha county, Wisconsin, induced a party of capitalists to invest a considerable sum of money in sinking a shaft. It is needless to say that the attempt proved abortive. Similar failures in the west have further proved the value of geology. Having undertaken to express our views on the prospect of finding coal in Nebraska, a State which was passed by in the days of the gold craze, and is, consequently, almost entirely unexplored, we find it necessary, for drawing a legitimate conclusion, to convey our readers, in imagination, to the time when, in the annals of geology, our stock of fuel was first stowed away in narrow beds for future use, giving its chemical elements ample facilities to work the change.

Since the modern views as to the six days' creation of our earth contain nothing to antagonize the account of the creation as given by the inspired author of the book of Genesis, and since the authorized interpreter of that holy book leaves us at liberty on the subject, we see no reason, from a religious standpoint, not to heartily endorse the modern scientific views of the stratified formation of the earth's crust.

Agreeably to these views on geological rock building, scientists

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tell us that far away in the ages of the past the continents were mostly covered with deep water, over whose bottom were spread the sand and mud washed down by the rivers; just as the muddy Platte and Missouri are yearly tilting hundreds of our acres into the Gulf of Mexico. This sediment contained the material of the surface soil and rocks of the country drained. In the course of many long generations the water receded and left the sediment exposed to the hardening influence of sun and weather; or, it may be said that the continents slowly rose, as they now rise, a foot per century. Then there came another change, during which this former mud deposit was again submerged, to receive fresh deposits or erosions from the hills and alluvial valleys of new continents. Thus it went on through the silurian and devonian ages, during which the eastern portion of the United States became dry land. But the Mississippi valley, with the country west of it to the Pacific coast, was still a vast ocean. Next came the carboniferous age, an age when the land was verdant far and wide with a luxuriant vegetation, the like of which has not been seen, before or since, when the jungles and forests over and around our present coal fields were covered with gigantic scouring rushes and trees of antique form, unfitted for anything but to minister to the beautiful and to make coal. Admirably well adapted was the atmosphere to the rich growth. Not yet had it been purified from its excess of carbonic acid for sustaining the higher species of animal life; but this large amount of carbon dioxide in a moist and warm climate, with clouds and mist hovering over the soil, supplied all the carbon necessary for an unusually rich vegetation and a proportionate supply of mineral coal. From a reference to the coal fields of the carboniferous age, it will be seen that there were three areas in the United States, viz., the Alleghany mountain region, Michigan, and the great interior basin of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and the eastern portions of Kansas and Nebraska, that were then covered with marshy forests and club mosses. Here the tumbled down or drifted vegetation underwent a slow decay. It required ages to effect the growth of these spore-laden lepidodendra, one specimen of which from the Jarrow coal mine was found to measure thirteen feet in diameter near the base, and ages to allow the peat bogs to slowly sink and be overflowed by the encroaching sea, that thus ample time might intervene for the wood to ferment and fossilize. As over these submerged carbon beds again rolled the waters of an inland sea, they were covered with fresh deposits of future limestone, sandstone, conglomerate, clay and shale,—the characteristic rocks of the coal age,—to be, in due time and turn, raised into dry land, and thus have other forests strike deep root in the overlying

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soil, and undergo the same metamorphosis from wood into peat and coal.

Layers of succeeding ages piled their loads of stone and gravel, like massive tombstones, over the buried remains of forests primeval, supplying by the heat thus generated under enormous pressure, and by the abundance of moisture confined between the layers where there was exclusion of air, those chemical conditions favoring the transition.

As a rule, that coal gives a greater heat which has a greater percentage of carbon with a minimum of oxygen and hydrogen. Lignite averages 66 per cent. of carbon, bituminous coal 78 per cent., cannel 80, anthracite 90, coke 96. By cutting off all supply of oxygen or air from decaying wood, and applying heat in the presence of moisture, the hydrogen is partly eliminated, combining with some of the carbon and forming the marsh or illuminating gas so generally seen where decaying matter is decomposing in mud-flats or shallow ponds; while, in like manner, the oxygen set free by this decomposition unites with another part of carbon, thus producing the other gas incumbent on swamps, namely, carbonic acid gas. What remains is carbon, or coal in a greater or less state of perfection.

From the geological outcrops throughout the State of Nebraska it appears evident that only during the carboniferous age did the eastern portion of the State first loom up out of deep water, while the rest of the State was still an inland sea. Here, then, the existence of coal could be possible, and prospect holes might be safely sunk to the coal measures. As a matter of fact, coal of fair quality was encountered at Ponca, in Dixon county, four and a half feet thick, at a depth of 574 feet. At Nebraska City, an artesian boring struck a 15-inch bed of coal at 189 feet. The artesian well at Lincoln reached a 30-inch bed, at a depth of 909 feet. Good block coal is mined in various localities throughout Richardson and Pawnee counties, but no seam as yet discovered exceeds 2 feet in thickness, or penetrates to the lower coal horizon. This was struck lately at Omaha, at a depth of 540 feet, where a 7-foot seam of good coal confirmed the indications that, though the upper beds are comparatively barren, the lower measures, like those in Iowa, may be profitably worked, and will, no doubt, at some future time, be developed. The prospect hole at Brownsville, Nemaha county, reached probably the same coal seam, which was there 5 feet thick and of the same depth as the above. That the Union Pacific well at the west end of the Omaha bridge was reported not to have struck coal, only proves that for reasons of their own the company thought fit not to divulge what might not prove to their benefit; still it has been learned from good authority, and by comparison

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of the strata penetrated with those at South Omaha, that the lower carboniferous measures were reached. Otoe, Cass, Knox, Holt and Jefferson counties report recent finds of more or less value. By gathering together these various data, and bearing in mind that Professor Samuel Aughey, formerly state geologist, and W. Powell, of the United States Geological Survey, lately expressed their views favorably on the subject, we consider it a prudent conclusion to state that the entire eastern part of Nebraska, from the Niobrara river in the north, through every county east and south along the Missouri river, having for its western limit part of Lancaster county, and crossing the State line in Thayer county, belongs to the interior continental coal basin, which lies in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and eastern Kansas. Here the coal formation rests directly on the mountain limestone, and is composed of the characteristic rocks of the age, often intermixed with clay-ironstone. There is a striking difference between the carboniferous rocks of Pennsylvania and those of the Missouri valley, and it is this, that only one-fourth of the former are limestone, while out west they compose fully two-thirds of the entire stratified layers. Those of our readers who have examined the geological formation of the bluff at Charbonnière, in St. Louis county, Mo., may remember the shales and grits surmounted by productal limestone, and underlain by a 5-foot seam of coal, having near its centre, however, a parting of a few inches of argillaceous clay, the whole resting on the St. Louis limestone. Near the mouth of the Osage river the coal-beds attain a thickness of twenty and even of forty feet, of extreme lightness in structure, fracture and lustre, much resembling cannel coal. The same magnesian limestone found here crops out higher up along the Missouri at Omaha and Brownsville. In Ohio every coal-bed is invariably underlain by fire-clay, which is very marketable; in the west it is limestone, and in the Rocky Mountains clay all around, above and below. There are generally two, three or more coal seams in the same perpendicular section, of which the lowest is the most valuable. The trend of the principal coal-beds of Iowa west of Des Moines would strike Omaha somewhere between 800 and 900 feet from the surface. However, it is our impression that there is an up-throw fault of several hundred feet which divides the Nebraska fields from the Iowa ones. It was brought about in a later period by the same cause which has piled up for us the mountain chains, which shakes the earth to its foundations in the earthquake, paints the sky with the lurid glare of the volcano, and gives us our anthracite, and petroleum and natural gas wells. Frequently it is supposed that every coal-producing region ought to be, *ipso facto*, a gas and oil-well region. We shall see whether there is any foundation for such inference;

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and our readers will kindly pardon us for a digression on mountain making, which serves, however, as a foregoing premise to a legitimate conclusion on the subject.

The earth, it is generally admitted, was, in its infancy, in a highly heated viscous condition. In progress of time the surface cooled by radiation and crusted over. Those portions which solidified first formed the outlines of our present continents; the other portions, contracting later on, sank into troughs or seas where the waters gathered. Recent soundings on the ocean beds have confirmed this view by proving that the rock-beds of our oceans are of archæan age, level, and with the incumbent weight of water well calculated to equalize the land pressure. The cooling of the earth's crust, however, is constantly progressing, and in so solidifying grows heavier and sinks a little, as naturally as does the ice on a river. The weight of the rigid blocks of ice produces a lateral pressure on the banks, where the resistance is less, resulting in a shoving or folding of the ice upon the bank. Just so does the immense weight of sea water exert an unrelenting lateral pressure upon the weakening continental crust, which must produce a plication or forcing of the land upward into ridges. The laws of nature work consistently and on simple principles on a grand as well as on a small scale. We all remember how inexplicable it seemed to our boyish minds that canal boats should plough the middle channel, though the mules tended to pull them ashore; that a base ball sent from the pitcher in a straight line should curve away from the striker; or a billiard ball roll backward. Still, these motions are the mathematical resultants of several forces applied to the canal boat, the base ball, and the billiard ball. Working on the same law, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans exert a lateral pressure on the North American continent; the one from the southeast, the other from the southwest, both pushing nearly at right angles to each other. What else could be the natural result of these forces except to shove or elevate the land near the shore line in a direction at right angles to the pressure? Thus the Rocky Mountain chain and the Alleghany ridge came into existence; but the mightier ocean made a stronger impression. It built the Rockies broad and high, shaped the direction of the Florida peninsula, and pushed the Hudson bay towards the eastern border. As a concomitant result of the elevation, new territory was gained from the sea. This new sea-board from the same cause was also folded up into ridges parallel to the main trend, giving us in succession the Sierra Nevada, Wahsatch and Cascade ranges in the west; and the many eastern ridges of the Alleghany mountains facing the Atlantic ocean. When the expansion and increasing weight of a confined field of ice have passed the limit

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of tension, it gives way with a crash, followed by an upheaval along the line of subsidence. A similar sinking, tremor and elevation of land are experienced whenever the continents by thickening destroy the equipoise between land and sea weight. Such tremors are called earthquakes. Like mountain making, they start from southeast to northwest when produced by the Pacific ocean; from southwest to northeast, like the late Charleston earthquakes, when the Atlantic asserts its claims. This mountain building was very gradual; but when, towards the end of the tertiary age, the ribs of the earth had grown too strong to bend, the interior forces burst from their confinement by forcing a passage through fissures or volcanoes. On studying the distribution of active volcanoes on the earth, we shall, very consistently with our theory, find them almost exclusively encircling the mighty Pacific, set like blazing lighthouses along its shores, while the extinct volcanoes of the first generation lie scattered farther inland along the Shasta range as monuments of a power that once ruled the land.

We can now understand why it is that anthracite coal, petroleum, gas and oil are more abundant in volcanic regions, and why bituminous coal and the absence of the hydrocarbons characterize the vast intercontinental basin between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghany range. Practical men acquainted with this fact will not prospect for petroleum and gas in horizontal strata, where the layers have not been disturbed by volcanic action, up-lifts and faulting.

To find petroleum, bitumen springs and geysers, we must go to Canada, Pennsylvania, Wyoming, and to regions where the heat incident on the grating and displacement of enormous layers of rock was high enough to separate the mineral or volatile oils from the coals where it existed, and to leave us the carbonized remains under the names of anthracite and graphite.

Though this, in our opinion, gives the principle, many circumstances in a particular case combine to account for the absence of petroleum or the presence of bituminous coal. Nor is it to be wondered at that no infallible rule can be formulated in the case of an oil, the first extensive application of which to commercial use dates back to the recent period of 1856, when the invention of suitable-chimneys brought petroleum actively into the market. Since that time its uses are legion. Certain it is that it is almost exclusively found in the devonian sandstone, or the overlying mountain limestone of the sub-carboniferous period. Being a light oil, it requires a soil of sufficient consistency to hold it in solution, and hence we can readily account for its absence in the Italian soil, which is too light to prevent it from evaporating; hence its presence in Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, where the impervious

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strata of shale and clay keep it stored up in crevices of the porous limestones. A shooting well has its origin in a reservoir or fissure, and will eventually give out; a slowly bubbling well comes from a limestone, and is apt to last. Wyoming, Colorado and California are large producers of petroleum; but neither mineral oils, hot springs, nor artesian wells are likely to exist in Nebraska, where geological formations are too horizontal and have not undergone violent disruption. An exception, perhaps, is to be made for the northwestern portion, where the State abuts on the Rocky Mountain spurs.

It may be asked, how comes it that coal, and even the best anthracite, can at all exist in Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, California, Dakota and the entire Rocky Mountain region, when it was stated that, during the coal period and the following mesozoic age, the entire country west of Omaha, with the exception of a few islands, had not yet emerged from the sea. It is true, the coal of the far west is not of carboniferous formation, but of a later growth. It dates back to the upper cretaceous or early eocene, often called lignitic period, whence the coal is termed "lignite," or "brown coal." This younger coal is of all varieties and values. In the Coalville mines of Utah it is a non-coking coal, which checks considerably when exposed to the sun. In the rock springs and mammoth mines of the Laramie group, where an enormous amount of coal is stored within an area of several hundred miles in length, in seams of 7, 11 and even 48 feet thick, the coal is of superior quality and lustre, and not much affected by the weather. In Wyoming one-fifth of the territory is underlain with coal; two-thirds of Colorado is built over the cretaceous coal measures, bituminous and anthracite. The famous mines of Trinidad contain a good coking bituminous coal of the very best quality, which yields 55 per cent. of pure carbon in the coke, and which, ranging over an area of 1000 square miles, is quarried from easily accessible, dry and horizontal beds of from 9 to 14 feet thick. Who has not heard of the rich and vast anthracite and bituminous fields of Las Vegas, of the coal-beds that extend with but little, if any, interruption from the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, to Cedar City, in Utah, an extent of territory almost rivalling the entire Pennsylvania coal measures? The conditions of the period that could have produced such luxuriant forests must have been unusually favorable, when it is remembered that one foot of bituminous coal is compressed from ten feet of peat, and many successive generations of woodland are required to fill a box of ten feet in depth with decaying wood. Younger than our coal of the lower Missouri, much of it was aged prematurely by the succeeding period of mountain making. When the earth was fractured and faulted and

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lifted 10,000 feet above the surrounding country, the horizontal coal-beds were likewise twisted and doubled into every imaginable shape; coarse brown coal was burnt into the dusky diamond; bituminous into semi-bituminous; cannel into anthracite, equal to any coal of Yorkshire or Lackawanna. This gradation of coal should naturally culminate on the side of greatest pressure, namely, on the eastern side of the Alleghanies and on the western side of the Rockies. The coal statistics confirm this theory. Thus, the region west of Pittsburgh yields bituminous, Cumberland and Broad Top semi-bituminous, and at Pottsville, Lehigh, Wilkesbarre, Central Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, we have anthracite and the still purer graphite. The same distribution in the age and quality of the coal we meet with in our passage over the Rocky mountains. It gave us considerable satisfaction, in glancing over Mr. Holmes's "Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region," to find that distinguished geologist account for the change of its lignite into anthracite in a similar manner, namely, by the violent intrusion of molten material into the cretaceous coal-beds. The interior continental coal measures of Iowa and Nebraska have undergone no such violent upheavals, and hence the coal-seams lie almost horizontal, and cannot contain any anthracite. The State of Missouri has felt some violent throes as late as the first decade of the present century, when the flow of the Mississippi was temporarily stopped and its waters backed up into the swampy districts, where ever since Lake St. Francis has figured on the geography of the State. When the Rocky Mountains were raised above the ancient level, Nebraska was benefited by the change; for its entire territory was drained, gently sloping from the west toward the Missouri, producing that slight discrepancy in the coal layers above referred to, and which is surmised to exist between the carboniferous rocks of the two States.

If much of the geological data adduced seems to be of too general a character to be pertinent to the heading of the present article, the writer has no other excuse to advance than that these general laws of nature serve, by their uniform application in other localities, to render the existence of coal in Nebraska a logical certainty. Facts are still too meagre as to the geological formation of our coal. It may not be improbable that the coal in our northern counties forms part of the lignitic beds of the upper Missouri, first described by Professor Owens in his Report of 1851. Indications certainly point to an abundance of coal that may be cheaply mined for domestic purposes, and that, with increasing railroad facilities and organized capital, may be delivered at our doors for one-half the cost of our present fuel. Fuel we have in superabundance. On the Blue River, the Elkhorn, the

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Logan, on Elk Creek and on other streams, there are rich deposits of peat, which, if worked, and the material properly prepared, would supply the State with fuel for a hundred years and more. Peat of 40 feet depth was, but a few days ago, discovered in Cherry county, of so valuable a kind that the heat of this peat fire is more intense than that of wood or pit coal, and is equal to the white heat of anthracite. As yet none of these have been worked. This is owing, in some places, to the cheapness of wood fuel; and, in others, to the fact that coal from abroad is easily to be procured. Eventually this peat must be utilized, and, if it is cheaply furnished, as it can be, the State will, for a long time, be supplied from its own territory with all the fuel needed.

When the tide of immigration, which, in its thoughtless search after the precious metals, has hurriedly swept over the rolling plains of Nebraska, shall begin to ebb, then must the central position of the State, and the mountain barrier on its western frontier, serve to retain the rebounding wave; then must its dry and invigorating climate, its azure sky, agricultural and scientific inducements be appreciated. In mineral fossils of the tertiary period, Nebraska has opened a mine that has filled up a large gap in our geological data, and attracted students from all parts of the world. Its alluvial soil or loëss, which is spread all over the State, in a depth of from 5 to 150 feet, and which contains 80 per cent. of silica and 10 per cent. of the fertilizing phosphates, has given it a world-wide reputation, and has deservedly placed Nebraska soil on an equality with the alluvium of the Rhine and the Nile. All have heard of its alkali lands and sand hills. Yet the sand hills are simply remodified alluvial materials, with the finer parts washed out, but which, with the notable increase of rainfall daring the last three decades, and a little cultivation, produce as vigorous a growth of plants as the richest bottom land. The so-called alkali lands contain an excess of soda compounds. It is found that deep plowing and a few wheat crops rapidly consume this excess, leaving the alkali lands often the most valuable of the farm. In the words of Professor Aughey, of Nebraska: "It is wonderful how nature here responds to the efforts of man for reclothing this State with timber. As prairie fires are repressed and trees are planted by the million, the climate must be still further ameliorated. When once there are groves of timber on every section and quarter-section of the State, an approach will be made to some of the best physical conditions of tertiary times. The people of Nebraska have a wonderful inheritance of wealth, beauty and power in their fine climate and their rich lands (and also of exhaustless fuel), and as they become conscious of this they will more and more lend a helping hand to the processes of nature for the development and utilization of the material wealth of Nebraska."

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IRISH NEEDS AND ENGLISH PARTIES.

IT is not easy to write of a situation that varies with the extraordinary rapidity of that which now exists in England. Never before were there so many elements of uncertainty. A government is kept in power by the votes of its political opponents. It need scarcely be said that such an alliance is necessarily of the most brittle character, and that any day may see its rupture. The moment which sees the reunion of the Liberal party sees the downfall of the Tory Government; and the events of almost every day's Parliamentary life look towards the reconciliation of the opposing elements of Liberals. Even as we write a new incident has occurred which may transform the whole situation, and reduce the Ministry to impotence at the very moment when it seemed most certain of success and of durability. The *Times* of this morning, in the most conspicuous type and in the most positive manner, makes the announcement of the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill. It is probably not possible in America to appreciate the vast place in the political fortunes of England which this young man holds. Of talents that are, after all, moderate; with a career stained by more indiscretions than any public man of his generation, with the exception of the late Lord Beaconsfield; and of a dishonesty that does not even take pains to conceal itself, Churchill in any other country than England would have been hooted out of public life, or have been condemned to the smallest and meanest offices. But in England he is one of the most potential factors of every political calculation. This is largely due to the fact that he is a member of the Tory party, a party well described by the late John Stuart Mill as the stupid party; and among the blind the one-eyed man is king. Then here has come a revolutionary change over the political life of England that makes the career of such a man as Churchill possible. The extension of the franchise has brought the vote home to the door of every man; and we have in England a democracy that is still largely ignorant, servile, and prejudiced. It is of course impossible that the old spirit of violent resistance to all change could exist side by side with such sweeping changes in the electorate; and the gospel of Churchill has been that the Tory party should not be the opponents of the Liberals in reform, but their rivals and competitors. This gospel, which was startling when first announced, caught the ears of the wire-puller, especially in the large and populous constituencies which saw that the days of old

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Toryism were numbered; and Churchill's first strength came from the support he got from provincial politicians. He has other gifts. A democracy likes its pictures painted in bold and rather flaring colors. Multitudinous, distracted, scattered democracy is very difficult to get even a hearing from; and the orator—to speak figuratively—has to bellow instead of speaking. Then a democracy—such a democracy as we have in England—likes hard personal hitting. Churchill was just the man to meet such demands. He is a stranger to shame and to good feeling. He never professes to feel privately the opinions he expresses in public, and he has a large vocabulary of choice billingsgate. While the other Tories were conducting their tactics after the decent and rather sleepy fashion of older times, Churchill went about to large popular meetings, harangued the multitudes in a language they could understand, and poured on the heads of his political opponents a perfect Niagara of abuse. Sometimes his charges were well founded, more frequently they were grotesquely unjust, and often they were palpably and assuredly intentional falsehoods. But they attracted public attention; they pleased the groundlings; and above all, they inspired confidence in a party that up to then was broken and dispirited. As time went on, Churchill developed other qualities, with which he was not originally credited. Great is the power of selfishness in all human affairs, but above all other affairs, in a political struggle. Churchill made it apparent in the controversies inside his own party that he was determined to get whatever he wanted, and that no reverence to age or service would stand in his way. Sir Stafford Northcote might be described as a venerable gentleman, who had the respect and the regard of everybody; this callous stripling flouted him publicly, and declared that if he were to remain leader the Tory party would have to do without Churchill. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was nominated by Churchill for the succession. He had held the office for but a year when Churchill declared that he also must go, and peremptorily demanded the leadership for himself. Then, having become the first man of the party in the House of Commons, he did not wait long till he showed a desire to overthrow Salisbury, the leader of the Ministry. Apparently, without consultation with his colleagues, he went to meetings and laid down the whole policy of the Government as though he were the head, and even the dictator, of the Ministry. And now, apparently, he has wearied out the patience of his colleagues. Resolved to rule or ruin the Ministry, he has sought to carry out his programme by a threat of resignation, and the threat has been accepted—resignation has been accepted.

So, for the moment, he disappears from the place of prominence which he held for so short a time. Unless the quarrel be patched

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up, the whole situation is revolutionized. With Churchill disappears from the Treasury bench the one potent and competent figure in the Ministry. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is an extremely feeble creature; he has little control of temper; his oratory is of the most watery and depressing character; and his rule would be that of pettishness and not of strength. Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Stanhope are elderly young men, who have been promising men for nearly a quarter of a century, and so have remained without the least symptom of that maturity of promise which political ambition demands. Mr. W. H. Smith was once somewhat coarsely described as having a face with as much expression as a saucer; and he is in person, manner, and intellect the very embodiment, to an almost offensive literalness, of the English bourgeois, than whom there is no duller, narrower, or more uninteresting creature extant. One of the savage *mots* in which Churchill is in the habit of indulging at the expense of his colleagues and friends had Smith for its victim. Sir Richard, now Lord, Cross, was a great friend of Smith, and is of the same type of man and politician. Lord Randolph spoke of the pair as Marshall and Sneilgrove. Marshall and Sneilgrove are to London what A. T. Stewart was to New York—the purveyors of all kinds of garments, especially of female garments; and the suggestion was that Smith and Cross were a pair of dull, dry, and vulgar shopkeepers; for shopkeeping has not yet come to be regarded by the English aristocracy as anything but an ignoble pursuit. In short, the Tories have but one man in the House of Commons, and that is Churchill.

It is not enough to say, however, that the Ministry will be damaged by not having Churchill as their spokesman; he is not the man to sit silent and patient under defeat. At one time, before he was ever raised to the Ministry, he announced that unless he was taken into the sacred circle he would smash the Tory Government in six weeks. He is thoroughly reckless as well as thoroughly unscrupulous; and if he has to leave the Ministry, it is certain that he will do his very best to wreck it. Possibly he may not succeed. We are getting gradually every day in England to that compactness of political and party organization which obtains in the political warfare of the United States, and the Tory party may stick together in spite of the defection and the attacks of Churchill. But to have his clever tongue assailing the half-hearted attempts of the Tory Ministry to propose liberal measures, and appealing to the broader and more democratic principles which he professes, would be a serious embarrassment.

The one thing which would make up for the loss of Churchill would be the gain of Hartington. It will be remembered that when Mr. Gladstone was defeated in the constituencies Lord Salis-

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bury offered the Premiership to the Marquis of Hartington, being content himself with the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. It is reported on good authority that the Marquis of Hartington has been very much inclined to accept the offer, and the report has many things in favor of its acceptance. At present his post is one that has many bitter humiliations. Of all the keen animosities among our political men, none is supposed to be keener than that between Lord Randolph Churchill and the Marquis of Hartington. The temperament, as well as the circumstances, accounts for the mixture of contempt and dislike with which they regard each other, but in the present position of English parties, at least up to the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, the Marquis of Hartington was practically at Lord Randolph Churchill's mercy. Dissolution, according to the universal agreement, would mean the destruction of the Liberal Unionist party, while it might prevent an increase of the strength of the Tories. Lord Randolph Churchill, therefore, was only bound, in the event of dissolution, to make Lord Hartington the potent slave of his will. On the other hand, if Lord Hartington had accepted the offer of the Marquis of Salisbury he would have been at once Prime Minister, and it is doubtful, should he remain in the Liberal party, if he will ever attain to that eminence. He would have had Lord Randolph Churchill as his subordinate, or would have driven him out of the Tory party, and he would have been at the head of a compact body of followers. It is possible that, now that the opportunity comes for the second time of attaining to the highest position, he may not be able to cast aside the temptation. The long connection of the Cavendish family with the Liberal party alone stands in his way. As far as the Irish members would be concerned, this would be a change in the situation which they would have every reason to welcome. It is by the assumption of Liberalism that the Unionists have been able to defeat the policy of Mr. Gladstone. By becoming strictly Tory they would once more restore English parties to their normal condition; their adherents would follow them into the Tory party, and the overwhelming bulk of the Liberals would remain by Mr. Gladstone; and there is little doubt that when Home Rule is brought before the constituencies again, and the parties are restored to their ordinary position, the Liberals will gain the ascendancy. However, this is a matter for speculation, and by the time this article can be printed the problem will have been solved either in the one way or the other.

Let us pass from the consideration of the English parties to the situation in Ireland. The position in which the Irish party found themselves at the end of each session was one of peculiar difficulty. The reduction in the prices of agricultural produce was revolution-

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ary and disastrous, and no sane man had the least doubt that the farmers were rendered utterly unable to pay their rents. Acting on this opinion, Mr. Parnell brought in a bill, the main provision in which was to establish a judicial tribunal to do justice between landlord and tenant, and, in case it was satisfied of the inability of the tenant to pay the rent through the fall in prices, this court would have had the power to fix a certain proportionate abatement. In favor of that bill, practically, the Liberal party voted, and Mr. Gladstone himself came all the way from Bavaria to speak in its favor, but this Tory Ministry opposed it, and it was still more violently denounced by the Marquis of Hartington; and Mr. Chamberlin, having stayed away from the division, satisfied his soul afterwards by writing a letter in which he displayed an astonishing amount of ignorance of the state of Ireland and of the provisions of the bill. The rejection of the bill rested entirely on a denial of the fall in prices, and many supposed facts and shallow arguments were brought forward by way of proving that the Irish tenants, instead of being in a condition of deep distress, were in one of comparative prosperity. Speech after speech was made in which these doctrines were laid down with the greatest emphasis and the completest affectation of sincerity.

Under such circumstances the Irish party faced the recess with some discouragement. If the landlords were to act on the assumption of the Government, then there was the prospect of a wholesale eviction campaign, with all the terrible sufferings by which such a campaign was bound to be attended. The law had been asked to stand between these poor people and their oppressors, and the answer of the law was a stern denial of the justice of their case. It was possible that, under such circumstances, the tenantry would resort to those dark and awful methods which belong to a time when the despair of all human assistance and the pitiless blindness and deafness of the law created the Ribbon Lodge and the midnight assassin. Besides, there were political reasons for feeling discouragement. During the struggle on the Home Rule bill of Mr. Gladstone, the Irish members were constantly importuned by the Irish tenantry with warnings of the coming disaster, and appeals for assistance against exactions of the landlord. To these appeals the Irish members had to turn a deaf ear, and we may so far reveal secret history as to say that an understanding was arrived at, under which the Chief Secretary—Mr. John Morley—was to be troubled as little as possible with questions in regard to the land difficulty. A great deal of small capital has been made out of the silence both of Mr. Gladstone and of the Irish party during the home struggle on the land question, and, amid Tory cheers, the Marquis of Hartington and other speakers asked, during the discussion of the

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Tenant Relief bill of Mr. Parnell, how it was, if the tenants were in such miserable plight, that he had introduced a measure giving the landlords twenty years' purchase of their rents. The answer is very simple. On the part of Mr. Gladstone, it must be remembered that, after all, he is an Englishman, not intimately acquainted with the intricacies and the ever-shifting phases of the Irish nation and the Irish land question. Besides, it is entirely untrue to say that Mr. Gladstone's Land Purchase bill gave the landlords twenty years' purchase on their rents. The figure, twenty years, was mentioned as probably the average; but the Land Commissioners were not bound to accept that or any other term of years, and in some cases they could have gone down as low as one year's purchase on the rental. After all, it is more important to know what the rent is than the number of years on which the purchase will take place. As to the Irish party, their defence for their silence about the coming crisis and their acceptance of the Land Purchase bill is still the more simple. The Liberal Unionists and several others were attempting to draw the land question as a red herring across the path of Home Rule, with the idea not so much of settling the land question as of preventing Home Rule. But to an Irish Nationalist, and indeed to anybody who considers the Irish question with any degree of thoughtfulness, it is quite evident that the question of Home Rule embraces and settles every other question. A Land Purchase bill without Home Rule may be worked to the prejudice of the tenants; but a Land Purchase bill with Home Rule must be worked mainly in the interest of the tenants. With Home Rule we would have the government of Ireland in the hands of Nationalists; the judges would be Nationalists, the civil servants would be Nationalists, or at least would find it convenient to assume friendship to Nationalist principles, and it is absurd to suppose that tribunals, acting under such influences and amid such surroundings, would have been inclined to favor the landlords at the expense of the people. Even if the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's Land Purchase bill were bad—and they were, on the contrary, good—the Irish leaders would have been justified in accepting it; for it would have been accompanied by Home Rule, and Home Rule would have set right any defects in the Land bill.

But, nevertheless, the suspension for the moment of active agitation on the land question had placed the Irish party in a somewhat anomalous position towards the tenantry. The session of Parliament was over, Mr. Gladstone had been defeated, and the position then was that the Irish party had brought back neither Home Rule nor relief for the land difficulty. It is unnecessary to say that the Irish members could not be justly held responsible for the stupidity or half-heartedness in the English constituencies that had

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led to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's proposals. But in politics you must take for granted that a party will be judged by results without regard to the circumstances, and a party that wins is popular, and a party that loses is unpopular.

Apart from all this, the Irish tenants were face to face with a tremendous crisis. The tenants, by their incapability to pay rent, were left at the mercy of the landlords, and it has been the universal disposition of the landlord party to use the power of eviction when destiny places the tenants at their mercy. It has been the whole policy of the Irish party to meet such crises by taking upon itself the duty of protecting the weak, which is exercised by authorized governors when the usurped authority of English ministers did not fulfil its duties in this respect. A similar crisis had arisen in the recess of 1882. Then the tenants, through the failure of the potato crop, were face to face with wholesale eviction. The Ministry of the day had a compensation for disturbance bill, a measure which would have stepped in between the landlord and the tenant, and Parliament rejected the measure. Instead of adopting the timid and unstatesmanlike policy of accepting this defeat, and allowing the people to perish, the Irish party stepped into the gap, and, by public meetings by the Land League and by the force of combination, presented to the landlords so firm a front as to reduce evictions to proportions which, though large, were very small in comparison with the eviction roll in previous cycles of distress. Similarly, the Irish party now resolved that, as the tenants had been abandoned by the Government and the landlords, it was their duty to intervene and point out to them the means of self-protection.

Finally, there was a further consideration, of a political rather than an agrarian character, that pointed out to the Irish party its duty in the crisis. Mr. Gladstone had founded his argument for Home Rule in some respects on a rather too narrow basis. He had declared that there were but two alternatives for the government of Ireland, that by coercion or that by consent. The Liberal Unionists had declared that there was a *via media* and that Ireland would be governed without either coercion or an Irish Parliament. The Tories immediately after the close of the session began to indulge in premature boasts that the falsehood of Mr. Gladstone's proposition had already been proved,—Ireland was free from crime and disturbance,—and the conclusion they triumphantly drew was, that the demand for Home Rule had been killed by the decisive defeat in the elections of 1886—that the Irish people were either cowed or disillusioned, and that if there were any firm government, such as the Tories promised to give, Ireland might be at the same time tranquil and without self-government.

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And here let us pause for a moment in the course of the argument, to meet one objection not so frequently brought against the policy of the Irish party. To many, if not to most Irish Nationalists, the Land League grievance has a very subordinate place in comparison with the National one—and we have already, in the preceding pages, given the reason why such a point of view is justified by cold political calculations. It is, therefore, sometimes thought that when so much is heard of a Land feature, and so little of Home Rule, the Irish party is subordinating the greater to the lesser, and is forgetting the claims of nationality in the demand for agrarian reform. But this is a misapprehension of the whole Irish situation. Home Rule must be approached by different roads, according to the circumstances of the times. For five whole years, in the Parliament of 1880 to 1885, there was scarcely a word said about Home Rule. So far as we recollect, there was no definite bill, or even motion, in its favor introduced by a member of the Irish party, and yet at the end of the five years Home Rule was advanced as the chosen platform of the greatest English statesman of the most powerful English party. The truth is, the land question is inextricably mixed up with the national question, and with the farmers, in their hopes and their fears, apart altogether from their national aspirations, the national has the stronger lever over any other popular movement. On the other hand, the landlords are the hostages of English power now. Belonging to the English race and the English creed, the garrison through many centuries of trouble, their rights are held by many Englishmen, and certainly by the whole Tory party, as the thing that should be defended by all the strength of the empire. When the Irish Nationalist is able to prove that Home Rule is the only escape left to the Irish landlord from ruin, the English Tories will be transformed into Home Rulers just as much as the English Liberals.

To sum up, the Irish tenants are the strength of the Irish position, and the landlords are the weakness of the English position. When, therefore, the Irish Nationalist is attacking the Irish landlord system, he is attacking a bulwark of English power, and every assault he there delivers is an assault that will ultimately lead to Home Rule. It may, therefore, always be assumed by friends of Ireland in America that when this land question comes to the front it does not follow that the national question is sent to the rear. The two questions walk side by side, step by step, and victory of the one would imply simultaneous victory of the other.

There were, then, a vast number of considerations which imposed upon the Irish party the duty of initiating some movement for the protection of the tenantry. Just as they started the series of meet-

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ings which were intended to rouse the tenantry to efforts for self-defence, the Irish party were assisted from an unexpected quarter.

Immediately after the Tories came into office they announced, with a great flourish of trumpets, that a general officer would be sent to County Kerry to put down some moonlight outrages that were taking place. General Buller, the officer selected, had seen service in Zululand and in Egypt—that is to say, among savage or semi-savage peoples—and it was naturally inferred that his appointment was intended to be a preparation for the establishment of martial law all over the island. The appointment was attacked with considerable vigor in the House of Commons, especially by the Radical section of the Liberal party, and some explanations were given, intended to soothe public opinion in England. But Sir Redvers Buller's appointment remained, and there were the most gloomy prophecies as to the work which the Tory Government was contemplating. But Sir Redvers Buller, in addition to being a soldier, is also an English landed proprietor, and the English landed proprietor is a very different kind of individual from his brother in Ireland. Indeed, the Irish landlord is a creature *sui generis*. There is nothing like him in the whole world, and part of the difficulty of the Irish land question has been to bring this fact home to the mind of the civilized world, which has insisted that, because the landlord in Ireland and the landlord elsewhere were called by the same name, they meant the same thing. Sir Redvers Buller knew that, in his own county of Devonshire, he and all his brother landlords had to supply the farm to the farmer with a large number of appurtenances,—house, barns, fences, etc.,—while, when he went to Kerry, he found that every bit of labor on the farm, every item of expenditure of capital, by which it had been rescued from the waste, belonged, not to the landlord, but to the tenant. Again, he found that, while the English landlord, with his capital invested in his farm, yet gave his tenant a considerable abatement in consequence of the fall of prices, the Irish landlord, who had nothing to do but take the rent, refused a penny of abatement. He found tenants threatened with eviction from houses built with their own hands or by the hands of their fathers, and from fields that had been drained and reclaimed and tilled in the sweat of their own brows and out of their own capital. Coming, too, from a prosperous country, General Buller was, doubtless, greatly shocked by the condition of misery to which successive generations of rack-renters had reduced the Irish tenants; for there is no part of Ireland at once so beautiful and so distressful as the county of Kerry; and the final outcome of it all is that the English general, having come to scoff, remained to pray, and reported to the Government that the tenants were unable to pay the full rents. We do not know whether

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at the same time he threatened to resign in case he was asked to help the landlords to screw out the last farthing of the rents; but, at all events, his official reports had an immediate and an enormous effect upon the policy of the Government.

This was not due to any tenderness of feeling. We do not suppose that the fortunes of Ireland were ever at the mercy of a gang more unsympathetic or more ignorant than the present Tory rulers. The Marquis of Salisbury, the other day, speaking of the land question, calmly remarked that, after all, the Irish tenant had not one, but two choices to make—he could pay his rent or he could leave his farm. A sentiment like this was, no doubt, very acceptable at a dinner in the city of London, around tables that groaned under the choicest viands and wines that money could buy; but to an Irish peasant it must have sounded like a message of cynic and heartless hate; for the choice which was represented to him as so easy, meant that he could choose between an impossible attempt to pay an exorbitant rent and the roadside and the ditch for himself and his children.

Of Lord Randolph Churchill we have already described our opinion; and the rest of the Ministry are ignorant nobodies who know nothing about the Irish or any other question. The controlling motive with the Ministry was of a very different kind. As we have already stated, the essence of the Tory position was that Ireland might be refused Home Rule, and that at the same time there need be no resort to coercion. The introduction of coercion then would have meant the discrediting of the Tory policy in its central position. Besides, it is well known that no coercion bill could be passed in Parliament without the bitter and the prolonged opposition of the Irish party. The session in which coercion was proposed would necessarily be a broken session; and it was supposed to be the ambition of Lord Randolph Churchill to have a session fruitful in legislation—probably by way of showing that the Tories could construct legislation quite as well as the Liberals. To prevent the necessity for a resort to coercion then became a first and supreme part of the Ministerial policy. But it was perfectly clear from the reports of General Buller that, if the landlords were helped to evict, there would be desperate outrages by men driven to frenzy by the sight of starving wives and children; and so the discouragement of eviction became the interest of the Government.

This led to a transformation, one of the most astonishing in history. Within a few weeks after their emphatic declarations that the Irish tenants were perfectly well able to pay their rents, the Ministers proceeded to take steps which were only justifiable on the condition that inability to pay rent was general. Many authoritative

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denials have been given, and there is no public account of what the Ministerial officials actually did say to the landlords whom they visited; but the broad facts remain. Wherever the representatives of the Government appeared, there immediately came an entire cessation on the part of the landlords of actions for eviction. In one district Captain Plunket, a man who made himself especially obnoxious by his rigorous conduct under the Crimes' Act, visited twenty-two landlords. The district, at the time, was in a very disturbed state; processes had been taken out against the tenants by the wholesale; large bodies of police had been drafted into the district, and there were rumors of those birds of evil omen, the Emergency men; but, with the visit of Captain Plunket, all this came to an end. The processes were withdrawn; at the very first start, nineteen out of the total of twenty-one landlords came to an understanding with their tenants on reasonable terms, and the district was restored to its characteristic tranquility. Similar scenes took place all over Ireland. The visit of the Governmental officers was immediately followed by the surrender of the landlords and the abatement of rent; and at last it came to be a popular joke that the only coercion the Government had brought in was the coercion of the landlords.

Such a policy on the part of the Government at once gave the Irish party all the necessary justification for a movement against rack-rents. The Government first admitted the reduction of prices and the necessity for abatements. Then they admitted the necessity of compelling landlords to make abatements who were not willing to do so. It was not, obviously, by soft words alone that they had succeeded in inducing a class at once so greedy and so necessitous to make abatements. The abatements were induced, beyond all question, by threats; and the chief threat was that, if the landlords insisted on making evictions, then the Government would put all the obstacles they could in the way of carrying out these evictions. As the Irish tenantry were resolved to make a stand for their homes, evictions could not be carried out without force; and the refusal of the assistance of the police then meant the suspension of evictions. It does not require legal training to see that the course of the Government was entirely illegal. In no country in the world would such action on the part of the Executive find less toleration than in America. When we were in Washington in 1882, the Senate was discussing the Chinese bill, and we were especially struck by a speech made by Senator Hawley. One of the senators from California had said—or, to be more correct, was supposed to have said—that if the bill were rejected there might be popular outbreaks in California. The emphatic answer of Senator Hawley was that to such a statement the proper response would be

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the dispatch of General Sheridan or General Sherman to the Pacific coast, the prompt restoration of order, and the suspension of all legislation, or all consideration of legislation, on the Chinese question until order was restored. And your history is full of remarkable instances of the prompt suppression of very popular uprisings, even when they were not wholly without justification. It is not the business of an Executive to pick and choose as to the laws which it shall execute and those it shall not. To change laws or suspend them is the business of legislatures; to carry them out without distinction is the business of executives.

The Government, then, by refusing to the landlords the aid of the Executive in the assertion of claims which, whether just or unjust, were legal, set the example of illegality, and it is not matter for surprise that the Irish leaders better the instruction. And be it always remembered that there is a justification for illegality on the part of popular leaders in Ir eland that does not exist in the case of the British Ministers, and that would just as little exist in a free country like America. The laws of America are made by the people of America. The laws of Ireland are not made by the people of Ireland. There never has been and there never will be any moral or legal obligation on the part of an oppressed people to obey the laws of the rulers whom they hate and whom they are compelled by superior force to obey. But, in any case, even if there were a legal obligation on the part of the people of Ireland to obey English laws, the obligation was extirpated in this crisis by the action of the Government. If illegality were justifiable on the part of the English Executive to prevent evictions, it is as justifiable on the part of the Irish leaders.

But why, it may be asked, was the interference of the Irish leaders necessary at all if the Government were doing the work of forcing abatements and coercing landlords? The answer is, that while the proceedings of the Government touched a certain number of the Irish landlords, it left a large section unattacked. The operations of the Irish leaders were strictly, absolutely, and entirely confined to such landlords as were resolved to exact rack-rents, and were not or could not be coerced by the Government. It is necessary to insist a little on this point. In England, and probably in America, it has been supposed that the Irish leaders have recommended a general suspension of rent, or, if not, at least a suspension of rent on a large number of estates throughout the country. This is to wholly misunderstand the tactics of the Irish party. Again we say that their action with regard to estates was strictly limited by following very narrow limits: first, to estates where the Government had not succeeded in compelling the landlords to make abatements; secondly, to estates where the tenants

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were obviously unable to pay the full rents through the fall in prices; and thirdly, to estates where the landlord had refused all abatements, or offered abatements ridiculously out of proportion to the necessities of the case.

Now we give a description of the "Plan of Campaign." The main features of this remarkable expedient were: first, that the tenants should act in a body; second, that they should discuss and decide upon the amount of rent which the times would enable them to pay; third, that they should offer the rent minus the abatement agreed upon to the landlord; fourth, that in case of his refusal to reduce, the rent should be placed in the hands of trustees; fifth, that in case the landlord should at any time come to terms, the money should be promptly handed over to him, while, in case he should proceed to extremities against any of the tenants, the money should be expended in defending the homes of the evicted.

This plan was drawn up by perhaps the ablest organizer the Irish party has produced within the last few years, and an examination of its details increases the admiration for its tactical ability. Many of its provisions became necessary by the character of the Irish farmers. The farmer in all countries is of a somewhat grasping disposition, and in Ireland this tendency has been aggravated by the unhappy crisis of the country, and especially by the melancholy fact that the land offered, practically speaking, the one chance of livelihood between life and death to half the population. It was necessary, therefore, that the tenants should act in a body, so that the weak and the timid should be strengthened by the brave and the strong, and that there might be found that irresistible power which dwells in union. In every army there are deserters, in every movement there are weaklings. The deposit of the money in the hands of trustees, irrevocable under any crisis, made treason absolutely impossible to even the most cowardly. Finally, it became necessary that the money should be utilized in fighting the landlords, because the campaign would otherwise be impossible. In the Land League days the attempt was made to measure the resources of the Land League with the resources of the British exchequer. The contest was unequal. Even with the vast generosity of the Irish race all over the world, but especially in America, no Irish movement could hope to obtain more than a quarter of a million of annual revenue, and few such have even received half that sum in the highest times of their prosperity, while the annual budget of the British Empire is something about one hundred millions sterling; and the rent from Ireland still remains about twelve millions sterling, or sixty million dollars. To fight the landlords, then, meant the expense of a most vigorous campaign, and it is perfectly evident that no resources at the dis-

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position of the Irish leaders would have enabled them to make such a contest with the least chance of success. But under the Plan of Campaign, the war, according to the old Napoleonic maxim, was made a field war. The landlord who decided on evicting his tenants, did so with the loss of his own money; and the more he evicted and the longer he fought, the less money he had ultimately to receive. It requires some little consideration to see how irresistible such strategy made the position of the tenant. Eviction in Ireland is expensive, most slow, and, above all things, it is unprofitable. Acting in a spirit of union and combination, which, if it had existed at a previous period of Irish history, would have perhaps saved millions of Irish lives, the tenants now refuse to take a farm from which a fellow tenant has been unjustly evicted. The landlord, therefore, has now no remedy when the evicted farm is thrown upon his hands but to give it up to emergency men, and emergency men are the dissipated offscourings of the towns, who are either unable or unwilling to work the land, and, owing to the terrors of their occupation, demand high wages; and then not only does the land remain uncultivated and the yield light, but it also takes money from the landlord in the shape of the high wages of the emergency men. Thus, evictions now proceed at a pace slower than that of the snail. It sometimes takes weeks to displace four or five tenants. It will, therefore, be easily understood that the eviction by some landlords of tenants on an estate will be the work of years. Meantime the tenants will have some eight or ten thousand pounds to support themselves during that period, and thus practically the war could be continued for ever, or at least until Home Rule is obtained, on any estate where the Plan of Campaign has been adopted.

It is desirable that we should say something of the moral aspects of this question. At the same time we might refuse to enter into this point at all, and rest satisfied with the fact that the plan has received the sanction of Archbishop Walsh, one of the most brilliant of men and one of the most learned of theologians in the whole Church. But let a few words suffice. In the first place, we do not think anybody has a right to apply to men fighting for the liberties of their country the same rigid canons of moral criticism as to citizens in a self-governed country. After all, the state of relations between England and Ireland is war, and ought to be judged by the rules of war. It is as necessary to remember that the Irish farmer is fighting for self-government and against the British garrison in the present crisis, as to remember that the principle of free institutions inspired the men who threw the tea into Boston harbor. To bring the Boston soldiers of freedom before the court of history, and try them on a charge of petty larceny or

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assault and battery, would be a ridiculous travesty of the canons of historic and moral criticism; and we have a right to demand that something of the same regard for the higher law of national rights should be paid to the case of the Irish farmer. But we are prepared to argue the narrow question on its intrinsic merits without regard to the larger considerations which may lie behind. It must always be remembered, in discussing questions between the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant, that we are discussing a case of partnership, not of absolute and sole ownership on the one side or on the other. Neither the landlord nor the tenant is the sole owner of the land now. They are joint owners. The moral justification for the joint ownership of the tenant is the fact, to which we have already alluded, that all the value added to the bare land in a state of wilderness is due to the labor and the capital of the tenant; but that point need not be discussed; the controversy has been closed by legislation. In two acts of Parliament, the Land Act of 1870 and the Land Law (Ireland) Act of 1881, the joint ownership of the tenant in the land is laid down in unmistakable language. This joint ownership lies at the bottom, in the Act of 1870, of the sections which compel the landlord, on evicting his tenant, to give him compensation for evicting him. The principle of joint ownership lies at the bottom of nearly every clause of the Land Act of 1881. It is this principle that lies at the bottom of the section which gives a court the power to fix a rent between the landlord and the tenant. It is this principle which justifies the section giving the tenant the right to sell his good will in his land; and so on thus we might go through several sections and show how the joint proprietorship of the land is a fundamental and unquestionable principle of English law. We may go further, and say that the ownership of the tenant is declared to be preferential. The Court, in fixing the rent, has held that the rent must be such as will enable the tenant to live and thrive, and this implies that until as much has been subtracted from the produce of the land as will feed and clothe and house the tenant, the claim of the landlord does not come in for consideration.

The tenant and the landlord, then, are partners in the land; the tenant, besides having his right to food and subsistence, generally has a preferential charge on the produce of the farm. If the year has been disastrous in its prices, then the profit of the farm is largely reduced. The farmer still retains his first charge for subsistence, and it is not until that charge has been met that the rent begins to be a claim. It is evident that the rent cannot be as large in bad as in good years without invading the sacred domain of the tenant's subsistence; and it is, therefore, perfectly plain that

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the rent should be reduced in proportion to the reduction in the prices.

When the landlord claims the whole rent without abatement, his case is that of a fraudulent partner who wishes to retain for himself all the profits and to throw on the other partner all the losses of their joint concern. But it will be objected, under the Plan of Campaign, that the tenants are the judges in their own case, and a dispute between two hostile parties is decided by the voice of but one of the two. Yes; but is not the landlord the judge in his own case who insists on exacting the full rent and in evicting and throwing to the mercy of the elements the tenants who can not pay? It is wrong of either the tenant or the landlord to be the judge in his own case; but it is equally wrong in the one case as in the other, and the tenant has just as much right to fix the abatement he demands as the landlord to fix the abatement he will refuse.

All throughout this controversy, remember this central fact, that the responsibility for leaving the decision of this question to the partisanship of one or the other partner in the transaction does not rest with the Irish party. The Irish party proposed, through Mr. Parnell, the Tenant Relief bill. The fundamental principle of that bill was, that a court of law outside of both the landlord and the tenant should arbitrate between them, and should decide what rent the landlord should get and the tenant give. The choice left to the Irish farmer was not the legal remedy of a third and impartial person, but the fixing of the rent by the landlord or by himself.

The final objection to the Plan of Campaign is, that the rents which the tenant sought to have abated had been fixed a short time before by the Land Courts. This objection has been answered by the Land Courts themselves. In the Irish party one of the latest recruits is Mr. Pierce Mahony, who was for three years a sub-commissioner engaged in the fixing of rents. He declares that the reduction in prices which has set in during the last couple of years was entirely unprovided for in the rents fixed by his court, and he gives us the very excellent reason that the commissioners had not the gift of inspiration, and that the eye of inspiration alone could foresee such a reduction as has come. Testimony as strong is daily given in the decisions of the men who have remained land commissioners. In the first years after the passage of the Land Act of 1881, the courts gave an average reduction of about twenty per cent. in the rents, and they were considered to have done wonderful things when they went as high in their reductions as twenty-five per cent. In recent cases they have made reductions amounting to fifty-two per cent. The vast difference is, of course, due to their

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appreciation of the difference in the ability to pay rent which the last two years have made.

The Plan of Campaign, when once it was fairly started, was taken up in a way that suggested strange and sad reflections on the condition and the mind of the Irish people. A nation that has been described as ungovernable obeyed the advice of their leaders with a trustfulness and alacrity, often a self-sacrifice, that proved their title to being among the most easily governed people in the world. The Irish members opened rent offices, and immediately the tenants came pouring in from all parts of the country. Often in bleak weather, with the snow falling fast, they stood patiently for hours in their thin clothing outside the small cabin in which the Irish member was laboriously counting the heterogeneous coin in which poverty wanted to pay its little bills. Stirred by the national spirit, which, like an inner fire, burns brightly in the humblest Irish hearts and enlivens the narrowest and dullest brain, people borrowed and begged money to be counted among those who were fighting for Ireland. There were instances of tenants parting with their last cow, or even pig, to make up their share of the rent. A woman came to one rent office with the postal order she had just received from her daughter in San Francisco, with the declaration that she would never have paid the money to the landlord, but that she was ready to give it to the national rent office for the sake of her neighbors.

While these strange and moving scenes were going on all over the country, not merely without concealment, but even with ostentatious publicity, the Government neither stirred nor spoke. At last Mr. John Dillon was brought before the Court of Queen's Bench, and a couple of vile creatures who, under the name of judges, are among the most unscrupulous tools of English tyranny in Ireland, declared that the Plan of Campaign was illegal. Let it first be remarked that the statute under which Mr. Dillon was tried dates from the time of Charles I. It is to the period of a statute book of a king whom they executed for tyranny that your modern English Minister has to go back for legal weapons against an Irish movement. And, secondly, the proceedings in the Irish Queen's Bench in which Mr. Dillon figured are possible only in Ireland. In England the mode of convicting a man for a political offence is by the verdict of a jury of his countrymen. We have our socialists here, and some of them were charged with having used language that incited to disorder; but they were not brought before the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. Hyndman, their leader, was brought before a jury and was acquitted. But in any case the Court of Queen's Bench was not called upon to declare its opinion on the Plan of Campaign. It was not that, but the

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speeches of Mr. Dillon which were brought before it; and it might as well have gone out of its way to denounce the binomial theorem. But the judgment was good enough for the Government, and, on the next occasion, when a rent office was opened, the police rushed in and attempted to seize the money deposited, and in one case did seize a certain amount. We need not point out that such conduct was entirely illegal, even after the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench, and even though the Plan of Campaign was illegal. For the money did not belong to the Crown; it did not belong to the landlord—he could only establish his claim to it by an action at law. The seizure of the money was a piece of gross brute force, such as despotic governments are compelled to adopt in the countries they govern against the people's will.

And now the struggle has entered on a new phase. The Government has resolved to seize the money collected, and their action, whether legal or illegal, has the support of superior force. If the Plan of Campaign should have to be persevered in, the rent collection must take place in private, and there are abundant means for doing this. But the situation has grave perils that require the most cautious handling. The Irish party have a position that is enormously strengthened, and that at the same time is greatly limited by the support of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party. That support, especially on the part of Mr. Gladstone, is honest, constant; we may go further, and say, is enthusiastic. But Mr. Gladstone has his difficulties in dealing with a heterogeneous party, and with a public opinion so ill-informed and fitful as that of England. It must be part of the policy of the Irish party to have serious concern for the difficulties of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party. The Plan of Campaign has unquestionably been misunderstood in England, and some of the half-hearted Liberal journals have pronounced ignorant and silly judgments upon it. There was a danger, under such circumstances, that if the plan had spread the Irish leaders had only to give the word and it would have spread all over the island; we might have thrown some of the more timorous Liberals into the hands of the Tories, and the prospect would have been clouded if the Tories were able to introduce a coercion bill and obtain for it the support even of an infinitesimal section of the Liberal party.

The situation will be entirely different when Parliament meets. The Liberal party will then have an opportunity of hearing the Plan of Campaign, and the other actions of the Irish party, described and defended by their own lips; there will be a better understanding on the one side and on the other, and the Liberal party will be in thorough sympathy with the Irish leaders. The Government, on the other hand, will be in a weak and entirely inde-

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fensible position through their own coercion of the landlords and their testimony thereby to the severity of the agrarian crisis. Whether the relief of the tenants should take the form of the spread of the Plan of Campaign, or the introduction again of such a measure as Mr. Parnell's bill of last session, will be matter for grave consideration. At all events, the Irish party will be strong in the adoption of either course.

For these reasons we are looking forward to the coming session of Parliament with eager hope. We write on the day which has brought the portentous announcement of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation. With comment on that fact we began; with comment on that fact we close. It is one more among the abounding proofs of the last few years, that the Irish have to-day reversed the monotonous tale of all their past struggles with English oppression. They are united; their enemies are divided; and in Irish union lies the certainty of early victory.

Postscript.

Events have occurred within the last few days which do much to confirm the favorable forecast of the future, upon which we ventured in the foregoing pages. The acceptance of office by Mr. Goschen aggravates the difficulties of the Government. He is a man of considerable financial ability, a good debater, and has some strength of conviction. These qualities will do something to assist a Ministry which is more deplorably deficient in talent than almost any of modern times. But the gain is purchased at the heaviest of prices, namely, the hostility of Lord Randolph Churchill. He has declared over and over again, since his resignation, that if his place were taken by one of his own party—say, by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach or Mr. W. H. Smith—he would observe an attitude of benevolence towards the Government; but that, if an outsider were introduced, he would make fierce and relentless war upon the administration. The reasons for these declarations are obvious. Either Beach or Smith Lord Randolph might consider a warming-pan until such time as he chose to make up his differences with his colleagues; but Mr. Goschen is a strong man, and, if he succeed in getting any hold on the Tory party, he will not be so easily displaced as the other incompetents whom accident has raised to a prominent place in the government of the party. Semi-official communications have appeared in the papers for the last day or two, announcing that Lord Randolph will stand by the Government; but nobody attaches much importance to these disclaimers. It is the traditional statement of the candid friend who

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attacks his former comrades, that his enmity is but friendship well disguised.

There are grounds in the nature of things for anticipating fierce attacks from such a man as Churchill on such a man as Goschen, altogether apart from the necessity Churchill is under of driving from the Tory ranks a successful rival. The temperament of Churchill is one of the chief reasons of his advancement. He is full of moral courage and self-confidence, is madly egotistic and is absolutely reckless. To fight against one's political friends is to most men a great trial; there is nothing in which Churchill has always seemed so greatly to delight. He would not be where he is to-day if he had not been able to assail and sneer at and oppose the late Sir Stafford Northcote at a time when that estimable gentleman was still the recognized head of the Tory party. When Churchill was making these attacks first, he was playing the Liberal game, and he used to speak amid the cheers of his political opponents and the blank silence of his own friends. More than once, probably, he was denounced as a traitor; but he went on just the same, not even appearing to notice the attacks made upon him. After enduring years of contempt, he succeeded finally, and he trampled on everybody who stood in his way. Having done this once, he is very likely to try it again. His egotism will largely help him in this task. He belongs to that curious class of politicians who have no world outside their own personal ambitions and interests. That which he wants for the time being is sacred to him, represents public interest, patriotic duty.

To accuse such a man of dishonesty is to misappreciate his nature. If he be ruining interests that ought to be sacred to him, that is your point of view, not his. Churchill and men of the Churchill type are prevented at once by the largeness of their vanity and the narrowness of their mental horizon from seeing anything except in its bearing upon themselves. There is no use, then, in arguing that, because a certain course may be injurious to the interests of the Tory Ministry or the Tory party, or even those lofty though unintelligible things—the integrity of the Empire and the supremacy of Parliament—there is no use in arguing that Churchill will not follow such a course. The one pertinent question to ask, in reference to him, is whether this or that course will suit his interests and his passions and egotism, and then you can infer his action. Finally, he is utterly reckless. When he was leader of the small Fourth party, he used to put Mr. Gladstone on the rack on nights when every syllable of the Prime Minister carried with it the possibilities of peace or the most fearful war of modern times. This indifference to results is not courage; but it is often the best substitute for courage that a statesman can have.

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He goes straight to his end through awful possibilities and over the most sacred interests, while more conscientious and thoughtful men are pottering over their scruples and the risks to their country or their fellow men.

If, then, it be the interest of Churchill to assail the Ministry, he will do so; and there is little doubt that it is his interest. He has taken a step the seriousness of which can only be justified by the most imperative considerations of policy. His resignation has given—as most people think—a deathblow to a Ministry which alone stands between England and what Conservatives profess to believe is the disruption of the Empire; and he has resigned, moreover, at a time when the whole of Europe resounds with the preparatory din of a war of giants. Such a resignation must be justified by the most irreconcilable differences of opinion on questions of supreme importance. It will be, then, the duty of Churchill to show that the points of variance between him and Lord Salisbury were points of immense magnitude; and, if they be points of immense magnitude, then the Ministry of Lord Salisbury must have adopted a policy full of the gravest mischief in the eyes of Churchill. But Churchill cannot accuse a Ministry of a most unwise policy on the gravest questions, and at the same time profess friendship for such a Ministry. He is bound to destroy it if he can. For instance, he states that some millions could be saved in the army and navy; he is bound to criticise adversely a Ministry which, at a period of exceptional distress, throws the burden of some millions of unnecessary taxation upon the country. He declares that he is against the foreign policy of Lord Salisbury as threatening to involve England in an unnecessary war; he is bound to save his country from such a calamity by opposing the Ministry that threatens to bring it upon the country. He is opposed to the Local Government bill of the Government as introducing fancy franchises and property qualifications in this age of frank democracy, and he is called on to prevent Lord Salisbury from adopting a policy which he regards as fatal to the interests of the Tory party. In short, Churchill in self-justification is bound to make a great case against the Government, and a great case he will accordingly make.

We have said that against such a politician as Mr. Goschen, Churchill would feel a particular hostility. No two men could represent more opposite and irreconcilable schools of thought. The strength of Churchill and of the Toryism which he has created is, that it aims at being constructive as well as obstructive. He has seen that the old policy of merely opposing everything the Liberals propose is a policy which would have no place in a country ruled by the masses. The maintenance of ancient wrongs

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and time-honored follies may appear an all-sufficing creed to the squire upon his comfortable estate or to the parson in his comely rectory; but it is not a gospel for artisans and laborers recently emancipated and athirst for change. Churchill accordingly has claimed for the Tory party that it shall reform as well as the Liberal; that it shall make great attempts to ameliorate the condition of the people; that it also shall attack and destroy ancient wrongs and hoary monopolies. The obstructive side of Churchill's Toryism was not always very sane; it opposed possible reforms to promote impossible ones; but it dangerously approached to socialistic absurdities; at the same time it was constructive, and, therefore, was different and more successful than the barren criticism and the fatuous hostility to every progressive movement which distinguished the Toryism of the dead past.

Now, of all political men of his time Mr. Goschen represents the doubtful, hesitant, timorous spirit which is the basis of obstructive Toryism. He has never been a hearty friend of the democracy at all. Rather than extend to the householder of the counties the vote which had already been conferred on the householders of the towns, he remained for years out of office. Now that the laborers of the counties have got the votes, Mr. Goschen has distinguished himself by the enthusiasm with which he has opposed every plan for the improvement of their abject lot. The late Ministry of Mr. Gladstone came into office on an amendment which called for immediate steps to be taken to assist the laborer, and Mr. Goschen seized the opportunity to deliver against any such proposal a more violent speech than any uttered from the Tory benches. But Churchill, on the other hand, agrees with Mr. Chamberlain on this as well as on other questions, and is for large, immediate and audacious proposals for dealing with the agricultural laborer. To sum up, Goschen is the representative of the highest, the direst and the straitest school of Whig *laissez faire* in legislation; Churchill belongs to the school that calls for State interference amounting to socialism. It is nonsense to suppose that men of such opposite policies and temperaments can consent to go on together.

But if Churchill opposes the Ministry, does it follow that he will break them? For the moment it certainly might be argued that he had done them no harm. Not one of his colleagues has followed him into retirement; the solid battalions of the faithful rank and file remain solid still; and for the hour Churchill appears to stand shivering and alone. But this is only the beginning of the fight. Churchill has not yet stated his case to Parliament; above all, Churchill has not yet gone to the popular platform and mass meeting, where he alone of all the men in the Tory party is able

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to excite interest and arouse enthusiasm. When all this has been done, the whole situation may be transformed. Churchill is the parent and the creator of the Tory section that represents the towns in the present Parliament, and he can destroy that which he created. Excessive taxation, foreign adventures, reactionary legislation—these are things that may be defended before squires and yokels trembling for their day's labor and their Christmas blanket; but no town constituency will listen to them, and it is, therefore, quite on the cards that Churchill will detach a considerable cave from the party among the representatives of the towns. A cave among the Tories would mean, of course, the immediate break-up of the Government.

One other element has been added to increase the dismay among the enemies and to cheer the hopes of the friends of Irish self-government. It is now authoritatively announced that a conference will take place, within the next few days, between the Radical Unionists and the Gladstonians. It is premature to declare that this conference will end in a complete reconciliation. Apparently there are still irreconcilable differences of principle. But these differences may be taken with some abatement. Bound by solemn pledges to Lord Hartington and dogged by his vehement utterances in the heat of controversy, Mr. Chamberlain finds it necessary to proclaim his principles a little more loudly than ever; but surrenders are nearly always preceded by defiant blowing of trumpets. His position at the present moment is intolerable. Churchill was his man in the Cabinet, divided from him only in name, agreed with him in all political essentials. Goschen, on the other hand, has been his chief opponent. His support of a Churchill Ministry was easy; his support of a Goschen Ministry is impossible. The one point of escape from a position of absolute isolation and helplessness is reconciliation with his former friends; and when his interests lead so directly to that result, that result may be anticipated. Of one thing the American public may be assured. In this conference there will be no sacrifice of Irish National principles. Behind Mr. Gladstone stands Mr. Parnell, and behind Mr. Parnell the Irish race and the earnest and upright Radicalism of England, Scotland and Wales. Even if Mr. Gladstone were inclined to surrender, he would find it impossible. Without 86 Irish votes the return of the Liberals to power is impossible, and these 86 votes will not be given to any Ministry that is not pledged to give self-government to Ireland. But there is no reason to have the smallest doubt of Mr. Gladstone. His convictions on the Irish question have the inflexibility that comes from a perfect comprehension of the problem. The satisfaction of the Irish people he knows to be the first essential of a durable settlement, and with

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any scheme that does not satisfy the Irish people he will have nought to do. We are glad to be able to inform our readers that his health is good and his spirits are as high as at any period of his life, and that he approaches the coming session in the firm conviction that before its close there will be confusion among Ireland's enemies and joy among her friends.

LATE EDITIONS OF THE FATHERS.

A Select Library of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, in connection with a number of Patristic Scholars of Europe and America. Volume I. The Confessions and Letters of St. Augustin, with a Sketch of his Life and Work. Buffalo: The Christian Literature Company. 1886. Large 8vo., pp. ix–619.

IN former ages, and even in the four or more centuries that have gone by since the invention of printing, the writings of the Fathers of the Church have been a sealed book to lay readers, and could be enjoyed only by the scholar for whose sole benefit they were printed. They were published only in the original language of the writer. If in Greek they were, at most, accompanied by a Latin translation, as may be seen either in the works of single Greek Fathers (Eusebius, Basil, the Gregories, Chrysostom, etc.) or in the collections of Sirmond, Combefis, Montfaucon, Gallandi, and others.[1] This became a positive necessity whenever the Father's language was yet more strange and recondite than Greek, as in the case of those who wrote in Syriac, Armenian, etc.[2]

[1] A notable exception to this rule is Sir Henry Saville's edition of St. John Chrysostom's works (Eton, 1612, nine vols. fo.) in Greek only. On the other hand, Combefis in some of his minor collections (Sermons of the Greek Fathers, Theodotus of Ancyra, St. Germanus of Jerusalem, etc.) gave a Latin translation in lieu of the Greek text.

[2] See Card. Quirini's magnificent edition of St. Ephrem, in Syriac and Latin, Rome, 1737–43; Severus of Alexandria, De Ritibus Baptismi, etc., interprete Guidone Fabricio Boderiano, Antuerpiae, 1572, 4to, Syriac and Latin (a book so rare that its existence has been doubted and denied, but of which the library of St. Charles's Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., possesses a copy). So, too, St. Clement's two Epistles on Vir-

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But this necessity seems to be no longer recognized by the Lagardes, Lees, Curetons, and some other learned editors of our day, who publish Greek and Syriac works of the Fathers, unaccompanied by a translation, sometimes without even a critical annotation.[1] Lagarde gives a very fair reason. He was hastening to provide material for the lexicographers who were to prosecute the unfinished works of Bernstein. And this material has been used by Payne Smith and his colleagues in their magnificent work, the "Thesaurus Syriacus," which has reached the letter *Semeat.* But what excuse had the others? They have offered no plea in defence that we are aware of. Besides, there was special need of a translation in the books alluded to. For all the learned of Europe were most anxious to peruse those old works, the Theophaniæ and the Festal Letters,[2] which had for so many centuries been given up for lost, and had come to light at last, though in a language hidden from all but a favored few. They certainly could not imagine that scholarship had progressed so far in our day that any and every patristic scholar is acquainted with Greek and the Semitic languages. Greek may be taught in many schools, but is adequately learned in very few; and, even in the case of a biblical scholar, it would be unfair to exact of him that he should be familiar with any tongue but those in which the Scriptures were written, Greek and Hebrew. All beyond this is help and gain, but not necessity. Moreover, these editors do not act consistently.

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ginity, published in both languages by Wetstein (Lugduni Batav., 1752); Gallandi, in 1st volume of his Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum (Venice, 1765); and finally by Beelen (Louvain, 1856), the best edition of all. To these may be added "Opera S. Jacobi Nisibeni," published at Rome, in 1756, in Armenian and Latin, by the Canon Antonelli; and, almost in our own day, the Chronicle of Eusebius (by Mai and Zohrab, Milan, 1818), and the Letters of St. Ignatius, in Armenian, Greek and Latin, edited by the Mechitarist Monk, Father J. B. Aucher, Venice, 1818.

[1] LAGARDE, Titi Bostrensis contra Manichaeos, Libri IV, Syriace, Berolini, 1859, 4to.; Idem Graece, same year and place, 8vo.; Reliquiae Juris Ecclesiastici antiquissimae, Syriace, Vindobonae, 1856, 8vo.; Reliquiae Jur. Eccl. antiquiss., Graece, same year and place, 8vo.; S. LEE, Syriac Version of the Theophania of Eusebius, London, 1842, 8vo.; CURETON, Festal Letters of (St.) Athanasius, in Syraic, London, 1848, 8vo.

[2] These Festal or Paschal Letters were sent every year by the Patriarch of Alexandria, as the Council of Nice had prescribed, to all Metropolitans in the East, and to the Pope as the Patriarch of the West, to announce to them the day on which Easter should be celebrated, that it might be one and the same throughout the Christian world. Many of the Alexandrine dignitaries used the occasion to treat of some moral or dogmatical subject, especially St. Athanasius (as appears from the newly-discovered work), Theophilus (St. Jerome has preserved for us in a Latin translation his Letters of A. D. 401, 402, and 404), and St. Cyril, who died in 444; a few of St. Cyril's yet remain unpublished in the Vatican Library. These circular Letters were issued on the Feast of the Epiphany.

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For they have enriched and rendered available all other Syriac works of the Fathers by translation and suitable comment.[1]

The world-renowned Cardinal Mai also left a good deal untranslated in his later Collections.[2] But he had a reason, which not only exculpates him but does honor to his memory. Yet the reason is a sad one, and reflects little credit on those who were around him. Being asked why he published without translating, he replied substantially as follows: "My days are approaching their end; I have no time to spend in translating. I must hasten to give the world these treasures before I die. When I am gone there will be none found willing either to publish or to translate."[3] What a depressing thought! A large city, full of men well versed in all divine and human learning, theologians, poets, profound delvers in the mine of profane archæology, and yet not one to seek out and share with the world these forgotten and unprized treasures! It is neither creditable nor edifying; and it is no harm to anticipate hostile reproach by candid avowal. Great and pious men have done so in our own day. The learned Tyrolese Benedictine, F. Pius Zingerle, alludes to this shameful supineness in words of overstrained mildness:

"Praefationi vero huic finem imponere nequeo, quin pium studiosumque votum eloquar et desiderium, ut thesauri codicum Syriacorum Romae accumulati non diutius quasi sepulti remaneant. Valde exoptanda est praesertim emendatior Operum S. Ephraemi et editio et interpretatio, tum praeclarissimorum SS. Jacobi Sarugensis et Isaaci M. operum hucusuque frustra et graviter desiderata editio. Nec alii desunt codices pretiosi dignissimique, qui in lucem edantur."[4]

But in another work he opens his mind more freely, and gives fuller vent to his feelings of just indignation. After mentioning with due praise the two young priests who were his disciples and fellow laborers, Joseph Zingerle and Dr. George Mösinger, he goes on to state openly and frankly (aperte et candide) what chiefly induced him to bring to light these unpublished manuscripts:

"Nimirum non sine justa indignatione animadvertimus et nobiscum reputavimus, longo illo tempore ex quo doctissimi Assemani-

[1] Cureton, The Ancient Syriac Version of Epistles of St. Ignatius . . . . . edited with an English translation and notes, London, 1845. The same, History of the Martyrs of Palestine, by Eusebius, edited and translated, London, 1861.

[2] How much we cannot specify, having no access to these costly treasures.

[3] This the writer was told long ago by a personal friend of the illustrious savant.

[4] Chrestomathia Syriaca, edita a P. Pio Zingerle, Romae, 1871. Praef., p. vii., viii. Zingerle's hopes as to St. Ephrem and St. James of Sarug are not yet realized. But Dr. Bickell, of Innsbruck, has undertaken to edit St. Isaac the Great, and two volumes have already appeared. S. Isaaci Antiocheni Opera Omnia. Edidit Gustavus Bickell, Giessae (Giessen in Hesse Darmstadt), 1873-1878.

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anae familiae viri ex vita discessere, paucissima tantum ad Syriacas litteras juvandas Romae in lucem prodiisse. Quae enim doctrina insignis Card. Majus Syriaca publicavit, cum in pretiosis ("Scriptor. Vet. Collect.") tomis dispersa lateant, ob magnum pretium a paucis tantum emi possunt. Nicolai Wisemani Horae Syriacae uno nonnisi tomo constant. Quid postea Romae, quaeso, pro literis Syriacis amplificandis utile ex Bibliothecarum thesauris publicatum est? Dum in Germania, in Anglia, in Belgio viri de Syriacae linguae studio optime mariti, ut de Lagarde, Bickell, Cureton, Wright, Lamy, Land, etc., indefessa industria libros Syriacos emittebant, Romanarum Bibliothecarum codices Syriaci fere neglecti et quasi sepulti per tantum temporis spatium jacuere. Qui ut ex parte saltem oblivioni adeo indignae tandem aliquando eriperentur, utque ex Romanis quoque fontibus tam copiosis additamenta quaedam pro linguae Syriacae studio effluerent, toto animo ac studio omni nobis allaborandum esse censuimus."[1]

After this honest outburst of the candid monk, the following censure from the pen of the Protestant Middeldorpf, in an analogous case, will appear quite meek and gentle. Speaking of the ardent desire of biblical scholars throughout Europe to see published the entire Syro-Hexaplar MS. of Milan, he adds:

"Sed illud desiderium spe tantummodo potuit leniri, fore inter Italos, quibus fontem adire licet et quibuscum certamen inire ii non possunt qui deductos modo rivulos sequuntur, fore aliquem dico, qui totius codicis vulgandi consilium palam profiteretur. Sed haec spes hucusque irrita cecidit. Nemo enim Italorum his flagrantissimis votis satisfecit."[2]

It is only in the present century, and within the last fifty years, that the Fathers have been made accessible to English readers. Non-Catholics for three hundred years and more have had in their hands almost a monopoly of English literature. Yet, notwithstanding the wild, reckless boast of one of their number,[3] that no distinctive doctrine of "Popery" could be found in the Fathers of the first four centuries, none of them ever ventured to make good the assertion, or give the people of England a chance to judge for

[1] Monumenta Syriaca ex Romanis Codicibus collecta. Praefatus est P. Pius Zingerle, Ord. S. Benedicti. Oeniponti (Innsbruck), 1869–78, two vols. Preface to 1st vol., p. i., ii. The work was dedicated, by permission, to Card. Pitra, one of the brightest lights of the Sacred College, who has himself been for years indefatigably employed in publishing inedited Fathers and other monuments of early Christianity.

[2] Codex Syriaco-Hexaplaris. . . . . Edidit et commentariis illustravit Henricus Middeldorpf, Berolini, 1835, 4to. Praef., p. v. The priest, Antonio Ceriani, has accomplished what Middeldorpf desired. His work, of which the first part appeared in 1861, is not yet completed.

[3] Jewell, rewarded for his persecuting spirit by Elizabeth with the Bishopric of Salisbury. He is said to have repented on his death bed.

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themselves by laying before their eyes the works of the Fathers, collectively or singly, in an English dress. It is true that some few of their moral or devotional writings were translated now and again, at rare intervals, by Protestant theologians, but none of a polemical character, none of those composed against *heretics*. He must needs be a bold, brave man who should dare to set before Englishmen, in the vernacular, anything written by SS. Cyprian, Augustine, Optatus or Pacian, on the necessity of communion with the Catholic Church, or by the two Cyrils on Christ's Real Presence in the Eucharist, or the honor due to the Mother of God, or other distinctive Catholic dogmas. But since, in a devotional treatise itself, even in a prayer book, doctrinal truths will flow indirectly, and as it were unconsciously, from the pen of a Catholic writer; so it was with the Fathers who composed moral or ascetical works. How were these ugly passages to be suitably handled by a non-Catholic translator? Short of suppressing them, there was but one way, and that was adopted. They were darkened and enfeebled by artful translation, and the force of what remained done away with by disingenuous comment. They may have mistranslated, too, for aught we know to the contrary. Those who mutilate or pervert the Word of God by false translation, have no right to complain should they be suspected of treating the word of His servants no better than they treated the Word of the Divine Master. But as we have no positive knowledge in the case, no facilities for investigation, it would be unfair to press the charge. Nevertheless, it remains true that, heresy without and its shadow within the Church, seem to have had from the beginning an innate fondness for perversion, mistranslation and forgery.[1] Jansenism in its struggles against expulsion from the body of the Church, and Gallicanism, savoring as it did of heresy, and paving the way to it, furnish many examples of this, as students of history well know.[2]

[1] A Protestant divine, Rev. John Whitaker, whose historical works are full of learning and research, felt himself compelled, in the interest of truth, to utter these dreadful words: "Forgery, I blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write it, seems to have been peculiar to the Reformed . . . . I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." These words we copy *verbatim* from his work now lying before us, "Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated," by John Whitaker, B D., author of the "History of Manchester," and Rector of Ruan-Langhorne, Cornwall; in three volumes: the second edition, enlarged and corrected; London (Murray), 1790. Vol. iii., p. 2. It would be no harm for the Schaffs, Clevelands, and others of their class, to remember this text of their Protestant fellow-divine, and for very shame's sake keep modest silence instead of boldly insulting the Catholic Church, her ancient Holy Fathers and her Jesuits, with false charges of lying, pious frauds, etc.

[2] The writer takes the liberty of adding another, not perhaps so generally known. That noble, learned and pious work of Alban Butler, the "Lives of the Saints," was translated into French some sixty or seventy years ago by Godescard, a priest of Gallican sentiments. When the book mentioned any Pontiff who had a difficulty with the

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About sixty years ago, there appeared in England a High-Church party, which was something more than a revival of the old party of Laud, Montague, Forbes, Andrews, and the like. It was composed of Tory churchmen, and was born of intolerance. At the beginning, perhaps, their aims rose no higher than to help Tory sway in the national counsels, and to maintain the supremacy of the State Church over Catholics, who were to remain manacled by the infamous Penal laws yet existing, and over Dissenters, who were to be strictly confined to the measure of liberty they had acquired. They saw with alarm that Wesleyans, Presbyterians and other non-conformist sects were daily growing in numbers, wealth, social position and consequent political influence. They well knew the levelling tendencies of the sectarians, and feared the latter would not rest satisfied until they had undermined the foundations of the Establishment. Hence their hatred of what they called among themselves low, vulgar Protestantism. They had further learnt from Walter Scott, one of their partisans, to appreciate the so unjustly decried Middle Ages, and to think more kindly of the Church in that period, which had hitherto been a favorite mark for the scoffing shafts of Protestant and infidel. From contemplating with pleasure the Church of Bernard, Anselm and Bede, there was little difficulty in passing to the study of Augustine, Chrysostom, Cyprian and the Church of their days. The result was that they sought seriously to transfer to their own Establishment the marks of Catholicity and Apostolicity which the Fathers insisted on as essential to the true Church of Christ; and on these two foundations to build up into an Anglo-Catholic Church their own domestic Zion, the spiritual daughter of Henry VIII.'s pride, lust and tyranny. The disciples soon got ahead of their masters, and discovered in the Fathers the great body of those Catholic doctrines against which Protestantism, English as well as German, rebelled three centuries ago. But how were these novelties to be commended to the favorable consideration of British Protestants? The new zealots wrote the Oxford Tracts, and bolstered up the latter by translating the works of the Fathers of Catholic antiquity. They had deceived themselves; for we must believe Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman, when he tells us that he and his associates contemptuously but honestly ignored the claims and almost the existence of the true Catholic Church which was at

monarchs or churchmen of France, it was his delight to prefix to the Pope's name some calumnious epithet, the invention of his own unscrupulous pen and never dreamt of by the saintly English author. From the French these epithets passed over into the Italian translation, where the writer, to his great surprise, first read them and only discovered the fraud by comparing the version with the English original. The Italian ed. was printed at Venice, about the year 1830, and dedicated to Card. Capellari, afterwards Gregory XVI.

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their side and before their eyes, which did not preach these doctrines as novelties or newly discovered truths, but as Apostolic traditions which she had believed and taught uninterruptedly during the whole of her life upon earth, from the days of St. Peter to those of her then reigning Pontiff, Gregory XVI. But vulgar Protestantism, which they hated and despised, with keener instinct forthwith detected the fraud. It snarled and growled, protested and (as far as it could) persecuted the attempt to introduce Papistical novelties into the Church of Henry and Elizabeth. But God's providence overruled the Oxford movement for the good of "those who were to be saved." And from the hostile towers of the city, whose divines had banded together to enslave Catholics and perpetuate Anglican supremacy, came the trumpet voice that summoned thousands to the portals of God's True Church.

Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graja pandetur ab urbe.

The Oxford "Library of the Fathers" began in 1837 and was continued for almost twenty years, comprising in all nearly fifty volumes. Dr. Schaff[1] seems to think that too much space has been sacrificed to such works as the "Commentaries" of Sts. John Chrysostom and Gregory the Great, and to the "Enarrationes in Psalmos" of St. Augustine. The space and time devoted to these he would rather see bestowed on more important doctrinal works. Yet, if the compilers of the "Library" intended to make known to modern Protestant readers the real doctrine of the Fathers, they could not have hit on a better book than the "Enarrationes"[2] of St. Augustine, which are brimful of Catholic doctrinal points. And whilst the Psalms, his main subject, are treated in a mystical, allegorical way, the many and important Catholic doctrines, which he illustrates by their aid, are expressed in a positive and dogmatic form that compels the reader's attention. Such are the inviolable unity of the Church, the deadly sinfulness of schism and heresy, and the dreadful certainty that all who spurn outward communion with the Catholic Church lose their souls eternally. And who does not see that such statements of Catholic doctrine, being indirect and occasional, are more valuable testimony to the Catholic belief of Augustine's day than if he had professedly handled these matters in a treatise apart? The translation of the Oxford divines is faithful and honest, its English graceful and flowing. The chief

[1] Pref., p. vi.

[2] "Declarations," or "Explanations." The verb *enarro* with its derivatives may very well have had this sense in the days of Cicero, for aught we know to the contrary. But it is only by examples from Pliny and Quintilian that we have a positive testimony to this meaning.

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translators were those with whom the project originated, Drs. Newman[1] and Pusey and the poet of the Christian Year, Keble. Dr. Newman's honest search after truth was blessed with the grace of conversion to the True Church. The other two had not that happiness. "They died," says Dr. Schaff, "in the communion of the Church of their fathers to which they were loyally attached."[2] This is only a rhetorical flourish of Dr. S., meant as an indirect rebuke to Dr. Newman's *disloyal* secession. It is true of Dr. Pusey, and only confirms the fearful record of Church history, which shows that no one who founded a sect and gave it his name was ever known to be reconciled to the Church, even on his death-bed. But if popular rumor in England speak true, Keble was not "loyally" attached to Anglicanism. In life he more than once, nay periodically, threatened his brethren of the Anglican Church that he would leave them under certain contingencies and go over to Rome. And in the solemn hour of death, when conscience most forcibly asserts its power, he begged that his friend, Dr. Newman, then a Catholic, might be sent for.[3] His wife, it would seem, lay helplessly ill in another part of the house, and guard was kept night and day over both couches by a wakeful host of Ritualistic "priests;" who were determined that both should die, as they had lived, estranged from the communion of the Catholic Church. The dying man's request was sternly refused by the clerical sentinels, and poor Keble passed away unshriven and unannealed, as they wished for their own bad ends; but we trust that God's invisible mercies were poured out on his willing soul. Does not all this forcibly remind us of the blasphemously so-called "guardian angels" of France, Belgium and Italy, who intrude into the houses of the dying in those countries to make sure that they shall not repent of their sins and unbelief, but die as the beasts of the field, knowing nothing of God or His Church and their death-bed blessing? Error combined with hatred of the Church, through all its varying shades, from Anglo-Catholicism down to infidelity and atheism, is one and the same in principle everywhere. And how few priests there are in England and America whose experience has not shown them that this domestic tyranny and spiritual cruelty against helpless, dying victims is daily repeated against Catholics who have the misfortune to have Protestant relations? Yet Protestantism, after doing all this, has the face, like the shame-

[1] Dr. Newman states, in his "Apologia," that he was the translator and annotator of St. Athanasius.

[2] Pref., p. v.

[3] See the "Gentle Remonstrance," a Letter addressed to Rev. Dr. Ewer on the subject of Ritualism, by Rev. A. J. Dodgson Bradley, New York, 1879, p. 95. As Rev. Joshua D. Bradley was himself a Ritualistic Protestant minister for many years, his testimony is valuable.

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less woman of Scripture, to wipe her mouth and say, "What harm have I done? The reproach of intolerance belongs exclusively to the Catholic Church, and I have no share in it."

After the Oxford collection had come to a close the Messrs. Clarke, of Edinburgh, published an English "Library of the Ante-Nicene Fathers," in twenty-four volumes. They intended to give also a selection from the works of the Post-Nicene Fathers, but did not get beyond fifteen volumes of St. Augustine. A re-publication of their Ante-Nicene collection has been undertaken in this country under the supervision and editorship of Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo. The new series, of which Dr. Schaff is editor, is to be considered a continuation of the American reprint. It is to be twofold: the former part limited to the writings of the two great Doctors of the Church, Augustine and Chrysostom; the latter comprising the select works of many Fathers, Greek and Latin, though not in strict chronological order, from Athanasius, Basil, Jerome, down to St. John Damascene and Photius. The characteristic works of Sts. Optatus and Pacian will be omitted; but the fragments of the rationalistic Theodore of Mopsuesta, and some of the writings of the learned heretic, Photius, author of the "Great Schism," will not be forgotten in the list. It will be more, we suspect, for the sake of his malignant letter against the Roman Church than of his Myriobiblion that he is admitted into the company of the Jeromes, Leos, Gregories and other Saints of the East and the West. But it is some satisfaction to learn that the "Enarationes" of St. Augustine on the Psalms, to which Dr. Schaff objected in the "Edinburgh Library," will not be excluded. And, strange to say, Bishop Coxe is the one selected to be their editor.

The volume before us, the first of the series, contains the Confessions and Letters of St. Augustine, to which Dr. Schaff has prefixed, under the name of "Prolegomena," an introduction on the "Life and Work" of the Saint. In this, with much praise, are mingled unjust aspersions on the character, actions and doctrines of St. Augustine. The praise mainly springs from the false notion that the modern heresies of Lutheranism and Calvinism, or what is vulgarly styled "Evangelical religion," may be traced in some way to St. Augustine as to a source; the blame, from the identity of his dogmatical creed with that of the Roman Catholic Church of to-day, and from the fruits of that teaching as manifested in his life and actions. Besides, not unfrequently, where the Saint's doctrine is too manifestly Catholic to admit of denial, the evangelical editor has resorted to *minimizing* and other unworthy artifices to lessen the value of the testimony given. Where he does not do this himself, he allows it to be done by others in the annotations he has adopted. But such studied misrepresentation dis-

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honors the holy Doctor and is an offence against the truth; utterly inconsistent, too, with the promise held out in the Prospectus, that "the object of this Library is historical, without any sectarian or partisan aim." We must give a few examples to make it clearly appear how little qualified is Dr. Schaff, or any other enemy of the Catholic Church, to undertake the task of editing and interpreting impartially the writings of *her* Holy Fathers and Doctors.

Speaking of that grand epoch in St. Augustine's life, his conversion to God from worldliness and the lusts of the flesh, our evangelical censor finds fault with the Saint because, not possessing or not appreciating "genuine Christian principles," he did not marry the woman with whom he had lived in sin for thirteen years, and adds that this wrong step on his part proves palpably how far inferior is Catholic asceticism to Protestant evangelical morality.[1] In the first place, will Dr. Schaff venture to affirm positively (instead of indulging in oblique hint and insinuation) that St. Augustine was forbidden by "genuine Christian principles" to act as he did? If so, Dr. Schaff has never understood the New Testament, or, out of deference to the founders of his sect, misinterprets its evident meaning. Are we not plainly there advised and encouraged, though not commanded, to aspire to the perfection of our Heavenly Father, and of His Only-begotten Son, made our visible model on earth, and accordingly to embrace voluntary poverty, obedience and continence for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven?[2] Did not St. Paul wish all men to be like himself, without worldly ties?[3] Did he not urge them to become his followers as he was a follower of Christ?[4] Does he not repeat to them often and often that marriage is allowable and good, but that virginity and continence are better?[5] Finally, does he not call it (the unmarried life) a counsel dictated by the Spirit of God?[6] Now, this is the very word borrowed by the Catholic Church from the Apostle, and used by her in every period of her life and teaching to mark that more perfect following of Christ, those evangelical COUNSELS, which St.

[1] "According to genuine Christian principles it would have been for more noble, if he had married the African woman with whom he had lived in illicit intercourse for thirteen years, ... instead of casting her off, and, as he for a while intended, choosing another for the partner of his life, whose excellencies were more numerous. The superiority of the Protestant Evangelical morality over the Catholic asceticism is here palpable." Prolegomena, p. 20, in note.

[2] Matt. v., 48; xi., 29; xix., 12, 21, 29. Luke ii., 51. Philipp., ii., 7.

[3] "I would that all men were even as myself. . . . . I say to the unmarried and to the widows, it is good for them if they so continue, even as I." 1 Cor., vii., 7, 8.

[4] 1 Cor., iv., 16; xi., 1.

[5] Ibid., vii., 1, 8, 27, 38, 40.

[6] "Concerning virgins, I have no commandment of the Lord, but I give counsel. . . . . More blessed shall she be, if she so remain, according to my counsel; and I think that I also have the spirit of God." Ibid., vii., 25, 40.

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Paul and all the Saints inculcated by word and example, and which were respected and admired in the True Church for fifteen centuries, even by those who aspired no higher than to the keeping of the Commandments.

It was only when the wild boar of the Saxon forest came to ravage Christ's vineyard and destroy His inheritance under pretext of reforming it, that all this was changed and men made to unlearn the traditions of ages. The Fifth Evangelist, as they called him, abolished the evangelical counsels as devilish, unnatural and impossible, and this on grounds and in language that would redden the cheeks of any decent Pagan. His followers, though they have cast aside many of his other wild paradoxes, yet cling to this and despise the "counsels" as heartily as did Luther. Calling themselves Evangelicals or "Gospellers,"[1] they boldly contradict the Gospel as delivered by the mouth of its Divine author, and of His chief herald St. Paul, and in the very teeth of God's teaching are not ashamed to tell us that in their opinion virginity is no better than marriage. Even Dr. Schaff himself lends his voice to swell the bold chorus of those who, following a very bad leader,[2] turn God's word against its Maker. In another work of his, commenting on the very passage of Scripture referred to (Matthew xix. 12), he makes bold to say that there is not any "merit in celibacy superior to that of chastity in the married "state."[3] In other words, Christ's religion has no counsels, but only precepts; to avoid adultery is just as good as serving God in perfect continency; to give an occasional alms as meritorious as to renounce all one's goods on behalf of the poor; to deny one's self, to sacrifice one's will by voluntary obedience is no whit better than obeying the behests of a parent or magistrate. What could be more openly in contradiction with the plain words of Our Lord and His Apostle, which distinctly state that the counsels are for the chosen few who seek perfection,[4] but the commandments for all Christians? And further, what is the private judgment of Dr. Schaff, or of his Reforming Fathers, or of ten thousand others outside of the Church, that it should have power to destroy the plain words of Scripture, or the traditions of that Holy Church with which its Divine Builder promised to abide forever?

St. Augustine, then, had an unquestionable right to follow, if he chose, the Gospel counsels, the better way, as Our Lord Himself called it. And, perhaps, he was led to this—to say nothing of God's

[1] Such was the name they gave themselves in England. See Zurich Letters of the Parker Society, Cambridge, 1846, pp. 3, 16, 21, etc.

[2] See Matthew, iv., 1–11.

[3] The Gospel according to St. Matthew, explained by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1882, p. 247.

[4] "If thou wilt be perfect," etc. Matt. xix., 21.

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grace and high designs upon him in the future—by the reflection that it became a man of his standing, who had abused God's gifts for bad and even heretical purposes, who had scandalized the Church by an unlawful life, to turn his talents henceforth exclusively to God's service, to repair the scandal given and prove the sincerity of his repentance by abstaining from what was lawful. This was precisely the doctrine of St. Augustine and other Holy Fathers of the Church. St. Gregory the Great, commenting on the words of the Holy Baptist, "Bring forth worthy fruits of penance," says: "By worthy fruits of penance we understand that whoever has done nothing unlawful may be allowed the use of things lawful and may live piously, if he will, without renouncing the things of this world. But he who has fallen into many and grievous sins, must deprive himself of things lawful, in proportion to his consciousness of guilt incurred by doing that which was forbidden.[1] That, in his choice of the Evangelical counsels and a life of Christian perfection, he was obeying a Divine call, is evident from the great work which he afterwards performed for the glory of God and the good of the Holy Church. Would he ever have preached those wonderful sermons or written those glorious books, whereby he expounded the Scriptures, crushed nascent heresies, and upheld the purity of Catholic faith, had he been an ordinary Christian, living by his rhetorical profession, and cramped by worldly ties and domestic cares? No one can believe it.

We have answered the question: Was it lawful for St. Augustine to embrace a life of Christian perfection? But another question, equally kept out of sight by Dr. Schaff, yet remains. Could he, with a good conscience, have taken what Dr. Schaff thinks the better, nobler part, and married the partner of his guilt? The Saint himself, if interrogated, could only give the same answer that must, perforce, be given by any Catholic who has learnt his Catechism. He could not do it without sin, without injustice and sacrilege. When he broke off his illicit relations and dismissed the woman, it was with a view of entering the honorable state of marriage, to which his holy mother urged him as the best means of rising out of the mire of filthy concupiscence in which he was submerged. She it was principally who spared no effort to rescue him from his degrading position; she, who brought about the dismissal, and made choice of the bride.[2] And it was reverence

[1] "Sciendum est quia quisquis illicita nulla commisit, huic jure conceditur ut licitis utatur, sicque pietatis opera faciat ut tamen, si voluerit ea quae mundi sunt non relinquat. At si quis in fornicationis culpam vel fortasse, quod est gravius, in adulterium lapsus est, tanto a se licita debet abscindere quanto se meminit et illicita perpetrasse." Homil. xx., in Evang. Ps. lxxix. (lxxx.), 14.

[2] "My mother taking the greatest pains in the matter," *maxime matre dante operam*, Confess., vi. 13, inter Opp. Augustini, ed. Gaume, Parisiis, 1830, col. 226.

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and obedience to his holy mother that made him acquiesce, however reluctantly,[1] in her pious designs. But beyond the breach of filial duty, there was another obstacle to the adoption of Dr. Schaff's plan. The discarded woman, moved by no feeling but that of Christian repentance, bound herself to the service of God by a vow of perpetual continency.

Now, the question is: Had Augustine any shadow of right to set aside the promises made to his mother to thwart the pious purpose of the penitent woman, to persuade or force her to break her vows made to God, that she might enter with him the nuptial state? Oh, yes! answers Dr. Schaff; it would have been a noble deed, grounded on genuine Christian principles, quite in accordance with Protestant Evangelical morality, which rises far above the level of Catholic asceticism. That it agrees with the standard of "Protestant Evangelical morality," we grant. That it was the practice of the "Reformers," we know; and no one who has read of Osiander's[2] treatment of Felicitas Pirkheimer and her nuns of St. Clare in Nuremberg, can ever forget the horrible, pathetic story. It may be "Evangelical" morality, but it is base and unchristian, for it tramples on the rights of God and of man. It declares plainly, and with horrid blasphemy, that God has no right to invite men to perfection, that Christ and St. Paul were mistaken in recommending the counsels, and that Christian men and women had no right to accept or listen to such Divine and Apostolic teaching, and must be restrained from exercising such pretended right. Thus is verified again the old saying, that liberalism in religion as well as in politics is only a mask for tyranny and oppression, a denial of all rights but its own, whether real or usurped. In our case it adds blasphemy to hypocrisy and tyranny; for it tries to annul the rights of God, our Lord and Master, as well as those purchased for the Christian people by the precious blood of their Redeemer.

Here we must bring our remarks to a close, reserving for consideration in a future number other inaccuracies of Dr. Schaff, and above all, his assumption, as curious as unfounded, that the Fathers are the common property of Catholics and Protestants.

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1 Cor concisum et vulneratum mihi erat (my heart was torn and bleeding). Ibid., vi., 16, § 25.

2 This lewd ribald entered the convent with the Municipal Commission, not in his clerical costume, but disguised as a layman, and poured into the ears of the poor nuns such torrents of filth and obscenity that they wished themselves dead rather than endure such indecent persecution. The base wretch then went out into the crowd, and by way of joke told his friends of the obscene talk, and represented it as coming from the nuns! Charitas, one of the noblest and most learned women of Germany, recognized the clerical ruffian under his disguise, and has handed down his name to everlasting infamy in her exquisite narrative of the outrage. She was an elder sister of the great scholar Pirkheimer. See Janssen, Geschichte des deutschen Volkes, Freiburg, 1882, vol. ii., p. 360.

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PURITAN TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

SENATOR DAWES, of Massachusetts, who has, for some time past, been officiating as chairman of the Indian Commission, has taken a very active part in efforts to inaugurate a more humane policy in the treatment of the aborigines of our country. He has evidently made himself thoroughly conversant with the past history as well as the present policy of our Government and people, in their treatment of these interesting wards of the nation in whose welfare he has become so deeply interested, and in advocating whose cause, publicly as well as privately, he does not hesitate to express his sentiments with great frankness and plainness of speech. At a convention of friends of the Indian, held in Worcester, Mass., some time during the winter of 1885–'86, he used the following strong and vigorous language: "Our forefathers came here under the impression that every Christian nation was entitled to the possessions of all barbarians that it could seize. They found the barbarians here so strong that they had to treat with them, and go through the form of purchase. They obtained permission to remain here, and from that day to this we have never met the Indian in good faith, fairly and squarely, as one honest man meets another in negotiating. When we found him too strong, we waited only for the opportunity to break our agreement, and we never failed to do it. We have circumvented him, deluded him with promises, and burned his wigwams to gain possession of his heritage, and is it any wonder that he still remains a savage and fails to embrace civilization and the faith?"

This is, certainly, a strong and unqualified statement, and whatever may be thought of its truth, it cannot be denied that Senator Dawes thoroughly believes it, and that he has the courage of his convictions, which, considering that he represents a Puritan constituency, is deserving of no little credit. It is not our purpose now to discuss the question of the treatment of the Indians in later times.

But there is a passage of the early history of Boston which so completely falls in with and confirms this statement of Senator Dawes, and which, withal, is so deeply interesting in itself, that a brief repetition of the story cannot but be useful at the present time. We refer to the history of that remarkable Jesuit missionary, Father Rasles, and his labors, heroic sacrifices and death, among the ill-fated tribe of the Abnakis, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The facts

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are given with manifest truthfulness and absorbing interest in letters written by himself, by Father de la Chasse and others, in 1722 and 1723, and published in that remarkable collection, called the Jesuit "Relations." Mr. Parkman, in his "Jesuits in North America," speaking of the historical value of the "Relations," says: "With regard to the primitive condition of the savages of North America, it is impossible to exaggerate their value as an authority. I should add, that the closest examination has left no doubt that the missionaries wrote in good faith, and that the "Relations" hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents."

The history of Father Rasles and his beloved Abnakis is most pathetic, and it is difficult to read it without mingled feelings of shame and indignation. Indeed, the cruelty and injustice of the early settlers of Boston towards this remarkable Christian settlement is acknowledged by all candid persons. Their conduct was too nearly allied to that of the savages themselves to leave any margin for credit on the score of humanity and Christian charity in their favor. In this connection we are reminded of a passage in the history of the wars of the early settlers of Plymouth with that noble chieftain, King Philip. The Rev. Mr Ruggles, recording the horrors of the destruction of the Narragansett fort, writes: "The burning of the wigwam, the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yells of the warriors exhibited the most horrible and affecting scenes, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers. They were in much doubt then, and often very seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the benevolent principles of the gospel." Unfortunately, the people of Boston seem not to have been troubled by any such qualms of conscience, as will fully appear in the narrative of their conduct towards Father Rasles and the Abnakis.

The village of the Abnakis, to which Father Rasles came in 1689, was called Naurautsouak, which was near the present site of Norridgewock in Maine, and contained about 200 Indians. In describing to his nephew, to whom his first letter was written, the condition of his mission, he says: "I have erected a church which is neat and elegantly ornamented. I have, indeed, thought it my duty to spare nothing either in the decoration of the building itself or in the beauty of those articles which are used in our holy ceremonies; vestments, chasubles, copes and holy vessels, are all highly appropriate, and would be esteemed so even in our churches in Europe. I have also formed a little choir of about forty young Indians, who assist at divine service in cassocks and surplices. They have each their own appropriate functions as much to serve in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as to chant the divine office for the Benediction of the Holy Sacrament and for the processions

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which they make with great crowds of Indians, who often come from a long distance to engage in these exercises; and you would be edified by the beautiful order they observe and the devotion they show." The zealous missionary then goes on to speak of the devotion of his neophytes, among whom, he says, there is a holy emulation, assisting at Mass every morning and visiting the church in the evening for prayers and devotions, of which they all seemed very fond. Incidentally the good, but humble and devoted, servant of God gives an account of his own daily life, which was divided between his own private devotions, meditations and saying his office, and public instruction and catechising, both children and adults, visiting the sick and presiding in the councils of the Indians, to which he was always invited in the most formal manner, and in which, he says, his advice almost always fixed their resolutions. The whole nation of the Abnakis, he says, of whom there were four or five other villages, with two other missionaries employed among them, was Christian, and very zealous to preserve their religion; and from his account it is manifest that, though they were still children of nature and on occasion of temptation would manifest their savage instincts to a greater or less degree, yet their religion had a powerfully controlling influence over them and had softened the asperities and savage proclivities of their nature. When they went on their annual hunting and fishing excursions the missionary had to go with them, a temporary chapel was erected near the beach and a wigwam for the Father close by, and thus constant attention to their religious duties was kept up throughout the year. They were, of course, attached to the French, because the French were Catholics, and it was they who brought them the inestimable blessings of the Christian faith. They were nearer to the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, and they were not slow to learn, for those Puritan settlers were very careful to let them know, that they could make it greatly to their temporal advantage to trade with them. From the very start there was a deliberate purpose on the part of those intruders to exterminate the Indians and get possession of their lands. In this they were actuated by a double motive. They not only acted upon the principle which Mr. Dawes attributes to them, that "they were entitled to the possessions of the barbarians," but they hated Catholics with a fanatical hatred and felt that they had even more right, as they certainly took more pleasure in exterminating "Papists," than if they had been merely savages. The first advance in their nefarious work was made by sending a man, whom Father Rasles calls the ablest minister of Boston, who, contemporaneous history tells us, was the Rev. Joseph Baxter, of Medfield, Mass., to establish a mission school for the instruction of the Indian children in the neighbor-

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hood of the Indian village. This mission was, of course, supported by the government, and with true business instinct, in order to stimulate the zeal of the missionary, his pay was to be increased in proportion to the number of his scholars.

With this powerful inducement, of course, our zealous missionary neglected no means to attract these innocent children of nature within his toils and to seduce them from their faith. How he was at length foiled by the indefatigable Fr. Rasles is extremely interesting to read, but too long a story to be repeated here. It is well known to those who are familiar with the history of the early settlement of New England. Failing in this, they resorted to another artifice. An Englishman asked permission of the Indians to build on their river a kind of store-house, to enable him to trade with them, and promised to sell them his goods at much more favorable rates even than they could purchase at in Boston. The Indians, who found it for their advantage, and were thus spared the trouble of a journey to Boston, willingly consented.

Another Englishman a short time afterwards asked the same permission, offering conditions even more favorable than the first. It was accorded to him with equal willingness. The easiness of the Indians emboldened the English to establish themselves on the whole length of the river without even asking permission, and they built their houses there and even proceeded to fortify themselves by building forts, three of which were of stone. Why should they not, indeed? Was not the land theirs? Had they not been taught the simple syllogism, "The earth belongs to the children of God; we are the children of God; therefore the earth belongs to us?" And it must be confessed they were not at all troubled with scruples as to the means of taking possession. The Indians, at first unsuspicious, at length became convinced that they had been deceived, and that these intruders had evil designs upon them; so they expostulated with them, but to no purpose. About this time a score of Indians had one day entered the dwelling of one of the English, either for the purpose of traffic or to rest themselves, when, to their utter astonishment they found themselves in a moment surrounded by a company of nearly two hundred men. With their usual cry under such circumstances the Indians exclaimed, "We are lost, let us sell our lives dearly." As soon as the English saw this, and realized that their precious skins were in danger, with hypocritical professions of friendship they disclaimed all intention of injuring them, and said their design was to persuade some of them to return with them to Boston to confer with the Governor on the means of preserving peace between the two nations. The too credulous Indians deputed four of their number to accompany them to Boston, but when they arrived

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there the conference, with the promise by which they had been cajoled, ended in retaining them as prisoners. Being reproached for thus violating the laws of nations, yet determined not to lose their advantage without some material gain, the English pretended that they had retained the men as hostages for an injury that had been done them in killing some cattle that belonged to them. They demanded two hundred pounds of beaver skins and promised on payment of that amount to set the prisoners free. The Indians did not acknowledge the indebtedness; but rather than see their countrymen suffer, they paid the amount demanded; yet with characteristic hypocrisy and chicanery the captors refused to let the prisoners go. The Governor of Boston, fearing that this refusal might be resented by the Indians to their damage, then proposed a conference that they might treat of this affair, as he said, in a spirit of conciliation. A conference was agreed upon and the day fixed, but when it was found that Fr. Rasles and Fr. de la Chasse, superior general of the missions, were to be present, the Governor failed to put in an appearance. Of course, the circumstance was suspicious, and Fr. de la Chasse thereupon addressed a letter to the Governor, stating: 1, that they could not comprehend why the Indians whom they had captured should be held in irons after their promise and the payment of the two hundred pounds of beaver; 2, that they were no less surprised that they had siezed upon their country without permission; 3, the English were told plainly that they must leave the Indians' country and release the prisoners; that they should have two months in which to comply with this demand, and if that demand were refused, the Indians should know how to obtain justice for themselves. Two circumstances about this time served very much to aggravate the minds of the already excited Indians.

There was a man named Saint Casteins, whose mother was an Abnaki Indian and who had always lived with the Indians; and, on account of his superior talent and intelligence, he had been chosen their commander general. In this capacity he assisted at the conference of which we have spoken, and, of course, interested himself in promoting the interests of the Abnakis, his countrymen. This was charged against him by the English as a crime, and a vessel was despatched to his residence to capture him. He was decoyed on board the vessel by professions of friendship, seized and carried off to Boston. There they had a mock trial and, no doubt, would have murdered him but for the fact that the French Governor wrote to the Governor of Boston complaining of the act as contrary to the comity of nations. No answer was made to this letter, but after five months' cruel and unjust confinement Saint Casteins was set at liberty. But what capped the climax of English Puritan

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perfidy was the attempt to capture Fr. Rasles himself. They hated him, of course, on account of his religion and his holy office. But that which rendered him most obnoxious to these greedy, aggressive, insatiable marauders, was the fact that this indomitable priest constituted a most formidable obstacle to the accomplishment of their nefarious plans, and they determined to get rid of him if possible. Fr. Rasles says in his letter that they had often tried to carry him off, and more than once set a price on his head.

In January, 1722, the famous expedition of Colonel Westbrook was undertaken, with the hellish design of capturing Fr. Rasles, alive or dead, murdering the Christian savages, and destroying the village. It happened while the village was nearly deserted, the Indians being away at their hunting grounds, Fr. Rasles with a small number of old and infirm people alone remaining at home. A detachment of two hundred men was sent out, but as the vessel entered the river, fortunately two young Indians, who were engaged in the chase along the shore, discovered it, outstripped the invaders in traversing the country, and gave warning to Fr. Rasles and his well-nigh helpless companions. The good Father had barely time to swallow the consecrated hosts, to crowd the sacred vessels into a little chest, and to save himself in the woods. There he escaped as by a miracle. The enemy came within a few steps of where he was hiding behind a tree, and then, as if guided by an invisible hand, returned and abandoned the pursuit. But they did not neglect to pillage the little church and to wreak their vengeance upon Fr. Rasles by rifling his humble dwelling, and thus almost reducing him to death by starvation in the woods.[1] Is it any wonder that these poor persecuted sons of the forest, maddened by this cruel and persistent course of persecution, should have finally made up their minds that it was useless to negotiate any further; that their only remedy was to drive these aggressive intruders from their territory! They sent missionaries to the neighboring tribes to enlist their aid; they chanted the war song among the Hurons and in all the villages of the Abnaki nation, who responded promptly, assembled at the village of Naurautsouak, and attacked and burned the buildings which the English had erected on the river. Yet, to their credit be it said, they abstained from all violence towards the inhabitants, even permitting them to retire to their own people, with the exception of five, whom they retained as hostages until their countrymen, who were now detained in prison in Boston, should be delivered up. To show how much more humane the civilized Christian Puritans were than

[1] Among the papers seized at this time was his "Dictionary of the Abnaki Language," on which he had been many years employed, and which now constitutes one of the remarkable literary curiosities of the library of Harvard College.

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these poor savages, the account states that a party of English found sixteen Abnakis asleep on an island, and made a general discharge upon them, by which five men were killed and three wounded.[1]

The war between the English and the Indians, so harrowing in its details, succeeded. Hitherto foiled in their efforts either to cajole or conquer the Indians, the English, seeing how great an influence Fr. Rasles exerted among them, determined, as we have heretofore remarked, to get rid of him. They had set a price on his head, offering, it is stated, not less than £1000, or $5000, and on more than one occasion had attempted to capture or destroy him. Fr. de la Chasse, who writes the story of his death, says that three years before he made a journey to Acadia, and in conversation with Fr. Rasles he represented to him the danger he ran, in case of war, of being captured and killed, that his preservation was necessary to his flock, and that he ought to take measures for his safety. With that noble heroism by which his whole life was characterized, he exclaimed: "My measures are taken, God has committed this flock to my care, and I will share their lot, being only too happy if permitted to sacrifice my life for them." Even his faithful and devoted Indians, who knew his courage well, but were anxious for the preservation of a life so dear to them, had proposed to conduct him farther into the country on the side towards Quebec, where he would be in greater safety. "What opinion, then, have you of me?" he answered, with an air of indignation, "do you take me for a cowardly deserter? Ah! what would become of your faith if I should desert you? Your salvation is dearer to me than my life." That this was not mere bravado he was soon to demonstrate by most indisputable proofs.

After frequent hostilities on both sides, the English at length sent an expedition composed of eleven hundred men, and taking advantage of the absence of most of the Indians of the village, came upon them by surprise. Before the natives were aware of the presence of the enemy they received a general discharge of musketry which riddled all the cabins. There were at that time but about fifty warriors in the village. At the first noise of the muskets they hastily seized their arms and rushed upon the attacking foe. Their first aim was to cover the flight of the women and children,

[1] In the wars with King Phillip, the wife of Rev. Mr. Rawlandson, who had been taken captive, was treated with the greatest kindness and consideration by that noble chieftain. On one occasion, when conducted to his wigwam, the historian says he received her with the courtesy of a gentleman. Though held as a captive, she was not treated as a slave, and on the first favorable opportunity she was returned to her husband and friends. But when the wife and son of King Phillip were captured, the same historian writes: "With grief and shame we record that his wife and son were sent to Bermuda, sold as slaves, and were never heard of more."

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and to give them time to gain the other side of the river. Fr. de la Chasse says that "Father Rasles, warned, by the clamors of the tumult, of the peril which threatened his neophytes, promptly went forth from his house, and without fear presented himself before the enemy. His hope was either to suspend, by his presence, their first efforts, or at least to draw on him alone their attention, and thus, at the expense of his own life, to procure the safety of his flock. The instant they perceived the missionary they raised a general shout, followed by a discharge of musket balls which rained on him. He fell dead at the foot of a large cross which he had erected in the middle of the village to mark the public profession they had made to adore in that place the crucified God. Seven Indians who surrounded him, and who exposed their lives to preserve that of their father, were killed at his side."

The Indians took to flight and crossed the river in great confusion and consternation. The English did not pursue them, but contented themselves with pillaging and burning the village. The fire which they kindled in the church was preceded by an unhallowed profanation of the sacred vessels and of the adorable body of Jesus Christ. The Indians who returned to the scene of desolation after the English had retreated, found the body of their beloved father pierced with a thousand wounds, his scalp taken off, his skull split by blows from a hatchet, the mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of the legs broken, and all the limbs mutilated.

Hutchison's account of the death of Fr. Rasles differs materially from that of Fr. de la Chasse. His narrative is that "he shut himself up in a wigwam from which he fired upon the attacking force," and he says that "Moulton had given orders not to kill the priest. But a wound inflicted upon one of the English by Rasles' fire so exasperated Jacques, a lieutenant, that he burst the door and shot Rasles through the head." The whole history and character of Fr. Rasles gives the lie to this statement. It was manifestly an invention of the enemy to soften, if possible, the savage cruelty of a murder which, they knew but too well, could not be justified, and which would call down the severe condemnation of every candid and impartial judge. No, Fr. Rasles was not the man to skulk, nor was it in his nature to deliberately take the life of a fellow being even in self-defence. The supposition is still more absurd in view of the fact that Fr. Rasles, no doubt, saw at once the folly and utter hopelessness of fifty Indian warriors making head against eleven hundred trained English soldiers. Fr. de la Chasse's account is undoubtedly the true one. It falls in with all that we know of Fr. Rasles' character. He was the indomitable, yet merciful and compassionate, missionary.

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Heroic self-sacrifice for the good of others was his predominant characteristic. He gloried in martyrdom. He was ready at any time to lay down his life for his beloved people. That he should seek to divert the fire of the attacking party from the women and children to himself, thus giving them time to escape, is just what we would have expected of him, and we feel perfectly justified in saying that it is an outrageous slander upon the dead martyr to represent otherwise. The true animus of the Puritans was most strikingly indicated by an incident which occurred some ten years before this, after the close of the war between the French and English by the treaty of Utrecht (1713), in which the Indians had sided with the French.

The Governor of Boston, anxious to conciliate the Indians, called a council of the tribes and harangued them on the advantages that they would derive from affiliating with them rather than with the French. Everything ended harmoniously, and the Governor made a great feast for the Indians, which left a very favorable impression in their minds. Peace having thus been restored, the Indians began to think of rebuilding their church, which had been destroyed during the war. They sent deputations to Boston, as that town was much nearer than Quebec, to ask for workmen, promising to pay them liberally for their labor. The Governor received them with great demonstrations of friendship, and gave them all kinds of caresses. "I wish myself," he said, "to rebuild your church, and I will spend more for you than has been done by the French governor;" and he went on to intimate that the French governor had not treated them well, promising himself to pay their workmen and defray all the other expenses of building the church. "But," he added, with insinuating plausibility, "as it is not reasonable that I, who am English, should build a church without placing there also an English minister to guard it, and to teach the Prayer, I will give you one, with whom you will be contented, and you shall send back to Quebec the French minister who is now in your village." In answer to this specious proposition, the orator of the Indians made the following remarkable reply, which is not unworthy of a higher degree of civilization and enlightenment than was at that time attributed to them:

"Your words astonish me," said he, "and you excite my wonder by the proposition which you make to me. When you first came hither, you saw me a long time before the French governor, but neither those who preceded you nor your ministers have spoken to me of prayer or of the Great Spirit. They have seen my furs, my skins of the beaver and the elk, and it is about these only that they thought; these they have sought with the greatest

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eagerness, so that I was not able to furnish them enough, and when I carried them a large quantity, I was their great friend, but no further. On the contrary, my canoe having, one day, missed the route, I lost my way and wandered a long time at random, until at last I landed near Quebec, in a great village of the Algonquins where the Black Robes were teaching. Scarcely had I arrived when one of the Black Robes came to see me. I was loaded with furs, but the French Black Robe scarcely deigned to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, of Paradise, of Hell, of the Prayer, which is the only way to reach Heaven. I heard him with pleasure, and so much delighted in his conversation that I remained a long time in that village to listen to him. In fine, the Prayer pleased me, and I asked him to instruct me. I demanded baptism, and I received it. At last I returned to my country and related what happened to me. They envied my happiness, they wished to participate in it, they departed to find the Black Robe and demand of him baptism. It is thus the French have acted towards us. If, as soon as you had seen me, you had spoken of the Prayer, I should have had the unhappiness to pray as you do, for I was not capable of discovering whether your Prayer was good. Thus I tell you that I hold to the Prayer of the French; I agree to it, and I shall be faithful to it, even until the earth is burnt and destroyed. Keep, then, your workmen, your gold and your minister; I will not speak to you more of them. I will ask the French governor, my father, to send them to me."

And the French governor did send workmen and rebuilt that very church which those Puritans afterwards so ruthlessly rifled and destroyed. It was a beautiful church, and the Indians with simple faith delighted in it and in all the beautiful services and devotions which the holy, self-denying missionary, after twenty-seven years of painful labors and heroic sacrifices, had taught them. His beloved Abnakis had really made wonderful progress in civilization, and with proper encouragement would since have been an enlightened and civilized Christian nation. But what did these stern Puritans care for all this? As the noble chieftain boldly and truthfully told them, it was their furs and their skins that they were after. They wanted their land, too, and were determined to have it by fair means or foul, and so in their superior strength they treacherously and clandestinely sprang upon them in their weak and unprotected condition, murdered their holy and indomitable missionary in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and from that bloody day the Norridegwock tribe was blotted out from the list of the Indian nations.

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"No wigwam smoke is curling there;
The very earth is scorched and bare;
And they pause and listen to catch a sound
Of breathing life, but there comes not one,
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound;
And here and there on the bleaching ground,
White bones are glistening in the sun.
And where the house of prayer arose,
And the holy hymn at daylight's close,
And the aged priest stood up to bless
The children of the wilderness,
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank,
And the birchen boats of the Norridgwok,
Tethered to tree and stump and rock,
Rotting along the river bank."

—*Whittier.*

Senator Dawes says that this cruel, unjust and barbarous policy is still kept up, and has never ceased from the earliest days of our history to the present time, and we greatly fear that, unless the providence of Almighty God shall interfere in some extraordinary manner to prevent, the same policy will be continued till the last vestige of the poor Indian shall have been swept from the face of the earth. Senator Vest, of Missouri, though a Presbyterian, declared frankly in the United States Senate that, after thorough investigation, he was convinced that the Jesuit Missions were the only Missions that have had any great influence in reclaiming the Indians from a state of savagery, and that their plan, which is the same that Fr. Rasles and the early Jesuit missionaries pursued, is the only one that promises any great degree of success. Yet the old Puritan spirit of jealousy and hatred of the Catholic Church still survives, and, unfortunately, still seems to exercise a controlling influence even over the Government,—the same greed of gain, the same grasping, persecuting spirit, the same determination to possess the lands of the Indians in spite of solemn treaties, and to drive out the Catholic missionaries who are the most formidable obstacles to the accomplishment of their nefarious purposes. These facts are not hid in a corner; they are well known; they have been proclaimed from the housetops. But the country looks on with apathetic indifference, and the Puritan bigots have it pretty much their own way. The outlook is, indeed, discouraging. Yet the friends of the Indian must not despair. Can we for a moment suppose that Fr. Rasles now looks back upon his life as a failure? By no means. He is, no doubt, rejoicing in a high place in heaven that he was able, by a life of heroic sacrifice, to save the few hundred savages for whom he cheerfully gave his life, and he has set us an example which should stimulate us to greater zeal in so good and glorious a work.

Let the friends of the poor, persecuted sons of the forest labor

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on in faith and in patience, and if they cannot succeed in curbing the selfishness and greed of faithless agents, designing speculators and grasping land-grabbers—if it be, indeed, impossible to save the race which appeals so pathetically to our sympathies from total extinction, let them be consoled with the reflection that they have done what they could to save it, and that they have at least been the means of saving many souls who shall constitute crowns for their rejoicing in the great day of account.

Scientific Chronicle.

CHEVREUL'S CENTENARY.

It is granted to very few to celebrate their hundredth birthday. When this happens to a man remarkable alike for his scientific achievements and his unswerving attachment to the principles of his holy religion, the celebration becomes an event worthy to be recorded.

Michel Edouard Chevreul was born in August, 1786. Last summer Paris celebrated his centenary with great solemnity. He was present throughout the ceremonies, and was made the recipient of demonstrative greetings from the leading scientific scholars and societies, not only of France, but of the whole world; notable amongst them was the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Eighty years ago, after having been appointed director of the laboratory of Vauquelin, one of the greatest chemists of his day, he published his first papers, on his own original researches. Ever since that time he has prosecuted his investigations most diligently and with marvellous results; so that, as was truly remarked in one of the eulogies pronounced upon the occasion of his celebration, the titles alone of his publications would suffice to fill a volume. His works embrace very different subjects, but refer especially to two branches of science—the study of fatty substances and complementary colors. After having been *aide-naturaliste* of the Paris Museum, and examiner of the Polytechnic Schools, he was appointed, in 1816, professor of chemistry in the world-renowned Gobelin manufactory of tapestry. In 1826, after the death of Proust, he became a member of the French Academy of Sciences. None of his colleagues of that time are now living. Since then, he has been appointed member of many scientific societies, both French and foreign, and in 1875 reached the highest degree in the order of the "Legion d'Honneur."

About the same time he began to style himself "the dean of French students;" and, as a student, has had as happy and successful a career

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as any one could desire. Simple, honest, straight-forward, frugal in his habits, always devoted to serious work, beloved by every one coming in contact with him, he has reached his present advanced age a wonderfully preserved man, and still remarkable alike for enterprise and strength.

His centenary was celebrated with due honor by every class of persons, especially by scientists. The Government also took part in it. The "Société d'Agriculture," of which he had been a member for fifty years and president for thirty-five, presented him with a bas-relief, the "Penseur." The inhabitants of the "*rue*" called, after him, "*Chevreul*," sent him a bouquet representing the complementary colors. A play was given at the Opera in his honor, and a memorial book, "*Livre Jubiliaire*," was gotten out for the occasion. A statue was unveiled in his presence at the Museum. A banquet, spread by the municipal authorities, and a torchlight procession wound up the festivities of the day. Towards the close of the celebration, especially at the unveiling of the statue, many long speeches were made which would have fatigued a man much younger; nevertheless, he assisted throughout. Unhappily, while those present greeted him and praised his work, they did not understand the principle which animated his life. They recognized and appreciated the exterior, but failed to detect the hidden mainspring of his actions. Some of the speakers represented him as an infidel and freethinker. They were mistaken. Chevreul is, and has been, a sincere practical Catholic. We have his own words for the truth of this assertion. On the 5th of September, writing to the Count of Montravel, who had taken up his defence in the matter of religion, he says: "Those who know me are aware that, born a Catholic, of Christian parents, I have lived and wish to die a Catholic." The same spirit is manifested by the following incident, which is transmitted to us from a very reliable source: Once, while travelling, he said to a priest who showed some surprise at finding him praying in a country church, not far from the railroad station, "M. le Curé, you are, perhaps, surprised to see a stranger in the church at this hour! I am Chevreul. I have missed my train, and while waiting for another I thought I could not employ my time better than in saying the beads." The priest remarking that it was greatly to be desired that all the savants of the day might imitate his example, Chevreul continued: "Yes, my colleagues of the Institute are excellent men, full of talent, and very learned in their own special line, but in whatever concerns God you cannot imagine how ignorant they are."

THE GERM-THEORY OF DISEASE AND THE PURITY OF THE AIR.

THE importance of Biology is evident to all who have followed recent students of this science in their investigations into the nature of the disease-germs so closely connected with the spread of epidemics. The

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deeper the researches made in the domain of bacterial life, the stronger grows the conviction that disease-producing germs are abundant and widespread. Hence it is that if animals, peculiarly liable to any particular disease, live in an atmosphere vitiated by such germs, the disease is apt to become very common. This fact will not appear strange if we consider the intimate relations existing between animal and vegetable life. In the latter, new developments can always be traced to the existence of new germs from which they take their origin. Thus, for instance, from seeds carried by sea-currents, or by birds, and especially by the wind, Mr. W. R. Wallace, in the fall meeting of the Academy of Science, explained the great similarity, nay even in many cases the specific identity, of plants growing in countries separated from each other by many miles of sea and land, as in New Zealand or Australia, and in our temperate zone in the northern hemisphere.

Dr. Sternberg, in a paper recently published, answers (and in our opinion very satisfactorily) the objection often advanced against the germ-theory, namely, "that the germs, were the theory correct, should not vary in virulence, whereas, in point of fact, experience shows that they are often very mild, and again very malignant in their effects." Dr. Sternberg has proved by experiment that pathogenic germs are subject to great modifications in their action, and that the same identical germs can be "attenuated." The virulence of the germs depends largely on the temperature, humidity, and other conditions of the atmosphere, which all affect their vitality, and, especially, on the length of time the germs have been existing outside of living organisms. Thus the microbes which produce fatal fowl-cholera lose most of their virulence after about three months. Thus, too, in Pasteur's method, by changing the time during which the virus of rabies is kept, inoculation can be made on successive days with liquids gradually increasing in strength until the organism is protected against the development of hydrophobia. Similarly, a mild attack of scarlatina or kindred diseases is now attributed, not to the presence of fewer microbes in the body of the patient, but to the attenuated vitality of the microbes.

From very recent researches of many able biologists it now seems certain that, though disease-germs are wide-spread, their power to attack animal organisms, and so develop themselves, depends on circumstances. Filth, and the neglect of proper sanitary precautions, powerfully aid the germs in their evil influence; and in many cases it has been found that the spread of contagious diseases is due as much to these causes as to the presence of affected animals or persons, or of articles which have been in contact with them. This seems, beyond doubt, to be the case as regards the bacillus of fowl-cholera, of typhoid fever, of cholera, and of diphtheria, which is so common at present.

It is the aim of biologists, at the present moment, to promote a more thorough knowledge of, and so provide a remedy against all causes that may promote the development of microbes. This explains the care now taken in studying the conditions of atmospheric purity in connection with the influence of the air in spreading disease. Air-tests for

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carbonic acid are now frequently employed, and of these we consider the mode of testing employed by Dr. Walpert one of the most efficient. He employs a glass vessel containing lime-water, through which are passed given volumes of the air to be examined, until the water becomes so obscured as to hide a mark previously made on the glass vessel. From the amount of air used its purity may be readily deduced.

But the chief object to be attained is to determine the degree of pollution produced in the air by the presence in it of organic substances. To this end several experimenters are now directing their efforts. In France, a well-known student of micro-organisms, Mons. Miquel, has found by a series of tests of the air at different times of the day and night that there is a sort of tide, with high and low water marks, in the distribution of these micro-organisms. There is a first high water between six and nine, A.M. and a second from six to eight P.M. The minima are at two P.M. and two A.M.; so that, were we to consider only this cause as affecting persons who are ill, the airing of their apartments should take place at those hours when the air is freest from those disease-germs, namely, from eleven P.M. to five A.M.

SOLAR ECLIPSE OF AUGUST 29, 1886.

TOTAL eclipses of the sun are always welcomed by astronomers, who find in them the best means of solving many problems, especially those bearing on the constitution of the sun. Hence, we understand why neither effort nor expense is spared in securing good observations of total eclipses. For this purpose, long and difficult voyages are sometimes required to reach those localities where the conditions are favorable. This, however, is not always the case, as, for instance, for the last total eclipse seen in the United States, in 1878, and for the one of next August, when the moon's shadow will sweep over a great part of Central Europe and Asia.

The last eclipse, of August 29, 1886, was no exception to the general rule. Though long in duration, lasting in some places over three minutes and a half, it was scarcely visible in any land suitable for observation. Near the northern edge of South America the eclipse was total at sunrise. From that point the line of totality crossed the Atlantic Ocean. It entered Africa near the unhealthy coast of Benguela (11° south lat.), and after sweeping across some of the most inaccessible portions of that continent, as the Zambesi Valley, it reached the sea opposite Madagascar (20° south lat.), where the eclipse was total at sunset. The places at all favorable for observation were, therefore, very few.

On account of this difficulty the English expedition selected Grenada and the adjacent islands, in the West Indies, although the rains common in those regions during August threatened to interfere with their observations. Their choice proved fortunate; for, of the five parties into

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which the expedition was divided, only the one of Green Island, to which Mr. Lockyer belonged, was doomed to disappointment. The others, one at Boulogne, under Professor Tacchini, of Rome; another, under Professor Thorpe, an Fantôme Island; a third, at Prickly Point, under Captain Darwin; and especially the last, at Carriæcou, under the leadership of Rev. S. J. Perry, S. J., of Stonyhurst, had as fair weather as the most sanguine could have anticipated.

It will be some time before the official report is published. Until then the results of the solar disk measurements and of the photographs cannot be ascertained. At present, however, it is pretty well known what results were arrived at concerning the physical constitution of the sun. We shall briefly allude to those which are better ascertained, and at the same time not over-technical.

All those acquainted with the phenomena of total eclipses are aware that the sun, at the moment of totality, is bordered by extensive red appendages, termed protuberances. These, as the spectroscope has shown, are formed mostly of hydrogen, due, it is generally admitted, to powerful eruptions taking place in the sun. By a method, first suggested in 1868, independently by Jannsen, in India, and Lockyer, in England, protuberances can be perceived on ordinarily clear days with the spectroscope. It has been generally believed that the protuberances seen by the spectroscope are the very same prominences which are perceived during an eclipse. This has, however, been called in question by one of the ablest observers of the eclipse of last August. We refer to Professor Tacchini, who, having—through the injustice of the Italian Government—succeeded the lamented Fr. Secchi in the direction of the Roman College Observatory, has enjoyed exceptional advantages for this kind of work. He has arrived at the conclusion that when the sun is not eclipsed the spectroscope discovers only a part of the protuberances, namely, the inner and more incandescent portion, called by him *red* protuberances; when, however, the moon screens the photosphere, the outer part, called *white* protuberances, are visible. This important difference has led Professor Tacchini and others to surmise that the red protuberances are the outbursting gas thrown off by the sun's eruptions, while the white ones are formed by the descending streams of the same gas after it has been cooled by radiating its heat into space. If this opinion should prove correct, it will make us better acquainted with the currents of the solar atmosphere.

The view just mentioned is the most important result of the last observation. There are other results which, being at present less probable, need only be mentioned. It is necessary, first, however, to recall to mind what is now generally admitted by astronomers concerning the sun's composition. With regard to the sun's nucleus, nothing is known for certain. It has, however, been deduced from spectroscopic observations that the nucleus is surrounded, first, by a very luminous layer termed the photosphere, quite deep, and exceedingly mobile; enclosing this is a second shell called the reversing or absorbing layer, which subtends an arc of about two seconds, and is, consequently, about one

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thousand miles in thickness. This second layer gives us the dark Fraunhofer lines of the spectrum, which appear bright for a moment at the beginning and at the end of the total eclipse. Outside the second shell, and about five times as thick, is the chromosphere layer, which is surrounded in turn by the coronal atmosphere.

Now, if the accounts of the last observation which have reached us are correct, it appears probable that the layers between the nucleus and the corona are not really distinct, but that the appearances which led astronomers to admit such a distinction *can* and *must* be explained by the different temperature and different state of dissociation of the elements composing the solar envelopes. Since the temperature varies at different distances from the nucleus, the elements arrange themselves according to their specific gravity, and thus present different appearances. These appearances are modified during an eclipse by the fact that the moon, gradually covering the sun's envelope, allows the different strata to be seen more or less clearly at successive moments. In our opinion, the observations on which this view is based need further confirmation.

A point which seems to have been well established during the eclipse is, that the so-called photographs of the corona, recently taken in full sunlight, are not reliable. It had already been ascertained that the coronal light, or that glory-like crown which surrounds the sun's outer envelope, was very rich in actinic rays, and hence it was believed that even during sunshine, notwithstanding the great amount of light reflected by our atmosphere, the corona would picture itself on sensitive plates. Many trials made in this direction have proved, undoubtedly, a failure; but lately Dr. Higgins, of London, thought that he had succeeded in obtaining some photographs in which the corona's outline was visible. Captain Darwin was charged to ascertain, during the time of the total eclipse, whether these photographs corresponded to the appearance of the corona. The results obtained up to the present prove that there is no similarity between the two. It remains, therefore, for Dr. Higgins to find another explanation of the facts revealed by his photographic plates.

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN AËRIAL NAVIGATION, AND SCIENTIFIC RESULTS EXPECTED THEREFROM.

AËRIAL navigation dates only from the invention of balloons in 1783. All endeavors to journey through the air with flying machines before that time, from the very nature of the principles involved, could have no practical results. It was in this year that the Montgolfier brothers made their first ascension in a balloon filled with hot air. It is needless to recall the principles underlying their success; for there is no one who is not aware of the truth that a body, displacing a volume of air heavier than itself, will, by virtue of the buoyancy imparted to it, neces-

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sarily ascend. No further improvements, however, were achieved for upwards of a century, nor was any improvement of importance required until the next great step had been taken of making balloons dirigible. In fact, for the simple object of rising in the air, ordinary care in the selection of balloon-material is quite sufficient. The hydrogen or coal-gas is sufficiently retained by well-varnished silk or even calico. A valve at the top will, when it is necessary, enable the aëronaut to control and accomplish his descent. If he is content to be carried whithersoever the wind will blow him, he needs no further attachment than the basket in which he is to ride. The balloons so often employed for scientific projects, and for other miscellaneous purposes, are of this kind. Those also—upwards of one hundred in number—which left Paris during the siege of 1870–'71, and which, in addition to the mail and the aëronaut, regularly carried one or two passengers, were, in the main, of the same construction. The familiar captive-balloon is another of the same kind.

But, strictly speaking, aerial navigation cannot be justly dated farther back than the time at which specific experiments established the feasibility of governing balloons in the air. Certain aëronautic specialists had claimed that it was impossible to direct a balloon in mid-air. Among these was the Duke of Argyll, president of the English Aëronautical Society, a gentleman of great scientific attainments, who, some years ago, expressed himself on the subject as follows: "A balloon is incapable of being directed, because it possesses no active force enabling it to resist the currents of the air in which it is immersed, and because, if it had such a force, it would have no fulcrum or resisting medium against which to exert it." This, however, is not the first instance upon record in which bold projects ultimately conducing to the establishment of some scientific fact were, at the outset, discouraged or discredited by experts. Years ago, in fact, during the infancy of steam navigation, competent men declared that no vessel could carry coal enough to propel it over the Atlantic; and, as late as thirty years ago, a prominent electrician of that time gave it as his opinion that transmarine telegraphy was an impossibility.

Omitting the earlier experiments made by Giffard, Dupuy de Lôme, and others, the partial failure of which is due to the fact that these aëronauts could not employ electric motors, the only motors of a practically constant weight, we come to M. Tissandier. He was the first to employ electric motors. His success induced the French Government to take up the matter, and two officers, MM. Renard and Krebs, were detailed to investigate, and provided with the means of experimenting. Their balloon was one hundred and sixty-five feet long and twenty-seven feet in diameter. It carried a platform of one hundred and thirty feet in length, upon which were placed the dynamo and battery, capable of developing a force of twelve-horse power. The propeller was at the forward end, and drove the air back over the platform. The rudder was a sail thirty-three feet square. On the day chosen for the trip the wind was light, so that the experiment was made under the most favor-

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able circumstances. The balloon was turned in the direction of the wind, and sped forward as soon as the machinery was put in motion. After a time the balloon, by a turn of 11° to the rudder, was brought around through an arc of 90°. By another turn, given to it shortly after, it was headed back towards its starting point, at which, after tacking three or four times, it descended. Several other trips have confirmed the success thus obtained, and at the same time have suggested useful improvements. One of these, which is very important, we shall mention, *i. e.*, that the propeller should be attached to the balloon itself, and not to the basket or platform hanging from it.

Although these balloons are very expensive and difficult to manage, they practically solve the problem of aërial navigation. And, now that the European war departments, especially in France and Germany, have entered upon their further perfection for military purposes, new developments would not be at all surprising. For obvious reasons, of course, their respective successes must remain a matter of state secrecy. Still, it is most probable that in the next European conflict we shall read of this kind of balloons, far superior to the captive-balloon, employed in previous campaigns, sent up by field officers to detect the movements of the enemy. The president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Sir F. Bramwell, speaking January, 1885, said: "I strongly suspect that if our lively neighbors, instead of ourselves, had been invading the Soudan, they would long before this time have had a dirigible balloon looking into Khartoum."

It has been proposed even to utilize such balloons for the purpose of dropping dynamite torpedoes into hostile forts and besieged cities. This would naturally necessitate the defence of these places by a counter-force of balloons, in which event engagements in the air between the belligerent forces would be a certain consequence.

But passing over their destructive and deplorable ends, "dirigible" balloons would afford other and far more peaceful advantages. They would, for instance, prove invaluable where, in exceptional cases, rapid travel might be a matter of serious moment. We have already excellent specimens of their future utility, in this particular, in the celebrated fifteen-hours trip of one of the Paris balloons, from that city to Christiania, in Norway, a distance of about 900 miles in an air-line; the repeated passage in balloons across the English Channel, and, of late, in the trial journey from the Missouri valley eastward. But their scientific uses would be many, and very important. We might, by the aid of these air-navigating balloons, obtain superior photographs of the heavens, especially of the comets and nebulæ. The barometer, they tell us, can be read at night in balloons, even at a moderate height, by the light of the stars alone. Nor is this strange, when we reflect that the atmosphere at that elevation, being purer and thinner, absorbs only a small percentage of the star-light.

Now, these photographs would be invaluable to astronomers; for, under such circumstances, even the faintest comets and the most distant nebulæ would impress their image upon the sensitive plate. Then,

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again, these aërial transports would prove a very material aid in topographical work. The earth from a balloon looks like a map; hence the very natural thought upon which aërial navigators have acted, of taking instantaneous photographs of the earth from various balloon-heights. Their success has far surpassed even the most sanguine hopes. We have been enabled to inspect some of their charts; they are truly excellent, and represent cities and countries precisely as they are, thus proving of immense utility for the correction and perfection of topographical surveys.

Another study which these air-boats would materially further is that of atmospheric electricity. Meteorologists have always been very anxious to observe storms from above the clouds as well as from the earth. In fact, it was reported not long ago that the Chief Signal Officer, even without the aid of the improved "dirigible" balloons, was intending to carry out this project, and had so far prosecuted his design as to have completed with parties in Philadelphia all the preliminary arrangements. We are able, however, to recall but one balloon ascension made in a storm; still, the importance of experiments of this kind, notwithstanding the danger attending them, is sufficiently obvious. The successful and safe undertaking of them could only be attempted in "dirigible" balloons.

Finally, for our notice is getting too long, sailing-balloons would do excellent service upon polar expeditions. A proposition, indeed, is already upon foot to employ captive-balloons on these expeditions to discover in what direction a passage through the ice may be more easily opened. Sledge-travel for this object is less expeditious, owing to the irregularity of the ice, and rarely accomplishes its purposes with any satisfaction. It would seem that, in comparatively fine weather at least, "dirigible" balloons would aid very materially in reaching the pole, or exploring regions otherwise inaccessible. Thus, too, in mountainous places they would prove of special advantage for scaling purposes, or to facilitate mountain railway transit. This latter use of the balloon is, we understand from *Nature*, even now in contemplation; an air-balloon railway is about to be constructed on the Geissberg, near Salzburg, a mountain of no great height, but offering a magnificent view over the beautiful neighborhood of the town. The balloon, which will have grooved wheels on one side of the car, will ascend a line of rails constructed upon the principle of the wire-rope invented years ago for the Righi, but never utilized.

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Book Notices.

S. THOMAS ET DOCTRINA PRÆMOTIONIS PHYSICÆ. Seu Responsio ad Rev. P. Schneemann, S.J., aliosque Doctrinæ Scholæ Thomisticæ Impugnatores. Auctore Pr. A. M. Dummermuth, Ord. Præd., Sac Theol. Mag. et in Collegio Lovaniensi ejusdem Ordinis Stud. Reg. Parisiis, apud Edi.ores Ephemeridis "L'anné Dominicaine," Via dicta du Cherche midi, No. 19. 1886.

The object of the work above named is evident from the title. It purposes to defend a point which has been a subject of dispute amongst theologians for the last three centuries, namely, that the doctrine of "Physical Premotion" was not invented by Bannez, but was taught by St. Thomas. The occasion, we are told by the Rev. author, of the writing of this work of 759 pages, and of rehearsing once more what had been said (perhaps more solidly and clearly) by Gonet, Goudin, etc., was the publication, some years ago, of a small volume on the same question by the late Rev. S. Schneemann, S J.

The author undertakes to refute Fr. Schneemann, and with him "omnes impugnatores Scholæ Thomisticæ." Among these opponents of the Thomistic School he gives the place of honor to Fr. Mazzella, S.J., member of "The Roman Academy of St. Thomas," and lately raised by Leo. XIII. to the high dignity of Cardinal for his well-known love for the doctrines of St. Thomas, and for his zeal in propagating the true teaching of the "Angel of the Schools."

That the author has failed in his object, we venture to assert, will be the verdict of every unprejudiced theologian who may have the delightful leisure to go through and verify nearly 600 pages of the work which have been devoted to references and extracts. Thus, for instance (Part III., ch. 4, § 6), he quotes Cardinal Bellarmine as favoring the opinion of the "Physical Premotion," when Bellarmine explicitly says of that opinion, what we would not dare state, viz.: "Hæc opinio videtur mihi, aut esse omnino eadem cum errore Calvini et Lutheranorum, aut parum ab illo distare." (Lib. I., De Gratiâ et Lib. Arb., c. 12.)

But there is another point which we think may mislead some readers. The Rev. author seems to insinuate that since the appearance of the Encyclical "Æterni Patris," in which the Holy Father strongly recommends the doctrine of St. Thomas, no *true* follower of his doctrine should oppose the "Praedeterminatio Physica."

This might be true if St. Thomas ever taught the doctrine of "Praedeterminatio Physica." But did St. Thomas ever teach it? The Rev. author attempts to prove that St. Thomas teaches it, but there is another authority on the teaching of St. Thomas, who is, at least, as well worth listening to as the author of the volume before us; and who is, too, in circumstances which give him an equal opportunity, if not greater, of knowing the wish of our Holy Father, the Pope, on this subject. Cardinal Pecci, brother of His Holiness, and one of the greatest admirers of the Angelic Doctor, and president of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas, when asked this question: "Whether, to be a true follower of St. Thomas, in obedience to the Pope's Encyclical, it was necessary to hold the so-called Thomistic system of Physical Predetermination?" replied, that it was not necessary to hold such a doctrine in obedience to

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the Encyclical, and that no one who held such a doctrine could be a true lover of St. Thomas. (Review of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas, Vol. 5, Fasc. 1.)

Listen to the Cardinal's own words bearing on this much debated question:

"Such is the absurdity into which those are likely to fall who, in investigating the knowledge which God has, believe that *conditional futures* are known to him by the *science of vision*, in such decrees as exist absolutely in Him, and predetermine the performance of certain acts, ... I need not say that *Predetermination is inconsistent with free will*, for predetermination means a determination *preceding* human deliberation. But God's determination can never fail, and hence necessity would precede human deliberation, and consequently the latter could no longer be free."

[Not to leave the other side unheard, we subjoin a brief review of the same book, sent us by one who believes in physical premotion. No one is allowed by the Church to call this system or its opposite by the odious name of heresy, or prejudge and condemn it *on that score*. It is on grounds of sound theology and common sense that the student must make his choice.]

This work appears at an opportune moment. Its author, Rev. Father Dummermuth, O.P., is a theological writer of no mean repute. The influence which the study of the Angelical has exerted on his mind will be evident to all who read his work. They will find it remarkable for clearness of statement and the remarkable grasp which he has taken of his subject. The scope of this work, as appears from the title, is to defend the doctrine of physical premotion, which Thomists have maintained against Molinists since the beginning of the controversy *De Auxiliis*. The work is especially useful at the present day, since the appearance of the Encyclical "*Aeterni Patris*," in which the doctrine of St. Thomas was so strongly recommended by the Holy Father to insure the restoration of Christian philosophy. Now, one of the chief doctrines of St. Thomas, pervading the whole "Summa," giving it a complexion, and which, if ignored or denied, makes the "Summa" unintelligible, is his teaching concerning the divine influx in the determinations of the free will. Some years ago Father Schneemann, S.J., the better to defend Molina's opinion of *concursus simultaneus*, contended that the doctrine of physical premotion, thitherto called the Thomistic doctrine, should not be attributed to the Angelic Doctor, but to Bannez, who, according to F. Schneemann, first introduced it into the schools, presenting it as the doctrine of St. Thomas. Father Schneemann wrote a work to defend this position, in which he endeavored to prove that Molinists are Thomists, and that Thomists are Bannesians. It was to meet this attack that Fr. Dummermuth wrote his work.

It is divided into six sections, the first being entitled, "De qua potissimum re quæratur." Here, the state of the question is proposed; the inquiry being, whether St. Thomas taught the doctrine "de influxu prævio," which the Thomists teach, or the doctrine "de concursu simultaneo," taught by their opponents. The second section, which is entitled, "De mente S. Thomæ," shows that the doctrine "de influxu prævio" is constantly found and taught in the writings of the Angelic Doctor. The third section is taken up entirely with refuting the arguments which Fr. Schneemann presses from all sides into his service. The fourth section, entitled "De Vetere Schola Thomistica," shows that physical

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premotion, as taught by Bannez and subsequent Thomists, was acknowledged as the doctrine of the Angelical by the first disciples in the school of St. Thomas. In the fifth section, entitled "Quid de gratiæ et libertatis finibus tempore Concilii Tridentini Theologi docuerint," the author shows that at the time of the Council of Trent no departure had yet been made from the doctrine "de influxu prævio Dei" in the determinations of the free will, which doctrine theologians of that day constantly defended on the authority of St. Thomas. And finally, in the sixth section it is proved that the earlier theologians of the Society itself acknowledged this doctrine as the genuine doctrine of St. Thomas. This is a summary of the matter which the author treats at length, fully, and in a remarkably clear manner. We take great pleasure, therefore, in recommending it to all students and lovers of Thomistic doctrine; but more especially to ecclesiastics to whose care is entrusted the theological training of youth. Such persons will find in the work before us whatever is conducive to making clear the meaning of St. Thomas on this very important question. In it they will also learn the false interpretations which are made of the writings of St. Thomas by those who endeavor to draw this great authority to the support of their own particular opinions.

BISHOP ULLATHORNE: The Story of his Life. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company.

The subject of this memoir, Right Rev. William Bernard Ullathorne, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham, holds a position in English public estimation only less eminent than Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman. His life, too, has been more varied and full of incident than that of either of them, or any other one of the Catholic Hierarchy of England, and the term of his service in the Church of Christ has been longer.

He has been upwards of forty years a bishop, upwards of fifty-five years a priest, and it is upwards of sixty-two years since he received the habit of the Order of St. Benedict. During all this time, in various scholastic and ecclesiastical positions, some of them, owing to peculiar circumstances, extremely difficult, he was indefatigable in his labors, and wonderfully successful in surmounting or removing obstacles which he had to encounter.

The Church in Australia may regard him as, in a certain sense, its founder. He was not its first priest, but he was sent there as Vicar-General to the Vicar-Apostolic of Mauritius when there were but two other priests there. Australia was then a penal colony, and the government officials, as well as the Protestant residents, both ministers and laymen, opposed in every possible way the Catholic religion. Vicar-General Ullathorne's immediate ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Morris, resided at Mauritius, six thousand miles away, so that he had to act as if the whole authority of the Church were concentrated in his own person. For ten years he labored indefatigably in Australia, and with great success, and then left in order to escape from being made bishop of one of the newly erected dioceses of Australia.

He went to England, and was appointed to the mission of Coventry. When he first took charge of this mission it was in a most unprosperous condition; the church-edifice being—to use the language of an address presented to him by his parishioners when he left them—"a mere barn, in a dilapidated and even dangerous condition." During the four and

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a half years that he continued on this mission he almost recreated it, and left it in a most flourishing spiritual condition, and with a spacious and beautiful church, parochial residence, schools and sisterhoods.

But Father Ullathorne's eminent qualifications for the office of the Episcopate were such that the Holy See could not longer permit him to decline its duties and responsibilities, as he had on several occasions. Accordingly, obedience was laid upon him, and on the 21st of June, 1846 (the day on which Pius IX. was crowned as Sovereign Pontiff) he was consecrated as Bishop of Hetalona (*in partibus infidelium*) for the Western District of Great Britain. His position here was a most difficult and embarrassing one. But without hesitation or discouragement he at once entered upon the work that was before him, and quickly surmounted many of the obstacles that lay in his way. But two years afterwards the diocese of Birmingham became vacant by the death of the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh. It was more important than that of Bristol and Clifton, and at the same time the difficulties to be overcome were even greater. There, accordingly, Bishop Ullathorne was sent in spite of his own remonstrances, and took charge of his new diocese on the 30th of August, 1848.

The diocese and its most important educational institutions were crippled and almost crushed by financial embarrasments. The annual deficit of the diocesan fund alone was about $5000, and there were many other charges for which the bishop was responsible, but to meet which there were no resources. Then, too, there was urgent need for establishing new missions and erecting more churches, schools and convents.

In fact, the embarrassment was such that on one occasion Bishop Ullathorne was actually arrested and sent to Warwick gaol for a debt, for which, *ex officio*, he was responsible, but which he had neither created nor approved. To use the words of the author of this memoir: "The case against him was curious; he was a debtor who had borrowed nothing, received nothing, given security for nothing, but he happened to be one of the *ex officio* trustees of a charitable bequest, and though he never had any beneficial interest in the bequest, the managers of the Glamorganshire Bank obtained an order for his arrest."

How Bishop Ullathorne overcame these difficulties the volume before us briefly hints at rather than describes. But that they were overcome, and at the same time means were obtained and wisely employed for church-extension, is shown by the fact that up to 1884 forty-four new missions had been founded, sixty-seven new churches had been built, and the number of priests had increased from eighty-six to one hundred and ninety-eight since Bishop Ullathorne first began to rule the diocese. There was only one charitable institution, now there are fifteen; then, there were seven convents, now there are thirty-six. And how wise and prudent his administration, in other respects, has been, how just and well-considered, clearly appears from the fact that no appeal from his decisions, or complaint, has ever been taken to Rome.

Yet, while Bishop Ullathorne has thus been successful in promoting religious and charitable works, both in Australia and in England, his tongue and his pen have also been ever active whenever an attack was made upon the Church, whether by an enemy without or a traitor within the camp. In Australia his vigilance and activity in this respect were so constant, and, as the results proved, so effective, that the enemies of the Church styled him the Right Rev. Agitator-General. And to Bishop Ullathorne's vigorous blows Catholics in the Australian colonies owe the demolition of laws and regulations which were fast

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solidifying into a system that would have left Catholics without any recognized civil or religious rights.

In England, Bishop Ullathorne has occupied a somewhat similar position in the public mind, a position resembling, in many respects, those which Archbishop Hughes and Bishop England occupied in this country. He was the chief agent and representative of the English Vicars-Apostolic in carrying on the negotiations at Rome which preceded the restoration of the hierarchy in England, and his vigorous defence of that measure, both by speeches at public meetings and by his pen, contributed largely towards calming the excitement of English non-Catholics which that measure occasioned. His pamphlets on the invasion of the Pontifical dominions; on the "Proposal to Submit the Convents to Government Inspection;" on "The Döllingerites, Mr. Gladstone, and Apostates from the Faith;" on "The Prussian Persecution," and many other publications of like character, are specimens of vigorous and effective controversy.

But Bishop Ullathorne's literary activity has not, by any means, been confined to polemics. He knows well how to turn his occasions for rest and recreation to profitable account for the instruction of his people. Of this, his letters on his "Pilgrimage to La Salette," on his "Pilgrimage to the Proto-Monastery of Subiaco, and the Holy Grotto of St. Benedict," and on other like subjects, are examples. Then, another class of works from his pen consists of his volume on the Immaculate Conception, "Lectures on the Conventual Life," on the "Confessional," a "History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England," "The Council and Papal Infallibility," "Church Music," etc.

But the most important works of his pen are those which have appeared during the last few years, and are the fruits of his ripe old age, "The Endowments of Man," "Groundwork of the Christian Virtues," and his volume on "Patience." These contain the accumulated wisdom of his life, and will be a lasting monument of his powers of observation and analysis.

This is an imperfect summary of the story of the life of this venerable prelate, which is simply and beautifully told in the book that is before us. It is embellished with four lifelike portraits of Bishop Ullathorne, taken at different times, and also a portrait of the saintly Mother Margaret Hallahan, foundress of the English Congregation of Sisters of Penance of St. Catherine of Siena, of the third Order of St. Dominic.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE: Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its Relation to Natural Science. By *F. R. H. Reusch*, Professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn. Revised and Corrected by the Author. Translated from the Fourth Edition by Kathleen Lyttleton. In 2 volumes. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The translation of these volumes has been made from the fourth edition of Dr. Reusch's "Bibel und Natur," published in 1876. But, in consequence of the rapid progress of science, some portions of them required alteration. Accordingly, the whole work has been revised by the author, and extensive alterations and additions have been made, all of which are embodied in the translation.

The Catholic Church, in virtue of the infallible wisdom which has been divinely given to it and by which it is guided, never promulgates or defines an article of faith before it becomes expedient and necessary to do so. Among the instances of this that might be cited is the fact that many questions with regard to the manner in which the first part

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of the book of Genesis is to be understood and explained, are open questions and mere matters of opinion.

Excepting belief in the Divine Creator of the heavens and the earth, by whom all things are made, upheld and preserved, and that God, self-subsisting, eternal, almighty, all-wise, all-merciful, is the Creator, Preserver, Ruler, and Absolute Sovereign of all things, visible and invisible, and that all the discoveries of human science must and will, when fully and perfectly understood, bear witness to and confirm these incontrovertible truths, the Church freely permits every one to entertain whatever opinions he chooses as regards the process and manner by which the material universe has reached its present form and condition.

For this reason we, personally, take little interest in the discussions constantly carried on as to how the statements of Genesis and the opinions of modern scientists may be harmonized.

In the first place, no certain conclusion has been reached as yet, and probably will not be reached for ages, as to how some of the statements of the first part of the book of Genesis are to be understood and construed. The Church is their sole infallible interpreter, and beyond the fundamental truths above mentioned, the Church has not deemed it necessary to go. When such necessity arises, then, doubtless, the Church, guided by Divine Wisdom, will declare with infallible certainty and truth the meaning of those statements. But we can foresee no present necessity nor near future need of any such action by the Church.

In the second place, what are called scientific conclusions (supposed to be irreconcilable with the statements of Genesis) are not really *conclusions* at all. When a real conclusion is reached, there is, at once, an end of all doubt, questioning and dispute. But, on no subject whatever, within the scope of their investigations and speculations, have scientists ever arrived at, nor have they ever claimed, nor now claim, to have arrived at such a conclusion. Consequently, their so-called conclusions are simply *opinions*—plausible, probable, it may be, which have obtained vogue amongst the majority of scientists, but still mere opinions, devoid of certainty.

And, even as regards the opinions most generally adopted by the scientists of to-day, there are wide and irreconcilable differences and antagonisms. The most eminent of them thus differ, and contend against each other. Each new scientific discovery, or supposed discovery, upsets and thrusts into the background, or seriously changes on some point or other, one or another theory that, previously, had been accepted as scientifically proved.

Consequently, it seems to us that until a finality is reached as to the certain meaning of each and every statement in the book of Genesis respecting the creation, and until the scientists shall have agreed amongst themselves as to the last and final meaning of the physical facts they have observed and discovered, and shall have conclusively proved that their explanations of those facts are entirely and indisputably true, it is utter folly for any believer in Divine Revelation to allow himself to be disturbed by silly allegations that discoveries of modern science conflict with the inspired account of creation contained in Genesis.

Yet, while this is true, such works as the one before us are widely useful and valuable. St. Augustine recognized their value; for he speculated and meditated upon questions of cosmogony, and explained them, in the light of the human science of his day; and went, indeed, doubtless with divine guidance, far beyond the science of his day in his speculations upon the probable meaning of the inspired record respecting the seven days or periods mentioned in it.

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Such works are valuable as refutations of the attempts of skeptical and infidel scientists to hold up to ridicule, or create doubts as to the truth and inspiration of, the Sacred Scriptures. They open up the way for Christian controversialists to make excursions into the camps of their enemies, and furnish them with weapons to attack them in their own chosen positions and discomfit them. They serve an important purpose, too, by showing that, even accepting the probable discoveries of human investigations as real and true, there is no irreconcilable discrepancy between them and the statements of the Sacred Scriptures respecting Creation.

The work before us is of this character; it is accurate, exact, and learned—we were tempted to say exhaustive—both as regards its statements of the opinions of the most eminent physicists or scientists of our day; and also as regards the opinions and explanations of eminent and Catholic theologians. Its fairness, too, in stating and treating anti-Christian objections and theories, cannot be denied even by the most pronounced, if honest, infidel scientist. It is comprehensive; there is scarcely a question, or detail of a question, mooted in the different schools of physical scientists, or between them and the defenders of the Divine inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, that is not learnedly, acutely and profoundly examined and discussed.

There are points, details, particular statements and arguments in the work on which we, and other Catholics far more competent to discuss them than the writer of this, differ from the author of the work. Among these are some of his arguments respecting the Theory of Descent. But these are matters of opinion, not of faith. Taking the work as a whole, it is a very valuable addition to Christian Catholic literature on the many and various subjects it treats of and examines.

THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS. Part I. By *Henry James Coleridge*, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company.

This work is the ninth of the series of volumes of Father Coleridge on the "Public Life of Our Lord." It treats of the first part of a most important period of the life of our Blessed Redeemer, during his visible presence on earth—viz., that which followed the Confession of our Lord's Divinity by St. Peter, the Mission of the Seventy-two, the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and the Choice of Mary Magdalene. It was during this period that our Divine Lord began to speak openly to the Apostles about His coming Passion, and to preach openly to the people about the doctrine of the Cross. Before this the chief purpose and object of His teaching was to prove that He was the Messiah, the Eternally Begotten Son of the Father. When the seeds of this conviction had been planted and watered and began to bear fruit, finding its clearest and fullest expression in Peter's sublime Confession, then our Divine Lord entered upon this final period of His public teaching, and taught the necessity of the Cross for the fulfilment of His Mission of Redemption and Salvation.

This is clearly shown in what the three historical Evangelists all tell us: "From that time," says St. Matthew, "Jesus began to show to his disciples that He must go to Jerusalem and suffer many things from the ancients and scribes and chief-priests, and be put to death, and the third day rise again." Sts. Mark and Luke state the same facts in slightly different words.

Before our Blessed Redeemer's disciples had been firmly grounded in

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the belief of the Divinity of our Lord, the doctrine of the Passion would have been a difficulty to them. But, after they understood this rightly, it was not a difficulty, but rather the crown and completion of the Divine intention of the Incarnation. For, without the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Cross for the sins of the whole world, and the necessity of that sacrifice for satisfying the justice of God, the Passion could not and cannot be understood. Without this doctrine, our Lord is simply a victim of the malice of His enemies, as Socrates might be thought to have been, or, at least, He is only the perfect pattern of patience and of all other most heavenly virtues, in the sufferings which he underwent. Without this doctrine, the death of the Messiah would only be His defeat, and the extinction of the kingdom he came to found. But with it, the Passion is His great triumph, the victory over all His foes, the sure foundation of His kingdom.

During the previous part of his public ministry His disciples would not have been capable of receiving these mysteries, but when they grasped the truths comprehended in Peter's sublime Confession, they were prepared to receive the further teachings of our Divine Lord respecting His Passion and its necessity and blessed effects.

The intention and purpose of the writer in the volume before us is to study and set forth the interior meanings of these latter teachings of our Lord, which were given during the period between Peter's Confession and Palm Sunday, embracing probably seven or eight months.

Respecting this period of the public life and ministry of our Divine Lord, St. Matthew tells us very little, and St. Mark follows St. Matthew in this abstention. The reason for this is probably to be found in the fact that St. Matthew wrote chiefly for the instruction of the Jewish converts at Jerusalem, and on this account he omitted that part of the history of our Divine Lord which was already well known to them. For a somewhat similar reason, St. Mark was reticent. He wrote specially for the Christians of Rome and the Roman Empire. The idea of sacrifice, and of sacrifice of self for the salvation of others, of a nation, a country, or a kingdom, was no difficulty to them. The history of Rome was full of instances of this, legendary and mythical it may be, but, nevertheless, believed and cherished. It was comparatively easy, therefore, for Roman Christians, when they had grasped the idea that Christ was the founder of a universal, ever-enduring kingdom, to believe that it was necessary for Him to offer Himself up as a Sacrifice of Atonement and Redemption for all who would accept the benefits of that sacrifice.

But Sts. Luke and John wrote for others than Jews or Romans, and evidently with different purposes as regards instruction. Consequently, their Gospels supply us largely with materials respecting the latter period of our Lord's preaching, excepting those parts where the scene is not to be laid in Judæa or Jerusalem.

Father Coleridge divides the period between the Confession of Peter and Palm Sunday—seven or eight months—as follows: First, our Divine Lord remained for some time in Galilee; there He first predicted His Passion, and taught the people the necessity of the Cross; then and there, after a short interval, was the mystery of the Transfiguration; immediately following on this was the miracle of healing the lunatic boy and its lessons; then our Divine Lord returned to Capharnaum, where He paid the didrachma for Himself and St. Peter; then follow instructions, addressed chiefly to the Apostles, about the greatness of children in the Kingdom, the immense care that is to be taken of them; the dangers and punishment of scandal; the duties of fraternal reproof and mutual forgiveness.

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These teachings are related by all the first three Evangelists. But then the scene changes, and for a considerable period St. John takes up the narrative respecting our Lord's going up privately to the Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem, and His disputations in the Temple with His enemies, the Chief Priests and Pharisees; then the release by our Lord of the woman taken in adultery, and His healing of the man who was born blind; and His discourses on each of these occasions. Then there occurs a period which St. John passes over, but which St. Luke relates, referring to our Lord's teaching and discourses in Judæa after the Feast of Tabernacles. Thus these two Evangelists supplement each other.

Father Coleridge takes up the different subjects we have mentioned, and, in his comments upon them, seeks chiefly to bring out their interior meaning. At the close of the volume he gives in an Appendix a Harmony of the Gospels referring to this period of our Divine Lord's Public Ministry.

ACTA ET DECRETA CONCILII PROVINCIALIS Neo-Eboracensis IV., in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci, a Die XXIII. ad XXX. Septembris, A. D. MDCCCLXXXIII. Preside Eminentissimo ac Reverendissimo Joanne McCloskey, Tituli S Mariae supra Minervam S. R. Ecclesiæ Presbytero Cardinali et Archiepiscopo Neo-Eboracensi, Habiti et a Sede Apostolica recogniti. Typis Societatis pro Libris Catholicis Evulgandis: Neo-Eboraci. 1886.

Soon after the holding of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, the late Cardinal McCloskey, Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, had it in mind to convene a Council of the Prelates and theologians of the Ecclesiastical Province over which he presided, in order to promulgate more efficaciously, and give greater practical effect to the decrees of that Council. But, before he could carry out his purpose, he was informed of the intention of His Holiness, Pius IX., of blessed memory, to hold an Œcumenical Council at Rome. Consequently, Archbishop McCloskey prudently and wisely deferred calling his intended Provincial Council until after the Œcumenical Council.

Then, subsequently to this, other circumstances combined to cause further delay. But these obstacles being at last removed, the way was opened to his Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, borne down with the weight of years, and visibly hastening towards the end of his life on earth, to send forth letters, on the 5th of February, 1883, convoking the Council he had so long desired to hold.

The date first fixed upon for the meeting of the Council was June 3d, 1883, but owing to the ill health of His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, during the latter part of May, it was deferred to the 23d of September. On that day the first solemn session of the Council was held; and after frequent subsequent sessions it finished its work, and was solemnly closed on the 30th of the same month.

The Acts and Decrees of the Council were transmitted to Rome for examination and approval by the Holy See. After careful consideration and revision, they were sanctioned and approved. Meanwhile Cardinal McCloskey died, and his successor in office, the Most Rev. Michael Augustin Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, solemnly promulgated them on the Feast of St. Augustin, August 28th, 1886.

They have been published by the Catholic Publication Society Company in a volume which, as regards quality of paper and binding and clearness and distinctness of letter-press, accords with the value and importance of its contents.

The Acts and Decrees of this Council impress us as being a model

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of well-considered, prudent, far-seeing Christian legislation. As regards their style and language, they are clear, pithy, concise, yet comprehensive. That they will be fruitful and efficacious in reforming abuses, arresting wickedness and impiety, and promoting the interests of true religion within the Ecclesiastical Province of New York, we doubt not. Their importance and influence, too, will extend beyond this. They will serve as a model and example, we feel assured, for like legislation in other parts of the Church in our country. They form, too, a valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical rules and regulations which are gradually taking definite form and shape in the United States, and which, in due time, will grow and be consolidated into a uniform system of Canon Law for our country suited to our circumstances and times.

Comparing these Acts and Decrees of the Fourth Provincial Council of New York, with those of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held little more than a year afterwards, the one was a Provincial Council, confined as regards its ecclesiastical legislative action to the States of New York and New Jersey; the other was a Plenary Council, convened to consider and legislate for the Church throughout our whole country. The minor Council was prior in the order of time, yet its acts and decrees harmonize perfectly with those of the superior and greater Council which convened subsequently, though the vast majority of its members had not been members of the Provincial Council of New York, and had little or no exact and intimate knowledge of its proceedings, and no knowledge as to how far they would be approved by the Holy See. With regard to a number of subjects, the action of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore seem to us an extension of that of the Provincial Council of New York. With regard to some others, the Council of Baltimore seems to have adopted the principles and ideas of the Council of New York, and left them to further development and application by the subsequent action of Provincial Councils and Diocesan Synods throughout the United States.

THE GREAT MEANS OF SALVATION AND OF PERFECTION. By *St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1886.

THE INCARNATION, BIRTH AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST, OR THE MYSTERIES OF THE FAITH. By *St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1887.

These two works are the third and fourth volumes of the Centenary Edition of the complete Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, which Messrs. Benziger Brothers are now publishing. The first of the two, "The Great Means of Salvation," is one of the most important of the works of St. Alphonsus. He himself says of it: "This book, though small, has cost me a great deal of labor. I regard it as of extreme utility to all sorts of persons; and I unhesitatingly assert that among all spiritual treatises there is none, and there can be none, more necessary than that which treats on prayer as a means of obtaining salvation."

The work is divided into two parts. The first treats of the Necessity of Prayer, the Power of Prayer, and the Conditions of Prayer. Each

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of these subjects is subdivided into its proper subordinate topics, which are explained and enforced in separate chapters.

Part two proves that the grace of prayer is given to all, and treats of the ordinary mode in which this grace operates. In the introductory chapter to this part St. Alphonsus proves from the testimony of Holy Scripture and the teaching of the Holy Fathers, first, that God wishes all men to be saved, and second, that therefore Christ died to save all men. The last few pages of this chapter are occupied with an explanation of the state of children who die without baptism, and an answer to the objection that if God wills all to be saved, how is it that these children perish without any fault of their own. Besides other considerations bearing on the subject, St. Alphonsus shows that children who die in infancy without baptism do not perish, because, though they fail to obtain eternal blessedness, yet they are not in a state of pain and unhappiness, and that they have not "the pain of sense nor the pain of loss."

In the second chapter it is proved that God gives to all the just the grace necessary for the observance of the Commandments, and to all sinners the grace necessary for conversion. The third chapter exposes and refutes the errors of Jansenism. In the fourth chapter it is proved that God "gives all men the grace to pray if they choose." The latter part of the work is made up of Devout Practices, Thoughts, Meditations, Hymns, instructions on Mental Prayer, Exercises of a Retreat, and Thoughts on Death.

The latter part of the volume, containing the treatise on the Great Means of Salvation, is occupied with St. Alphonsus's writings on the choice of a State of Life and Vocation to the Religious State.

The second of the volumes, of which we have given the titles above, consist of a series of nine Discourses, composed by St. Alphonsus for the Novena of Christmas, on the Incarnation, Birth, and Infancy of our Lord Jesus Christ; and of several series of Meditations respecting every day of Advent, for the Novena of Christmas, for the Octave of Christmas, and thence on to the Epiphany, and then, under the title of Darts of Fire, a number of devout reflections, aspirations, prayers, and hymns.

A MEMOIR OF FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S.J., that great and good son of St. Ignatius Loyola, who lived and labored for more than thirty-one years at old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. By *Eleanor C. Donnelly*. With an Introduction by Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D.D. Published by F. A. Fasy, Philadelphia. 1886.

The two quotations placed as mottoes on the title page of this book are not too flattering for the subject, for Father Barbelin was, indeed, "*dilectus Deo et hominibus*," and

> "Ripe was he in wisdom, but patient and simple and childlike.
> He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children."

With extreme care has Miss Donnelly gone to work to "gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost," and judiciously has she arranged them. "It is a beautiful life," says the Rev. Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, in his brief but pointed Introduction, "described in beautiful language, which we are sure will be treasured up by those who knew dear old Father Barbelin. If precious to those who knew him, the book will be dear as well to their children and children's children, for, as the children's friend and father, his memory will

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go down to posterity as one who labored faithfully and did great good in his generation, and whose name is deservedly held in benediction."

The career of the good Jesuit merited such a record as we have in these 450 pages, and the book is also fully worthy of its subject. In the first seventy pages we are told all that need be known of his early life, the careful training of his childhood and youth, and besides, particulars of the other members of the pious Lorraine family of which he was so worthy a member. Then begins the story of his religious life and labors, with the circumstances that directed his course westward, and to our shores. Apropos of his assignment to missionary duty in Philadelphia, the author gives a too brief, but on the whole very satisfactory history of the Church in Philadelphia prior to his time. Then comes, what must be to Philadelphians the most interesting part of the book, the record of Fr. Barbelin's labors at St. Joseph's. with which are interspersed numerous anecdotes, whose authenticity can be vouched for by very many persons yet living. In the third part is a record of the virtues and characteristics of Father Barbelin; and in the fourth an account of his last illness and his funeral, together with the memorial tributes paid to him.

It is most gratifying to bear testimony to the recent awakening of interest in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. Local histories of many sections have recently been published, and many records of missionary lives. Most of them, too, are of a high degree of merit, deserving of a permanent place in our literature. But we think we can safely say, without in the least disparaging the others, that Miss Donnelly's "Life of Father Barbelin" holds a foremost place.

POISON DROPS IN THE FEDERAL SENATE. THE SCHOOL QUESTION FROM A PARENTAL AND NON-SECTARIAN STAND-POINT. An Epitome of the Educational Views of Zach. Montgomery, on account of which Views a stubborn but fruitless effort was made in the United States Senate to prevent his confirmation as Assistant Attorney-General. Washington: Gibson Bros. 1886.

This is Mr. Montgomery's reply to his anti-Catholic enemies, who, led on by two disreputable bigots, Messrs. Ingalls and Edmunds, tried to secure his rejection from office by knowingly misrepresenting his views on common-school education. Judge Field of California was the one who originated the calumnious outcry. He is on the Supreme Bench, and the other two are members of the Senate. But the day has long gone by when a seat on the judicial bench or in the Washington Senate can be alleged as proof of a man's claim to respect and honor. Some few old-fashioned States, it is true, send none but worthy, honorable men to the Senate, and even to the House of Representatives. But they are the exception, and it is to be feared that under the growing strain of what is called "progress," before half a century has passed, will discard their conservative notions, and pride themselves on being no better than their neighbors. Messrs. Edmunds and Ingalls spoke falsely against Mr. Montgomery while his confirmation was pending before the Senate. It may be that they then acted honestly, because misled by their informants. But when their mistake was pointed out to them, did they imitate the candor of Senator Blair? Did they correct the error or allow it to be corrected? No; but by their silence when they were bound to speak, and other shameful tactics, they endorsed, as far as in them lay, the wicked calumny.

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Mr. Montgomery's ideas about the common schools are well known to our readers. Though a Catholic, he does not approach the question from a Catholic point of view, but attacks the system merely because it tramples under foot the rights of the parent and of the citizen. His views were endorsed by the leading clergymen of San Francisco, Jewish, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and others. But *cui bono?* There is money and something more at the bottom of the common-school system, and it will never surrender until those Greek Kalends, when politicians will become honest and bigots learn Christian charity.

AN ANCIENT HISTORY, FROM THE CREATION TO THE FALL OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE, A.D. 476; with numerous Maps and Plans of Cities. By *A. J. B. Vuibert, S.J., A.M.*, Professor of Rhetoric and History in St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md. Baltimore: Foley Bros. & Co. 1886.

Fredet's "Ancient History" was a very excellent school book in its day, and his "Modern History" will, for a long time yet, remain a favorite, and deservedly so. But, owing to the recent archæological discoveries in the Tigris-Euphrates and Nile districts, as well as elsewhere, it became necessary that a large portion of the former work should be rewritten, and other portions, especially in the early records of Greece and Rome, revised with the greatest care. This was Father Vuibert's original intention, which he soon changed, however, for that of writing a new work, and for this he deserves the thanks and lasting gratitude of all college students, tutors and professors. We have here not only an admirable substitute for Fredet, but a successful rival to all other single volume books covering the same period. The parts are perfectly proportioned to one another, and the subjects so prominently set forth by side-headings in bold type as to be seen at a glance, and fix themselves firmly in the learner's mind. Egyptian and Assyrian, Greek and Roman antiquities are treated in the most satisfactory manner, in the light of the researches and discoveries made by the ablest Orientalists down to the present time. In the view given of the social questions that agitated Greece and Rome, it may be seen at the first glance how similar many of them were to issues giving rise to political agitation and legislation in our own days. The complaint of dryness so often and too frequently with justice, made in reference to elementary histories, cannot be alleged against this one, except by persons who have no taste whatever for historical studies. The book fully deserves the high approval which it has received from Cardinal Gibbons, and even a more extensive circulation than His Eminence has predicted for it.

NOVISSIMA; OR, WHERE DO OUR DEPARTED GO? By *Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. Lit., Laval.* Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Company. 1886.

We have, in past times, sometimes thought that Dr. Bernard O'Reilly's pen was too facile and too constantly employed. But of late we have changed our opinion. A full mind must unburden itself by finding expression for its thoughts: "For, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And Dr. O'Reilly, with his quick and thoroughly trained mind and keen perceptions, observes, thinks, reflects and meditates, before he writes. Accordingly, the work that is now presented to the public is the result of many years of study and reflection upon the

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subject of which it treats. Some parts of it were written two years before the author penned the rest of it and furnished it for publication.

Its author says, in his preface, that though in this volume he only treats of everlasting rewards, in answer to the question, "Where do our departed go?" yet it is not because he "feared to consider the subject of everlasting punishment," but that it is his purpose to take it up "in another volume treating both of the punishment and the purification to be undergone after death."

The volume before us is not controversial. It consists of a series of meditations upon the teaching of the Sacred Scriptures, and of the Church, their interpreter. In its introductory chapter it refers to the questioning of mankind in the past and in the present as to where their departed go after death, and where they themselves will go. It cites concisely the declarations of pagans, expressing their belief in a future life, the glorious witnesses to this truth among the Hebrew race, and the Apostolic testimonies to it. The writer then alludes to the constant yearning of pious souls for eternal rest and to be with Christ. He then meditates upon the nature of our life in heaven, and what its joy, and bliss, and glory consist of. He then considers the physical conditions of the Heavenly Empire, the resurrection of the body, the new birth of mankind, the transfiguration of the blessed, the triumph of Christ, the Supper of the Lamb, the eternity of heaven.

The writer's thoughts on these and kindred subjects are presented with admirable simplicity and clearness, and the work is at once interesting, instructive and edifying.

THE LAST DAYS OF BISHOP DUPANLOUP. Edited by *Lucian Edward Henry, B.A.* London: Richard Bentley & Son.

The name and renown of Bishop Dupanloup (of Orleans), the heroic champion of truth in the French Senate, in the National Assembly, and Academy, are honored and cherished in other countries than his own, and by all who recognize and admire true greatness. But he has higher claims to be remembered by Catholics. He was one of the most conspicuous examples of the union of learning, faith, devotion and charity our century has produced.

The little work before us consists of letters written by those who were with him and watched over him during the last few months of his life, and while he was visibly hastening towards the grave. They were not intended for publication, but the pious family to whom they belong, at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Albi, consented to permit them to be given to the public. They present a most affecting and edifying picture of the interior life and character of this great and saintly bishop; his piety, devoutness, faithfulness and charity.

PURGATORY: DOCTRINAL, HISTORICAL AND POETICAL. By *Mrs. J. Sadlier.* New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This volume is the result of a pious desire on the part of its author to give more completeness to her work as the writer and translator of very many books, by composing one specially devoted to the souls in purgatory.

When she decided upon this, "she resolved," as we learn from her

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preface, "to make her book as different as possible from all others, and thus fill up a possible void in English purgatorial literature." In pursuance of this thought, she concluded to make a book consisting chiefly of legends and poetry, with enough of doctrinal and devotional matter to give it a substantial character.

The work is divided into five parts. The first of these parts, which occupies about one-third of the volume, is doctrinal and devotional, comprising extracts from the writings of distinguished Saints, and Doctors and Fathers, both of the earlier and the middle ages of the Church, and also from modern writers. The second part consists of anecdotes and incidents. The third part is historical. The fourth part contains thoughts of various authors on Purgatory. The fifth part is legendary and poetical.

SHORT SERMONS FOR THE LOW MASSES OF SUNDAY. By the *Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J.* Translated from the French, with the permission of the author, by Rev. Edward Th. McGinley. Second edition. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

The second edition of this work makes its appearance quite opportunely. The late Plenary Council of Baltimore directed that short discourses should be delivered at all the Low Masses on Sundays for the instruction of those of the people who did not attend the High Mass. The work before us will be a great help to many of the clergy in carrying out this direction. It contains four separate series of short, fervid and pointed discourses (two hundred and twenty-six in all) forming together a full and comprehensive and methodical exposition of Christian doctrine. They furnish a complete explanation of the Apostles' Creed, and of all its depending truths, and of practical applications of those truths to the every-day wants and duties of Christian life and practice.

They will generally require from five to seven minutes in their delivery. They are also so constructed that if any of them are thought too short they can easily be lengthened, either by developing some of their points or by citing an example or two from history, the Sacred Scriptures, or the Fathers, illustrating and enforcing some of the points.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS. By *J. W. Cummings, D.D., LL.D.*, of St. Stephen's Church, New York City. New edition. New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street. 1886.

This work is a familiar exposition of Catholic morality, intended to tell people of common intelligence what they must do in order to become good Christians, how they shall do it, and the results that will follow. The reader is encouraged to go as far as it is his duty to go, but warned of the evil results that will ensue if he should go too far, and set up his own personal views against the teachings of the Church. It is suggestive in its method. Instead of endeavoring to exhaust the subjects it treats of, it presents them to the mind of its reader sufficiently to induce him to think about them, leaving him, then, to reflect upon them.

Such books as this are widely useful, and they are greatly needed. For, while the number of works containing dogmatical explanations, or of a controversial character, or giving rules for attaining Christian perfection, is very great, and many of them, too, are of the highest order of excellence, yet there are but few books which teach inquiring Protestants, recent converts, and fervent but uninstructed Catholics, how to be good, and to take the steps which precede being perfect.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES ON ALL SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR. By *Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul.* Vol. II. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

The meritorious character of these Five-minute Sermons has already become widely known through those which are contained in the previously published volume. Those contained in the volume before us are equally meritorious. They are pithy, simple and direct in method and language, earnest and practical. They are one hundred and fifty-two in number, and treat almost every subject on which Christians need instruction, warning or exhortation. They are so constructed that nearly all of them will serve as skeletons of sermons, and can thus be expanded into longer discourses for High Mass or on Sunday evenings.

The volume will also promote a very useful purpose to the laity in furnishing them a book which is replete with sound practical instruction.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Translated from the French of Bishop Camus. New York: P. O'Shea, 45 Warren Street.

This is not only a very edifying book, but also a very delightful one. It consists of reminiscences and anecdotes, and accounts of the sayings and doings of St. Francis de Sales in his daily life, narrated with charming simplicity by his bosom friend, the saintly Right Rev. John Peter Camus, Bishop of Belley.

Bishop Camus has divided his work into eighteen chapters, arranging his materials so that each chapter illustrates a particular phase of St. Francis's character. They comprehend almost every point and question of practical duty and prudence that can arise in the life of a devout Christian.

COMMENTARIUM IN FACULTATES APOSTOLICAS QUÆ EPISCOPIS CONCEDI NOSTRIS SOLENT. Ad usum Venerabilis Cleri Americani. Auctore A. Konings, C.SS.R. Editio Altera Auctior et Politior cura Henrici Kuper, C.SS.R. Neo-Eboraci: Benziger Fratres. 1886. 12mo, pp. 164.

This will be of great use to theologians in marking the exact limits of those ample powers that have been granted to our bishops by the Apostolic See. Every subject is treated by F. Konings with his usual learning and clearness.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by *Justin Winsor*, Librarian of Harvard University, Corresponding Secretary Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. II. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

POEMS. By *Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

ELEMENTS OF RIGHT AND OF THE LAW To which is added a Historical and Critical Essay upon the several Theories of Jurisprudence. By *George H. Smith.* Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1887.

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Leo P.P. XIII.

(*Translation.*)

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APRIL, 1887.

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S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.



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THE BOSTON OF WINTHROP.

The Emancipation of Massachusetts. By Brooks Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887. 12mo. pp. 382.

The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts. By Richard P. Hallowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887. 18mo. pp. 229.

BOOKS continue to emanate from the press on the subject of the early history of New England. Not only in this country, but also in England, men are studying the motives, plan and management of the colonies which became in time a potent factor in breaking the ties that bound the thirteen colonies and provinces to the mother country, and in establishing a republic.

One would think that with all the light thrown on the subject, with the material presented by historical societies, local and general histories, the history of the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Providence Plantations, New Haven and Connecticut, ought to be tolerably well known.

Yet on the 21st of December, A.D. 1886, before the Congregational Club of Boston,—it was after dinner, we admit,—the Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln, one of the professors of Newton Theological Seminary, is reported to have said: "Looking at this presence tonight, I say there is more dormant Christian energy in these men and women than is sufficient to convert this city to Jesus Christ,

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though the city of Collins and O'Brien is not quite the city of Winthrop and the Pilgrims."

As to the city intended by the somewhat enigmatical expression, "the city of Collins and O'Brien," there can be little doubt that the reverend professor used these words to describe Boston, of which the Hon. Hugh O'Brien, a Catholic gentleman, evidently of Irish origin in whole or in part, is the respected chief magistrate, raised to his position by the vote of the people in successive elections. What city he designed to bring to our minds by the words, "the city of Winthrop and the Pilgrims," is not so clear. When Winthrop came over, in 1630, with the great emigration, he founded the city of Boston. We feel somewhat sure on that point, as two of our ancestors accompanied him. Nearly a decade before that the Pilgrims, so called, founded Plymouth; and the Congregational Club met on December 21st to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims. Now what city did Winthrop *and* the Pilgrims found? What is their city? Where are we to look for it? It occurred to us, after some pondering on this enigma, that the reverend speaker may have meant Providence. When Massachusetts Bay, of which Winthrop may have been taken as a rhetorical personification, and Plymouth of the Pilgrims drove men and women into exile, in midwinter even, for exercising the very right which they themselves claimed as fundamental, the right of private judgment, the right of free thought, the right to deny the spiritual supremacy of any men who had not an express warrant from God, the city of Providence was founded by Roger Williams, more fortunate than Mrs. Hutchinson, Nicholas Upsall, Gorton, and others. Providence may thus, in a certain sense, be called the city of Winthrop and the Pilgrims. But he would scarcely, even after dinner, tell his hearers the truism that Boston was not Providence. Perhaps, however, the speaker intended to stop at Winthrop, and the words, "the Pilgrims," are redundant. He may have intended to compare the Boston of our day with the Boston of Winthrop's day. Boston of the old intolerance, where a few ministers from England set themselves up as infallible teachers of religion and dispensers of the mysteries of the kingdom of God, ruled the people with a rod of iron and drove beyond the limits of their cleared fields Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, and every other man or woman who denied their self-assumed authority or claimed the right of private judgment. He may have wished to compare the city of Winthrop, where it would be absurd to claim that the Spirit of God dwelt as in a chosen temple, with the Boston of our day, where the logical result of the teaching and polity of the ministers of Winthrop's day has produced its natural fruit in Agnosticism, Transcendentalism, Unitarianism, in the general decay of all faith in Christ or Christian revelation among the descendants

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of the early settlers, and where the only hope of a Christian future is in the Catholic Church, now free there to do its work, and steadily, earnestly recalling men to belief in a personal God, in redemption through Christ, in revelation, in the necessity of an infallible Church to teach with one unfaltering accent the revealed truth and maintain from age to age the worship which God prescribed that men should render unto Him as the solemn public act of homage, allegiance and obedience.

It is by her that the city is to be converted to Jesus Christ, by her living, active, loving and patient energy, not by the dormant energy of any self-appointed men and women even at a dinner-table. "Non dormitat neque dormiet qui custodit Israel."

Evidently the professor's ideas as to early New England were, in the extreme, vague and confused. A little study of the subject may not be amiss, and some recent publications give us an opportunity which we hope not to abuse, for we do not think many of our readers are so obtuse as to talk of a city founded by Winthrop *and* the Pilgrims.

In a sense not perhaps intended by the learned gentleman, the Boston of to day is not the Boston of Winthrop's day—the Boston with a Catholic mayor and the Angelus sounding from convent and spire,

"As though a better world conversed with ours,"

is not the Boston where Catholicity was prohibited, where sympathy with Quakers brought banishment, ruin and death in prison on one of the earliest settlers. The progress has certainly been in the right direction.

Though an almost Chinese adoration of ancestors has long prevailed in Massachusetts, and, like other forms of paganism, entailed necessarily a clouding of the intellectual faculties, producing from time to time strange exhibitions, which those who see from afar regard with pitying wonder, there seems to be an occasional symptom of recovery from the strange delusion. A number of the usual commonplaces will, of course, from time to time be strung together, especially under the influence of a good dinner, eloquence and exhilarating accompaniments of the banquet hall; but a critical historical spirit which discusses with keen and unbiased judgment other branches of American history, must weigh the early annals of New England and give that part of the country its proper place, without yielding to pious exaggerations by loving descendants of her men of former days, or to the jealousies which may characterize other parts of the country.

Men of every other State, where there were early annals and early worthies, naturally felt a little weary of the loud and constant

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claim of New Englanders not only that their forefathers and all the institutions established by their forefathers were alike stamped with the highest brand of human excellence and merit, but that all that was really good and exalted in the institutions of the whole country emanated from one source, the early men and early institutions of New England. A sort of instinctive resentment at this pretension may, perhaps, have biased in some degree the judgment of writers in other States so that it cannot be appealed to as perfectly impartial. Indeed, any treatment of a New England topic by a non-resident of New England, even if of New England birth or race, is apt to draw on the offender the severe and serious animadversion of those who feel especially selected in the designs of Providence to maintain the history as handed piously down from sire to son. Of this Dr. George H. Moore is a signal example, and his discussions, marked by great research, felicitous illustration, perspicuity of style, and closeness of reasoning, seem only to provoke hostile counter arguments, which evince too much temper where fruitful investigation and critical discrimination of historical material were requisite.

The correction of the undue laudation of everything and anything, of false principles of government enunciated as a justification for mistaken legislative or judicial action, of acts illegal, cruel and rebellious, must, to have real effect, come from New Englanders in New England. It is only by that agency and there that a change can be effected which will spread over the country and lead to the suppression of much that is fallacious and deceptive in our school books, our newspapers, and the literature we encounter from childhood to age.

The first book that attempted to counteract the idolatry was Oliver's "Puritan Commonwealth," but that work was greeted with such a unanimous exhibition of dangerous hostility that it produced very little beneficial effect.

"The Emancipation of Massachusetts," by Brooks Adams, is the most recent and most striking work in review and condemnation of the spirit underlying early New England institutions and polity. The author announces at the outset his own dogmatic uncreed. God could reveal to men no body of truths which they could be required to believe when imparted by His authorized agents. God could establish no service of worship as due Him which man could be required to render. The Catholic Church was preëminently the enemy of human freedom, in that she required men to believe because God revealed, and would not recognize as a truth the proposition that God must be equally pleased whether men believe or disbelieve Him, obey or disobey Him. That the "Reformation" merely claimed the right for government or power of

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any kind to impose its own set of opinions on others, making truth consist in the power to enforce them. To Mr. Brooks Adams the Pope is the incarnation of spiritual tyranny, Cromwell the champion of freedom of conscience! (p. 5). With such a strange confusion of ideas, he cannot be very clear or logical, but, though a New Englander in thought and training, he attacks the weak points in his section's history more vigorously than he can show any plan of campaign or object to be attained. It is not easy to see from what Massachusetts was emancipated. It is not yet emancipated from subservience to religious systems based on the "I think" of some man or set of men.

But in his array of facts he sweeps away many common fallacies as to early times in Massachusetts. The oft-repeated statement that persecution drove the Separatists and Puritans to New England is but a delusion. Mr. Adams puts this very clearly: "Many able pastors had been deprived in England for non-conformity, and they had to choose between *silence* and exile. To men of their temperament silence would have been intolerable; and most must have depended upon their profession for support. America, therefore, offered a convenient refuge. The motives are less obvious which induced the leading laymen, some of whom were of fortune and consequence at home, to face the hardships of the wilderness. Persecution cannot be the explanation, for a government under which Hampden and Cromwell could live and be returned to Parliament was not intolerable; nor does it appear that any of them had been severely dealt with."

The Catholics who sought refuge in Maryland were really fugitives for conscience's sake, but to assert it of either the Plymouth Separatists or Massachusetts Bay Puritans is folly. The founders of neither colony had been severely dealt with, and leading men among them were returned to Parliament. Their ministers were not allowed to hold livings in a church which they did not believe in, and from which they should have withdrawn to entitle them to respect for any courage on their part.

How different was the case of the Catholics! Two priests were hanged and sixty banished in 1618; men who had the courage of their faith, not men hypocritically holding office in the Established Church till their real religious belief was discovered, but manfully professing the old faith England had held for centuries. The Catholics suffered just before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. In 1628, shortly before Winthrop led the large emigration to Boston, a priest and a Catholic layman were hanged; in 1641 no fewer than ten priests were hanged and nine others imprisoned. Of the Catholic laity it could not be said that none of them had been severely dealt with. They were constantly fined

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and imprisoned for refusing to attend the services of the Established Church; harboring a priest, having a Catholic Bible or anything Catholic from abroad, was a penal offence, rigorously punished. In their case there was real persecution to fly from; in the case of the Puritans, none. Yet this fiction is perpetuated in poems and school-books, in dinner-table oratory, and even in state papers. Surely it is time that it should stop. If Mr. Adams's book shames writers and speakers into a little regard for truth in this matter, he will not have labored in vain.

The object of the emigration of the founders of New England was not to escape persecution. "There can be little doubt that the controlling incentive with many of those who sailed was the hope, with the aid of their divines, of founding a religious commonwealth in the wilderness which should harmonize with their interpretation of Scripture." This makes their case analogous with that of Mormons emigrating to Utah.

"The execution of this project was, however, far from easy. It would have been most unsafe for the emigrants to have divulged their true designs, since these were not only unlawful, but would have been highly offensive to the king, and yet they were too feeble to exist without the protection of Great Britain; therefore, it was necessary to secure for themselves the rights of English subjects, and to throw some semblance at least of the sanction of law over the organization of their new State."

Contrast this acting in bad faith with the noble conduct of the Catholics, Sir George Peckham and Sir Thomas Gerard, when they planned a Catholic settlement in America in connection with Sir Humphrey Gilbert. They resorted to no evasions or false pretences; they sought directly the queen's sanction and a suspension of the penalties hanging over them.

For Winthrop's settlement a corporation was organized in England, on the plan of trading companies; this, in March, 1629, obtained of Charles I. a charter, under which the stockholders or freemen were to meet quarterly, and they were empowered to choose a governor, deputy governor, and eighteen assistants or directors. The quarterly meeting or General Court was empowered to admit new members or freemen to the corporation, and "to make laws and ordinances for the good and welfare of the said company, and for the government and ordering of the said lands and plantations, and the people inhabiting and to inhabit the same, as to them from time to time shall be thought meet, so as such laws and ordinances be not contrary or repugnant to the laws and statutes of this our realm of England."

This instrument created an English corporation, whose only lawful business was the American trade, with special powers for

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trading purposes in the territory granted between the Merrimac and the Charles; but the governing body could legally exercise its functions only when domiciled in some English town. The charter gave them no power to set up a government in America, with power to make laws, establish courts of justice, create a local state church, punish offenders against its laws even by capital punishment, adopt a new flag, or coin money. Yet all these acts, inherent in the national government of the English people, were usurped and exercised over British subjects by this corporation.

One shallow critic, speaking of the work now under review, says: "Thousands of colonists, settled in a community so remote from the central power, could not be kept in order unless the right to inflict fines, imprisonment, and even death was conceded." But the fact is that no such power was conceded, and the powers obtained by the charter were for a body in England under the jurisdiction of English courts, and the corporators transferred their organization to Massachusetts to escape control. And what the legislature of the nation did not concede then in fact, we cannot concede now for argument.

The land between the Merrimac and Charles was bought by an association in 1628 from the Council of Plymouth, and settlers began to go over before and after the royal charter was obtained. The settlers going over had all the rights and all the duties of British subjects. Yet even before the charter was transmitted or government established, the Brownes were expelled for holding public worship according to the forms prescribed by the law of England, and Gardiner on suspicion of being a Catholic. So little idea of civil or religious liberty prevailed among these people who are held up to us as types, that as early as 1631 a minister was called to account by his associates because he had said that the Church of Rome was a true Church of Christ!

In 1630 the corporators assumed to transfer the whole government of the corporation with the charter to New England, and the first General Court was held at Boston, in October, 1630. The charter was based on that of trading corporations, although Palfrey endeavors to show that it never really was one, never had any capital, any stock, or stockholders paying for stock. It conferred on the corporation no such legislative power as was given to Lord Baltimore two years later.

Legislation had begun, however, even before the meeting of the General Court, and it is not creditable to the first ministers of Massachusetts. On the 23d of August a Court of Assistants had met. "The question first considered was that of provision for the ministers." It was "ordered that houses be built for them with convenient speed at the public charge." "Allowances of thirty

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pounds a year to each of these gentlemen were to be made at the common charge of the settlements," says Palfrey. What disinterested men! While the colonists were struggling, each to raise a house for himself and his family, to clear ground and put in a crop, these ministers folded their arms and obtained an enactment that the rest should build for them and pay out of the fruits of their labors a salary. Contrast this with the conduct of the two Catholic priests, White and Altham, who came out with Calvert's colony to Maryland two years later. They bore their part on the voyage, they brought out men to assist in building up the province, as artisans and cultivators; they took up land like all the other gentlemen adventurers, and put up their own houses and chapels, and never during the whole colonial period received a salary from the flocks to which they ministered. Which is more worthy of the respect of mankind, the self-seeking ministers of Massachusetts, or the self-denying priests of Maryland?

When the General Court met, a hundred and eighteen colonists, many of whom had been for some time settled there, asked to be received as freemen or corporators under the charter. But besides the Governor, Deputy Governor and Assistants, there seem to have been none of the freemen of the Company in Massachusetts. To admit the host of new members would sweep the few managers out of power, and they at once ordered that the Assistants, with the Governor and Deputy Governor elected by them, "should have the power of making laws and choosing officers to execute the same." Thus the ten assistants, or even seven of them, as subsequently provided, with the Governor and Deputy Governor, usurped the power of the whole corporation, and assumed powers that the whole corporation did not possess. The government set up was an oligarchy without authority from the charter or the English Parliament. It began by disfranchising the very pioneers who first planted Christian homes in that land.

Such an oligarchy could not be maintained long, and in 1634 a new modification took place. The Governor, Deputy Governor and Assistants were elected by a general vote, and each town sent two deputies to Boston. For this system there was of course no warrant in the charter and no special authority from Parliament. Had the franchise been general, such a system might have been approved in England, and could be praised now. But the Massachusetts clergy, who at the outset looked out for their own well-being, were not disposed to let the elective franchise fall into hands that they did not control. The reverend professor of Newton Seminary might well deplore that the days of Winthrop were past and gone. He and his class no longer possess the power of excluding the men of Massachusetts from the ballot-box. The

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very year after the landing of Winthrop, the ministry induced their pliant tools, the Assistants, to enact "that for time to come noe man shalbe admitted to the freedome of this body polliticke, but such as are members of some of the churches within . . . . the same." Thus from the outset, as the membership in the churches was in the hands of the ministers, the right of freeman was equally so. No man applying for membership in the church would be received who might be suspected of being dangerous or unmanageable at the polls. Thus the whole civil power was in the hands of the ministry and their confederates or pliant tools. This system lasted, in spite of attempts to check or modify it, down to the close of the first quarter of the present century. Contrast this with Maryland, in which the Catholic landholders had control. The priests, though summoned as freemen, asked to be excused. They took no part in legislation; they made no attempt to gather all power into their own hands.

As Adams not inaptly puts it: "The sad countenance, the Biblical speech, the sombre garb, the austere life, the attendance at worship, and, above all, the unfailing deference paid to themselves, were the marks of sanctification by which the elders knew the saints on earth, for whom they were to open the path to fortune by making them members of the church."

The man who was not pliant enough to become a member fared badly. He could not vote or enjoy any privilege reserved to freemen: he was discriminated against in trade; he was compelled to attend the Congregational service or pay heavy fines; he could not obtain admission to the two recognized sacraments for himself or his children; those children must live and die unbaptized.

The Catholic Church is denounced and will be denounced by ignorant prejudice as inimical to human rights and human liberty, but in no time and in no country has she ever exercised any such power as was wielded by the Massachusetts ministers, who narrowed all civil and religious rights to the circle of their own sycophants.

In the Catholic Church doctrine and discipline are known; where anything is said or done against either, a recognized judiciary decides, and from it lies an appeal. All are admitted to the sacraments, none are excluded; she has but one rite for rich or poor, and excludes no child from the salutary waters of baptism.

It was not in human nature that intelligent beings who had been lured by fine phrases about freedom from ecclesiastical tyranny could live quietly under such a soul-crushing despotism. Men who wished to use the Book of Common Prayer were promptly sent out of the colony, men suspected of Popery were as promptly expelled, men who failed in respect to the ministers were promptly punished.

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What they set up as divine worship was simply appalling. Any one who has attempted to read the prolonged sermons of these early New England ministers knows how hard, dry and repulsive they are, and what a thing of terror they make the life of a Christian on earth. Not a single sermon has ever been cited as a piece of Christian eloquence or beauty; not one figures in works on American literature as indicative of genius, talent, or high spirituality. In their service the sermon was the main part, and the extemporaneous prayer previously prepared was of the same type as the sermon; the singing was limited to metrical versions of the Psalms, like the Bay Psalm Book, which shock all literary and religious ideas; and the singing, even as modified in later years, and as many remember it at the beginning of this century, was devoid of every attractive and musical feature. And men had substituted this for the awful sacrifice of the Mass, in which man, through Christ, the high priest and victim, seeks reconciliation with the Father, offers his adoration, his petition, his praise; substituted this for the Mass, with the Gregorian music echoing the very strains that swelled beneath the roof of the temple at Jerusalem, for the sermons full of all the charms that God's love gives to encourage the just and win the sinner!

People began at an early day to writhe under this cold, cruel, selfish tyranny of formalism. But men lacked courage. It needed a woman to pave the way. As it was, British subjects in a British province were deprived of the rights of Englishmen, unless they renounced the church established by law and became the puppets of ministers who did not recognize that church and punished those who did.

Mrs. Hutchinson came to Boston in 1634. She was earnest and pious; but she ventured to express her opinion of the ministers. She was reported to have said that "none of them did preach the covenant of free grace, but Master Cotton." The ministers of the colony were arrayed against her, although the Governor, Sir Henry Vane, and the church in Boston befriended her. But her kinsman, the minister Wheelwright, was soon arraigned for sedition and condemned. The colony was divided, but the minister party prevailed, elected Winthrop Governor, and to keep friends of Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson from settling in the colony, passed a law to forbid any town to entertain strangers for more than three weeks without the consent of two of the magistrates. Winthrop, in controversy with Vane, claimed that they had power to do so, appealing to the very charter which they had actually and virtually abandoned, as though the power that patent gave to admit freemen authorized them to prevent British subjects from entering a British province. Preposterous as Winthrop's

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argument was, it has been followed to this day, and a writer in the New York *Nation* in the year 1887 has the face to say: "If they prohibited all dissent, it was on the ground that the New World was open to other communities, and that they had bought this little corner at a great price. Even according to our modern ideas they were right in this!" Mr. Adams well declares that "such arguments as those advanced by Winthrop were only solemn quibbling to cloak an indefensible policy." "To subject Englishmen to restriction or punishment unknown to English law was as outrageous as the same act would have been had it been perpetrated by the city of London,—both corporations having a like power to preserve the peace by local ordinances, and both being controlled by the law of the land as administered by the courts." Wheelwright, tried without specific indictment, without the testimony of witnesses against him, without jury, was sentenced to be disfranchised and banished. He demanded an appeal to the King. It was refused. He and his in the heart of winter had to make their way through the wilderness to the Piscataqua. Others were disfranchised and banished, and fifty-eight of the less prominent were disarmed in Boston alone. All this was done by men who had cried out against the bishops in England for enforcing the law against nonconformists!

In November, 1637, Mrs. Hutchinson was brought before Winthrop, the Deputy Governor, and the ministers. Winthrop, as Adams well puts it, acted as "presiding justice, attorney-general, foreman of the jury, and chief magistrate of Massachusetts Bay."

It was certainly not in the character of presiding judge that he thus addressed her:

"We have thought good to send for you . . . . that if you be in an erroneous way we may reduce you so that you may become a profitable member here among us; otherwise, if you be obstinate, ... that then the Court may take such course that you may trouble us no further—therefore I would entreat you . . . . whether you do not justify Mr. Wheelwright's sermon and the petition."

This lone woman, arraigned before these unfeeling men, who kept her standing for hours, though far advanced in pregnancy, demanded to know of what she was accused: "I am called here to answer before you, but I hear no things laid to my charge."

Winthrop said she had joined the faction in presenting the petition, but she could reply: "I had not my hand to the petition." They endeavored to maintain that by entertaining petitioners at her house she had set forward the faction and dishonored her present judges. "I do acknowledge no such thing; neither do I think I ever put dishonor upon you."

The ministers then came forward to testify that she had declared

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that they preached a covenant of works. She refuted them by calling witnesses to prove the contrary. All that they could show was that when pressed by the ministers she had said that they did not preach the covenant of free grace as clearly as Mr. Cotton had done. But evidence availed little. Winthrop pronounced the sentence: "Mrs. Hutchinson, the sentence of the Court you hear is that you are banished from out of our jurisdiction as being a woman not fit for our society, and are to be imprisoned till the Court shall send you away."

"I desire to know wherefore I am banished." "Say no more," replied Winthrop; "the Court knows wherefore, and is satisfied."

That was the course of justice in the Boston of Winthrop. Is the Boston of O'Brien, where people are indicted for specific offences described on the statute books, tried by impartial judges, the testimony on both sides weighed by a jury, and an appeal allowed if any probable error appears—is this Boston of O'Brien so very far below the Boston of Winthrop?

She had been tried and sentenced. Will it be credited that the ministers harassed and beset this woman and then dragged her before a tribunal to answer thirty-nine other charges, and when she went forth and was murdered by Indians these ministers openly exulted over her death? And we are complacently asked to admire the course of these men! It is in vain. The sympathy of the world is with their victim. Such was vaunted Massachusetts when Maryland established religious freedom and punished the use of opprobrious names for fellow Christians.

Massachusetts feels that the stigma of this outrageous perversion of justice cannot be explained away, and writers like Palfrey exaggerate her offence to a great civil danger imperiling the "Commonwealth." Mrs. Hutchinson's offence was her saying that the other ministers did not preach the covenant of free grace as clearly as Mr. Cotton. Now to any man not trained in New England this would not seem to be a very terrible charge. A woman is very likely to have her favorite minister and to praise him. But the grave historian Palfrey tells us: "The disputes introduced by Mrs. Hutchinson threatened no less than immediate anarchy. They had already produced some of its fruits. They had weakened the arm of government at a moment when government especially needed to be strong" Does not Tacitus say: "Humanum est odisse quem laeseris?"

The case of Mrs. Hutchinson settled one point. That no doctrine but that of the English nonconformists would be tolerated was already implicitly established. Her case made it treason against the state to question the authority, orthodoxy, spiritual gifts or infallibility of the ministers. The case as presented against her,

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though it sufficed to send her into banishment from the Boston of Winthrop, would not, presented to a court and jury in the Boston of O'Brien, be sufficient to secure a verdict for the plaintiff in a slander suit against her.

From the time of the banishment of Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson the ministers were supreme. An undesirable applicant for admission to the church was wearied out with long delays, so that a steadily increasing body of non-baptized, non-communicating people grew up, governed by men in whose election they had no voice. They were excluded from church, franchise, office, the jury-box, from commissions in the militia. This was not all; men found that in business affairs, in suits at law, they had no standing unless they were church members.

A petition to the General Court drew down on the petitioners a series of heavy fines, which were increased when the ruling powers discovered that their victims proposed to petition Parliament. Among those amerced what would be $5000 in our day was Samuel Maverick, who had hospitably entertained Winthrop and his people on their arrival, for he was a pioneer settled in Massachusetts in 1625. In 1647 a special law was passed punishing by imprisonment for life, and by death if he broke jail and were retaken, any Jesuit who entered the colony except by shipwreck. Contrast this with the toleration act of Catholic Maryland which Puritans during a momentary sway showed all their malignity as persecutors in overthrowing the religious freedom which Catholics had persistently championed.

The complete organization of church and state took place in October, 1651, when even as against the members unanimously the voice of the ministers was to prevail. The men who mocked at Mrs. Hutchinson's theory now adopted it by holding that the will of Christ was to rule and that this will was revealed to the ministers exclusively.

Under their system many children born in Massachusetts remained unbaptized; yet strangely enough the Massachusetts ministers denounced as "murtherers," and clamored for the blood of, those who denied the validity of infant baptism or its necessity. When Clark, a Baptist, demanded to be shown the law under which he was tried, Wilson, the minister, struck and cursed him, saying: "The curse of God . . . . goe with thee." Holmes, another Baptist, was flogged so cruelly that for days he could not lie down or rest except on his knees and hands. And yet at the very time Winthrop and Winslow officially declared that they allowed Baptists to communicate with them. Thus, while hypocritically professing to tolerate them, they continued to persecute the Baptists till the election of Leverett in 1673. It is a curious circum-

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stance, too, that the ministers and their tools in the magistracy never saw their own doings. Rev. Increase Mather is an example, who wrote in 1681: "It is more than I know, if in all that time (upward of twenty years) any of those that scruple infant baptism have met with molestation from the magistrate merely on account of their opinion."

Now, verily, we believe the ministers in Boston in O'Brien's time have not such extraordinary memories, and that if they procured the flogging and imprisonment of any one for expressing his doubt on the validity of infant baptism, they would actually know what they did.

They had expelled Episcopalians, banished Mrs. Hutchinson, flogged and imprisoned Baptists. They had refused to allow appeals to the courts in England, and they had done so with impunity. They claimed that by their purchase from the Plymouth Company of the land between the Merrimac and the Charles they possessed sovereign power over the territory running westward to the Pacific, and that they were authorized by human and Divine law to exclude from it, even by a Mountain Meadow massacre, any dissenter from their religious system who attempted to settle within those limits. Had their power been equal to their wish, they would have put Father Jogues to death on the Mohawk or Marquette on the Mississippi as idolatrous priests within their domain. The Jesuit missionaries were not within their reach, but the Quakers who invaded that strip could be made to feel the weight of their displeasure. The Quakers believed that God revealed His will to all men who sought to know it submissively, the Massachusetts divines that He made it known only to ministers called by a recognized Massachusetts congregation. John Endicott, who had shown his respect for authority by cutting the cross from the King's colors, sternly warned the first Quakers who came: "Take heed you break not our ecclesiastical laws, for then ye are sure to stretch by a halter." To be sure Endicott did this under a terrible persecution, as Dr. Dexter assures us. The Quakers persecuted the mild and gentle Puritans by their presence; but if Dr. Dexter in our day thinks so, Nicholas Upsall did not think so in the days of the persecution of the Quakers. He thought it was just the other way. He believed that the Quakers left foodless in prison were persecuted, not persecutors. He gave them food; nay, more, "in love and tenderness which he bare to the people and the place" (Boston, of which he was one of the first settlers) this good old man "desired them to take heed lest they be found fighters against God." He died in prison, a ruined man, for being the only person who dared to talk of toleration in the Boston we are called upon to admire. "Laudo vos: In hoc non laudo."

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The first Quakers came in 1656; in that year and the next two severe laws were passed against them. In 1659 two Quakers were hanged; in 1660 a woman was hanged; in 1661 another Quaker was hanged, and Wenlock Christison was condemned to death, but the consecrated lictors hesitated to make the murder, as they had made the law.

It is hard to enter on this topic, the darkest stain in our early history. No crime has equalled the persecution of the Quakers, except that of attempting to palliate or justify it. No law on the statute book of England made the holding of the doctrines of George Fox a capital offence. No Quaker had been put to death in England.

Quakerism was a logical outgrowth of Puritanism. The latter rejected the constitution, ministry, and orders of the Church, and proclaimed against the vices prevalent under its system. The Quakers did the same. But the Quakers rejected also, as resting on no authority, the constitution, ministry, and orders of the Puritan Church of Massachusetts Bay, and the Puritans could adduce no evidence of an historic or doctrinal basis for their creed or ministry. As we have seen, they claimed for their ministry the inner light which the Quaker believed God gave as He gave the voice of conscience to every man. Once the apostolic succession in the ministry is rejected, the Quaker ground is more logical than the Puritan.

The language of the Quakers is cited as coarse and vituperative; it certainly is not more so than that of the Puritans against the bishops and ministers of the Church of England; and certainly while "The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam" remains as a Puritan classic, emanating from the compiler of the laws, one need not even be a Catholic to find the language violently vile. The Massachusetts laws, and documents against the Quakers, may be read in "The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts," and need no comment. They speak for themselves.

Never in any part of the British empire had British subjects been deprived of their inalienable rights, punished with fine, imprisonment, and death, for offences not recognized by the laws of England, as they were in Massachusetts, a colony created under English law.

The legal murder of the Quakers shocked and startled England, from the frivolous king to the dull yeoman. Cunning, procrastination, prevarication, were to avail no longer. These arms had so often been employed, that on one of the Quaker trials it was tauntingly said: "This year ye will go to complain to the Parliament, and the next year they will send to see how it is, and the third year the government is changed."

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To save themselves, the party of intolerance in Massachusetts sent Norton and Bradstreet to England, and Bradstreet was forced by Fox to admit that he had taken part in putting the Quakers to death. When Fox asked "by what law," their reply was, "by the same law as the Jesuits were put to death in England." Fox justly replied: "It plainly appears you have put them to death arbitrarily without any law."

Charles II., in his reply to the address of Massachusetts, required the colony to repeal all laws contrary to those of England, to take the oath of allegiance, and administer justice in the king's name. Two other vital points were these: "And since the principle and foundation of that charter was, and is, the freedom of liberty of conscience, wee do hereby charge and require you that that freedom and liberty be duely admitted," especially in favor of those "that desire to use the Book of Common Prayer. 2. That all the feeholders of competent estates, not vicious in conversation, orthodox in religion (though of different persuasions concerning church government), may have their vote in the election of all officers, civill or millitary."

This struck down the membership qualification for the franchise. Massachusetts would not enfranchise her helots. She issued writs in the king's name; she ceased to imbrue her hands in the blood of the followers of Fox; but she otherwise set at naught the demands of Charles II.

Then, in 1664, Maverick, Nicolls, Carr, and Cartwright were sent as commissioners. The General Court then extended the franchise to all who were certified by ministers to be orthodox in religion and not vicious in life, who had paid ten shillings at a single rate; this was followed up by a whining address to the king. They refused to allow appeals to England, or religious toleration. The oath of allegiance was evasive; the extended franchise a sham. The commissioners were baffled. Randolph, sent with another communication from the English government, was treated with contempt. Gradually, however, Massachusetts found herself beset with enemies within, on her borders, and in England, and began to see that she could not alone, at her option, refuse to obey laws to which other colonies promptly and cheerfully submitted. Yet the old duplicity was maintained. On the 11th of June Baptists were summoned before the General Court for the crime of erecting a meeting-house, and that very day the same General Court, in an address to the king, protested that all Protestant dissenters, except Quakers, were perfectly free!

Charles, finding his directions disregarded, announced his intention to direct the Attorney-General to bring a *quo warranto* to evict and make void the charter. They attempted to bribe the king, but Randolph was sent out to serve the *quo warranto;* but

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without prosecuting it, a *scire facias* was issued from the Court of Chancery, and judgment was entered by default.

When James II. came to the throne all the New England colonies and New York were included in one government, with the project of forming one united province under uniform and harmonious laws. With the fall of James Massachusetts hoped to restore her old rule, but she found that William III. had a sterner mind and a stronger hand than the Stuarts. Massachusetts Bay, Maine, and Plymouth became one royal province; the governor, lieutenant-governor, and secretary were appointed by the king, and the Council was elected by the representatives of the towns. For the first time since the Puritan coming England was able to have the services of her Established Church offered in Boston. Under the new rule toleration, except for Catholics (the first to proclaim toleration), was established; a property qualification instead of congregational church membership became requisite for the franchise; laws could be vetoed by the governor, and were subject to the royal approval.

The emancipation of the people of Massachusetts from the tyranny of a dominant ministry, for which Charles and James had used their endeavors, was effected by William, whom Massachusetts had fondly hailed as a deliverer. It was the knell of the Boston of Winthrop, and the effort of the ministry in creating the witchcraft excitement, and egging on the people to hang so many of the people, instead of helping them to regain the waning power, proved almost fatal to their authority. The community whom they had held in the direst bondage, now, in emancipating itself from their authority, lost gradually what the ministers had charged the Quakers with losing, faith in the Trinity, faith in the divinity of Christ, faith in the Scriptures.

The overthrow of the old theocratic rule made the Massachusetts ministers hostile to English authority. It was mainly due to their agitation that the English government never dared to establish bishops in the colonies; and the ministry became potent agents when the troubles with England began after the conquest of Canada. The Quebec Act gave them an opportunity of rousing all the fanatical spirit of Protestantism against the English government as the protector of "Popery," as a government seeking to use that Catholic province to crush the old Protestant colonies. Before the struggle ended, they lapsed into a discreet silence, for England had become the champion of Protestantism, and America the ally of Catholic France. The selectmen of Boston—yea, even of Winthrop's Boston—followed processions headed by a cross, exciting the ridicule of English and Tories; yet the Boston of the days of the Revolution was more like the Boston of O'Brien than the Boston of Winthrop.

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THE FITNESS OF THE TIME FOR THE BEATIFICATION OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

THERE are many reasons why the present time seems appropriate for the beatification of the victims of English Protestantism. There are now enjoyed in England the full play of all the liberties which have been conceded by Protestantism to Catholicity, so that we can appreciate the sublime sacrifices of our forefathers by the contrast of our own ease with their sufferings. Those who live under the mild sway of Queen Victoria, and in times when the Penal Laws are quite forgotten, can ask themselves: "Is it possible that we are now professing the same religion which at one time was punishable as high treason?" Before the passing of the Emancipation Act there was still the lingering of the impression that to profess the Catholic faith was, at least, heroic; it was to defy the national conviction of what was true; it was to assert one's own readiness for social martyrdom. Fifty years ago, to be a Catholic in England—even a Catholic with a long Catholic ancestry—was to be branded as an odd, exceptional kind of Christian, whose sole plea for his eccentricity was his traditions; while to be converted to the Catholic faith was to be suspected of a moral obliquity which merited complete ostracism and even hatred. So that there was, at least, the spirit of martyrdom in all those brave English converts who, before the Emancipation Act, became Catholics. How different is conversion in these days! The Catholic religion is now regarded as intellectually the most logical and morally the most interior of all religions; so that, whatever trials the Catholic convert may experience, at least he is not regarded as a fool. More than this, there is a sort of fashion in these days of taking the widest possible views on religious liberty, and of giving everybody credit for his sincerity. Freethinking has, theoretically if not practically, allowed the principle that a man's mind is his own, and that A and B may use their minds in their own way. Persecution, and therefore martyrdom, has died out. It was just the moment to remind us, by the beatification of the English martyrs, that time was when to profess Catholicism was to court death, and even when not to deny it was to be ostracised.

It may seem ungrateful to hazard the view that, possibly, the times in which we live are the most dangerous which English Catholics have ever known. There is no motive in being a confessor when no one wishes to contradict; and there is no risk in "going to Mass" when even Anglicans do so. Where there are

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no Penal Laws it is impossible to break one; and where everyone kindly admires the Catholic religion no Catholic can feel a martyr in practising it. But more than this: the popular attitude of the Protestant intellect is one that forbids approach to religious controversy. The modern Protestant (who, however, does not protest at all) is inaccessible through his coat of armor of Modern Thought. He does not meet you, as his father did, with objections to the Seven Sacraments, or with a critical examination of the Papal claims; he meets you with the hypothesis that, since nothing is quite certain, philosophy seems to point to a wise indifference. He surrounds himself with a brick wall of imperturbability, on the ground that the unknown cannot be argued; and that the first principles of reasoning have not yet been finally settled by the great thinkers who oppose science to emotion. The Catholic has, therefore, to approach the popular mind through an iron fortress which is gunned with "No Postulates," a kind of siege in which he wastes all his powder against materials that cannot feel, cannot respond. This is the temper of the now popular Agnosticism; and it is a temper which has permeated all Protestantism. The number of the simple-hearted pious Protestants is growing smaller and smaller every year. There are stiff-backed Ritualists, and there are Christian Nothingarians; but the good old-fashioned Protestant is out of date. This, then, is the very time when the spirit of the English martyrs needs to be rekindled all over England; when to recognize that there is truth, and that we must at all cost obey it, is the one sovereign need of English Christians; and when, for Catholics, there is the harder duty of facing peace, and for Protestants the harder duty of facing doubt.

The precise conditions under which the English martyrs suffered not only do not, but cannot, exist in England. Despotism is dead and buried in England; the last monarch, James the Second, who sought to revive it, having lost his throne and ruined his dynasty by the attempt. Even the Royal Supremacy is now accepted as a convenient fiction—not having affirmative, but merely negative, signification. The Queen is no more regarded as head of the Anglican Church than as the "Defender of the (Catholic Roman) faith." The Prime Minister is more of a pontiff than is the Queen; and the House of Commons is more of an arbiter than are both. It is, therefore, difficult to realize the state of things under the Tudor dynasty, when Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth were *de facto* supreme pontiffs, who not only ruled the faith, but butchered "heretics." A simple stone pillar now indicates to Londoners the exact spot where "bloody Tyburn" once stood; and the Tower of London is a mere show-place for country people, or for such Londoners as have a taste for antiquarianism.

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The England of 1887 and the England of 1535–1583 have nothing in common in their "Christian spirit," any more than in their political system. Religious and civil liberty are realities, not watchwords, penal laws and test-acts being extinct. Therefore it is that when we are called upon to contemplate "The Decree of the Congregation of Sacred Rites confirming the honor given to the blessed martyrs, John, Cardinal Fisher, Thomas More, and others, put to death in England for the faith," we have to throw ourselves into a frame of mind which is as utterly alien to the present case as was the spirit of the early martyrs in the catacombs. Bishop Fisher or Sir Thomas More, could they be born again into the present time, with recollection of what they suffered in the sixteenth century, would keenly appreciate the significance in *these* days of Leo the Thirteenth's recent allusion to their merits: "Who for the dignity of this See, and for the truth of the orthodox faith, did not hesitate to lay down their lives by the shedding of their blood." Who thinks now of suffering martyrdom for the orthodox faith, or for the dignity of the still persecuted Holy See, in a country where it is "all the same" whether you profess the Catholic faith or write leaflets for the "Freethought Publishing Company" in Fleet Street? Catholics may feel the same earnestness in their hearts, but they are baffled by the equanimity of the times. No man can fight where there is no enemy, and Protestants are too polite now to be enemies. A firebrand here and there, like Dr. Littledale, may publish neatly-bound literary falsehoods, but books are not gallows, and sermons are not torture-chambers, nor is the "Scottish Protestant Alliance" the Tower of London. Words are easy swords for the worst swordsmen. In these days there is no antagonism, worthy the name, to stir the chivalry of the Catholic champions of the faith, our bitterest enemies, for the most part, insisting on a toleration which shall include Catholics in the same amnesty with Jews and infidels. The time, then, is well chosen for reminding us by a Papal decree that we are not of the same stuff as were the English martyrs, since it is almost impossible at the present time to mix in Protestant society and not to catch the graceful ease of indifference.

The reign of Henry the Eighth began with Catholic loyalty, and ended with a mortal conflict with the Holy See. The reign of Queen Victoria began with a hatred of Catholicity and has now attained to its jubilee of reparation. As to Queen Elizabeth's reign, it was forty years of persecution, such as Queen Victoria would rather have died than have contemplated. We can realize something of the force of this contrast if we substitute, say, Cardinal Newman for Edmund Campion; Father Christie for Cuthbert Mayne or Thomas Cottam; and Professor Mivart for John

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Storey or Thomas Sherwood. Imagine these living persons being put to death, in the same fashion and in the same cause as Queen Elizabeth's countless victims, lay and priestly! Cardinal Newman dragged to Tyburn to be butchered would be only a parallel butchery to that of Cardinal Fisher, who, however, was Henry the Eighth's grandest victim, and his most impressive Protestant lesson to his daughter. That daughter was perfectly innocent of the execution of Fisher, but she inherited a spirit of persecution which led her to martyr scores of Catholic priests. And it is just at this point we touch a subject which, though painful, cannot be ignored by the sincere Anglican inquirer, any more than by the historical critic. All historians are agreed that it was Anne Boleyn alone who suggested "religious scruples" to Henry the Eighth; and all historians are agreed that the Princess Elizabeth was not legitimate—in the Christian, nor even in any respectable, sense. Thus Cardinal Fisher and Sir Thomas More had to lay down their lives because Anne Boleyn had fascinated a Catholic monarch; and innumerable priests and laymen had to suffer under Elizabeth because her Majesty was illegitimately born. The origin of English Protestantism was not dignified. It may be said to have been most disreputable and most disgusting. Both in the case of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, it is worth observing that Henry the Eighth had always regarded them with profound honor, and had always spoken of them as irreproachable and incorruptible. So that, in butchering these two highest ornaments of his reign, he pleaded guilty to sacrificing what he had confessed to be most worthy to passions which all men knew to be most base. Yet, it would have been useless in those days (besides being contrary to the Roman rule) to have pronounced the beatification of such martyrs, for all Catholics knew that they were martyrs, while the English Protestants would have been exasperated by their beatification. Not for three hundred years was this process of their beatification to be carried to its ultimate stage by the Supreme Pontiff; not till a time when persecution had wholly ceased, and when non-Catholics could judge the matter to their edification. The fitness of time is quite obvious, quite indubitable, in the selection of our own day for the pronouncement. Let us select a few more reasons why the world, or why society, should be impressed by the striking aptness of the lesson.

Two reasons have already been suggested: The cessation of all material persecution, and the weakening of the English faith in dogmatic truth. Leaving these two reasons for the moment,—though they will presently come back with greater force,—let us touch on other reasons of a different sort. First, the attitude of the Catholic Powers towards the Pope is wholly different from

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what it was in the sixteenth century. Italy, France, Belgium, even Austria, have lost their sense of touch with the Supreme Pontiff. Italy has insulted him; Belgium has half-forsaken its old loyalty; Austria has now two standards in her Catholic State; Spain and Portugal are not wholly above corruption. With such examples from Catholic Powers, how is it possible that Protestant Powers can be disposed to show reverence to the Holy See? It may be answered that the Catholic Powers have caught the infection of that freethinking which is now rampant in all societies throughout Christendom. This is, indeed, politically, a truism. Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth started a principle in England which has borne fruit for three centuries throughout Europe: the principle that politics are *not* directed by religion, but purely by expediency or selfishness. This principle was anathematized up to the sixteenth century. And it was to anathematize this principle that the fifty-four martyrs—all whose cases are now "admitted" by the Holy See—"did not hesitate to lay down their lives by the shedding of their blood." Had Bishop Fisher or Sir Thomas More acquiesced in that principle with the same timidity with which it is acquiesced in by modern statesmen, we should not now be reaping the blessings of that magnificent example which promises to awaken the loyalty of Catholic kingdoms. The Spanish, the Italian, even the French Catholic press, have written warmly on our heritage from these martyrs. It has been pointed out, in an Italian paper, that the distinction between the victims of Henry the Eighth and the victims of his illegitimate daughter was, that the first suffered martyrdom for the supremacy of the Holy See, and the second for almost the whole Catholic faith. It might be added that the first were also victims of Henry's passions, and the second of Queen Elizabeth's vanity. Yet it was because the Holy See would not recognize Queen Elizabeth that she divorced her kingdom from Catholic obedience and from the Catholic faith; so that both apostasies were radically on the same ground, namely, revolt against the Pontifical authority. This revolt included all other revolts. When the Nero of the West, Henry the Eighth, dyed his hands in the blood of the noblest men in his country, he was not simply contending for *his own* supremacy, but for the principle that there is *no* spiritual authority. When Cardinal Fisher addressed the people gathered round his scaffold, "Christian people, I have come hither to die for the faith of Christ's Holy Catholic Church," he stated the whole truth of the case, and did not allude even to the miserable lie of the Royal Supremacy. When Sir Thomas More addressed the people round his scaffold, "I die for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, a faithful servant of both God and the

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king," he left the people to understand that, to be "a faithful servant of the king," he must give his life for the spiritual supremacy of the Holy See. This truth was so warmly appreciated at the time that all Catholic Englishmen confessed to it. Sir Gilbert Rouse, a parson in Worcestershire, said publicly that "the monks and others who were put to death in London, were martyrs before God and saints in heaven." Richard Cowley, a priest in Oxfordshire, said publicly: "Fisher and More both died for the true faith; and so would I if it were put to me." And here let it be mentioned that there is a wealth of manuscripts stored up in old English Catholic houses, which show that all the Catholic gentry of the sixteenth century regarded these first martyrs in the same light. The "Reports of the Historical Manuscript Commission" prove that such manuscripts are most voluminous in the treasured libraries of some of the old Catholic gentry. Unfortunately, there is a sort of timidity in Catholic families, which prevents their allowing these manuscripts to be published. It is not improbable that out of more than three hundred names submitted to the Promotor Fidei for beatification, many more than forty-three would have been now "admitted," had all this wealth of manuscript-testimony been forthcoming. Be this as it may, one fact is absolutely certain—that *all* the martyrs in the reign of Henry the Eighth were regarded by all the Catholics of their own time as dying for the whole Catholic faith. Nominally, they were said to die for the Pope's supremacy, but, really, they were known to die because in the confession of that supremacy was known to lie the whole confession of all Catholic truth.

Briefly, let it be added that the martyrs of Queen Elizabeth were the *vindicators* of the martyrs of Henry the Eighth, because under Elizabeth *all* truth had become questioned. There is no finer lesson for modern Anglicans, who profess "Catholicism," than the fact that *all* heresies that had ever existed for fifteen centuries were revived within forty years of Fisher's martyrdom. In other words, within forty years of the denial of the Papal supremacy, every dogma of the Catholic religion had become debated or repudiated by the heirs of those who had denied *only* the supremacy. This fact was the vindication of the first martyrs. Let those who now call themselves Anglicans—that is, those who profess to "hold all Catholic doctrine," while denying its corner-stone, Papal Supremacy—remember that the wild Protestantism of the reign of Queen Elizabeth followed immediately on the rejection of the Pope's authority. This is not the place in which to trace the full narrative of all the horrors of the persecution by Elizabeth, yet it may be well to allude briefly to a few points in illustration of the *spirit* of the apostasy.

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It was in 1535 that the Parliament of Henry the Eighth enacted that "the King's Highness be Supreme Head on Earth of the Church of England," and further, that "if any one, after the first day of February next, do maliciously wish, desire, ... to deprive the King, the Queen, ... of their dignity, ... every such person shall be adjudged a traitor." And it was the Parliament of 1586 that made it treason to be in England after having been made priest by Roman authority; made it felony, punishable with death, to harbor a priest; made it treason to have asked for or to have received, from a Catholic priest, any one of the seven Sacraments, or an Absolution; made it felony to be in possession of an Agnus Dei; and felony to show even any personal consideration for any priest who had received his Orders from Rome. Thus Thomas Bosgrave was hanged because he had put his own hat on a priest's head, the priest having lost his own hat during his arrest. Swithen Wells was hanged because, during his absence from his own house, a priest had said Mass within its walls. A layman in Yorkshire had given a priest a pot of ale, and that crime brought him immediately to the gallows. Marmaduke Bowes, though he had "conformed" to the new religion, was hanged at York for wishing to say a friendly word on behalf of a good priest who had been arrested. And so malignant was this spirit of persecution against the very name, office, or look of a priest, that many gentlewomen of rank were sent to the gallows for their kindly, feminine charity to priests in trouble. Margaret Clitheroe, the glorious martyr of York; Margaret Ward, a gentlewoman of London; the Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole, with many others whose memories are sacred, suffered the worst penalties of the law for their loyalty to the priesthood, which was all one with their loyalty to Catholic doctrines. Just as Sir Thomas More, first the Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards Lord High Chancellor of England, was executed by the brutal Henry for his Catholic loyalty, so gentlemen and gentlewomen were executed by the brutal Elizabeth for the crime of not accepting her new religion. Bridgewater, in his "Concertatio," prints a list of twelve hundred names of English priests, religious, and laity, noblemen and gentlemen, and noble women also, who suffered fine and imprisonment before 1588—that is, before the worst part of the persecution. Such awful facts (and it is quite needless to prolong the details) fully justify the assertion that the denial of the Pope's Supremacy was the same thing with the new birth of all heresies; and that the martyrs of Queen Elizabeth were the vindicators of Henry the Eighth's martyrs—who knew that "in the Papal Supremacy lay all truth."

To put it briefly: Within forty years of the rejection of Papal

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Supremacy, a miserable "Service" had been substituted for Holy Mass; vile tables were stuck up in place of altars; white-tied laymen took the place of Catholic priests; the seven Sacraments were cut down to two, and of those two the one was made "a sign of regeneration," and the other "a remembrance of the Lord's Supper;" churches were reduced to barns, *minus* their store; priests had to give place to a connubial gentry, and bishops to obedient designates of the ferocious Queen; religion had to make room for an arid mockery; and so impossible was it found to fill the churches that Catholics were fined five pounds for their first offence in not attending, a still larger sum for their second offence, with imprisonment or exportation for the third. And this state of things continued, in its main outline, down to the time of the Catholic Emancipation; indeed, so far as religion was concerned, the English Religion, in the year 1840, was very much what it was in 1580. But then arose, in 1840—at the time of the Oxford movement—a new voice from within which shook "the Church;" to be quickly followed, on the one part by numerous "secessions to Rome," and on the other part by an imitation of Catholic functions. This imitation has now become stereotyped; so that England has settled down to the sham. It is just here that we revert to the original subject as to "the fitness of the time for the beatification," for, though it were presumptuous to inquire into the secret purposes of God, it is permitted to try to appreciate the "fitness."

Anglicans naturally say to us: "Oh, but these days are not the past days; nobody wants to butcher anybody for his religion; Henry the Eighth was a tyrant, simply devoured by his passions; and Elizabeth was no better than she should be. *We* hold all Catholic doctrine, and even allow a certain priority to the Bishop of Rome. We only differ from *you* in that we do not make the Pope infallible, and that we think the primitive Church was more Apostolic than is your Church."

We should reply: Mark the attitude, the intellectual and spiritual attitude, of the Catholic martyrs of both Henry and Elizabeth. *They* were the heirs of at least fifteen centuries of the Catholic faith, spirit, and practice. *They* apprehended, by their deep Catholic spirit, that any one who rejected the Papal Supremacy necessarily made himself his own pontiff; so that, henceforth, no matter what he might believe, he believed *himself*, obeyed himself, as the supreme authority. Whether such a one's private opinions led him to think that *a* Christian doctrine was more or less Scriptural or primitive than a different doctrine; or that the Anglican clergy were more or less true priests or deacons than the Presbyterian, the Greek-orthodox, or the Wesleyan clergy;

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the "heresy" of his opinions remained precisely the same, because his opinions were but opinions *without* obedience. The fact that he was cut off from communion with the Holy See, set him adrift on the wide sea of speculation, so that henceforth his own reading, his own judgment, his own bias, must be his sole final arbiter in matters of faith. His "Church," whether it were Queen Elizabeth's, or John Knox's, or John Wesley's, or the Tsar of Russia's, was simply in the same position with himself in its sectarian, arbitrary opinionativeness and speculation. Heresy was in the schismatic *choice* of a Christian creed. So that no matter whether, say, the Church of England be now three centuries old—or, as it was in 1586, "just come of age"—heresy must be its spirit, its evil genius; and all who belong to it—or who did belong to it—must be in the state of heresy and schism.

This seems to be a primary lesson in that "fitness of the time" which is now chosen for the beatification of the English martyrs. Englishmen are so accustomed to the idea of historic heresy that they fancy that three centuries must have sanctified it. The heresy which was begun in the sixteenth century must have worn itself into national orthodoxy in the nineteenth. Besides, have not the Ritualists settled down quietly to the heirship of a good many (almost all) of the Catholic Roman doctrines, so that even if Queen Elizabeth did make a new Church, the Ritualists have practically ignored it, and have gone back to the general tone and general compass of the ideas which were prevalent in earlier centuries. And surely such general tone and general compass must be sufficient for all Catholic purposes, especially when they are supplemented by the assumption of a Catholic priesthood, and by the imitation of Catholic Mass and Catholic functions. Such is the mental attitude of the Ritualists. And this attitude is the very kernel of their heresy. Henry the Eighth believed *most* Catholic doctrines when he sent Fisher and More to the scaffold; but Fisher and More knew that *all* Catholic obedience, together with the whole spirit of the Catholic faith, were included in the one article, authority. If doctrine without authority could be Catholic, then Dissenters might fairly claim to be Catholics, for they hold *some* Catholic doctrines, and they also scoff at the Ritualists for their new Catholicity (just discovered after three centuries of oblivion); for their positively ludicrous affectation of infallibility and œcumenicity, *plus* their supreme interior obedience to themselves. "Your Catholicism," say the Dissenters to the Ritualists, "is an individualized infallibility and œcumenicity, mantled by the pretext of an English National Church, which you are now pleased to affirm to be Catholic, but which was created solely to destroy altars, priesthood, sacrifice." And the Dissenters simply speak the

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honest truth. They might go on—indeed, they do go on—to say to the Ritualists: "That obedience to the Supreme Pontiff is the one test of real Catholicity (as distinct from your modern sham or imitation), was the truth for which Fisher and More died; and they would have told *you*,—could they have anticipated your existence—that the want of that obedience made you heretics and schismatics quite as much as it involved such ruin on ourselves."

To sum up in a word what has been said: The present time seems most fitting for the beatification of the English martyrs, principally for such reasons as the following: (1) The religious and social ease of English Catholics render them liable to forget those far-off days when to confess the Catholic religion involved the risk of being murdered, and the certainty of being banned as a suspected person. (2) The present attitude of the Protestant mind being rather freethinking than protesting, it is as difficult for Catholics to act as missionaries to Protestants as for Protestants to be in earnest about Christian doctrine; hence *both* need the reminder which is now given. (3) The present attitude of the Ritualists involves three separate fallacies, each of which needs to be rudely shaken out of them: that their acceptance of *some* truths makes them confessors of *all* truths; that schism is *not* in being cut off from the Holy See; that heresy is *not* in choosing what we will believe. (4) The present attitude of English skeptics—the more or less educated classes—is an insensibility to the terrible abyss of No-Religion, an insensibility which should make them unhappy at the contrast between themselves and the brave martyrs who gave their lives for Divine Authority. (5) The political attitude of the Catholic Powers needs to be shamed into a better loyalty, not only for their own sake, and for Catholics' sake, but for the sake of the Protestant Powers, and of all Protestants. (6) The heritage of three centuries of English heresies—of every heresy that was ever imagined by any heretic—culminating in (1) Ritualism, (2) freethinking, (3) political infamy [this last, a world-wide development of English Protestantism], should make the present paternal call of the Holy See to reunion with Catholic faith, Catholic instinct, most appropriate and beneficent to *that* country from which, chiefly, sprang the beginning of all the evil.

Merely suggestive as are these reflections, they are such as have been hazarded by not a few of the Catholic journals of (remaining) Christendom; and such as might be put into better synthesis or compass, by any of the English Catholic authorities.

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LEO XIII. AND THE SEPTENNATE.

ON the third and on the twenty-first of last January the late Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State to Leo XIII., wrote to the Papal nuncio at Munich requesting him to advise and urge the "Centre" or Catholic party in the Reichstag to vote for Bismarck's measure to free the German army from parliamentary control for seven years. The "Centre," which, led by the skilful Windthorst, had gallantly borne the brunt of battle against the May laws, and finally succeeded in effecting their modification; the "Centre," which had stood so long like a wall against the attacks of the iron-willed chancellor on the liberties of the Church and of the subject, sulked at the Papal interference, but gave to the Pope's request a respectful hearing and a partial obedience. The obedience, however, was sufficient to give Bismarck a parliamentary majority. Thus, through the help of a Pope whose aid he had solicited, the Protestant chancellor wins a victory. Fighting the Pope and the Church, he suffered defeat; with them he conquers his enemies.

It did indeed put the Catholic loyalty of the "Centre" to the test, to be thus thwarted in the full tide of victory by the interference of the Holy Father, for whose interests they had fought with consummate skill under the leadership of a statesman not unequal to the great chancellor himself in adroitness and diplomacy, and his superior in coolness in debate and logical power. Human nature is strong even in those who fight for the Church, and we can easily pardon the "Centre" for entertaining a feeling of satisfaction at the discomfiture of their enemy, and for their unwillingness to forgive him or trust his promises. Perhaps an element of vindictiveness had naturally crept into their hearts when they saw him in distress, a suppliant at the feet of the power which he had long sought in vain to destroy. They remembered the expelled religious orders, the exiled bishops, the imprisoned priests, and all the odious details of the Falk legislation. Windthorst, too, had other reasons for unfriendliness to Bismarckian policy. The "sage of Meppen" remembered the sad fortunes of his dethroned and exiled sovereign, the ex-King of Hanover, all due to Prussian ambition, and the prejudices of the Hanoverian and the "particularist" blended with the feelings of the outraged Catholic in making Windthorst reluctant to give any help or show any quarter to the chancellor. Leo XIII. knew these feelings and

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respected them; but he saw farther and he knew more than those who fought surrounded by the smoke of battle. The Pope could trust the loyalty of his sons even when he only urged but did not command them to suppress their prejudices in obedience to his better insight and more perfect knowledge. He was seated on a hill whose summit the smoke of battle could not obscure. He saw the armies ranged on the plain below. He knew the generals. He knew that as commander-in-chief of all the faithful he must protect all their interests, assailed as they continually are from all quarters. If by sacrificing the feelings of one part of the flock he could benefit the rest, or gain greater advantage for the whole, it was his duty to do it. A true general often yields an unnecessary outpost in order to concentrate on a more important strategic point. Bismarck had asked his help. Bismarck that had outmanœuvred Napoleon III. in diplomacy and beaten him disgracefully on the field of battle; the great chancellor who after defeating both Austria and France, the foreign foes of his project, and conquered all his domestic enemies, had welded a new empire together, reorganized its political and social condition, and made it the greatest political power in Europe, came a suppliant to the only foe he could never subdue. He paid to Leo XIII. the homage which one great mind pays to another; and not being able to conquer so powerful an adversary, Bismarck asked to become his friend. What was the Pope to do? The suppliant is a Protestant of the Protestants, who, by consenting to modify legislation contrary to the Church, has given signs of sincere regret. If the Pope interferes, France may be offended. But what is France? A so-called Catholic power showing hostility to the Church and her institutions; France, that permitted her rulers to connive at the stealing of the Papal territory, and has done nothing so far to help towards its restoration. Why should Leo consult the prejudices of France, to which he owes nothing but the almost unendurable position of his office—a position which is a legacy of the perfidy of the last of the Napoleons and of French diplomacy? But in fact Leo's interference was friendly to the best interests of France. He probably saved her from the horrors of war, a war, too, in which she would likely be the chief sufferer, losing another portion of her territory and being obliged to pay a new indemnity. For although France has recovered much of the power which she lost in the late conflict with Germany, she is not yet probably a match for her adversary. The Jacobini letters are the best exponents of the Pope's action, and they give as one of the reasons for it this very purpose of the Holy Father to prevent the war "to the knife" which Bismarck threatened as a consequence of the final rejection of the Septennate bill.

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"If the Centre should by its aid to this measure prevent the danger of a near war," writes the Cardinal, "it will have deserved well of the fatherland, of humanity, and of Europe" Perhaps those who have most reason to thank the Pope for his interference are the French people themselves, and especially the inhabitants of the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which, being the border land, would suffer most from its miseries and horrors.

The other reasons given in the letters fully justify Leo's fatherly and benevolent interference. A further revision of the Church laws is expected; the odium which would fall on the Church from the unpatriotic opposition of the "Centre" to the bill; the friendly spirit to the Church likely to be engendered by the "Centre's" aid; and the gratitude of the government to the Church party for its assistance, and especially the advantages to be derived by the Holy See from the friendship of the greatest power in Europe; all these considerations explain the Pope's conduct and justify the prudence and wisdom of his advice to the Catholics of Germany. If they did not all follow it, they are excused by the fact that the Pope gave no command and that the passions and prejudices of human nature are often stronger than the counsels of wisdom or the dictates of prudence.

But is there any reason for the attacks made by some writers on the Holy Father's action on the ground that it was an interference beyond the limits of his jurisdiction, and that he has no right to meddle with politics or political questions? The second letter of Cardinal Jacobini shows that with a question of this kind there are often connected questions of "a religious and moral bearing," and that where such is the case, or the interests of the Church are at stake, an interference of the Pope not only becomes justifiable, but necessary; for no one will deny that it is the office of the Holy See to look after the welfare of the Church, and no one can deny that such welfare is often promoted by means and objects pertaining to the temporal order.

That the relation of politics to the Church and the interference of the Pope in this Septennate measure may be more fully explained, let us examine the law and the precedents which justify the Jacobini letters.

The Church is a spiritual society composed of men, that is, of beings having bodies as well as souls, and consequently requiring the use of temporal as well as of spiritual means to attain the end for which it was established. The Church is the continuation of the mystery of the Incarnation, a mystery which means the personal union of two natures, the one human, consisting of a human soul and a human body, the other divine, in one divine person, the common centre of imputability. As the human body of Christ

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required temporal things and used them, so does the body of the Church require and use them in the carrying out of her divine mission; and to all such temporal things as are necessary or useful in her work she has a right which no political power should gainsay. The Pope as head of the Church has all the rights which the Church has. He is her infallible mouthpiece in matters of faith and morals. He is the supreme lawgiver, guide, governor and ruler in all matters of faith, morals and discipline. He has the fulness of apostolical power. He is the supreme executive and judge in all matters affecting the conscience or the welfare of the members of the Church. There is no limit to his jurisdiction save what has been put by Christ himself, whose vicar and vicegerent on earth he is. The proper relation, therefore, of a thoroughly Catholic state to the Pope is one of respect and subordination in all things not exclusively of the political order. No law or ordinance or custom of a Catholic state should collide with a Church law. As John, Archbishop of Canterbury, expressed it in a letter to Edward, the King of England, A. D. 1281: "Paying attention to these things, the Catholic emperors subordinated all their laws to the holy canons of the Church, lest they should be deemed heretics or schismatics. Since, therefore, most illustrious king, the peace of the kingdom is in your keeping, you are bound to make your laws accord with the Church canons and abolish those that are contrary to them."[1] However, only in a rhetorical sense could John mean that all the Catholic emperors made their laws accord with the canons. Political ambition and avarice were nearly as strong with the old Catholic emperors as with the modern czars and kaisers. Few of them fully obeyed the laws of the Church, and the conflicts of the Popes with them for centuries were caused by flagrant violations of canon law and infringement of ecclesiastical right by the purple-robed secular sons of the Church. The Archbishop states what should be by right, rather than what was the case in fact, except in a few instances. The right of the Papacy, however, to interfere in temporals when the welfare of the Church required it, has been always asserted by the successors of St. Peter. Mixed questions continually arose in the old Catholic times, the emperor ordering one thing and the Pope another even when the public law of Europe recognized him as the supreme arbiter and judge of Christendom, not only in religion, but in politics.[2] Thus the Church allowed all classes to become priests in spite of the law of Marcian forbidding soldiers and public officials from entering the holy ministry. The Church exempted the clergy from certain civil duties

[1] Apud Mansi, Con., tom. 24, p. 426.

[2] See the Abbé Gosselin's work on the "Pouvoir du Pape au Moyen Age."

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which the state imposed on them. The Church forbade mixed marriages, which the state allowed. The Church appointed holy-days which the state ignored, even when it was supposed to be Catholic. But the Church never recognized the legality of the state's action in such cases. Bouix ("De Papa," p. 4, sec. 3) gives the names of six Popes before Gregory VII. and twenty-two after him who acted according to the doctrine implied by Pius IX. in the condemnation of the twenty-fourth proposition of the Syllabus regarding the relation of the Church to a Catholic state. "The Church has not the power of using force, nor any temporal power, direct or indirect."

As the members of the Church are not pure spirits, they frequently need material means to obtain their spiritual end and save their souls. The state has no right to deny these means, for it is a subordinate society both in its institution and in its purpose. The Church was founded directly by God. Men founded the state. The Church is supernatural in its origin and purpose; the state is essentially natural and temporal. The Church, indeed, has no jurisdiction, direct or indirect, over material things, which, considered in themselves, relate exclusively to the purposes or aims of civil society without being necessary to the proper end for which the Church has been instituted. Over such things, even when civil society is Catholic, the Church has no control, and has never *motu proprio* assumed any.

An explanation of the celebrated Bull of Boniface VIII., issued A. D. 1302, will more clearly illustrate this question of the right of Papal interference in political questions. In that famous document, so decried by Febronians, Gallicans, Josephists, and courtiers, who hold that the state is superior to the Church, or at least its equal, the Pope distinguishes two powers in the Church—two swords—the one spiritual, the other temporal. The former is to be used by the Church, the latter for her. The former is in the hands of the clergy, the latter in the hands of the civil government, to be used in protecting the interests of religion. "But," says Boniface, "the temporal should be under the spiritual sword, and the temporal authority subordinated to the spiritual." Therefore, if the temporal power does wrong, it is to be judged by the spiritual power; and whoever does not accept this teaching practically holds the Manichean doctrine that there are two principles by which the world is governed, the one good, the other evil. Finally, Boniface says: "We declare, say, define, and pronounce, that every creature is under the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff." But these words are to be explained by the purpose and context of the bull. It was issued against a Catholic king on account of his despotic exactions from his Catholic subjects at a time when the whole

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of Europe was Catholic, and when the law of nations recognized the Pope as the supreme judge of Christendom in everything. The bull does not and could not mean that unbaptized persons are subject to Papal jurisdiction, for they are entirely beyond the power of the Church. She says with St. Paul: "For what have I to do to judge them that are without?" (1 Cor. v. 12). As to heretics, especially those who are only materially such, and this is now the condition of most of the Christian sects, although the Church has theoretic jurisdiction over them on account of their baptism, practically she does not and will not use it. Her power is for edification and not for destruction, and as an attempt to bind the non-Catholic sects by Catholic church-laws would do more harm than good, some of the modern Popes, like Benedict XIV., for instance, have especially exempted non-Catholic Christians from the penalties consequent on their non-observance. The meaning of the Bonifacian definition is thus practically narrowed down to the elementary theological statement that every Roman Catholic is bound to obey a legitimate Papal mandate. As this is a natural consequence of belief in the primacy of honor and jurisdiction which the Supreme Pontiff exercises by divine right over the whole Church, there can be no difficulty to a Catholic in its acceptance.

That this jurisdiction of the Popes extends even to temporal matters, has been admitted indirectly by some of the greatest Protestant writers, and by others no longer in sympathy with the doctrines and practices of the Church. Liebnitz[1] wrote: "As to the power of the Church or of an Ecumenical Council in temporal affairs, I believe that we must concede to it an indirect influence on account of the relation which temporal matters may have to the salvation of souls. The Church should also regulate the case of conscience as to whether a law should be obeyed or not. . . . . She can forbid her subjects to obey the magistrates in certain cases, and the subjects are then obliged to obey her rather than the civil authority." This is a strong Protestant witness for the doctrine of the Bonifacian bull, *Unam Sanctam.* Döllinger, now, alas! no longer one of us, wrote this strong phrase: "When necessity calls for it, the Pope can do *everything*—of course, with the reservation of observing God's laws."[2] The great historian merely echoed Bossuet's teaching, or rather the teaching of St. Thomas and St. Augustine. The angelic doctor says: "The secular power is subordinate to the spiritual, inasmuch as it has been subordinated by God, namely in those things which pertain to the salvation of souls."[3] St.

[1] Foucher de Careil, Œuvres de Liebnitz. Paris, 1859. Vol. i., p. 264.
[2] Kirche und Kirchen, pp. 39-40.
[3] In lib. ii., sent. d. et quest. ult.

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Augustine wrote: "If the procurator orders something which the proconsul forbids, you must obey the proconsul. Again, if the proconsul orders something which the emperor forbids, must you not obey the superior and disobey the inferior authority? And so if the emperor orders one thing and God another, you must obey God rather than the emperor."[1] Such is the subordination of the civil to the spiritual authority.

Undoubtedly the power of the spiritual authority is limited; but the Church and no one else is the judge of the limitation. It is not within the competence of every state or of any individual to set himself up as a judge of the limit of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, any more than it is lawful for every citizen to constitute himself the judge of the state's jurisdiction. Such a principle once admitted would destroy all order in both Church and state. The Church's jurisdiction is limited in the case of an individual by his human nature. She cannot coerce his free will nor compel internal assent to her teaching. As to the state, she needs its protection against the violators of her laws, and therefore she treats it with courteous respect. As a matter of historical research it is certain that the state has encroached more on the jurisdiction of the Church than churchmen have upon the prerogatives of the civil power. The history of the Church is a history of concession and compromise with the state. Her power is moral, the state's is physical; and the state has persecuted and robbed the Church habitually from the beginning of the Christian era. The state's complaint of the Church has been the story of the wolf accusing the lamb of muddying the stream.

Certainly the charge of Papal interference in civil affairs would come with bad grace from any Protestant accuser. The history of the whole Protestant revolt has been one of clerical interference in politics. In every land in which the reformation made progress it was through the incendiary speeches and revolutionary acts of preachers attacking the lawful civil authority. Every one of the reformers was not only a preacher, but a politician, interfering in civil affairs, asserting the right of the clergy to control them, and preaching rebellion against every magistrate who disagreed with them in religion. Not to multiply examples, Knox, in Scotland, promoted political insurrection even against the Protestant Queen Elizabeth, and wrote to the Presbyterians: "Which things"[2]—the overthrow of the existing authorities of the realm—"after all humble request, if ye cannot attain them with open and solemn protestation of your obedience to be given to the authority in all things not plainly re-

[1] *De Natura Boni*, quoted by Peter Lombard, lib. ii., sent. quest. ult.

[2] Quoted by Lingard, Hist. of England, vol. vi., p. 13. Dolman's edition.

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pugning to God, ye lawfully may attempt the extremity, which is to provide whether the authority"—civil—" will consent or not, that Christ's evangel may be truly preached, and his holy sacraments rightly administered unto you and to your brethren, the subjects of that realm. And further ye lawfully may, yea, and thereto are bound, to defend your brethren from prosecution and tyranny, be it against princes or emperors, to the utmost of your power." The doctrine of Knox in this matter is still the teaching of the Scotch kirk. It is a doctrine similar to that which the early abolitionists and William H. Seward, President Lincoln's Secretary of State, called the " higher law," or the reserved rights of the individual conscience in the presence of the law. In our own country what has been the practice and doctrine of the Protestant churches? In the old Puritan commonwealths, so completely did the church dominate the state, that they were rather imitations of the Hebrew theocracy than of Christian communities based on the principle of the independence of each order in its own sphere. The Catholic doctrine of the relation of church to state is epitomized in the words of St. Thomas: " Divine right, which is from grace, does not destroy human right, which is from natural reason."[1] " If," says Leo XIII.,[2] " the civil power should amicably agree with the sacred power of the Church, there would arise great benefits to both parties. The dignity of the state would be amplified, and, religion being its guide, the state would never be unjust." " Jesus Christ," writes the same pontiff, " has so constituted the Church as to make it distinct from the civil power, so that both powers should be free and untrammelled to manage their own affairs."[3] This doctrine never pleased the sects. They mixed up church and state so inextricably that it became hard to tell which was the church and which was the state. They restricted even the right to vote to church members, and abolished, wherever they had the power, all rights of conscience. A good representative of old-school Protestantism was Oliver Cromwell.

His idea of the rights of conscience is exemplified in an anecdote told of him at the siege of New Ross in Ireland. The Catholic inhabitants, sorely pressed by his army, offered to surrender on one condition, namely, that the right of conscience should be guaranteed to them, the right publicly to profess and practise the Catholic religion. " As to the right of conscience," replied he to the petitioners, " I do not interfere with it. But if you mean by it the right to practise the mummeries of popery, I'll have none of it." By the very nature of the case it is much more

[1] Sum. 2a 2ae, q. 10, a 10.
[2] Ep. Encyc. Arcanum, 10 Feb., 1880.
[3] Idem.

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dangerous to civil order to have every man's conscience to judge of what is right and lawful in religion and politics, than to have an external infallible tribunal to decide the question. Although we may concede the power of conscience implied in the words of Cardinal Newman, that it is "the aboriginal vicar of Christ," yet the very epithet he uses, "aboriginal," shows the danger to which this subjective judge of right and wrong is exposed. It is an "aboriginal" and liable to all the wanderings of other "aboriginals" before civilization and fixed laws have tamed them. Conscience is indeed, even in Catholic theology, the subjective judge of the morality of an act; but it is so liable to be clouded by prejudice, warped by passion, blinded by self-interest, distorted by ignorance, that it is unsafe to follow it unless it be enlightened and guided from without. Even the Mormons of our country claim that they follow conscience in the practice of their religious and political system, and claim individual inspiration as their guide. Hence we have the "doubtful" conscience, the "scrupulous" conscience, the "lax" conscience, the false conscience, and the "erroneous" conscience about which our moralists write as a proof of the varieties of the species. Every form of error and vice has been justified on the score of "conscience." Rebellion in the Church and state, interference with the rights of others, the destruction of constitutional law, order and peace are justified by appeals to conscience. The communists who want to rob their neighbors of their property, and the anarchists who want to destroy civilization, claim that they are following their "conscience." Perhaps they are; but if so, it only proves more forcibly that conscience requires an external guide to prevent its going astray; and an infallible central external authority is the only guide that can adequately fulfil this purpose. It is, therefore, undoubtedly to the interest of vested rights, of established constitutions, of law and of property, that the consciences of men should recognize such a guide, and obey its orders rather than their own frequently false lights. It is better for the state to be protected by the authority of such a power over conscience than to be exposed at any moment to the revolt of the individual conscience claiming a right which may have no other foundation than imagination, passion or insanity.

Thus, then, as in the Protestant state there is no external guide or rule which the individual conscience is bound to follow, there is no *de jure* security in it against the aberrations of "conscience." In states that recognize Papal authority it becomes the judicial conscience of the people. It is external and impartial, and certain to be unbiassed by passion. It has power even beyond the limits of its infallibility. For although the Pope is infallible only in questions of faith and morals, he legislates and rules beyond these

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limits. The decree of the Council of Florence declaring his power of governing and ruling by divine right over the whole Church, implies the duty of conscience on the part of his subjects to obey not only in matters of faith and morals, but in everything comprised within the limits of his universal jurisdiction. To say that because something is not of faith, or does not pertain to the moral order, we may refuse to accept it, is to show gross ignorance of the extent of Papal authority and Catholic duty. The Pope is the superior of the whole Church. Many of his commands concern things that never can be matters of faith. They may be matters of discipline; they may be matters affecting directly only the temporalities of the Church, yet Catholics are bound to obey them by the Fourth of the Ten Commandments, even if there were not additional legislation on the subject.

Very seldom, in recent times especially, have the Popes interfered in purely secular affairs; in the Middle Ages the Church never so tried to dominate the state as the Protestant sects have since done. If the Catholic state in ancient times seconded ecclesiastical legislation, it was most frequently by the voluntary act of the state without ecclesiastical dictation. Charlemagne and Pepin attached civil penalties to ecclesiastical censures by their own volition. By the common law of England an excommunicated person was incapable of being a witness or of bringing an action; and he might be detained in prison until he obtained absolution.[1] Not the Popes, but the piety and the good statesmanship of the princes or of the people, enacted these laws. In the internal political dissensions of the Italian cities the Popes often interfered, but generally by request of the contesting parties. The same is true of much of the Papal interference in the civil dissensions of the kingdoms beyond the Alps. The interference of the Popes in Germany in the Middle Ages was by right, for the Holy Roman Emperors were vassals of the Holy See, which conferred on them their title and their crown.

But the Popes interfered by right also even when not solicited to do so by the civil power. Gregory II., who gets the credit from some writers of having detached Italy from the Eastern Empire, wrote to Leo the Isaurian, in the eighth century, claiming the right to arbitrate between the East and the West. His words are given by Labbe[2]: "The Roman Pontiffs are the arbiters and moderators of peace between West and East. . . . . The eyes of the nations are fixed on our humility, and they regard us as a God on earth." How much misery and bloodshed the nations would have been

[1] Hallam's Middle Ages, p. 275. New York. Harper. 1837.

[2] V. viii., col. 19 and 22.

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spared had they continued so to regard the Popes, and thus settled by arbitration the quarrels of princes!

In the year 863, Pope Nicholas I. wrote to Adventius, Bishop of Metz, regarding King Lothaire, of Lorraine, and Queen Thetberga: "See whether these kings and princes, to whom you say you are subject, are really kings and princes; whether they conduct themselves well, rule well the peoples confided to them, and govern according to law. If such is not the case, they are not kings, but tyrants; and we must arm against them, instead of obeying them."[1] This is a direct interference in politics in favor of the people. The Popes and the clergy, indeed, were their only protectors against kings and nobles in those days. Mark also the date of this Papal letter, written long before the period of Papal political aggrandizement.

Innocent III., one of the most illustrious of the Pontiffs, used political influence all over the civilized world to benefit the cause of Christianity. For that purpose he made a new empire in the East, humbled haughty Philip Augustus, of France, created a German emperor, punished King John, of England, and combined the whole of Christendom against Mussulman Asia.

The benefits of Papal interference in politics in the interests of peace and popular liberty were, however, at length checked by the revolutionary decrees of the Council of Basel and the rise of Protestantism. When the Pope lost his political power the people lost their best friend. The "Reformers" made the princes despots by destroying the power of the Pope and of the bishops. The growth of modern political despotism dates from the sixteenth century, when the Pope's temporal power was weakened.

The case of Alexander VI., drawing "a line of demarcation" over the map of America, to prevent quarrels between the Spaniards and the Portuguese, is a good precedent for the action of Leo XIII. deciding the dispute between Germany and Spain in the matter of the Caroline Islands.

Leo could find, even in the history of England, many instances of Papal interference in politics for the benefit of the people, if precedent be needed for what is a matter of absolute right. In the year of our Lord 806 the English insurgents against King Eardulf committed their cause to the decision of Pope Leo III;[2] and the Pontiff excommunicated the king, very much to the satisfaction of his Kentish subjects. The oldest treaty now on record made by an English king with a foreign power, was arranged by Pope John XV., A.D. 1002, and drawn up in his name.[3]

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[1] Labbe, v., viii., Concil., Ep. iv.

[2] Lingard's England, vol. i., p. 112.

[3] Idem, p. 241.

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As to the political influence of the Pope who excommunicated Henry II. for murdering Becket, we have the testimony of the arch-enemy of Christianity, Voltaire, to its beneficent results. He says: "The man who, in the Middle Ages, deserved perhaps the highest tribute from the human race, was Pope Alexander III. He it was who, in a council held in the twelfth century, abolished as far as lay in his power the curse of slavery. It was he, again, who, in Venice, triumphed by his prudence over the violence of the Emperor Barbarossa. He restored the rights of nations and curbed the passions of kings. Before his time all Europe, save a small number of cities, was divided into two classes of men: the lords of the land, ecclesiastic and lay, and the slaves. If men have recovered their rights, it is chiefly to Pope Alexander that they are indebted for it; to him so many cities owe their new or recovered splendor."[1]

Boniface VIII. specifies in the bull *Ausculta fili* his reasons for punishing Philip the Fair of France, because "of admitting no judgment but his own, either within or without his kingdom, on the unjust and violent acts committed in his name; of his abasement of the currency; and of loading his subjects with intolerable burdens." Certainly such interference was beneficial to the people, and justified by the office of the Pope as spiritual father of all Christians. In a community in which has recently died a great Protestant preacher,[2] who won his popularity by attacking from the pulpit the political institution of slavery in our land; in a community in which words of praise are bestowed on another Protestant divine,[3] who has used all his spiritual influence to have a bill passed to regulate the liquor traffic, no fault can consistently be found with Leo XIII. for interfering by request in a matter that concerned the happiness of Germany and France, and the peace and welfare of the world.

Leo XIII. has only done, in a grander field, what is daily done by every priest in his parish. The curate of the smallest village is continually employed in settling family disputes, sometimes without being invited to do so. It is his duty to use his spiritual office for the preservation of peace in the community. His Protestant neighbor often invokes his aid in a dispute with a Catholic neighbor or servant, and the priest's influence in such cases is always respected and nearly always efficient in good results. Why, then, censure a Pontiff for doing that which is claimed as lawful by every minister of the Gospel in his dealings with his flock?

The Pope's action was beneficent, and the old Protestant emperor has already publicly expressed his thanks. May we not hope to

[1] Apud Darras' Ch. Hist., vol. iii., p. 270.
[2] Beecher.
[3] Dr. Crosby and "high license."

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see this interference of Leo in the dispute about the Caroline Islands and in the Septennate inaugurate new precedents for the re-establishment of the Roman Pontiffs in their old position of supreme arbiters between nations? Protestant bigotry is dying out in Europe, and the people are groaning under the burdens of oppressive taxes rendered necessary by the hostile feelings of separate nationalities. War threatens on all sides. There is no arbiter but the sword, and the people are robbed to sustain it. Statistics show that it costs Russia annually one billion one hundred and sixty-two millions of francs to keep up her military establishment. The ratios of the military tax of the chief nations of Europe, even in peace, are as follows:

	Francs.
Russia,	1,162,000,000
France,	850,000,000
Great Britain and her dependencies,	792,664,866
Germany,	570,332,215
Austria,	338,139,416
Italy,	302,901,306

The people pay these taxes, while at the same time their best manhood is forced into the army, there to be demoralized in peace or slaughtered in war. Not one of these nations dares take the initiative of disarmament. They are all afraid and suspicious of one another. How much better for the people and the princes, therefore, to recognize in the spiritual head of Christianity a supreme judge and arbiter in all disputes! If the civil powers would pledge obedience to his decisions, with a further pledge to enforce them against a recalcitrant, the armies might be disbanded, conscriptions would be unnecessary, universal peace, comfort, and happiness would be the result. Leo XIII. has shown the way to settle disputes without bloodshed. If princes and peoples will follow it, posterity will bless his memory.

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LAND AND LABOR.

WITHIN these last few years the question of private ownership in land has been brought, in a controversial spirit, before the public mind. Formerly it seemed to be considered by all as not being a debatable topic, but now, in consequence of the hardships coupled with land-tenure in some countries, it has become quite prominent, and is discussed in the press, in books, and in public lectures. Sides are taken, and those in favor of this novel theory pronounce all private land ownership to be untenable, on the grounds of natural law and justice. Certainly, to say the least, it looks strange, at first sight, that a usage which has been universal among nations, should be brought into court at this late hour in the world's history, and be charged with a violation of eternal justice.

In the study of this question it will, perhaps, help us not a little to have a definite idea of the right of property. By the common sense of the human race, it is taken to mean the right of freely possessing and of disposing of, as useful and truly one's own, material, external things. The primary idea of property, then, implies individual ownership, to the exclusion of the rights of others, and also involves the right of using or disposing of one's goods after the manner he shall judge best. Ownership may, indeed, have certain liens on it; to it may be attached the fulfilment of certain conditions, the specification by contract of its duration; but even in such cases ownership gives to man, for the time being, the full control of his possession. This idea of ownership, being in keeping with the dictates of human reason, did not set men a-thinking about its origin, and much less about its lawfulness; they no more thought of questioning their general right of possessing property than they did their right of eating their meals. But as some persons have undertaken to unhinge the common order of things, and to dispute the right of ownership, what was before a practice has now to be studied in its principle, and the common actions of men have to be read back into their motives. Taken in its most absolute sense, and as the result of creative action, ownership in land, as to its nature and use, belongs to God alone. He is the creator of heaven and earth, and, as such, has unconditioned dominion and absolute ownership of all things. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and all things that dwell therein." About this point there is no ques-

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tion; it is on man's right to hold private property in land that the whole contention turns. And first, we remark that whatever right to land man possesses, it must be a derived right, one granted by his Maker to him for the object and furtherance of his existence; one, moreover, which can be verified in the original deed of grant, and which is to hold for all time and among all peoples. That deed, given in the preamble of the act of creation, is couched in these words: "Let us make man to our image and likeness, and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air and the beasts and the whole earth and every creeping creature that moveth on the earth!" After the creation of Adam God gives to him this deed of universal dominion, and in him, as the representative head of the human family, he gives the same deed to all mankind. "The earth He has given to the children of men." To them all material goods have been subjected, that they may possess and use them for their support in conformity with the divine will. Of their own nature and by the divine grant those free goods are not this one's more than another's; they are actually undetermined in relation to proprietorship, but may become in part by the activity of individuals, the private property of this or that, person. They thus become the substance out of which property is formed, but, by themselves in any determinate form, they give no right to ownership of them. That right is acquired by activity on man's part.

Considered as a race, or as the descendants of Adam, the earth is men's general patrimony. They have the abstract general capacity to own it, just as they have the abstract general capacity to own the fishes of the sea and the birds of the air. This capacity, which exists faculty-like in them, gives merely power to own land, much after the manner in which the faculty of mind gives power to own science. By the general deed of the divine grant, then, the earth in its substance was put under man's dominion; it was to be his home in this world, and with its products he was to support life. The native right which he has to the means wherewith to provide for his physical and social needs founds his right to proprietorship in general. His right to live postulates his right to the means thereunto. Life, to be sure, man may support by the transitory use of things. But, for all men, to live from hand to mouth, or not to know to-day how they are to live on the morrow, is neither according to the due order of nature, nor according to the requirements of settled civilized society. By the transitory use of things, some of them, such as food, are consumed in that very use; many others, when utilized by one, exclude the use of them by another; two men at the same time and for different ends cannot use the same spade in digging, nor the same saw in sawing;

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or, if we suppose that some things can be used simultaneously by many, many must also be necessarily excluded, at least from the passing use of them.

A transitory use of things, therefore, does not, according to the divine dispensation, suffice to satisfy the requirements of man's nature. The dominion over all things which he has received from his Maker, implies that he has the right and the freedom to use them in the way that will best answer to his needs. Amid the changes around him, stability of proprietorship is that which he finds will go to secure to him the necessaries of life, and will correspond best with his natural and social wants, and therefore it is that, in the exercise of his rational liberty and judgment, he claims the right of stable ownership. This conflicts not with God's absolute dominion, but only excludes the dominion of others; neither is it at variance with the nature of material things, since these have been put by God at man's disposal, and become more useful by the undisturbed possession of them. On the other hand, a permanent property in things is called for by man's continual wants; it furnishes him with the means of providing safely for his sustenance; it gives him a home and employment, and partly secures him against the many miseries incident to human existence. Through it old age and bodily infirmity can look for succor, and when the storm rages and the winter's cold congeals all nature, or when the sun with tropical heat burns up the earth, or the plague blights the growing crop, man's permanent home is for him his refuge, and the stores which he has laid up become the rewards of his industry. The protection which stability of tenure gives becomes thus the great stimulus to labor—the source also of contentment, while by the gains which it insures, it promotes the study and application of the arts—liberal, industrial, and mechanical. According to these principles, at all times, and everywhere, the human race has acted; men have considered the division of property and the permanent possession of land or houses or chattels to be conformable to the dictates of justice and the prescriptions of the natural law.

Hitherto we have discussed only the general right to proprietorship; now we have to examine what the nature of that right is. Is it an individual or a collective right? Can men as individuals hold private ownership in land, or is it only the community that can hold that ownership? In the premises I have to note that, as individuals, men have an undeniable right to the ownership of that which they justly procure for the relief of their immediate wants,—for instance, to the food which they need or to the clothes which they wear. As to this transitory use of things, man's right is undisputed. It is only against his stable ownership in land that objections have been raised. Our previous inquiry has shown us

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that, to provide for his wants, man has the inborn right to stable ownership in property, be it land or houses or chattels; a thesis which necessarily supposes that man's right in the case is a personal right, since what is in a man by nature is necessarily personal, and belongs to him independently of all others. This right, grounded on man's activity as a free agent and on his power of bettering himself, is innate in him as an essentially independent personal being. His necessities are his own personally, and consequently his right to provide for these by private ownership of property is and must be his own personal right. Primarily, man is for himself; secondarily, only for society, for by the law of nature personal right precedes communal right. Charity towards himself is to be man's rule and the standard of his charity towards others.

Man, however, is a social being,—destined to live in companionship with his fellow-men. The native right, therefore, which, as a free agent, he possesses of bettering himself he may exercise in union with them. If he so will it, he may merge, for the time being, his individual right to ownership in land in the common right of the village community, in order to become a stockholder in its property, or, in other words, he may unite his own innate right to ownership, if he judge fit, with the rights of those with whom he is socially united for the purpose of securing a better livelihood. Such a system of land-tenure, we are told, still exists in India? "The rights of the landlords," writes Mountstuart Elphinstone, "are theirs collectively, and though they have more or less perfect partition of them, they never have an entire separation. A landholder, for instance, can sell or mortgage his rights; but he must first have the consent of the village, and the purchaser steps exactly into his place and takes up all his obligations. If a family becomes extinct, its share returns to the common stock."[1] Here, then, even under this form of collective ownership in land, we find it recognized that any landlord may sell or mortgage his share, and thus exercise his original right of returning to individual ownership in property.

That man has an individual right to possess landed property as his own is evident, we think, from the proofs given. But how is that right to be determined? or, on what title can a man claim that this or that portion of land, formerly unoccupied, is his? Men, of course, acquire just titles to land by purchase, by contract, by inheritance; of this secondary mode of acquiring land we do not speak here. Our present thesis turns on the original, primitive method of acquiring ownership in free land. By itself, neither nature nor reason defines what parts of that land or what spontaneous products of nature are man's property. The determina-

[1] Quoted by Henry Sumner Maine, in his work, "Ancient Law." Page 255.

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tion of that has been left to man himself by his Maker, when He gave to him dominion over the earth and all things therein. Material goods are at man's service; he is to use them as means wherewith to fulfil his destiny, and he can, therefore, in some legitimate way, make them his own. Movable things, it is readily admitted, become his by just possession, the result of his industry; and, after a similar manner, immovable goods and land, and consequently the principal of them, become his by real, just occupancy, the product in some way of his labor. The legitimate, external possession of unoccupied land is, then, the first element in proprietorship. Through it, coupled with his industry, man makes land to be his own, and that, to the exclusion of all others, specifies his ownership by external acts, and thus reduces the natural capacity that lies in him to hold property to an actual individual right. Universally admitted by men as being in conformity with natural law, the just possession of free land, they considered, gave to one a valid, permanent title to its ownership. They judged that he had as much right to the land which he made his own by his industry as the fisherman had to the fish which he caught in mid-ocean or the hunter to the game which he shot in the public forest. There was no reclamation on the part of the human race against the exercise of this right, because according to the dictates of natural justice there was no wrong in it. Reason did not protest against what was conformable to it. In olden, primitive times one of the laws of the Indian legislator, Manu, expresses the right to ownership in land in the following terms: "The field is the property of him who first reclaimed it, as much as the antelope is the property of the first hunter who shoots it." The same rational nature always dictated that the rights of the parents to their property descend to their children, and that a man can by sale or exchange transfer his title to ownership in land to another, as he can his title to any movable property.

At present it is on the determination of the title to ownership that the whole controversy depends. It is not the just occupancy of anything, it is said, which specifies a title to it, but the production of it,—that only is man's own which he makes. This major premise is, we feel, too broad for the argument raised upon it. Let one hold that it is only the production of a thing that originates a just title to it, and directly he finds that he has no logical grounds to rest on. He has not produced land, indeed, but neither has he produced the raw materials out of which his coat and shoes, his house and watch have been wrought. Still, he steadfastly maintains that he has ownership in these, and that to deprive him of them would be downright robbery. Thus his major premise gives way, refutes itself, and he is "hoist with his own petard." Besides,

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if a person were exacting in his logic he might require a proof of the major, and demand how does one know that man has a right to what he produces? All that man can do with material things is to give to them an artificial form—to make them fructify by his industry. Thus he can make land fruitful by cultivation or by use of one kind or other; thus, too, the sculptor can make the marble productive by his chisel, and the painter, by blending, in due proportion, different material elements, can, according to his art, produce a picture. The form which one gives to the material thing is inseparable from it, so that, for the time being, to possess the one is also necessarily to possess the other.

Still, it is argued that as the earth has been put by God under the dominion of the human race, and as it is expressly said that "the earth He has given to the children of men," so is it the inheritance of all alike; and every one has as good a right to this or that plot of ground as the man who holds it. This method of reasoning ignores the elementary truth that the abstract powers of a corporate body are one thing, and personal, individual right another. When, then, it is said that the earth is given by God to the children of men, there can be question only of their abstract capacity to possess land; but the actual right to this or that portion of it each one must make good by a lawful title. The capacity for possession is quite a different thing from the right of possessing. Let us suppose the theory reduced to practice,—then the man who is in possession of a farm may be excluded by his neighbor, and the latter in turn be excluded by the former, since the rights of both are equal,—and thus everywhere what belongs to all is the property of none. All men, then, are to live on no man's land and are to be governed by robbers' law. Undoubtedly men have a right to the means wherewith to live, and even in cases of extreme want the right to property must yield to the law of necessity. But land is not the only means whereby men may procure a livelihood. Providence has so ordained that in every country there are thousands of ways of procuring a living besides those derived from agriculture or landed possessions. In this country there are very many who live by trading in the products of other lands, and, on the other hand, in other countries there are thousands of their inhabitants who make out a livelihood by utilizing for life purposes the products supplied by America. Hence it comes to pass that the interchange of the goods of various nations enables people to live not exclusively, or even not at all, on the produce of their own country. Man, however, has a natural right to a livelihood in the land of his birth; but that does not imply that he has a right there "to three acres and a cow." He has in his native country a right

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to a suitable living, but that he may procure otherwise than by cultivating a farm.

In striving to do away with private ownership in land, some writers have been led to give to the state undue power over landed property. Hobbes and Bentham went directly to the point when they maintained that it is the civil law that originated property. Modern theorists, however, would not say so much, but indirectly they reach the same conclusion. The state, they hold, may so burden land with taxes that virtually it deprives man of ownership in it, since land which is of no profit to the possessor of it, but, on the contrary, entails loss, is not worth possessing. A system of this sort runs counter to what we have shown to be man's inborn natural right to proprietorship in land; it tends to make him to be only, as it were, a spoke in the wheel of state, with no free personal right, with no power of independent action for supporting life and for bettering himself. These rights and powers are, however, the basis of natural equity, and without them natural law and natural justice would be mere words. All this nature dictates, and universal experience has been in conformity with the teaching of nature. Men have always considered that just civil legislation must be in conformity with natural law, and have tested the justice of civil enactments by examining them in the light of natural and eternal equity. A property-law, in the estimation of all peoples, will be good or bad according as it conforms or does not conform to the primary rules of justice that govern property. These antedate all state-power, since this supposes the existence of society, which must be held together by the bonds that spring from property-rights.

The right to private property in land has been along through the ages in the convictions of every people; springing from natural law, it has been always wound up with the workings of natural conscience. Among the people of God it was accepted as a revelation in nature, and as a matter of course, without any questioning whatever, was always acted on. Let a few facts serve to illustrate this thesis:

In the 23d chapter of Genesis occurs the affecting passage of Abraham's purchasing from Ephron, the son of Seor, land for the burying of his deceased wife Sara. "And he (Abraham) spoke to Ephron in the presence of the people; I beseech thee to hear me; I will give money for the field; take it, and so I will bury my dead in it! And Ephron answered: My Lord, hear me; the ground which thou desirest is worth four hundred sicles of silver; this is the price between me and thee; but what is this? bury thy dead. And when Abraham had heard this, he weighed out the money that Ephron had asked, in the hearing of the children of Heth,

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four hundred sicles of silver, of common current money. And the field that before was Ephron's, wherein was the double cave looking towards Mambre, both it and the cave, and all the trees thereof, in all the limits round about, was made sure to Abraham for a possession, in the sight of the children of Heth, and of all that went in at the gate of his city."

So sacred were the rights of property in land in the eyes of the Hebrew people that King Achab did not dare to take from Naboth the vineyard which he was unwilling to give up to him. The fact is thus related in the twenty-first chapter of the third Book of Kings:

"And after these things, Naboth the Jezrahelite, who was in Jezrahel, had at that time a vineyard near the palace of Achab, king of Samaria. And Achab spoke to Naboth, saying: 'Give me thy vineyard, that I may make me a garden of herbs, because it is nigh and joining to my house, and I will give thee for it a better vineyard; or if thou think it more convenient for thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money.' Naboth answered him: 'The Lord be merciful to me, and not let me give thee the inheritance of my fathers.' And Achab came into his house angry and fretting because of the word that Naboth the Jezrahelite had spoken to him, saying: 'I will not give thee the inheritance of my fathers.'"

The proof of the thesis is still more strongly confirmed by God's commanding the purchase of land and sanctioning ownership in it by his own express words: Thus in the thirty-second chapter of the prophecy of Jeremias we read: "And Jeremias said: 'The word of the Lord came to me, saying: "Behold! Hanameel, the son of Sellum, thy cousin, shall come to thee, saying: 'Buy thee my field which is in Anatoth, for it is thy right to buy it, being next akin.'" And Hanameel, my uncle's son, came to me, according to the word of the Lord, to the entry of the prison, and said to me: 'Buy my field which is in Anatoth, in the land of Benjamin, for the right of inheritance is thine and thou art next of kin to possess it.' And I understood that this was the word of the Lord. And I bought the field of Hanameel, my uncle's son, that is in Anatoth; and I weighed him the money, seven staters and ten pieces of silver." This deed of purchase, subscribed and sealed publicly, was, as it were, a bond of future possession given to the Jews in their desolation. "For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: 'Houses and fields and vineyards shall be possessed again in this land.'" The reading of these and similar texts immediately suggests that ownership in land is not given as a new revelation, but is accepted as a law underlying the constitution of the moral world.

Men in due circumstances used and applied that law without any hesitation, and no more questioned the lawfulness of their act

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than they did that of walking or of breathing. In this respect what held under the Old Law holds under the New. The moral code has not been changed, but, on the contrary, has been sanctioned and perfected by the teaching of the Gospel. We say "the moral code," since there is a question not of mere political economy, but of commutative justice—the purchase of land involves a contract, and every contract is based on the moral law; or again, ownership in land is, as we have seen, based on right, and right is necessarily of the moral order. As there was no innovation to be introduced into moral doctrines by Christianity, it was not to be expected that Christ should expressly mention practices which needed no correction and which had on them the sanction of divine authority. Private ownership in land, as being approved by natural and revealed law, He found to be a matter of practical universal observance. As He was not, therefore, to legislate specially on the subject, it is only incidentally and as if by side-views that we can gather what His mind was on the subject matter we discuss. These views we find suggested by some of the parables. As familiar narratives wherewith to illustrate His doctrine, Christ took these parables from the incidents of everyday life among the Jews, from what they knew and approved and accepted in their usual manner of living. Thus in the parable of the sowing of the cockle, ownership of his field is given to the husbandman: "The kingdom of heaven is likened to a man who sowed good seed in his field;" and his fellow-men are made to approve of that ownership when they say: "Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in *thy* field?" And again, we read in the parable of the grain of mustard seed, "which a man took and sowed in *his* field." More strikingly still, it is said of Christ by St. Luke, chapters xii. and xiii., that on a certain occasion one of the multitude said to Him: "'Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.' But he said to him: 'Man, who hath appointed me judge or divider over you?'" As if He would have said, your brother's right rests on natural and positive law; it is not my part to divide or to annul it. Then, continuing, He cautions His followers, in the parable of the rich man, against avarice, saying: "The land of a certain rich man brought forth plenty of fruits." He then proceeds to explain how, intent only on hoarding up wealth, and not caring for the obligations that lay on him of giving to the poor, that rich man received unexpectedly the warning: "Thou fool! this night do they require thy soul of thee." What is supposed in our Lord's teaching in regard to the private tenure of land is actually exemplified in the narrative of the Acts of the Apostles, in which it is said of the converts to Christianity who wished to embrace evangelical poverty, that "as many as were *owners of lands*

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or houses sold them and brought the price of the things they sold and laid it down before the feet of the Apostles, and distribution was made to every one according as he had need. And Joseph, who by the Apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is by interpretation the son of consolation), a Levite, a Cyprian born, *having land*, sold it and laid it at the feet of the Apostles."

The teaching of Christ in all its influences was given by Him to His Church. She was to be His unerring organ on earth. With her He promised to be through all time and to send to her the Holy Ghost who was to lead her into all truth and to abide with her forever. With the divine assistance granted to her she was to teach infallibly God's revelation—natural and supernatural; to interpret it, to apply it and to be its ever-watchful guardian against all innovation. By formal definition she was to put revealed doctrine into words whenever the interests of truth required it, to draw up creeds for the greater unity and security of belief, and to condemn, in virtue of her divine commission, doctrinal error as being opposed to the faith once delivered to the saints. But it was not merely faith that was entrusted to her keeping, but also morals. She was to be the guardian not only of what men were to believe, but also of what they were to practise; not only of that which was directly, according to revealed law, food for the mind, but also of what, according to natural law, was to be immediately food for the will. The former she was to formalize in definition, the latter she was principally to draw out in practice. In the moral practical principles given for the ruling of the lives of her children, she, by divine appointment, was to see to it that there was nothing contrary to natural justice, nothing contrary to natural law or to the teaching of the Gospel. The propagation of a practice contrary to natural justice the Church could no more sanction than she could the propagation of an error contrary to the divinity of Christ. It is the whole and not a part of God's saving truth that has been confided to her guardianship.

These premises being laid down, a further inquiry is, whether the Church has sanctioned private property in land, and if she has, how and how far? This inquiry, it is plain, involves a question of fact and a question of duty,—the fact is, to wit, the prevalence of private ownership in land, the duty, the obligation of the Church in relation to that fact. As to the first, from the whole domain of Christian history it can be readily gathered that proprietorship in land has been of universal usage. There has not been a Christian people all through the ages among whom private property has not been unhesitatingly admitted. Conditioned variously this proprietorship undoubtedly has been at different epochs; but for all that, proprietorship it has always been acknowledged to be.

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This the extant laws of every Christian people put beyond dispute. "Upon this principle," writes Blackstone, "the great charter (Magna Charta) has declared that no freeman shall be disseised, or divested of his freehold, or of his liberties or free customs, but by the judgment of his peers or by the law of the land. And by a variety of ancient statutes it is enacted, that no man's lands or goods shall be seized into the King's hands, against the great charter and the law of the land; and that no man shall be disinherited nor put out of his franchises or freehold, unless he be duly brought to answer and be forejudged by course of law; and if anything be done to the contrary, it shall be redressed and holden for none." The laws of every country specify the obligations attached to the holding of property, the conditions on which it is to be owned, but the right to possess and hold land they never question. In relation to this matter, what we witness in our own age is in keeping with the past. The whole Christian world at present acknowledges private ownership in land, in spite of opinions expressed to the contrary by a few, and of the communistic efforts of such men as Robert Owen in England, of Saint Simon, Fourier, and Enfantin in France, and of Karl Marx in Germany. These men tried to break up or to distort a law of nature, but nature quickly righted itself.

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

The fundamental rights of all private property remain unchanged.

The Church herself as a corporate body has a right to hold property in land as well as in other temporal affairs. Not only that, but this patrimony, be it even in land, she authorizes her ministers to hold even after their promotion to the priesthood. Nay, she sanctions for religious ends the right which they as citizens have of holding landed possessions. The universality, therefore, of the law of private property in land throughout Christendom determines for us in what light the Church views it. Clearly she judges that there is nothing in the principle of that law that would justify her interference, that there is nothing wrong in it, nothing contrary to the principles of Christian morality. We have said that the purchase of land, or that the just, real, and not merely nominal possession of it, founds right, and that right brings the question of private land-tenure within the scope of the moral order.[1] This right, then, we submit, is within the legislative competency and office of the Church as the infallible interpreter and guardian of the moral law. What we say of the Church as a body we say of her

[1] "Political economy is a science which by its very nature is subordinate to moral science."—Civil. Cattol., March 5th, 1887, p. 539.

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Supreme Head, the Roman Pontiff, teaching all Christian peoples *ex cathedra.* The principle that underlies the holding of property in land falls within the range of the exercise of his supreme office. That it does so, those who speak on the other side suppose, since they assert that private landed property is against the laws of natural justice. The fact, then, of the universality of private ownership in land and the obligations of the Church as the guardian of the moral code being taken into account, it is evident that by her practice and approbation she holds that the right to real ownership in land, private or public, is in itself lawful and a point of Catholic doctrine.

Surely the natural right to ownership in land has been often cruelly dealt with, and been often set aside or trampled on by armed force. Men, women and children have often been led captives into foreign lands, or reduced to slavery in their native country, or even massacred on the bosom of their mother earth; but for all that, the principle of the right to a living in the land of one's birth did not die with them—men die, but the right lives on.

Coming down through the centuries, the first, studied, elaborate effort to establish a principle of communism in land we find to have been made by Plato in his ideal republic. It was a Utopia he dreamt of, but one most immoral under many respects. Aristotle came afterwards, and turning the full light of his powerful reason on the plan of Plato, examined it in all its parts and consequences, and with that great, strong good sense which characterized him, pronounced it to be a plan repugnant to practical reason and subversive of social order. A state, indeed, he holds, may have some lands common to all, and this principle we find carried out in modern Christian nations. The parks of a city, for instance, are for the benefit of all, but private property, he maintained, is one of the great social bonds of a state,—a great stimulus to industry, and the great preventative of private bickering, of jealousy, and of idleness. It is the business of the legislator, he also suggests, "to create in men" "a benevolent disposition" in the use of their property, a suggestion which leads up to the language of the Apostle when he tells his disciple to command the rich to give of their goods to the poor.

Later on, one of the special characteristics of Roman jurisprudence was its code on private property. The *jus privatum* (or the civil law of individuals) remains one of the greatest works of Roman genius, a work that took twelve hundred years in its construction, and still was cast, as it were, in the same mental mould, and shapen in all details with the greatest logical precision. It grew out of the absolute exclusive notion of personal property; but how that property was acquired, whether justly or unjustly, it

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cared not. To the Roman might was right, and ownership implied absolute despotic power over things and persons.. This, of course, was a most gross and cruel abuse of the natural right of ownership. It is not this enormous abuse that we consider here, but the acknowledgment, that is coupled with it, of the right to hold private property in land during the era of Roman dominion. In it we find another great link in the chain of human testimony to that right, recognized nearly everywhere, and always, since the formation of civil society. Taken in the gross, then, the human race has invariably judged that man has a strict natural right to hold private ownership in land, both as to the use and as to the thing, in spite of conditions that may have been imposed on that ownership. And what the human race judges to be a natural right must be a true and just right.

What St. Thomas Aquinas teaches on this subject he has expressed in two short *articuli* in his "Theological Summa." In his time the question of private ownership in land was not a practical one. No one thought of claiming that he had as good a right to a farm as the owner of it. Still the theory of communism in land was not unknown to him, as we learn from his references to the "Politics" of Aristotle, in which the land question is specially mentioned. Only incidentally, therefore, in discussing the nature of sins against justice, does St. Thomas propose his doctrine on ownership in property, or, as he has it, "in external things." And principal among these is land.

In his first thesis he examines the origin and nature of man's general abstract right to possess things as his own. His proposition is: "Whether the possession of external things is natural to man?" To this he answers with a distinction—external things may be considered in their nature or their use; if considered in their nature, they are subject only to the divine will, since it is only God, their Creator, who can order or modify that nature or suspend its laws. Hence, to the least expression of His will all nature bows (cui omnia ad nutum obediunt). Considered in their use, God has given to man dominion over all external things, and has made him, so to say, lord of creation. The grant of this dominion the Saint derives from the first chapter of the book of Genesis, v. 26, which has been already quoted. This grant implies, first, that man can possess property, no matter of what kind, in cattle or in houses or in land, in virtue of a title given him by God; since, according to the reasoning of Aristotle, whom the Saint cites with approbation, "the possession of external things is natural to man." And secondly, that grant implies that man can utilize those things in accordance with his needs, since he possesses them under God for the ends for which God gave them. Having laid

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down these premises on the abstract right of ownership in his first thesis, St. Thomas then proceeds to a second, which he states in these terms: "Is it lawful for a man to possess anything as his own?" which is equivalent to the question: "Is it lawful for a man to hold private property in land?" After his own manner, the Saint examines the thesis in its general bearing on the possession of external things—classifying property again, whether land, houses, or chattels, etc., under one heading. Now, in regard to property so defined, to man naturally belongs, he says, the power of managing, of farming, or of procuring it, as well as the power of distributing or dividing it; and as far as this twofold power goes to constitute possession, man may lawfully have the ownership of things. Then the great doctor goes on to examine the grounds of that power, and finds that it springs from a threefold cause: first, the promotion of industrial economy, since man is naturally more careful of what is his own than of what is common to all,—what is the business of everybody is apt to be looked upon as the duty of no one; second, social order,—let everybody be charged with caring for everything, and utter confusion is sure to ensue; and third, the preservation of social peace, a result which follows "when every one is content with his own property." Man is indeed entitled to make his property fructify by managing and farming it—in this he is independent of others and master of his possessions, but not so in regard to its products or the use of it. He is not a hermit, but a social being, and as such is bound to contribute, in just proportion, to the well-being of the society in which he lives. Social and Christian charity has a *lien* on his property. He is surely not bound to divest himself of all that he possesses, but to give to the poor according to his means. On this point the doctrine of St. Paul is the doctrine of St. Thomas. "Charge the rich of this world," writes the Apostle to his disciple, "not to be high minded nor to trust in the uncertainty of riches, but in the living God (who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy); to do good, to be rich in good works, to give easily, to communicate to others; to lay up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on the true life." From his resources, no matter what they may be, movable or immovable, man is bound to assist his poorer brethren. Their necessity is a law which he has to observe in the use which he makes of his riches. In this sense it is that the Saint calls the use of external things common, that is, as he explains, "that he (man) may easily distribute them to others in their necessity." After this exposition of principles, he immediately after lays down distinctly the doctrine of private property. "Community of goods is ascribed," he writes, "to a prescription of the natural law, not

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because the natural law dictates that all things should be possessed in common, and that nothing is to be possessed as one's own, but because according to natural law there is no distinction of possessions; this latter is more in accordance with human institution, which appertains to positive law. Hence, the possession of property (of land, therefore) is not contrary to natural law, but is something superadded to it by the inventive working of human reason."[1] In other words, that a man should own this or that portion of land is not *a priori* a dictate of the natural law, but a clear natural inference from it; it is not a right which springs from the very nature of land itself, but one that is originated and determined by human activity. "If that field," writes St. Thomas in another passage, "be considered absolutely (or in itself), there is no reason why it should belong to this one rather than to another; but if it be considered in relation to the cultivation bestowed on it, and to the pacific use made of it, a certain proportion of natural equity requires that it should belong to this one rather than to that other" (secundum hoc habet quandam commensurationem ad hoc ut sit unius et non alterius).

In spite of all this, maintain that St. Thomas teaches a communism of goods, and you set him directly against himself; you make him deny in an explanation what he had affirmed in a thesis, and again by confusion of thought you must make him reaffirm what he had denied. This, we submit, is going too far; besides being false, it is utterly ridiculous to suppose that the Angel of the Schools would be guilty of such stupid blundering. If, again, you strain at a word and take it out of its context, you reason backward from common use to common property. Then we have to observe that St. Thomas does not speak of land alone, but of all movable property. If the argument holds good in the one case, it must hold good in the other; and what is for man's daily use is not his own. Hence, since one's horse or coat is for common use, the horse and the coat must also be common property; and then no man is secure when he walks through the streets or rides on the highways. Considered in its mere logical form, the reasoning we have been examining is a fair illustration of the sophism, "Fallacia a dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter," or "the fallacy of the accident."

This natural right which St. Thomas advocates has been indeed applied differently at different periods and in different countries, but its principle has been always acknowledged. "So great is . . . . the regard of the law for private property," writes Blackstone, "that it will not authorize the least violation of it; no, not even

[1] Sum. Theol., 2da 2due. Quaest. 66, Art. 1, 2.

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for the general good of the whole community. . . . ." "In this and similar cases the legislature alone can—and, indeed, frequently does—interpose and compel the individual to acquiesce," and this by obliging "the owner to alienate his possessions for a reasonable price." The power of the legislature has been, in modern times, in most cases transferred to referees or to the civil courts. "By the Constitution of the United States, private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation (Amendments, Article 5). A similar provision is contained in the Constitutions of the several States or recognized as a principle of law. The necessity of making new roads has caused private property to be considered with us of little importance in comparison with the public good, provided compensation be made."[1]

Much of the current misapprehension on this subject has arisen from Locke's views on government. He maintains that "the labor of a man's body and the work of his hands, we may say, are properly his. Whatsoever, then, he removes out of the state that nature hath provided and left it in, he hath mixed his labor with and joined to it something that is his own, and thereby makes it his property." To this an annotator on Blackstone answers: "This argument seems to be a *petitio principii*, for mixing labor with a thing can signify only to make an alteration in its shape or form, and if I had a right to the substance before any labor was bestowed upon it, that right still adheres to all that remains of the substance, whatever changes it may have undergone; if I had no right before, it is clear that I have none after, and we have not advanced a single step by this demonstration."[2]

Locke's theory on land tenure has, under a different form, been put forward in our time. By him it was advanced rather as a speculation for government action; now it is maintained as the great lever of social reform. The abolition of private property in land, it is hoped, will raise the poor from indigence and put the laboring man on a level with his rich neighbor. Now, as Locke's theory, according to the annotator referred to, was a *petitio principii*, or "a begging of the question," so the theory now advanced for the relief of distress is based on the sophism, the *non-causa pro causa*—the non-cause for cause. The fact itself of the existence of much widespread distress is a painful commentary on this enlightened century. Poor there always have been and poor there always will be. They are, when just, the beloved of God. But to-day poverty is not something incidental to individuals, but is a chronic disease, begotten, as it would seem, of the political constitutions of

[1] Chitty's "Blackstone," vol. i., p. 101, note.

[2] Blackstone's "Comm.," vol. i., b. 2, p. 5, note.

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many nations, and lowered to what is called pauperism. Ordinary indigence can, indeed, as a rule, find relief through the ordinary courses of private or religious benevolence, but the widespread distress of classes who only want work and fair wages demands the succor and equitable superintendence of the governing power of the State.

The direct end of all civil government, it is admitted by all writers, is the common good of the governed. Specifically stated, this good has also been defined to comprise the protection of the rights and the promotion of the temporal happiness of the people in view of their final destiny. How many those rights are, and how differently conditioned, the nature and destiny of man, as well as the bare framework of a state, makes manifest. There are natural, parental, religious, and property rights which antedate all civil law and are above it—rights that spring from civil enactments; and then there are corporate, political, individual rights. In the free, unmolested exercise of these rights, the state is bound to protect its citizens. And not only that, but as being charged with directing the general temporal well-being of the people, it is its duty to see to it, by the laws of political economy, that they have the means of gaining a livelihood suited to their respective social conditions. Those two great objects, the guardianship of right and the securing of the instruments of social happiness, are the two fundamental duties of the state. But do what it may, it will not be able, in all individual instances, to prevent the infringement of right, nor will it be able in all cases to succor distress. Its function is to make general provision for the security of persons and property, and to encourage industry, trades, and commerce, in behalf of all classes. In general, for the relief of distress, the State, in a great measure, must rely on private benevolence, on the economy of the people themselves, or on the fulfilment of those social obligations which bind the rich and the poor together in the same social body. Endowed with the world's wealth, the rich are bound even socially to succor their needy brethren, or to give them facilities for earning a livelihood. This law not being observed, selfishness on the part of the rich has, it has been said, not a little to do with the progress of modern socialism; it has separated more and more class from class, and begotten in some lands enmity to rank among workingmen. It is something astonishing to read that, in such a wealthy country as England, there are at present two and a half millions of paupers, and that in London one out of every five persons dies in a workhouse or a hospital. This insensibility to the hardships of the poor has undoubtedly in part sprung from the exorbitant pursuit of wealth, from worldliness of manners of every kind, but principally from the want of religion. Nothing hardens the heart and dries up so

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soon the sources of the higher sensibilities of our nature as the lifeless negations of infidelity or atheism, while, on the other hand, Christian charity is the parent of benevolence; it bridges over the spaces between rank and rank, and by the sympathies it creates draws men together in their brotherhood in Christ. Under the Christian law, it is a precept for the rich to communicate of their goods to the poor. By the Christian State, the teaching of St. Paul should be kept in view as one of the leading features of its political economy—as one of those landmarks that should guide it, in legislation, when dealing with or succoring the distress of labor. "Charge the rich of this world," wrote the Apostle in the text already quoted, "to do good, to be rich in good works, to give easily, to communicate to others."

As far as the rich are concerned, they, as a rule, can well secure their own rights; it is only in relation to the laboring classes that the duties of the State are especially to be observed. In former ages, capital and labor were largely linked together by the bond of the same religious faith; masters and workmen knelt at the same altar, and, generally, in the spirit of charity, were governed by the same laws of Church and State. Within the last few centuries, defections from Catholic unity have, in a great measure, changed in many countries the mutual religious relations between masters and workmen. But even now, in these altered circumstances, the Church does all she can to relieve distress, as all countries bear witness; still, in things temporal, her power for good has been considerably diminished, since, being despoiled of her property in most lands, she has not at her command the resources which she formerly had for the relief of the poor, though her sympathy is always with them. The result of this change of things is, that the burden of relieving the hardships of labor and of poverty rests directly on the State. And in place of that benign charity which, by its kindness, took out of indigence half its harshness, our age witnesses a cold, stiff formalism in relieving the poor, and at the same time, by seclusion or confinement, makes them pay, as it were, a penalty for their poverty. This, perhaps, cannot be helped; it is the natural outcome of the bare administration of state law. But be that as it may, it is not precisely of indigence that depends on state alms that we speak here, but of that distress which lies on able-bodied men and women who are willing to work and can find no one to hire them, or of those who have work, but receive for it, we may say, almost starvation wages. How widespread this distress often is, how pinching on families who try to conceal it, how injurious to the healthy growth of youthful constitutions, any acquaintance with the lives of artisans or tradeless laborers in different countries immediately reveals. In some lands, indeed, the

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destitution is greater than that in others, and by the inhumanity and ghastly cruelty which sometimes accompany it, fills the soul with horror. But, as a rule, in Christian civilized countries such appalling destitution does not exist; still, widespread distress there often certainly is among the laboring classes. To meet this state of things, and as if driven to desperation by the financial arithmetic of political economy, some governments have counselled emigration to their people, and that when their destitution arose not from an over-crowded population, but when thousands upon thousands of acres of the soil of their country were lying waste or uncultivated. It is, of course, permissible for persons, free from personal obligations, to emigrate, if they will, with the purpose of bettering their condition, but lawfully they cannot be forced to do so. Every one has a right to live in the land of his birth or adoption, and there to be enabled to earn a livelihood. It is only crime that can justly entail banishment from one's native land.

Of late years, in behalf of labor, the land theory which we have just examined, has been presented to the public. By denying the lawfulness of private ownership in land, this theory would do away with all vested rights in landed property, would make land to be the common property of all, the fund from which men were to derive their daily support. That is to say, it would establish one right by cancelling another, and would undertake to redress a social evil by a social injustice. Against this theory man's rational nature protests, since, as we have seen, it dictates as a postulate of justice that man has an inborn right to that which he has made his own by just possession and industry. This is one of these rights which human life for its sustenance demands in order that it may have stable security against the changes of fortune and against infirmity and the feebleness of old age. And what nature witnesses to has been sanctioned, as it has been shown, by the traditions of every age and country. But besides being unjust in principle, the theory, for the end which it proposes to itself, is impracticable. Let us suppose for a moment private landed ownership to be abolished; how are the people to profit by it? Communal ownership could not be carried out in our modern complicated society. It is repugnant to the liberty of ownership which men now claim, as well as to the immediate remuneration which they demand for their labor. It would establish anarchy in view of a theory and would do away with founded rights in order to further a Utopia; it would organize an army of land-agents, and would have the community at large depend on their discretion or benevolence. Or, again, let us suppose the land to be nationalized by just purchase; ownership will then in some form take place, and nature will soon reassert itself. In either of these suppositions, agriculture would not, in our times, meet all the wants of the numerous classes of artisans. Indeed,

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it need not do so, since Providence, as we remarked, has so ordained that under commercial law men make out a living, not merely on the products of their own country, but also on those of foreign lands. But is ownership of land really the cause of the hardships of labor? In the labor crises of the past it has not been thought to have been so by the greatest statesmen and political economists.

From 1820 to 1830 or 1835 distress similar to that which we witness in the social world of the present took place in Europe, yet no one thought of attributing it to ownership in land; and when commercial or financial affairs adjusted themselves, prosperity returned, though men continued to own their acres as before. The general opinion of economists has been that the real disturbing cause of industrial pursuits then was "the contraction of the currency." To the same cause some apt students of economics would attribute the present labor distress, while others would say that it is owing to the changes that have taken place in the olden industries by the introduction of machinery; others again would ascribe it to improved methods of transportation or to the growth of extensive monopolies. But whatever may be the cause, it is the duty of statesmanship to deal with it, and while respecting all vested rights, to strike the balance as best it can between capital and labor. The State, being bound to provide for the general good of the community, is justified by equitable means in removing obstacles to that good; in providing, also, that by free interaction among different classes the wealth of the nation be fairly distributed, and that unproductive monopolies do not interfere with the general prosperity. Among the ancient Romans, in periods of great national danger, the law recognized by universal consent was "salus populi, suprema lex," the saving of the people, the supreme law. With them this was a war measure, but among all nations it undoubtedly holds when there is a question of the saving of a people. To decimate them, war is not required, it can be brought about under the reign of peace in different ways; to speak of no others, it can be done by the slow, steady progress of chronic distress, or by the strain, sometimes, of over-work in factory or shop-life, or even in school-life on youthful constitutions. Governments there are that expend millions upon millions of pounds sterling in supporting standing armies or in forming navies, and which look on with stern apathy while their people are dying of starvation or fleeing from their native land as if it were plague-stricken. And still it is the people who make the nation. To such governments, gold and the rules of political economy seem to be dearer than the lives of brave men and virtuous women, and military power and bare land to be greater factors in the building up of a nation than the contentment and patriotism of a people.

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EDUCATION IN NEW ORLEANS IN SPANISH COLONIAL DAYS.

ON the 10th of February, 1763, Louisiana, by a Treaty of Cession, passed under the rule of Spain—on paper. Spain, already overburdened with colonies, was not eager to invade her new possessions, and Louisiana was far from being anxious to deliver herself up to her new master. In October, 1764, the first official announcement of the transfer came to New Orleans in a letter from Louis XV. to Governor Abbadie. But to the inhabitants the royal message was but a diplomatic figure of speech. At first they did not notice it. When certain signs told them it was a serious business, they met in convention, and appealed to the king not to separate them from the mother-country. Spain gave them ample time to ingratiate themselves in the favor of *Louis le bien aimé.* They dispatched the richest merchant in the colony to lay their petitions at the feet of the "well-beloved" monarch. Bienville, then in his eighty-sixth year, threw his influence, which should have been great, into the scale in their favor. But their passionate pleadings fell upon dull, cold ears, and Louis, through his infidel minister, Choiseul, refused to keep Louisiana.

Meanwhile, Spain appeared to have forgotten all about her new acquisition. For almost a year no governor was appointed. "Never do to-day what you can safely put off till to-morrow," is a Spanish proverb which relieves from all danger of impetuosity the wise, slow people who put it into practice. When Don Antonio Ulloa was commissioned as governor, he loitered in Havana for nearly another year. The people believed the cession a sham instrument. They were looking for counter-orders when, lo! Spain, after being for years apathetic in the one-sided quarrel, determined to settle it. On the 5th of March the dilatory Ulloa appeared in the streets of the city with two companies of infantry. Needless to say, he was coldly received. Ulloa, then in his fifty-first year, was one of the finest scholars in the world. He was most desirous of conciliating the new subjects of Spain; but as they would not be conciliated, he left them to get over their ill-temper as best they could, and pitched his tent among the reed prairies of the mouth of the river. Here, in a crazy palace of shaking piles, he received the beautiful Marchioness d'Abrado, who came from Peru to become his bride, the parties having engaged themselves when Don Antonio travelled in South America in the interest of science. In

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March, 1767, when the banks were at the height of their beauty, the trees robed in pale green, and many of them starred with orange blossoms, the newly-wedded pair came up the river to New Orleans. Ulloa threw open his *salons* to the Creoles. His wife devoted herself to her guests. But her fascinations were unheeded; her beauty found no favor in their eyes; her accomplishments did not dazzle them. Everything the young Señora did displeased them. Trifles[1] were distorted into charges against the luckless couple. Aubry, the French governor, remarked, that the colony scarcely knew whether it was French or Spanish. Ulloa turned for consolation to his books, allowing Aubry to govern for him—a service for which the Spanish government liberally rewarded him. The high-born lady who had come so far to preside over the festivities of Government House, having exerted herself in vain to please the people, in future treated them with indifference.

Towards the end of October the malcontents broke into open insurrection, and patrolled the streets as masters of the town. The women and children fled within doors. Aubry successfully exerted himself to save the life of Ulloa, and hurried him on board a Spanish frigate. On the 29th of October, 1768, the Governor was officially informed of his dismissal from the colony by the insurgents. On the 31st he embarked with his family, and next morning, while the captain was waiting for a fair wind, a band of insurrectionists endangered the lives of all aboard by cutting the cables which held the vessel to her moorings and sending her adrift. On the evening of that day Ulloa left forever the country so persistently antagonistic to him. Aubry denounced to his government the doings of the "rebels" led by a "dozen firebrands whom it was absolutely necessary to punish."

Whether Señor or Señora Ulloa did anything for education in New Orleans beyond showing the example of a most cultured and scholarly pair, we have been unable to learn. It is almost certain, however, that they did not. The colonists were from first to last bitterly opposed to them. Even the exquisite musical talent which the Marchioness exerted for their pleasure failed to please. They could not forgive her for being the wife of the man they so cordially detested. It is probable that the Ulloas were frequent visitors at the Ursuline Convent, situated but a few squares from their official abode. Within its walls they could find congenial spirits, and persons of culture may be expected to fraternize wherever they

[1] Madame Ulloa made pets of several Indian girls, she sent to Cuba for a nurse for her infant, and with a humanity that does her credit she would not allow refractory slaves to be beaten in her hearing. Worse than all, she laughed heartily when told these things gave offence.

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meet. But the fact that the nuns continued intensely French through all changes of government, may have had the effect of lessening the warmth of the friendship between the Ursulines and the scholarly people of Government House. When the news of the revolution reached Madrid, that court resolved that Spain should keep her new acquisition, and that the insult to the Spanish crown must be punished. The most distinguished officer then in the service of Spain, Don Alexander O'Reilly, was commissioned to effect this.

O'Reilly was one of that large and illustrious band of Irishmen who, being disabled by their religion from serving their country as soldiers at home, earned honor, glory, fame, and sometimes fortune, under other banners, and supplied the regiments of several continental nations with their most efficient leaders. Their deeds of heroism were recounted by the Suir and the Shannon, under the shadow of the Galtees and by the cottier's winter fire. And the people persecuted at home were consoled to hear of the renown their brothers and sons were winning under the lilies of France and the sombre-hued banner of Austria and the flaming colors of Spain. In the latter half of the eighteenth century there was no braver or more virtuous Irishman in foreign military service than Alexander O'Reilly of Meath.

On the 18th of August, 1769, this renowned general made his triumphal entry into New Orleans with 2600 men, the choicest of the armies of Spain, picked by himself. Artillery, light infantry, mounted riflemen and cavalry, paraded the *plaza*, like practised veterans as they were. The twenty-four sail which formed the fleet were bright with colors, their rigging being alive with sailors in holiday garb. Shouts of *Viva el Rey* rent the air. The bells of the town pealed merrily, discharges from hundreds of guns shrouded the streets in smoke, and fire flashing along the lines made a grim illumination. Drums and all manner of musical instruments gave out their best, while O'Reilly, preceded by splendidly accoutred men bearing heavy silver maces, moved slowly towards the church. This superb pageant concluded with a *Te Deum*.

The very next day O'Reilly, who was a most energetic and untiring worker, caused the case of the authors of the late insurrection to be investigated. Within two months twelve were found guilty, of whom one died in prison, six were banished and five were shot at Fort St. Charles, behind the Ursuline Convent to the south, where the Mint now stands. The case had been appealed from the Governor's head to his heart; fair ladies besought him with burning words to suspend the execution of the sentence of the court; even his colleagues in office entreated him to assume

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this responsibility. But while treating all these supplicants with "the most exquisite politeness," he was inflexible. Though but thirty-four years old, he resisted the pleadings of men and the tears of women, and while his words of refusal were mild and condescending, and he listened to all that could be advanced with extreme gentleness and patience, his mobile features assumed the stony, impassive expression of an Egyptian sphynx, as he announced that the decision of the court was final. In refusing the boon he would gladly have granted, O'Reilly pleaded the orders of the king. Peace reigned once more, and the nuns and their pupils were able to devote themselves without distraction to the improvement of the mind. Among the pages in O'Reilly's retinue was a princely youth of eighteen, Sebastian O'Farrell, who subsequently became governor of Louisiana, and figured conspicuously as the Marquis Casacalvo. He was distantly related to O'Reilly, whose son and heir married the niece of O'Farrell. The younger *Conde* O'Reilly settled in Cuba, where his descendants still live. Casacalvo also founded a distinguished family in the same island.

The wise and enlightened administration of O'Reilly in Louisiana was most favorable to education, and His Excellency did not fail to patronize the existing schools, especially those of the Ursulines. About this time it became fashionable for high officials to visit and patronize convents. The Princess Louise, youngest daughter of Louis XV., had entered the monastery of St. Denis, near Paris—an event which her royal father considered of sufficient importance to be communicated officially to every court in Europe, and, oddly enough, it fell to the infidel minister, Duc de Choiseul, to make the announcement, which was couched in the following terms:

"The deep and enduring piety of Madame Louise, the king's daughter, has inspired her with the project of joining the Carmelites. She tested her vocation, and having obtained the king's consent, she yesterday entered a monastery of that order at St. Denis, where she proposes to make her profession as a simple Religious, leaving absolutely whatever appertains to the world or its dignities. The king desires me to announce this exemplary and touching event to you." This document is dated April 12, 1770.

It is not unlikely that O'Reilly had friends and perhaps relatives in the royal Abbey of St. Denis. The Prioress who received the Princess Louise, "Julienne de MacMahon," was an Irishwoman, and the rest of the nuns were, like himself, exiles from Erin, Irish by birth or extraction. "I have an Irish guard among the Carmelites," said Louis XV.

The successors of O'Reilly adopted his policy, interfering as little as possible with established customs and filling the offices

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for the most part with men of French descent. The nine Spanish governors were less masters than fathers; they were all, though in different degrees, men of marked intellectual power and fine attainments. They made themselves one with the people. Many of the governors and other high officials allied themselves in marriage with the families of the soil. The New Orleans girl who married Count Galvez fulfilled a brilliant destiny as vice-queen of Mexico.

This same Galvez, in conjunction with Count Arthur O'Neill (1781), recovered Pensacola from the English. He had previously scaled the heights of Baton Rouge and driven them from that and other forts. These victories brought Louisiana a large accession of English-speaking subjects, to minister to whom the king of Spain sent from the university of Salamanca "four Irish priests of recognized zeal, virtue, and cultivation." These gentlemen, Fathers McKenna, Savage, Lamport, and White, were, so far as we can ascertain, the first secular clergymen who exercised the ministry in Louisiana.[1]

Meanwhile, great attention was paid to education. Governor Miro, whose wife, a McCarthy, had been a pupil of the Ursulines, mentions eight schools in successful operation in 1788, frequented by 400 French-speaking scholars. These do not include the Ursuline schools, always largely attended, or the Spanish schools, for which professors of the first universities had come from Spain. In 1785 the population of New Orleans was 4900, including blacks and Indians. The population of the whole colony was 31,433. Owing to the preference of the people for the French language, the Spanish schools, established at the expense of the Crown,[2] were not largely attended till towards the close of the Spanish domination. Bishop Peñalver, who came to New Orleans in 1795, and wrote unfavorably of the state of morals and religion in that city, admits that "the Spanish schools have been kept as they ought to have been." The manners of the young were re-

[1] One of these priests officiated at Natchez. In 1844 Bishop Chanche petitioned Congress to restore to that city the property given to the Church by the Spanish Government. Natchez stands chiefly on church property. The Bishop found the necessary documents in Havana, and was allowed to copy them by the Captain-general of Cuba, Señor O'Donnell. But his application came too late. The lands had already been sold to private parties by the U. S. Government.

[2] In 1772 there came from Spain Don Andreas Lopez De Armestro, a priest, Director of the Schools, Don Pedro Aragon, *maestro de Syntaxis*, Don Manuel Diaz de Lura, professor of Latin, and Don Francisco de la Celena, *maestro de primeras lettras*. And four Spanish ladies took the veil among the Ursulines. "This," says Martin, "was the only encouragement given to learning during the whole period of Spanish Government." And it was more than enough, considering that *Nueva-Orleans* was already well supplied with schools.

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fined and elegant. They were obedient and affectionate to their parents, to whom they showed great respect. And we think it would not be impossible to show that, in all the essentials of a good education, the people of New Orleans were, comparatively speaking, as well educated a century ago as they are now—perhaps better.

Since the memorable 18th of August, 1769, when the terrible vision of O'Reilly's hussars prancing and curveting amid the blare of trumpets, the glitter of brass, and the flash of steel, had cowed the people into completest subjection, there had been no political disturbance. Spiritually, the country had fallen to the ordinary of Havana. He sent hither Spanish Franciscans who reported unfavorably of their French brethren and of church matters in general. One of the new friars, F. Cirilo, subsequently became his coadjutor, with special charge of Louisiana. Cirilo is the only ecclesiastic who wrote a word of censure of the nuns, but he refers merely to lack of strictness of cloister. He mentions their director, F. Prosper, "who is seventy-two years old, strong and robust, and capable of directing them." Cirilo urges upon masters the obligation of watching over the morals of their slaves, and mentions among the good deeds of O'Reilly that he had got forty persons of this class, who had previously lived in sin, married *coram facie Ecclesiæ*. Indeed, that governor, to his honor be it recorded, always took sides with the weaker races. He declared it to be "contrary to the mild and beneficent laws of Spain that Indians should be held in bondage," and commanded families who used them as slaves to emancipate them.

From the following, which occurs in a State paper written by Baron Carondelet to his government, April 27, 1793, it would appear that Cirilo was in *Nueva-Orleans* as Bishop: "When I arrived in New Orleans I found it divided into two factions—the one headed by Governor Miro and backed by the Bishop, etc." In 1794 Louisiana was finally detached from Havana, and New Orleans has since been a distinct see.

The Ursulines prospered greatly under the Spanish rule, for which they had at first so little welcome. Mother Landelle, who was Superior when the revolutionary troubles were at their height, in 1768, wrote to France for subjects, but the three who answered her appeal were not allowed to become members of her community until leave was granted by the Court of Madrid. In 1795 Bishop Peñalver complains that "the nuns are so intensely French that they refuse to receive Spanish subjects ignorant of French, and shed tears for being obliged to make their spiritual exercises in Spanish books." In the early years of the Spanish ascendency,

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the nuns gave up the service of the sick,[1] partly because their number had grown alarmingly small, and partly because of the dislike of the Spaniards of that day to nuns undertaking work outside their enclosure.

Many Spanish ladies joined the Ursulines, the most distinguished of whom was Monica di Ramos, who entered the Chartres street monastery in 1770, at the age of nineteen. Monica was born in Havana. The *Señorita*, as she was called, seemed destined from childhood to some great and holy end. While a parlor-boarder in the Convent of Santa Clara, her soul was filled with a strong desire to devote herself to God and the salvation of souls, in some special manner, and this impelled her to cross the seas and enter the cloisters of St. Ursula. Her companion, Sister Antonia del Castillo, who was professed with her, afterwards founded the Ursuline schools of Puerto Principe. Mother Ramos was several years mistress of novices, and in this office showed great zeal and charity, being the first to labor and the last to seek repose. So gentle and amiable were her manners that the Religious were wont to style her their "kind mother," and seculars "the noble lady always devoted to duty." One of her daughters thus apostrophized her in an elegy written in Spanish after her death: "O Monica! admirable even among the perfect, thy kind heart gained all."

Mother Ramos became Superior in 1785, and remained such during the incumbency of Governor Miro. Like most of the Spanish governors, Miro was a fine English scholar, and with his wife, Señora McCarthy Miro, was very popular. The piety and charity of this illustrious pair were lauded throughout the colony. They built a hospital[2] for those unfortunate creatures afflicted with leprosy, a loathsome disease supposed to have been brought hither from Africa, and which has not yet wholly disappeared in Louisiana. As Miro made stringent regulations for the religious observance of Sundays and holydays, the colored people were not allowed to begin their Sunday evening dances till after Vespers. All the governors were most friendly to the nuns. Their schools and hospital were frequently visited by these high officials, who lived but a few squares from the monastery. On November 1, 1795, Mother Farjon being Superior, Bishop Peñalver wrote: "Excellent results are obtained from the convent, in which a good many girls are educated. . . . . This is a nursery of future matrons who will inculcate on their children the principles they imbibe here."

The bishop's experience in New Orleans was not cheering. Immigrants imbued with the atheistical sentiments—we cannot

[1] They were empowered to do this by a brief from the Pope.

[2] On *La Terre des Lépreux*, in the rear of the city.

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say doctrines—of the so-called philosophers of Europe, and many of the wild and lawless from all parts of America made sad havoc in New Orleans during the last decade of the Spanish domination. In 1799 he deplores that "adventurers who have no religion and no God have deteriorated the morals of the people." "It is true," he proceeds, "that resistance to religion has always shown itself here, but never with such scandal as now prevails." By a secret treaty Spain returned Louisiana to France October 1, 1800; but three years elapsed before France openly accepted the gift.

To the Spanish schools succeeded the famous College of Orleans, the first educational institution incorporated by the Legislature of Louisiana, situated on the corner of Hospital and St. Claude streets. During the first quarter of the present century the forest primeval came to its very gates. Every spring the thorny arms of the blackberry bush, spangled with white blossoms, made a tangled labyrinth of undergrowth, and as the flowers grew into green, red and black berries, the small boys of the city invaded the forest's edge to seek the luscious fruit. The pupils of this college were celebrated for their classical attainments and courteous manners. Here Charles Gayarré, the historian[1] of Louisiana, received his education in English, French, Spanish, classics and mathematics. This venerable gentleman still walks among us, though past four score, and, as a scholar and an author Louisiana cannot show his superior.

An apostate priest, said to have voted in the Convention for the death of Louis XVI., and against whom other grave charges were made, was appointed principal of the College of Orleans about 1816. The people, on learning his history, indignantly withdrew their sons, and the regicide fled. Nor could most of them ever be induced to send them back. The institution declined from day to day, and was finally closed. A church was erected on its site in 1841, perhaps in a spirit of reparation. To this church, St. Augustine's, is attached a thoroughly Catholic school.

It is worthy of note that Hon. Charles Gayarré learned English so well in New Orleans as to be mistaken for an Englishman when he travelled in England early in the present century. Daniel Clark, a wealthy Irishman who lived in the colony during the greater part of the Spanish ascendency, was U. S. Consul in New Orleans under the later Spanish governors. Señor Gayoso, the only Spanish governor who died in office (1799), was educated in England, and to the convivial habits there contracted his countrymen attributed his death at the early age of 48. From all this and

[1] F. X. Martin also wrote a History of Louisiana, but there is about as much heart and style in Martin's work as in a railway time-table. Besides, Martin never had access to State papers in Spain bearing on the history of the colony.

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from other sources it may be gathered that English was always largely spoken in Louisiana, though not universally, as it has been for many years.

The closing decade of Spanish rule, like that extending from 1760 to 1770, was a period of turmoil and anxiety. Red Republicanism and Jacobinism sought admission; the French Revolution had its influence on the whites, and the success of the San Domingo revolution excited the blacks to form a conspiracy for the ruin of the whites, which, however, was discovered in time to be frustrated. To those who could read the signs of the times it was evident that Louisiana would, happily, through force of circumstances, soon cease to be an appanage of any European power, and enter as a Territory, and later as a sovereign State, the recently formed Union.

Rumors that the mild rule of Spain was to be exchanged for the French revolutionary government naturally raised a tempest in the Ursuline cloisters. The excitement and terror of the nuns who feared a repetition of the horrors that had disgraced France, were such that Mother Ramos, on the 4th of October, 1802, made a formal petition to the king of Spain, Charles IV., to allow her community to withdraw to Havana or Mexico, or some other city in his dominions. The Spanish annals say that the peace which had reigned under Spanish rule passed away with it, that the revolutionary government showed a bitter hatred of Spain, and that, as many of the nuns were Spanish, they came in for their share of persecution. Heretofore, the fullest religious liberty had been enjoyed in Louisiana. Under the "unenlightened" sway of Catholic France and Spain, not a hair of any one's head was ever touched from religious motives. The old Creoles would shrug their shoulders when they heard that witches were burned, Quakers hanged, and Catholics tortured in New England by a people who claimed liberty of conscience for themselves. Now it was confidently expected that French rule would inaugurate religious persecution, and it seemed only discretion, that better part of valor, to retire before the storm burst upon them. The priests were allowed to depart, but all parties were anxious to keep the Ursulines. Their schools had been a blessing and a boon to the colony from its earliest days. The French colonial prefect, Laussat, besought them not to think of forsaking the city; the chief citizens knelt to them, but in vain.

It was not a Spaniard, however, but a Frenchwoman, that reproached Laussat with the hideous crimes the Revolution had perpetrated (1789–1803) against religion and humanity, and denounced the French Republic as impious and sacrilegious: "Your promises of protection," said she, "are lies. You know well that Louisiana has been sold to the United States, whose President is not particu-

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larly friendly to Spain." The other religious were terrified at the vehemence of these denunciations, but no guillotine was set up in Louisiana, and Laussat gallantly excused the lady on account of her great age. We may add that Sister Margaret died in Cuba in 1811, in her eighty-second year. The Havana annals note that the surviving Sisters were scarcely able to chant the office at her obsequies, "by reason of their great weeping for this beloved mother."

Mother Ramos consulted the Vicar-general, Hasset, Governor Salcedo, and the late Governor O'Farrell, Marquis Casacalvo, a superb soldier, born like herself in 1751, and allied by blood to Count O'Reilly, under whom he had served as a cadet in Louisiana, in 1769, and consequently knew the country from the earliest days of Spanish rule. It was unanimously agreed that the safest course for the nuns to adopt under the present critical circumstances was to retire to the dominions of the king of Spain.

It is customary for the Ursulines to make a retreat immediately before Whit-Sunday, and renew their vows on that solemn day. Greatly did the New Orleans nuns need the strength and grace to be derived from such pious exercises on the feast of Pentecost, May 29, 1803. On the night of that day sixteen nuns, without waiting for the answer of the Catholic king, left the Chartres street monastery forever. With their faces and forms concealed by their ample robes, they issued slowly by the chapel gate into Ursuline street, accompanied to the inclosure limits by the few who remained behind, and whom they were never again to meet. Those who left lauded the courage of those who stayed: "Great was their heroism to stay in New Orleans fighting for God, never heeding the dangers that surrounded them, offering all their pains with loving gratitude to God. The priests had already left, scarcely any remaining, owing to the critical condition of Louisiana." Bishop Peñalver had been translated to Guatemala in 1802. Dr. Porro, second Bishop of New Orleans, died in Rome the same year, on the eve of his intended departure for his episcopal city. By the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, New Orleans fell under the jurisdiction of Bishop Carroll, and for twelve years Bishop Porro had no successor.

Under the shadow of the convent chapel on that bright May evening (1803), a sadly beautiful tableau was dimly visible in the glare of the oil-lamps recently swung across the streets by the energetic Baron Carondelet,[1] and the flickering of the torches and lanterns borne by the slaves who headed the procession. The

[1] One of the principal streets in New Orleans perpetuates the name of Carondelet—Baronne street, that of his wife, *La Baronne.*

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nuns were accompanied by Vicar-general Hasset on the part of the Church, and, on the part of the king by O'Farrell, Marquis of Casacalvo, and the aged Salcedo, Governor of Louisiana, both richly uniformed and surrounded by attendants in gaudy liveries. The boarders and orphans formed a sorrowing group about their beloved teachers, and the slaves who worked in the quaint gardens came out to look their last on their kind mistresses. Outside the throng were *gens d'armes* in brilliant uniforms faced with gold, Indians in picturesque feathers and blankets, and *serenos* (watchmen) calling out the hour. Among the old friends who came to see the Religious off, one might note the powdered head, the gold and velvet coat, the frilled and jewelled shirt front, the red-heeled shoe and silver buckle—the shining gown of stiff brocade, the lace head-dress set over high-combed hair, which we see imprisoned in the sweet family portraits of a by-gone age treasured in many a Louisiana home.

Slowly over the sedgy *banquettes* (sidewalks), made passable here and there by the gunwales of fleet boats, moved these dark-robed sorrowing women. They were leaving the convent in which some had lived from childhood, in which all had hoped to die, to seek a home they knew not where, and carve out for themselves a destiny they knew not how. No preparations had been made for the journey. They carried away only some documents[1] which ought to have been left behind, and a few ornaments for the altar which their Sisters forced upon them as precious souvenirs of their beloved old monastery. A negro and his son, a boy of fifteen, were their only escort. They embarked in a small vessel which had scarcely left her moorings when she was becalmed. For three days they awaited a favorable wind. Their Sisters sent them refreshments, and "though far away in body were with them in spirit," as the charming notes that passed between the parties testified. "All were united in the bonds of charity, and tried to act in this difficult situation with the greatest purity of intention."

Our nuns and their black servants had ample leisure to study the little Franco-Spanish city they were leaving forever. It made a pretty picture in the summer sunlight. What forms the French quarter to-day, and is, save in its antiquarian and historic aspect, the least important part of New Orleans, was then the whole city. It extended from the river to the ramparts (Rampart street) and from Duane street to the Esplanade. The houses near the river were of brick roofed with tiles; a levée crowned with willow and orange trees protected the town from periodical overflows. The *plaza*, a

[1] As the nuns expected the French Revolution in miniature in New Orleans, they allowed these papers to be sent to Havana for safety.

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green lawn with diagonal walks, was crowded late and early with the air-loving citizens. Above this rose the cathedral of Almonaster (a Spaniard who spent 2,000,000 dollars on his adopted city), an exquisite structure with white turrets and shining cross, in and out of which at all hours women veiled in Moorish style and attended by slaves might be seen gliding, often laden with votive offerings. The silvery bells of the convent echoed the mellow tones of the cathedral chimes as they rang out the *Angelus* morning, noon, and night. The cabildo, the calaboza, the hospitals, and the forts, all teeming with religious and historic associations; their own loved convent then visible from the river; the houses daubed with violet or saffron, pink or white, a mosaic of colors, were surrounded by open galleries and *jalousies*, decked with flowering shrubs and shaded by moss-draped trees—perhaps the nuns, as they lay rocking in the river, tried to enjoy these sights. Before them was the busy levée—old *nègresses* with Indian baskets full of rice-cakes, singing in "gumbo French" the nutritious qualities of their *belle calla;* colored wenches bringing Marseilles jars to be filled by the water carriers; picturesque gypsies selling nut-cakes in the arcades of the court-house, about the corners of old quadrangular buildings, or among the shadows of a many-pillared colonial villa. On these warm days merchants put their goods on the *banquettes*, and waresmen praised their wares in many a dialect. Towards sunset negroes danced the *bamboula* and the *calinda* in vacant patches, and jabbered and sang in the barbaric jargon of Senegambia.

No doubt the poor nuns wearied of these sights and sounds, and were heartily glad when a favorable wind arose. Gradually they lost sight of the twin turrets of the cathedral and its glittering cross, swept down the river and out of the dreary passes by which it glides into the sea. Many a time has the writer been actually depressed in going through these channels, in which whatever way one looks one sees, perhaps, the bleakest prospect on earth. How must the poor nuns have felt! Their voyage across the gulf was tedious. They reached Havana on June 23d. As they were entirely unexpected, no preparations had been made for them. The Bishop sent six to the Convent of Santa Clara (Poor Clares), six to Santa Catalina (Dominican nuns), and four to Santa Teresa (Carmelites).

On the 25th of July Mother Ramos was consoled by a kind letter from Madrid, signed by the king, in reply to hers of October, 1802. His Catholic Majesty expressed himself much pleased with the good the nuns had effected in the past, and graciously invited them to continue their useful labor in Havana. He granted each Sister a monthly pension of twenty-seven dollars, payable till his

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death, and strongly recommended the Ursulines to the fatherly care of the bishop.

The people of Havana welcomed the refugees with tender, respectful kindness, and began at once to build them a magnificent monastery. To this they went in carriages, escorted by the Governor and all the nobility of the city (1804). Many distinguished ladies joined them, and the training of the novices and the education of the future teachers of the Order were confided to the only Irishwoman in the band that fled from New Orleans, "Sister Felicitas Carder." Twelve Spaniards, three Frenchwomen, and herself composed this band. The splendor of the new house was a genuine surprise to the Sisters, especially the finely carved stalls and sparkling chandeliers in the chapel. It is particularly and gratefully noted that each Religious had her own cell, which contained a "leathern bed, two chairs, and a clothes-press in the shape of a table."

Fearing that it might be inferred that they were fugitives from their monastery because they left it late at night, the nuns took care to record that their passports were regularly signed, that they were escorted to the ship by the highest religious, civil, and military officials, and, finally, that the hour of departure was not chosen by them, but appointed by the captain. They reiterated that the only motive of their departure was "to save themselves from the impious revolutionary government of France." The French claimed authority over the property of Religious, and confiscated such property in France. It was said that Laussat meant to sell the New Orleans monastery or turn it from its sacred purpose. All manner of wild rumors were afloat. Spain, by her commissioners, O'Farrell and Salcedo, ceded the colony to France, on November 30, 1803. Twenty days later the United States took possession of Louisiana, having purchased it from France for fifteen million dollars.

It comes not within the scope of this paper to recount the story of the Havana Ursulines. We shall merely add that what they had feared in Louisiana came upon them, after a short period of prosperity, in Cuba. The Government closed their novitiate, and compelled them to leave the cloister and put off their sacred garb. After suffering in many ways for years, they were allowed to reassemble in community in 1824. But the beloved Mother Ramos, the joy and consolation of her daughters in all their afflictions, did not live to see this happy time. She died October 23, 1823. Their chief friend during their long and grievous persecution was Very Rev. Don Bernardo O'Gahan, Canon of the Havana Cathedral. Queen Isabella II., whose confessor was made first Archbishop of Havana, has been a generous benefactress to these nuns.

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On one occasion Her Majesty sent them a gift of twelve thousand dollars.

Early American times may be said to belong to the Spanish period, not only because there was no social or religious change for many years, but also because there was in the breast of every one either a hope or a fear that Spain would retake Louisiana. When the stars and stripes replaced the tri-color, and *Nouvelle-Orleans* and *Nueva Orleans* had given place forever to *New Orleans*, the nuns were more uneasy than ever. And not causelessly, for nothing could be more dark and threatening than the aspect of public affairs. The Creoles did not take kindly to the new order of things. And so little was the genius of the American Government understood in her latest acquisition, that people supposed to be well informed kept the nuns in continual agitation; to-day they were to be expelled; to-morrow their property, which was considerable, was to be confiscated; next day, the utmost concession granted them was leave to stay in their convent till the present inmates should die out.

Internally, the nuns were doing well. Two subjects had been recently added to their staff, and their boarders numbered 170. Under these circumstances the Superior, Mother Farjon, addressed a letter to Bishop Carroll, which he forwarded to Mr. Madison, then Secretary of State, later President, who sent the following courteous reply, July 28, 1804:

"I have had the honor to lay before the President your letter of the 14th of December, who views with pleasure the public benefit resulting from the benevolent endeavors of the respectable persons in whose behalf it is written. Be assured that no opportunity will be neglected of manifesting the real interest he takes in promoting the means of affording to the youth of this new portion of the American dominion a pious and useful education, and of evincing the grateful sentiments due to those of all religious persuasions who so laudably devote themselves to its diffusion. It was under the influence of such feelings that Governor Claiborne had already assured the ladies of this monastery of the entire protection which will be afforded them after the recent change of government.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect, etc.,

JAMES MADISON."

Mother Farjon wrote direct to the President, who consoled her with the following reply:

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"The President of the United States to Sœur Thérèse de St. Xavier Farjon, Supérieure, and the Nuns, etc.:

"I have received, Holy Sisters, the letters you have written to me, wherein you express anxiety for the property vested in your institution by the former Government of Louisiana. The principles of the Constitution of the United States are a sure guarantee to you that it will be preserved to you sacred and inviolate, that your institution will be permitted to govern itself according to its own voluntary rules, without interference from the civil authority. Whatever diversity of shade may appear in the religious opinions of our fellow-citizens, the charitable objects of your institution cannot be indifferent to any; and its furtherance of the wholesome purposes of society by training up its young members in the way they should go, cannot fail to insure it the patronage of the Government it is under. Be assured it will meet with all the protection my office can give it.

"I salute you, Holy Sisters, with friendship and respect,

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

The first American governor, Claiborne, treated the Ursulines with great deference. On taking office he assured them, on the part of the President, of the protection of the United States Government. Early in his administration a comedy was put on the stage in which the religious state was ridiculed; the Lady Abbess invoked the interference of His Excellency, who at once communicated with the mayor, "to whom belongs the duty of checking the abuses of the stage." A courteous reply, in which the Governor expresses great regret that the feelings of these pious ladies should have been wounded, concludes:

"The sacred objects of your Order, the amiable characters that compose it, and the usefulness of their temporal cares, cannot fail to command the esteem and confidence of the good and virtuous. I pray you, Holy Sisters, to receive the assurances of my great respect and sincere friendship. I salute you, etc.,

WILLIAM CLAIBORNE."

No one could be more kind and respectful to the Sisters than the Protestants Madison and Claiborne, and Jefferson, who is usually classed as an infidel. When Jefferson died, leaving his family destitute, Louisiana, mindful of his courtesy, voted his heirs ten thousand dollars.

But despite the kindness of these officials, many within the convent and outside were extremely unsettled. Having changed rulers three times in twenty days, they could not believe they were at last under a stable government. The sale or cession was very

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unpopular. There were sympathizers with Spain, and Jacobins, and Burrites, and "dangerous Americans,"[1] who wanted back Spanish rule. In external appearance and accomplishments Claiborne contrasted poorly with O'Farrell, the "lordly Casacalvo," whose "exquisite politeness"[2] rather embarrassed the republican Governor. The people, accustomed to see only fine linguists in high places, complained that neither Claiborne nor his colleague, Wilkinson, could speak a word of French or Spanish.

Religion was in a deplorable state. Father Hasset died in 1804. F. Antonio Sedella, who, for attempting to introduce the Inquisition in 1789, had been summarily dismissed by Governor Miro, had found his way back. He was again dismissed by Vicar-general Walsh in 1805, but appealed to the parishioners and was reinstated by them. The affair was brought to the civil courts, and there were Valesians in New Orleans as well as in Ireland. The 4th of July was celebrated by a grand High Mass and *Te Deum* in the Cathedral. It is said that death removed Father Walsh, but not the ecclesiastical troubles that had harassed him, which ended in a schism. The aged F. Olivier, appointed Vicar-general by Bishop Carroll, December 27, 1806, was the only priest in the city who had faculties.

Since the expulsion of the Jesuits, the Capuchins had been directors of the Ursulines, but from the opening of the century they appear no more in that capacity. Their directors since have been F. F. Olivier, 1806, Moni and Sibour, 1822, Richard, 1834, Janney and Roussillon till 1842, when M. l'Abbé Perché succeeded till 1870, when he was raised to the episcopate. The Jesuits then, after the lapse of over a century, resumed their direction.

In 1812 Bishop Carroll sent Rev. William Dubourg, a native of San Domingo, to regulate affairs; but so many obstacles were raised by those who should have aided him, that he placed the city under an interdict. The Cathedral was closed, and in the Ursuline chapel only was Mass celebrated. The chaplain being over eighty, the nuns feared they might soon be deprived of Mass and the sacraments, and they petitioned the Holy Father to allow

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[1] Among the Americans who posed as friends of Spain was Wilkinson: "I shall always be ready," said he, "to defend the interests of Spain with my tongue, my pen, and my sword." "Thank you, dearest friend," said Governor Miro. "I am anxious to become a Spaniard, the first opportunity." "You! a Spaniard, Sir," exclaimed Miro; "Oh, no! That cannot be. Continue to dissemble and work under ground. Retain your American pen, etc. You can serve us better in that guise." "Thus spoke Spanish pride and honor," says Gayarré. "Is there on record a more striking specimen of withering contempt?"

[2] When reproached for returning the salutation of a negro with as much gracious respect as he would that of a prince, Casacalvo mildly asked: "And do you suppose that I would suffer myself to be outdone in politeness by a negro?"

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them to go to France, where peace now reigned. His Holiness himself deigned to reply in the following letter addressed to Mother Marie Olivier:

"MADAME: Your letter of May 2 reached us only towards the end of September. We are very sensible of your good wishes for our preservation and the success of our enterprises, always directed to the glory of God and the advantage of the Church. As to the inquietudes that agitate you regarding your spiritual direction, they cannot last, for M. Dubourg has received from Us Bulls, and has been consecrated at Rome, by our order, Bishop of the diocese of New Orleans, to which he will soon return. You may, then, be tranquil as to your future, and give up the project of going to France; you can do much more for religion where you are. Therefore we exhort you to redouble your zeal for young persons of your sex and for the eternal salvation of your neighbor. We have your community continually present to our mind, especially in our prayers, to obtain for you all the graces you need, and we give you, with effusion of heart, our Apostolic benediction.

"Given at Castle Gandolfo, near Rome, the 16th of October, 1815, of our Pontificate the XVI. year.

PIUS VII., PP."

Abbé Dubourg officiated at the thanksgiving for the success of the American arms in the battle of New Orleans. From their galleries and dormer windows the nuns could see the smoke rising from the plains of Chalmette and hear the sharp report of rifles and the thunder of cannon, January 8, 1815. All night they watched before the Blessed Sacrament, beseeching the Lord of Hosts to give victory to the Americans. Over the entrance of the monastery was exposed an image of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, still religiously preserved by the New Orleans Ursulines. That morning Abbé Dubourg said mass in the convent chapel for the same intention. There were present only women and children; the men were on the battle-field. Humanly speaking, the English were certain to win. Never had the nuns been in such danger. The horrible watchword of the enemy was *Booty and Beauty.* Had the day gone against Jackson, he would, had he survived, have blown up the city. "For," said he, using energetic expletives which we forbear from quoting, "New Orleans shall never fall into the hands of the British."

A magnificent pageant celebrated this great victory. General Jackson entered the city in triumph on January 23d, 1815. In the midst of the historic *plaza*, now Jackson square, a triumphal arch was erected supported by symbolic figures. Under this he was

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crowned by a fair girl who represented Louisiana. He moved slowly through an avenue of lovely girls representing the States and Territories, with silver stars on their foreheads, flags in their right hands, and hanging from their left arms baskets of flowers which they emptied beneath the feet of the preserver of New Orleans. M. Dubourg received him at the church door.

It is doubtful if any who witnessed the procession of July 13, 1734, were present January 23, 1815, though some of the Creoles and negroes live to a great age. But many were there—the whole city turned out to do honor to its saviour—that remembered the picked veterans of Spain who paraded the same square and drew up before the church, under another warrior of the same race—a race always enamored of religion and poetry and military glory. But the gallant O'Reilly was judge and saviour, whereas Jackson was saviour alone. There was not, as he poetically said, a cypress leaf in the laurel circlet that crowned him.

The conqueror[1] visited the nuns to receive their felicitations, and thank them for their prayers and vows in his behalf. Nor did he ever omit to call on the nuns on his subsequent visits to New Orleans. Jackson was the last great soldier that passed into the cloisters of the old monastery, and the only President of the United States that ever stood within its precincts.

After the battle of New Orleans the convent school rooms were turned into infirmaries, and the nuns resumed their *rôle* of hospital nurses. Their schools flourished more than ever. The people were now thoroughly reconciled to American rule, and all hopes or fears of again becoming an appanage of any European power had perished forever. In 1817 Bishop Dubourg brought the nuns nine postulants from Europe. In 1821 he wrote to Quebec for a few experienced members. His letter shows the state of the convent: "In point of numbers the house gives me no cause for alarm, but when I consider the age of the ancient pillars of that edifice, and that, at the moment, not remote, of their fall, there will remain only feeble reeds to replace them, I cannot be tranquil as to the consequences." This metaphorical language was meant to convey that, as the nuns were all very old or very young, there were none in the prime of life to succeed the elders. "Send us, then," he continues, dropping metaphor, "three or four professed nuns of mature age, good judgment, and formed to the practice of virtue, to fill the void between the aged and the young." It was far easier to travel from Quebec to Europe than from that city to New Orleans. But volunteers were found for the perilous

[1] There were nuns in the convent when Jackson visited it who could describe for him the later French governors and all the Spanish governors.

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journey, and three nuns, whose ages ranged from thirty to forty, came to aid their New Orleans sisters, "a precious acquisition" which all received as "a boon from heaven." Three Ursulines, driven from Boston in 1834, took refuge with the New Orleans nuns, to whom they rendered important services. One of these ladies, Irish by birth, still (1887) lives.

The nuns built in 1821 a spacious monastery three miles from the city, capable of accommodating four or five hundred pupils. To this they removed,[1] without ceremony of any kind, in vacation of 1824. Three nuns and a novice took up their abode in it on July 26th. Two weeks later several other Sisters and the boarders followed, the Superior and some others remaining in the city till the closing of the day-school in September. The early dwellers in the new home had many privations; having no cooking apparatus, their meals were sent from the old house. Once their caterer did not come till evening, nor was his arrival a source of much comfort. He presented only empty dishes, his cart having upset on the way. Even at this late date, depredations by Indians in the suburbs of the city were not unknown, and the nuns were so much afraid that they could not sleep. Finally, one of the bravest, Sister Marie Olivier, offered to keep watch while the others slept. But neither Indians nor other robbers made their appearance in her hours of patrol. She was kept busy chasing rats, which ran in every direction, making dreadful noises. For two months the nuns had Mass on Sundays only, Monseigneur Dubourg himself officiating as their chaplain and director. The community then (1824) numbered twenty, two of whom are still living (1886).

Bishops Dubourg, Rosati, De Neckère, and Blanc are mentioned with grateful affection in the Ursuline records. They never left the city without paying farewell visits to the Sisters and begging their prayers. And on their return they would at once call on them. Their visits were frequent and most paternal. Ceremonious receptions were given them only on their feasts. Within the convent they were as fathers in the midst of their families. The pupils would continue their games before them, or gather around them to hear their amiable words. Bishop De Neckère used regularly to give the Religious lessons in astronomy, philosophy, chemistry, and natural history. He took the greatest delight in instructing those scholars who corresponded by their intelligence and application to his paternal devotion.

The French, Spanish, and early American governors paid the

[1] One of the nuns had not been outside her cloister since her entrance, in 1760. This aged lady was overcome with tears and emotion when obliged to pass beyond the *grille* on the way to her new home in 1824.

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Ursulines ceremonious visits at stated times, and any cause of complaint they referred to these gentlemen was immediately removed. When Louisiana became a State in 1812, and Claiborne, who had governed by appointment since 1804, was elected governor, he, and all officials under him, especially his Secretary of State, McCarthy, showed them every possible courtesy. Apart from the troubles of the Church, which were a keen source of grief to these good Religious, a long era of peace and prosperity began for them with Claiborne's administration. Johnson was the last governor who paid them an official visit and a New Year's call, in 1828. Jackson visited them the same year. Though men of French descent and men of the lineage of O'Reilly and O'Farrell have since occupied the high position of chief magistrate of this State, the courtesies shown the nuns by the earlier governors have been discontinued since 1828.

Madame Duchesne, of the Sacred Heart Order, who came to New Orleans in 1818, and shared the generous hospitality of the Ursulines, says they educated nearly all the girls in Louisiana. She found in the convent almost three hundred boarders receiving a Christian education, besides many *negresses* and *mulattresses* who assembled for catechism every evening. "The blacks," she writes, "gather around Abbé Martial (the convent chaplain) with the fervor of the early Christians gathering about St. Peter, and when the signal gun obliges them to withdraw, they complain of not being allowed to remain all night at their pious exercises." This is not the description commonly given of the black and yellow people, the quadroons and octoroons, by those who have never read their secret history in the letters and diaries of the Religious who labored among them, and who would have us believe that all Africans spent their evenings in the wild and terrible orgies of Congo square.

Madame Duchesne, who had been a Visitation nun before the Revolution, was charmed with her sojourn among the daughters of St. Ursula, as nuns still living who were boarders in 1818 can testify. Without the walls she found little to console her. There were but two priests in a city of 15,000 souls. Including the chaplains of convent, barracks and hospitals, there never had been less than seven priests of various nationalities on duty in New Orleans during the Spanish domination, all being paid by the king of Spain. O'Reilly considered eighteen priests necessary for the spiritual wants of the Louisiana[1] of his day. The Sacred Heart nun speaks disparagingly of the state of morals where she had expected to find only "primitive families, simple, innocent and pure." The Louisi-

[1] The population of Louisiana in O'Reilly's day was over thirteen thousand.

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ana girls did not edify her, yet her companion, Madame Audé, wrote a little later: "The children are obedient and have excellent manners." First impressions of new countries are often misleading, because exaggerated. Vice is bold and readily leaps to the surface; virtue is modest and too often timid. There was more good in New Orleans than could be seen at a glance, and had Madame Duchesne labored a few years in the city her views would have been considerably modified. The beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart had been introduced by the Ursulines, and Madame Duchesne mentions a picture of that divine object in the sanctuary and a book of "Devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus" published in New Orleans. The Ursulines lavished on this holy woman and her five companions the most delicate attentions, and provided them with comforts and even luxuries. On leaving for St. Louis, in July, 1818, the Sacred Heart Sisters received from their generous hostesses a gift of 1500 francs. Almost all the Religious who have since settled in New Orleans have received hospitality and kindness from the Ursuline nuns. They were formerly wealthy and gave freely of their abundance. Poverty was almost unknown in New Orleans before the civil war, from which the Ursulines suffered more severely than any kindred institution. Nor have they yet regained their former prosperity. While the teachers have never lost their high literary reputation, it is sad to think that their pupils are now counted by tens where they were once hundreds.

The archives of this oldest monastery in the United States contain instances of heroism in its early teachers which find their counterparts only in the Lives of the Saints.

There was Sister Farjon. Born at Avignon of pious parents, she was attracted in girlhood to the pleasures of the world. Being sent at fifteen to the Ursulines, her heart, under their judicious training, turned entirely to God, and she showed the germs of the excellent qualities that blossomed and bore fruit in after life. Her mind was most penetrating, and she worked successfully to overcome the difficulties one experiences at that age whose early education has been neglected. At sixteen she entered the novitiate. Humility and obedience were her favorite virtues and the hidden life of Christ in God her peculiar attraction. Her gayety, her obliging and gentle manners won her the love of all. Her great talent was for teaching the young, whom she made excellent scholars and trained to the practice of solid virtue. She had a strong desire for the foreign mission, and in response to an invitation from the Superioress of New Orleans, made known to her by an old Jesuit who had spent twelve years evangelizing the Indians of lower Louisiana, Sister Xavier, with two young Religious, set out for New Orleans in 1786. Here she divided her attention be-

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tween the slaves and the scholars. But it was in the office of Superior, which she held twelve years, that her virtues shone with greatest lustre. To her fell the difficult task of building up the Order after the departure of the Spanish Sisters, in 1803. Like most of the early members, she worked on to the last. Seeing her end approaching, she comforted her sorrowing children, bade them be of good cheer and not leave New Orleans, for God would send them help, which came to pass as she had predicted. She died in the odor of sanctity, March 10th, 1810.

There was Felicité Alzas, who left the world before she knew its vanity and entered the Ursuline Convent, where "she trod the paths of perfection with the steps of a giant." In 1786 she came with two other nuns to the aid of New Orleans from France. The French archives say they were coldly received by the Spanish Ursulines, who placed them in the lowest grade, and even counseled them to return. But this was probably because they could not receive French women without leave of the King of Spain. This was obtained by an old Jesuit friend who, not wishing the New Orleans house to lose such promising subjects, wrote to the Catholic king in their behalf. His Majesty immediately ordered Bishop Cirilo to have them admitted as full members, which was done in November, 1786. If Mother Ramos felt any coldness towards Sister Alzas, it soon vanished, for her natural acuteness showed her what a treasure the house possessed in her. After filling all the other offices, Mother Alzas became Superior in 1827, at the age of seventy-five. Happy by nature as by name, she was all goodness to her daughters, and it was admirable to see her, despite her great age, taking part in all their little amusements. She had a special love for the sick, and might be seen every evening, lantern in hand, visiting them to assure herself they wanted nothing. This holy nun preserved her faculties to the last, and could read the finest print by candlelight without glasses. It is said that she asked and obtained of St. Joachim the grace of never falling into dotage.

The nuns were never weary of extolling the charity and humility of Mother Felicité. Her maternal goodness drew subjects to the house. She loved to replace any Sister that might be absent from a duty, to help at sweeping the dormitory and ironing the clothes. Children and ignorant people had a particular attraction for her. She sacrificed to them her time and her rest. The venerable Mother had great conformity to the will of God. And when several young Religious were describing their ardent desires of perfection, after hearing them patiently, she said: "And I, my children, desire no more love of God, no more of any virtue, than He pleases to give me." To a nun who expressed surprise at her joyousness

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under afflictions she said: "For a long time, my daughter, my soul has been established in peace, and nothing can trouble it." Her fifty years' residence in New Orleans had been singularly chequered—she saw the dreadful conflagrations (1788 and 1794) that left thousands homeless; the hurricane that desolated the city in August, 1795; the revolt of the negroes who, excited by the success of the San Domingo revolution, conspired to butcher all the whites in the colony;[1] but worst of all, the schism that all but ruined religion in Louisiana. The death of Charles III. was a loss to the nuns, and it was in their chapel, as the parish church had recently been burned, that grand funeral rites were held in his honor, and a solemn *Requiem* celebrated for the repose of his soul, May 7th, 1789. Like other favored souls, Mother Alzas was tried in many ways, but she joyfully drank the chalice of affliction. In 1796 yellow fever for the first time ravaged the city,[2] and though the nuns escaped, they had much to suffer from the consequences of the plague. This good mother despised the pains of this life, having her heart set on the glories of eternity. Such was her reputation for sanctity that she was honored at home and abroad, and consulted by many on delicate matters of conscience. She loved to instruct and console the slaves, to whom she was a kind mother. Her last illness lasted but a few hours. She resigned herself entirely into the hands of God. To the Sisters whom she had loved and served so faithfully, she said: "Do as you please with me." She died October 13th, 1835, in the eighty-sixth year of her age, having spent seventy years in religion.

There was the musical Mother de la Clotte, whose songs resound through her sweet story. Born at Montpellier of a highly distinguished family, she was imprisoned during the Revolution, and made herself the slave of her fellow-captives. When set free the fair girl sought to bury her beauty and mental gifts in a cloister, and for this end came to New Orleans in 1789, *via* Baltimore, where Bishop Carroll detained her till December 21st, "on account of the heat." She was specially devoted to the duty of teaching, and though a lover of silence and recollection, she could not bear to be absent from her beloved schools, even when Superior. It was believed that this saintly woman never lost her baptismal innocence. She died after a few days' illness, December 20th, 1827. There was Mother Gensoul, a saintly girl in the world, a saintly nun in the cloister. In 1792 she had to fly; the most stormy years of

[1] After this, the importation of slaves into Louisiana was prohibited, the Cahildo having petitioned the King of Spain to that effect.

[2] The Intendant, Morales, remarks that the yellow fever selected Flemish, English, and Americans for its victims, and spared Spaniards and blacks. There has never been a case of yellow fever among the Ursulines.

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this dark period she spent with her relatives. With another Ursuline, Sophie Ricard, who had been reared a Protestant, but converted by seeing the profession of a nun, she opened a school at Montpellier, and both followed their vocation as well as they could during the Reign of Terror. In 1810 she desired to join the New Orleans Ursulines, now reduced to seven, but her bishop would not allow her. She referred her case to the Pope, who, himself, deigned to calm her perplexity. December 31st, 1810, she reached New Orleans, having been detained over the sickly season in Baltimore by Dr. Carroll. As the nuns heard her carriage lumbering up the narrow street towards their convent, they felt that her coming was a realization of the comforting prophecy of Mother Farjon, just deceased.

The good Mother now resumed the religious habit she had been compelled to put off eighteen years before. Her graciousness and affability charmed every one, particularly the young. She had a tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which was increased by a miraculous dream in which she seemed to see this Heart burning with love for men, adored by angels who were as nothing in His presence; a little above was the Eternal Father under the appearance of an old man. Struck with astonishment, she resolved to paint what she had seen, and the result of her labors was placed within the sanctuary.

Mother Gensoul had a lively devotion to Our Lady of Prompt Succor. Before the battle of New Orleans she made a vow to have a solemn Mass of thanksgiving every year if God would give victory to General Jackson. The statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor was placed on the altar while Abbé Dubourg offered the Holy Sacrifice to the God of armies, begging Him to deliver the city from the threatened danger. Women and children joined in his supplications; the fathers and sons were all on the battle-field.

To this day a solemn Mass is sung every year in the Ursuline chapel on the 8th of January, which is a legal holiday, and a hymn composed by Mother Gensoul is sung after Mass, "because," say the chronicles, "a great army commanded by generals proud of their ability was cut in pieces, while on the American side six only were killed and seven wounded." Years, sorrows and labors at length told upon the iron constitution of Mother Gensoul. To Bishop Dubourg, who entered the infirmary just before her death, she spoke her last words: "I thirst." "Yes, mother," said he, "but it is for God!" "O God, my God," she murmured, "I thirst for Thee. How lovely are Thy tabernacles! My soul longeth and fainteth after the courts of my God." This apostolic woman, teacher of youth, friend and mother of Indians, negroes, and slaves, passed from earth, March 19, 1822, aged over seventy years.

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There were Mothers Coskery, Ray, O'Keeffe, and others; but we must here close the edifying record, merely remarking that Mother O'Keeffe still lives (1887), and though an octogenarian and in failing health, is a most saintly, charming and accomplished woman, with whom it is a treat to converse.

* * * * *

Once, when bound for the bright southern seas, we glided past the lower horn of the river's crescent, in the blaze and brilliancy of noon-tide. The sweet, soft breeze, laden with the odor of lilies, and the aroma of the white-starred orange tree and the pink oleander, scarcely ruffled the glassy waters that reflected the changeful sky. The landscape reposing in the luminous atmosphere was exquisitely peaceful. Rising out of the river, embowered in fresh, green shrubbery, is a huge white pile whose windows innumerable look out on blooming meadows, giant oaks, fields of maize and sugar-cane, mirrored in the yellow river. What bewitching combinations of light and shade, of blue sky, old-gold waters, pale-green leafage and blossoms of every hue. A sylvan paradise, the beauty of which we have no words to depict, surrounds the Ursuline Convent. We have gazed upon the scene when the moon-beams quivered on the foliage, and made fantastic figures as they played among the ancient trees, silvering the whole by their magic touches into dreamy, indescribable loveliness.

How many associations has the Mississippi for the inmates of that convent since it bore their ancestresses in religion to this fertile spot. Where are the gentle Sisters, the ardent priests, the mailed warriors, who came hither with chivalrous promptitude to win souls to the good God? From their belvideres the Religious of to-day can look into the depths of the river on which their predecessors shed such a glamour of poetry and romance. Where are they now? Do the ancient nuns never see phantom-boats guided by the spirits of the great ones of old, moving over its fair bosom in the dusky twilight or the white moonlight?

Alas! all—even the "faithless phantoms," and the pale ghosts, and the fair wraiths, have departed. But the deeds of daring, of brave men, and the gentle virtues of saintly women, and the sweet lights of holiness, have cast a halo around the old place and glorified it forever.

The place remains, while those who gave it undying interest have passed away. Yet the walls still echo sweet children's voices, and the song of the cloistered virgins is heard by angels, if not by men, and the old white monastery looks out forever from its leafy bowers on the eddying, whispering river.

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A SKEPTICAL DIFFICULTY AGAINST CREATION.

WE think it may be said with truth that every sort of error, every false theory, every unsound hypothesis has a *point d'appui* of its own, on which all its supposed strength is based, a fulcrum on which it seeks to support its unstable equilibrium. We do not speak of the sources from which it draws its power to mislead humanity, though these might in most cases be reduced to one fountain-head, but to the central doctrine which it puts forward in its own justification, the plea which it urges in its own behalf for deserting the standard of dogmatic truth, the ground which it asserts as necessitating its own peculiar form of skepticism. The present day exhibits to us a large proportion of educated men who either have a very confused idea of God or else who do not believe in Him at all. They take their Deity such as He is (or as they suppose He must be), criticise Him, call Him to account, try to force Him into a Procrustes bed of their own construction, attempt to reduce Him to their own standard, and, when they find that He is irreducible, they pass sentence on Him and condemn Him, if not to utter annihilation, at least to banishment out of their sight and ken as a being whose self-contradictory existence they can neither logically admit nor logically deny.

This modern anthropomorphism (often veiled under a protest against its own errors) is but a reproduction of an ancient fallacy, one which Socrates denounced in the Agora, Aristotle in his lectures in the Lyceum, Cicero in his noble treatise "De Natura Deorum." Yet our modern skeptics return undismayed to the attack, and courteously, but none the less malignantly, shoot their arrows against the God whom they misrepresent and misconceive. They assert Him a monster because, forsooth, He is not simply a virtuous man on a big scale. They first rob Him of His divinity and then taunt Him with the loss of it. But their error illustrates our assertion of the unity or convergence of the forces of the foe round one single point of attack—one, too, which, we confess at first sight, looks like a vulnerable point in the citadel of truth, or, at all events, like an insoluble difficulty which the champion of truth has to transmit and cannot satisfactorily answer.

What is this difficulty? It is not the prevalence of disease and even death, for they can understand that suffering may be the means of earning an incomparable reward and that death may be the gate of life immortal; it is not the existence of sin, since men

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have the sense to understand that if God has given us the fulness of free will, we must perforce be free to disobey as well as free to obey the law He has imposed upon us; it is not even the existence of hell, for it is comparatively easy to see that if the hardened sinner perseveres forever in his rebellion, he must also persist forever in his misery. The central difficulty of our times is none of these, at least primarily, but one which out-tops them all and which is a difficulty not only to the skeptic and to the unbeliever, not only to him who is on the look-out for some excuse for his rebellion, but to all who have ever given it a thought. We will go further, and we will allow that it is a difficulty such as may reasonably frighten us until we look it full in the face and recognize its true character; it is a difficulty which seems insuperable until we have discovered, on thoughtful searching, that it is but a phantom form, a spectre which may be consigned, with all errors, its companions, to the happy hunting grounds of an exploded superstition.

We will try and state this difficulty as forcibly as we can, and put it as some bitter opponent might be supposed to put it. We imagine that in his mouth it would be something as follows: "You say that God is a God of mercy, that He is Himself infinite in mercy. I can understand that the exhibition of this infinite mercy cannot be, strictly speaking, infinite, and that it is limited by the finite nature of those towards whom it is displayed and by the simple fact that outside the Infinite nothing can be infinite. But if it cannot be infinite, yet at least we might expect it to exceed the mercy of a merciful man. We might fancy also that the ideal should exhibit itself in a higher degree and with a greater generosity than is possible to the feeble imitation which does but copy it. We might expect that all that the mercy of man would do, the mercy of God would do also, and a great deal besides. Where a merciful man would have spared, we might have expected that God would spare also. Where a merciful man would have calculated the consequences of this action to the happiness of these so far as he could foresee them, and would have modified his actions accordingly, there we might at least have looked for a similar prevision on the part of an omniscient God and for a corresponding modification of His divine action in favor of those who would be affected by it. Where a merciful man would have held his hand when about to do that which he thought would, so far as he could look forward, involve others in misery and sorrow, there, at least, we might expect the all-merciful God would have abstained from what, in His perfect foreknowledge, He certainly knew would entail upon His creatures ruin and destruction. Yet this merciful God, omnipotent and omniscient, seeing all the future at a glance, know-

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ing the destiny of all creatures real and possible, creates hundreds and thousands of unfortunate beings whom He knows full well are destined to be utterly miserable forever. He cannot plead ignorance, carelessness, oversight—since He is God. He cannot urge that as a *Provisor Universalis*, a Ruler who has to think of the general good of the community at large, it was necessary to sacrifice some victims for the sake of the rest, to merge their interest in the consideration of the good of their fellows, since to argue thus, to justify Himself on such a ground, would be to acknowledge His own feebleness; it would be a confession that he was no God at all, but an ἀμήχανος γερδιὸς, a resourceless dotard who has only limited means at His disposal and has to make the best of them. You will tell us, perhaps, that it is always through their own fault that men are lost forever, that they have had sufficient and more than sufficient means for escape from the misery that they have incurred, and that they have only themselves to blame if they have not made use of the opportunities liberally proffered them. This, we allow, is true, but it is no answer to our difficulty. This is a justification of the perfect justice of God, but not of His mercy. You will tell us, again, that if they persist in an attitude of rebellion, even His display of mercy must have a limit somewhere, and the greatest rebel cannot go on defying his God without some limit to the offers of mercy. This also we acknowledge, and we allow that mercy must stop somewhere and leave justice to do its work. But this, too, does not meet our objection, for we are not finding fault with God's treatment of mankind or with His punishment of those who persistently refuse to obey Him. Our difficulty goes a step further back. We ask why He should create at all those whom He knows will, through their own fault, bid Him defiance to the cruel end, reject His mercy, scorn His love, set at nought His commands? Why call them into existence, foreseeing, as He does, their doom of eternal misery? It cannot be for His own sake, for nothing can increase, or diminish, or affect His unapproachable and infinite happiness. It cannot be for their sakes, for the boon of life is destined to be a curse to them. It cannot be for the sake of others, for the misery of some cannot be for Him a necessary condition to the happiness of others. Why, then, should He not leave them in their nothingness, possible but not actual works of His hands, present to the Divine mind as beings whom He might have called into existence, but in His mercy refrained from creating to save them from the guerdon of misery that He knew would be theirs."

We have tried to tell our objector's case as fairly as we could. It looks at first sight a strong one. We confess, when we turn to the answer, we find ourselves a little reluctant to enter upon it. Not that we have any misgivings as to the possibility of a complete and

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satisfactory reply. Our reluctance arises from another cause. In the first place, there seems a sort of impertinence in being an apologist for God. When we defend any one, he is our client and we his patron, and it is not a very seemly position to be patronising God. Besides this, the temper of the true Theist is one of humble submission, not of discussion. He is forced, against his will, into the arena to fight the lion and the bear instead of peacefully feeding by the cool waters the sheep and lambs of his Master's flock. His proper business is one of adoring love, not of criticism. There rise to his lips the words of Abraham: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" and he feels a sort of satisfaction in confessing his ignorance and his inability to solve all difficulties in recognizing that, by reason of his own feebleness, God's judgments are unsearchable and His ways inscrutable. He has such a dread of what is to him the deadly sin of doubt that he shrinks from methodic doubt, which consists in putting himself as far as may be in an adversary's position in order to refute him. Add to this that he has a dread of his own weakness and fears lest the feebleness of his own intellect and his own reasoning powers should damage the indefectible strength of the cause of which he is the champion.

In spite of these drawbacks we are going boldly to make the attempt; and the fallacies underlying our opponents' plausible position are so numerous that there is not very much difficulty in repelling his attacks. The fact is, as we shall show presently, he is an anthropomorphist; from first to last he quarrels with the God of theism because he is not simply a big man. He wants to thrust upon his Creator defects and imperfections which are peculiar to the creature, to drag him down to his own level; and because God is consistent, asserts His proper position as Lord and King of the Universe, and refuses any perfections incompatible with infinity, the objector most unreasonably quarrels with Him, refuses to acknowledge Him, calls Him a cruel tyrant, or the great unknowable, even if he does not altogether deny His existence, and buries himself in the slough of a degrading atheism. Thus, for instance, when he requires the exhibition of the divine mercy to be at the best on a level with that displayed by the most merciful of men, he is at once putting on the cloak of his anthropomorphist hypothesis. For God, the infinitely good, is under no sort of obligation to display His goodness at all, whereas man is required, by precept and counsel, to carry out into practice the goodness which exists in his heart. It is true that God's attribute of mercy is the source, the foundation, the basis of His display of mercy. "Bonum est diffusivum sui," good of all kinds, divine as well as human, has a tendency to spread itself beyond itself. In

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man's case it *must* do so, in God's case there is no absolute necessity, only a sort of fitness and conformity with what we should naturally and reasonably expect. If God were simply to measure out to each man bare justice without mercy, man would have no right to complain, and God would none the less be infinite in mercy. The supposition is practically almost an impossible one, because God, knowing the weakness of our nature, and how necessary concrete examples are to enable us to realize abstract truths, would not, and we may perhaps say, could not, reasonably require of us that we should believe in a divine attribute which never manifested itself to us, and of which there was not a trace in His dealings with men. But the supposition is, theoretically, possible, and we can suppose God measuring out to men exact justice and nothing more, tempering His justice with no admixture of mercy, giving to each what is due to him in the way of pleasure, happiness, satisfaction, enjoyment, reward, temporal or eternal, forgiveness for the past and help for the future, but nothing whatever beyond his due. If He did so, we should still be bound to believe him a God of infinite love. Every display of mercy to man is quite gratuitous on God's part, and, consequently, the measure of it depends on His will, and is subject to no law except His supreme and inscrutable will. It is not so with His justice. He must, *ipso facto*, from His very nature be perfectly just; but perfect mercy is an expression that cannot, from the nature of things, have any realization in facts, and the amount of mercy shown to each must be now more, now less, without our being able to lay down any sort of rule. God may display none of it, as we have said; He may display comparatively little of it, justice so preponderating that mercy is thrown into the background, as in His punishment of the lost. He may display it, and in fact He does display it, in such luxuriant profusion that He appears almost extravagant in His readiness to overlook evil, sin, treachery, baseness, ingratitude; almost reckless in the magnificent rewards He showers upon one who has made some faint, puny efforts to serve Him, as where He rewards man's brief service here with the immeasurable and eternal joys of heaven. But the amount of mercy shown, whether it be less or more, or none at all, in no way affects the inherent infinity of the divine goodness, loving with an infinite love that which is worthy of such love, and with a finite love that which, by reason of its finite nature, is capable of only a finite love.

Thus it is that the essential difference between God and man comes prominently before us. Man is bound to show mercy over and above justice—not so God. Man, if he aims at perfection, must impart to others the fulness of mercy to the very best of his power. God cannot put forth outside of Himself the fulness of

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any of His internal perfections. Man's mercy is developed by its exercise, and, therefore, he who strives after perfection must exert it to the utmost limit of his power. God's mercy is in no way affected by its external exercise, and He cannot exert it to the limit of His power because His power of exerting it has no limits. We have a right to judge of the amount of man's mercy by the amount that we see of it. We cannot judge of the amount of the Divine mercy by the amount that we see of it, simply because the amount we see must, from the nature of the case, be a finite amount, whereas the mercy itself is infinite, and there is, therefore, no sort of proportion between the one and the other. Hence, it is no argument in favor of God acting in this way rather than in that, that the one course of action is more merciful than the other. If it were, why should God ever punish at all? Why should He not always influence men with gifts of virtue instead of frightening them from evil with threatened punishments?

We have dwelt upon this because it is so dangerous and plausible a fallacy to demand of God a sort of maximum amount of mercy and generosity. As a matter of fact, He is almost lavishly merciful and generous, but there is no sort of reason founded on His possession of these attributes why He should display them beyond the point which is necessary to show man that He possesses them. Beyond this all is gratuitous.

To apply this to our subject. In God's dealings with men we see many cases in which He might have given more than He has. More than this, there is no single individual whom He might not have endowed more richly; no saint in heaven whom He might not have given, had He chosen, larger graces than He has given. This follows necessarily from His being God and not man, infinite in His treasures of grace, not finite. It is, therefore, for Him, and Him alone, to draw the line between bare justice on the one side and unbounded mercy on the other; all we have a right to ask of God is that He shall be perfectly just to all—that He shall give to each individual whom He creates a fair chance of attaining to eternal happiness. When He has given this, when each is provided with such means of grace, such opportunities, such assistance, internal and external, in the way of virtue, that it is not only barely possible, but well within his power to find his way to heaven, to avoid sin and practise virtue, then God has done His part, and even if through their own neglect of those opportunities all but a few, a very few, of the human race were lost, we should have no kind of right to complain against God, to impugn His justice or even to impugn His mercy. As long as every one of the lost is bound to cry out, "It was through my own fault that I was lost," so long God is justified, and His infinite perfections would be in themselves

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none the less admirable than if they had all been saved. His works are not a whit more perfect when He gives more grace, shows more mercy, than when He gives less grace and shows less mercy. If He had pursued the lost with graces which they could not resist, He would be not a whit more merciful than He is now in giving them grace enough, and more than enough, to enable each one of them to save his soul, though unfortunately for them not enough, by reason of their own perverse will, to overturn their deliberate resistance to the gentle influence which persuades, invites, attracts, but never compels. Deny this and you at once degrade God to a finite being, for you imply that He is bound to go to the full extent of His mercy-extending powers; and an infinite God, as having no possible limit in any of His powers, cannot go to their full extent, and, therefore, will be, and must be, always liable to the plausible objection that He, the All-Merciful, might have been more merciful, and yet would not! Paradoxes are sometimes true, and we allow that at first sight it seems a paradox to justify God's limited distribution of mercy by the fact that His supply of it is unlimited; but the logical fact is undeniable. For it stands to reason that He must draw a line somewhere, and wherever He draws it He might always have given more; and our anthropomorphist can object that He cannot be a God of infinite mercy and compassion because of this limitation of what He might give more liberally if He chose.

Here we must guard against a misconception. Good men and good Christians sometimes talk as if the reason why God's manifestation of any one of His perfections is limited, is because some other perfection comes in to place a bar to its further display, that God's anger is limited by His mercy, His mercy by His justice, and so forth. They regard the divine action as the resultant of these various attributes determining and even counteracting one another. Such an idea is, we will not say false, but very imperfect; we may say, in metaphorical language, that the arm that was raised to punish was stayed by the remembrance of mercy; we may pray to God to remember His loving kindness, to call to mind His servants of old, as we often find the Hebrew prophets doing when misfortunes threatened the sacred city of Jerusalem; we may ask that mercy may rejoice against His justice; but in all this we are using human language, which, in the very use we know, is but a *façon de parler*, a mode of addressing the Most High, which represents our weakness and feebleness better than His Divine Majesty. There is not, and cannot be, any sort of opposition between one attribute of God and another; nay, there is no real difference or distinction in themselves between one and another. It is true that there is in each and every attribute of God, by reason of its in-

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finity, a *foundation* for a real distinction in our minds between one and the other, just as in the colorless light of the sunbeam there is a sort of foundation for the distinction between the various colored rays into which it separates when it passes through the prism. But in the attributes *themselves* there is no real distinction or difference. God is identical with all His attributes, and, therefore, all these attributes are identical with each other. God's mercy, justice, love, holiness, etc., are really all one and the same thing; the distinction is in us, not in God, in our way of looking at them, not in the perfections themselves. When we say that God acts sometimes in justice, at other times in mercy, we mean that the side of the Divine action which is present to our minds is what we call justice or what we call mercy; there is no real distinction, no difference *ex parte rei*, between these two actions, which to us seem to stand in such marked contrast; or, to speak more correctly, the distinction which we perceive, and truly perceive, is the result rather of the different objects which are the terminus of the divine action. The same ray of light is red or blue according to the object on which it falls; the same indivisible act of God, ever perfect in its unity, appears to us in the light of anger or of love, according to the disposition of the man on whom it is directed, and partly according to the apparent and immediate consequences by which men are always prone to judge. If God sends the Deluge, we regard it as a punishment pure and simple, as a display of God's wrath; we watch the reprobate world swallowed up by the rising waters, and we see no mercy in the awful visitation. But we know that many of those who then perished turned their hearts to God before their death; that though they had been incredulous as long as the ark was preparing, and had jeered at Noe's patient and apparently aimless labor, yet they had repented with contrite hearts when the flood-gates were opened, and that they were visited by our Lord after His death, who deigned to preach to them and prepare them for the eternal joys of Heaven. For them, therefore, the Deluge was a supreme act of mercy. So, too, it may be that, besides the handful of just men who escaped from Sodom, there may have been grievous sinners not a few, who made hearty acts of sorrow for all their evil deeds, when the agony of the falling fire flakes and the sulphurous suffocating storms reminded them of the punishment in store for those who set at naught the natural law. For these, therefore, the brief amount of expiating anguish would be a supreme mercy, an act of Divine compassion. We bring forward these instances, not so much by way of showing man's shortsighted way of looking at things Divine, but to show how the same action of God is determined in its character by the recipient; in just the same way the eternal punish-

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ment of the wicked is as real mercy to those who are led by the consideration of it to avoid that which is worse than any possible punishment, the hideous, loathsome thing we call sin.

But we must return to our immediate subject. We have been seeking to prove that God must limit His mercy from the very nature of the case, and that if it is more merciful not to create this or that man than to create him, it does not follow that God will abstain from bringing him into being as long as the man is not exposed by the fact of his creation, the circumstances of his birth, to any sort of injustice. God's own nature forbids the faintest or slightest injustice, but the amount of mercy to be shown is not and cannot be proportionate to the Divine perfection, but must be determined simply and solely by the Divine will. Even though the man is born to misery and dies in sin, his creation and his career imply no sort of imperfection in God so long as he has a reasonable chance of making his own way to heaven at last. Such a chance God gives to every one, a good, reasonable chance and something more; and man's ultimate fate, if he is lost, is simply owing to his misuse of the free will God has given him, and his abuse of the graces by which God helped him on his way.

Perhaps, however, our opponents are not satisfied with this solution. We allow, they say, that God's mercy must *ipso facto* be limited; but why should He not so fix the limit that none should be miserable forever, but all should at least be on the right side of the Judge at last? Why should He not so limit His creatures' action that none should be brought into being except those who will love and praise Him to all eternity, and not those whom He in His infinite prescience knows will forever gnaw their tongues and curse their Maker for creating them? If, continues our opponent, God's supreme majesty is not affected by the fate of His creatures, He might at least have given them what cost Him nothing: if it is the divine glory which must needs be manifested, surely the praises of the blessed are a more congenial manifestion than the curses of the lost. Why should He not have limited Himself to the creation of those to whom it will be better to be than not to be, of those predestined to at least some degree or other, greater or less, of everlasting happiness? Here we are at the very kernel of the difficulty in the form in which it strikes the popular imagination with the greatest force. It certainly is hard at first to understand what appears to be a gratuitous act of cruelty on the part of the All-Merciful. But let us look a little closer into the matter, and we shall see that the alternative of mercy which our objectors would suggest as an improvement on the existing order is simply a plea for the same degrading anthropomorphism in another form—it is the same short-sighted, feeble

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argument—which would fashion a God after its own fancies that would be no God at all. For the method of action which it proposes as suitable to God is this. Objecting to His creating any one whom He foresees will be lost, it requires of Him that when He is going to create such a one He should stop short and hold His creative hand. Now this supposes on the part of God, in the course of the series of acts succeeding one another in the divine mind,—not, of course, in time, but in logical order,—a positive, actual deliberation before adopting one or other of them. It supposes God to conceive the idea of creating A and of giving him a certain amount of grace, and then to look forward to the results before putting His ideas in practice. It supposes Him to foresee that A will be lost, and foreseeing this, to put aside the idea of his creation, and to create B instead, whom He by a similar process of prevision foresees will be saved. God would have to confess that the idea conceived, the realization of which would be the creation of A, was an unfortunate one, and would have to fall back on some one more suitable to the Divine bounty. Now God in contemplating the future has before Him every imaginable result which would have followed from every possible contingency. There is mapped out clearly in the Divine mind the whole course of the world's history as it would have been if our first parents had not sinned, or if the deluge had not submerged the habitable world, or if Christ had come into the world a thousand years earlier or later, or if Xerxes had made himself master of Greece or Hannibal of Italy, or if the Protestant "Reformation" had not taken place, or if Napoleon the Great had never been born or had died in childhood or in youth. All this, with its remotest consequences to the end of time, stands out sharp and clear before the mind of God. Nay, God sees what would have been the history of each individual man if he had been subject to influences different from those which he has actually experienced—if, for instance, he had been born in China or Japan instead of in England or in France; if he had been reared among savages or Mahometans, if he had been an orphan from his infancy, if he had been rich instead of poor, low-born instead of high-born, if one or many or all the circumstances of his life had been changed; each separate result, with all the innumerable results which would have branched off from it, is foreseen by the Divine Omniscience in His infinite storehouse of possibilities. But all these things which might have taken place, yet never did take place, are simply possibilities and nothing more. When God has once stamped them with the mark of possibility pure and simple, no person in heaven or on earth can change them into actualities. God Himself cannot reverse His decree, cannot change His mind, and rescue out of the abyss of things which

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might have been but are not to be, what He has once regarded as a pure possibility. We cannot picture God as placing before Himself, over and above actualities and possibilities, that third class which is continually present to human intelligence, the class of contingencies, of things which are still undecided, and which may or may not be things about which we are not sure and respecting which, if it is in our power to bring them to pass or not to bring them to pass, we have not made up our minds. Any one can see that it is an absurdity to suppose a God who has not made up His mind respecting some action which He is contemplating—nothing can be more ludicrous than to picture Him as turning the matter over before He decides, or looking forward to the consequences of His action before He makes the contingent actual. Yet this is what our objectors propose in the Deity whom they desire to substitute for the Omnipotent and Infinite God of Theism—they want to set up a stupid old man who does not know his own mind, who makes mistakes, and afterwards is sorry for them, who proposes to create one man, but on looking forward to the unfortunate consequences of the act of creation, or foreseeing by means of His Omniscience that the poor fellow will through his own fault be lost, puts aside the idea conceived in the Divine intelligence and creates another instead whom He foresees will save his soul. There is something almost amusing in this improvement on the God of Theism that the inconsequent skeptic proposes to set up in His place. This new Divinity, more perfect than His predecessor, is to revolutionize the mode of managing the world—the old gods of paganism are replaced by the God of the Christian, their voices are silent and they belong to the past. And now He who succeeded to their place is gone, having encountered one mightier than Himself.[1]

The method of procedure which God is to adopt is as follows, according to our intelligent objector. First of all, He is to conceive the idea of creating A, then He is to exercise His power of prevision in order to discover what A's eternal destiny will be. If A proves a success and reaches heaven, then all is well. God may be allowed to create him. But if he proves a failure, if, in spite of all the chances given him, the graces bestowed on him, the warnings, threatenings, chastisements, he will persist in rebellion till the end of his probation, if he will defy God and refuse to submit to Him, then God must draw back from His abortive design. He must cry, "I made a mistake! I certainly intended

[1] Cf. Æsch. Ag. 168–71.

οὐδ' ὅστις πάροι Θεὸν ἥν μέρας
οὐδὲν ἂν λέξαι πρὶν ὢν
δὲ δ' ἔπειτ' ἔφυ τριακτῆρος δίκεται τυχών.

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to create A, but I see now that my work would have been a failure. Forgive me this once. I will try to turn out a more successful specimen of humanity in my next attempt; if I do not, if I am again unfortunate in my endeavor, I can but once more apologize for my abortive design, before I have launched upon the world of actuality another being destined to perish. I will go on putting before myself possible beings one after another, till I am so fortunate as to hit upon one whom I foresee will be saved, and then, and then only, will I issue the definitive fiat of creation!"

When put thus barely, the absurdity of the objection is clear enough. But, unfortunately, we in our conceit and pride

> See not the feeble incapacity
> Like to a dream, in which poor purblind man
> Lies wrapt and bound. Never can mortal's scheme
> O'erpass the harmony ordained by Heaven's King.

God does not and cannot create this or that individual with a view to the consequences of creation destined to ensue from his obedience or disobedience to the law of his nature. He cannot do so without forfeiting the supremacy of His divine perfection. God creates because the creative act is in itself good, and the being created is good, and the end for which he is created is good, as regards the Divine intention, though, through the free will which belongs to him necessarily as man, he can frustrate that intention and fail of attaining to that end. It would be degradation to God to require of Him that He should look forward to what will be in point of fact the termination of that individual's career, shaped as it will be by the act of the created being, and that He should regulate His divine action by the foreseen whims and perversities and sins and rebellions of the creature. He cannot be tied down to make or abstain from making according to these contingent consequences without thereby ceasing to be, in the mind of him who would impose such an obligation, a being of infinite wisdom; for by this necessity of reason He would exhibit Himself, not as one that doeth all things well, but as a clumsy workman, an unskilful and inconsiderate craftsman, a bungling designer of his own handiwork.

Even man is not bound to look forward, and sometimes is bound not to look forward to the consequences which he may foresee will result or are likely to result from this or that action. If we knew that a million souls would be lost by our refusal to tell a lie in a

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[1] οὐδ' ἐδεῤχσης
ὀλιγοῤρανίαν ἄκικυν
ἰσόνειρον ἃ τὸ φωτῶν
ἀλαὸν γένος ἐμπεποδισμένον; οὔποτε θνατῶν
τὰν Διὸς ἁρμονίαν ἀνδρῶν παρεξίασι βουλαί.—*Kech. Crom.*, 545-51.

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case where there was a clear obligation to truth, the ruin which the sinful lie might avert would not be any justification for telling it. "Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum." We must perform our obligations, even if all the inhabitants of Paradise were to be thown down into the flames of hell by our own persistency. It is only when the performance or non-performance of the action is itself indifferent, or, at all events, is not essentially bad, that we can perform it or not, according to the consequences we foresee from it. If we foresee that by reproving a blasphemer we have a chance of bringing him to a better state of mind, then we shall do well in taking on ourselves the charitable but painful task of reprimand. But if, on the other hand, we foresee that it will probably only lead to fresh blasphemies, then we had better hold our tongues. If we foresee that the action, in itself indifferent, of walking down a particular street will lead us to a tempting gin palace, into which we know from long experience that we are certain to enter, and having entered to drink to excess, then we are bound to turn our feet, if it be possible, in some other direction. If we foresee that by retiring to the chapel to pray we shall annoy and irritate our father, who wishes us to pass the time in reading to him some harmless and entertaining story, then it is far better to set aside the peaceful communing with God for an employment which, however inferior in itself, has the superior claim from the fact that it will amuse and satisfy the old man's fancies.

But this duty of prevision is the consequence of the subordinate position which we occupy in creation; it is because our actions derive their character from their conformity with, or disagreement from, the commands of a superior who has a right to command, that we are bound to forecast and see whether they will tend to the carrying out of His will, or to a transgression of His laws. But the irresponsible superior is not so bound—cannot be so bound. He cannot, indeed, transgress the perfection of His own nature. He cannot do anything which is of itself unjust, unmerciful, unkind. But, outside of this, no other condition can be imposed on Him consistently with a recognition of His God-head. We cannot, consistently with His position as King and Lord, ask of Him a prevision of consequences, when these consequences derive their painful character from the fault of the subordinate agent, and not from any law which the Creator has imposed upon the creature. We cannot even admit that such consequences influence or determine His divine action. What God does is good, because God does it; what God makes is good, because God makes it. It is the exercise of the Divine Will, supreme, omnipotent, irresponsible, which confers upon the external act or work its perfection, inasmuch as it is in virtue of its being the act or work of a God,

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an inadequate reflection of His divine beauty which manifests itself more or less in it. Nay, it is not only good, but best, nay, the best thing possible, simply because God wills it, and wills by it to promote His glory just in that degree which shall seem good to Him. If it is God's will that some event should take place by which His glory should be promoted to an extent which we may formulate as 10, then it is far better that this event should come about than that some other event of which the consequences might be formulated as 100, or 1000, or 10,000, or 1,000,000. It is better that the being created by God should glorify God in the way which is in accordance with His supreme will, rather than in some other way not in accordance with His supreme will, but which is, nevertheless, to speak in human fashion, more fruitful of glory to God. It is better that a little child should gasp out its little soul after an hour of life, if such is the Divine decree, than that it should serve God and promote His glory during fourscore years of unbroken fidelity, if God has not so ordained. It is better that a man should be created whom God foresees (permitting, not willing, the sin) is about to spend his life in an unbroken course of transgression and disobedience and rebellion against the Divine Law, if God's will is to create him, than that a future saint should come into existence under any other circumstances; otherwise the will of God will not be the supreme law of the universe and the fulfilment of His divine pleasure the pattern of all perfection, the standard, the ideal, the sum and substance of all that is good and to be desired outside of His own divine nature. Otherwise you degrade God, compel Him to modify His arrangements by reason of human perversity, exhibit Him in the ridiculous and impossible character of a short-sighted, clumsy designer, a master-builder who foresees that the design he has conceived will fail of its end, and so abandons it.

From this another consequence follows, that there is no such thing as a failure in God's creation. The creation of those who are lost forever is no more a failure than the existence of some rare and gorgeously painted butterfly is a failure because, forsooth, it has scarcely escaped from its chrysalis stage when it is caught in the tropical forest by some eager collector, and sacrificed to adorn the museum of some far-off city. Those who are condemned to the eternal punishment of hell, fail, it is true, of the vision of God; they fail of the only thing in the world which renders life worth living; they fail of the end for which He destined them apart from any action of their own which should frustrate it. They fail of virtue, they fail of that which alone can satisfy the yearnings of their higher nature, they fail of the only fount of happiness which can slake their thirst after God. But their life, though a failure in

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regard of themselves, is not a failure in respect of God. It would be no more a failure in the eyes of an unprejudiced looker on—say an angel watching the scene—than the short-lived existence of the moth adorning the collector's museum is a failure in the eyes of any intelligent man. For the ultimate end of human existence, the ultimate reason why man is born into the world, is not his own happiness, nor the attainment of that which is to him the only centre in which his activity can find repose, nor the brilliant display of human virtue, nor even the service and praise of God, but the manifestation of the Divine attributes in a greater or less degree, in this way or that, according as God shall please. It is because God necessarily receives an accidental glory from all His dealings with His creatures that these creatures were primarily created. From His rational creatures God derives the greatest glory, whether they obey or rebel, whether their relation to Him is one of submission or revolt, still God is glorified, He is glorified by the punishment of the rebel as well as by the reward of the saint. If the latter is a more brilliant manifestation of the Divine glory than the former, we must remember that God is never tied *ad optimum.* One man freely submits, and his relation to God is one of honor and praise, and a crown of eternal joy; another freely rebels, and his relation to God is one of dishonor and contempt, and the agony of an eternal separation from all good—in each case God receives the honor that is His due. In each case the creation, the life, nay, the eternal destiny of man is a success as far as God is concerned, because it manifests one or other of the Divine perfections. There is no such thing as a failure in God's universe, and there cannot be.

But here we fancy our objector replies: "Granting all you say, granting that human existence is a success as regards God Himself; granting, too, that if He creates rational beings at all, He must create them free to choose their own ruin, if their perverse self-will refuses to bend the knee to God; granting, also, that God cannot from the very necessity of His divine nature hark back on His own designs and abstain from the creation of those whom He foresees will be lost; still, *why should God create at all?* It makes no difference, you tell us, to the unapproachable and supreme happiness of God whether He creates or not. Why, then, should He embark on a work which brings to Him no profit and plunges into the misery of eternal fire hundreds, thousands, millions, of the creatures He professes to love?"

We have, we fear, outrun the length to which we intended to limit the present article, and we must therefore postpone to some future time the solution of this further difficulty. But we have already furnished the intelligent reader with at least one key to it.

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For if God cannot be required, consistently with His divine perfection, to regulate and modify His creative action by the consequences which follow from it, how absurd and self-contradictory it is on the very strength of these Divine perfections to exact of Him to abstain from creating altogether. If the beings created were involved in eternal misery without any fault of their own, we could understand the difficulty of creation, but when they of their own free will simply reject the happiness offered them—how utterly unreasonable to require of God that He should be baffled of the creative act, good in itself and tending to good, because, forsooth, the being created chooses to turn the good wine to poison, to use the means given him for the attainment of eternal happiness in order to purchase for himself eternal misery. Unreasonable, then, it would be, and self-contradictory; and, as we hope we may show hereafter, unmerciful as well.

To go back to the difficulty which we stated at the opening of the present paper: No one can assail the justice of God in that He creates those whom He foresees will, through their own fault, be lost; no one can assail the degree of mercy which He exercises towards them without first robbing Him of His divine nature. No one can ask Him to abstain from creating them without falling into the same absurdity of substituting for an Infinite God one who is finite and subordinate. No one can reasonably demand of God that He should contradict Himself. Yet this is what the objector virtually demands of Him, and when he refuses to accede to a demand which is in contradiction with His divine nature, the unreasonable and purblind mortal threatens to withdraw his allegiance from his Creator, and exclaims in the words of a modern infidel: "Such a God I cannot and will not obey."

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MORE ABOUT SURNAMES AND THEIR MUTATIONS.

THERE is an old proverb which says very truly: "It is a poor business to look at half-done work;" and, though this "saw" be less than usually applicable to the work before us, we have yet deemed it desirable to continue the remarks on proper names, accidentally begun a few months ago, and at that time carried as far as the letter K of a meagre Directory serving as text for the observations made. In the course of search for another book of the same sort, we learned with certainty what *a priori* reasoning had already rendered probable, *viz.*, that those Directories are mere individual ventures on speculation; that it is with their compilers neither a question of fulness nor of accuracy; that the prominent notion is to get off with the least pains and trouble, and that, the advertisements and the paying names in capitals being once secured, the rest is looked upon as mere filling to be copied from a previous Directory, or put in pretty much at random. In the case of such a book as a Directory, in its nature calculated for a particular city and vicinity, indeed expecting no patronage elsewhere, limited, moreover, to the demands of a single year, the harm done by its incompleteness or inaccuracy is very slight, and the legal saying, "caveat emptor," will very rightly apply. No city, however small, can in this country be happy without several daily papers and a weekly or two, in which, following the example of our publishing purveyors of literature on a larger scale, the insertion of a few advertisements procures "puffs" corresponding to the amount realized therefrom, and our Directory-maker has gained his end. If the system were confined within such bounds, we should say of it that it is a comparatively harmless, but real, fraud. Yet the same legerdemain is carried on through our whole system of book-making and book-publishing. Publishers well know that a name, a reputation, real or false, merited or the reverse, is what will take with the community; their object is to sell; they can directly or indirectly control the press, herald in advance a work as about to appear, and as the *very best* of its kind; as appearing finally, and leaving nothing to be desired; as having been published and applauded by the most competent judges,—and, if under such persistent pressure old stagers in literature are often deceived into the purchase of an utterly or nearly worthless but well-puffed book, how very natural, is it not, that the masses should be bamboozled into buying, reading, and even praising works of no intrinsic or

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extrinsic merit. This matter has been reduced to a system, in which the publishers are the rooks and the public the pigeons to be plucked. Worst of all is this system in the matter of school-books, the sufferers by them being so eminently helpless. "Hordes of text-books succeeding each other like the Goths and Vandals, series of readers, geographies, grammars and arithmetics 'six-deep' and graded till gradation is a misnomer, leaves the whole country at the mercy of publishers whose interests demand the most books at the highest price for the least number of children."

However, we have in this article to do with surnames, having been told that the subject is worthy of our continuance, and we shall consequently give a few of the more salient instances in which ignorance or vanity has caused them to suffer a sea-change. When the resultant change is the effect of simple illiteracy, the mode of transition is readily intelligible and the effect produced merely *new;* but when pretence goes to work for the purpose of embellishing a name, the offspring is apt to be both *new* and *strange*. Again we repeat that there is no intention to present an abstruse treatise on the etymology of names, for we touch their origin only when it is rendered necessary to prove the kinship of two apparently distinct forms. We confine ourselves to these facts: 1st. That many and useless varieties exist in the writing of a large majority of surnames. 2d. That they never ought to have existed, and were caused by illiteracy or vanity. 3d. That they need reform as much as did the orthography of the ordinary vocables of our tongue in the days when we spelled most loosely.

The word *Ceannuidhe* means in Irish "merchant," and we find in all languages surnames of like signification. They may be *Chapman, Kaufmann, Marchand, Mercatore*, or whatever else as to sound, but the meaning is always the same, and such name was originally given to some ancestor of those bearing it to-day, because he kept what we in the United States call a *store* and the English a *shop*. The Celtic word gives us such various forms of one name, as *Kennedy, Canaday, Canday, Kenney, Kennie, Kinney*, etc., which we submit as not all worthy of allowance and retention. Of course, we must grant that the Erse orthography is still so very loose that it hardly deserves the name; but, indeed, that of all the modern literary languages was for centuries in an almost equally dubious condition; proof of this assertion is by no means referred to the days of MSS. (manuscripts), but may be seen in earlier printed works of the various European languages, all and each found very shaky in the matter of spelling until near the close of the last century. We insist, then, that a clearly significant name should never be mutilated, as even in the instance before us, though it is by no means one of the worst cases of atrocious usage. If

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our best authorities have deemed it proper, nay, even necessary, that we retain the silent letters in such words as *doubt*, *stalk*, *knee*, *indict*, etc., lest otherwise we lose sight of the derivation of these words; nay, if we actually do retain the original spelling of such surnames as *Cholmondeley*, *Taliaferro*, *Marjoribanks*, *Auchinleck*, *Colclough*, etc., while we pronounce them as *Chumly*, *Tolliver*, *Marchbanks*, *Affleck*, *Cokely*, etc., there would seem to be no good reason why the rule should not be made uniform and enforced for *all* proper names. Our surnames are not outlaws from the community of language. They are nearly all even yet significant to the ear of an intelligent and tolerably instructed observer; and few, if any, fail to disclose their original meaning to him who has mastered the tongue of their origin. But this will not long continue to be the case if those who drive amongst them persist in so doing with the loose rein to which they have inured themselves. If words be things, as to which assertion philologists are pretty well agreed, or even though they be but signs, whether one or the other, they ought to have some better safeguard than they have when they take service as proper names, in which case they seem to be practically without the purview whether of grammar or dictionary, and are left to the caprice of their masters.

In the case of the name before us, the desirability of a change in the initial letter is very evident, but it is by no means so apparent that any further change in the orthography of the radical Celtic word was needed, or is now, for edification.

What can possess a man whose name is *Cathcart* (Fair-fight),—a name distinguished both in politics and literature—to transmute it into such a misnomer as *Kithcart*, a name both without authority and derivation? *Kalk* means in German *lime*, and is a not infrequent surname in the Fatherland; but in this region of country it has been deformed into *Calk*, *Colk*, *Kolck*, and even into *Kollock*.

Some names beginning with the syllable *Kil* are properly enough derived from the original speech of the Scotch Highlands, which, though in essence the same with the Erse, or the Irish, yet differs in many words, as well as in general, by a closer, or as Horne Tooke called it, a more *obstructed* pronunciation. The *Gilpatrick* of the Irishman becomes in the dialect of the Highlander *Kilpatrick*. But, as the Irish form of the tongue is the only one having either *nisus* or signs of ancient cultivation, we are clearly of opinion that all the numerous names derived from *Gille*—a *servant*—should be written and printed in accordance with the superior form of the language. Hence *Gilroy*, *Gilray*, *Gilrea* and *Gilree* (servant of the king), *Gildea*, *Gilday*, *Guildee* (servant of God), *Gilkirk* and *Gilchrist* (which explain themselves) should not be spelled with K. Of course it is evident that *Gilham*, *Gillum*, *Gillam* and *Gillem* are

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a single Saxon name, and that *Gillis*, *Gillies* and *Giles* should all be written in one form.

It must be admitted that the part of *pedissequus* is not one of high honor, unless, indeed, one happens to occupy that position in the service of royalty, or what is in Europe denominated "high nobility," in either of which cases there are evidently minds so constituted that its meniality becomes to them dignified, and they incline to boast of such servitude. But if one's name be *Lackey*, the origin remains, even though he call himself *Lecky*, *Lackie*, *Lickey* or *Lick*. For the sundry forms *Lachlan*, *Lacklan*, *Lacklin*, *Lacklon*, etc., there are but two possible origins: *Lackland* (sans terre), the sobriquet of King John of England, and the *Loghlin* or *Lachlan* of the Celts, which latter most assuredly stands as the progenitor of all the *McLachlans*, it matters not how they may letter a name; their ingenuity in misspelling is only equalled by their prolificent qualities. The populace in our own country insist on calling a celebrated French patriot *Lay*-fay-ette, and too many, who should know better, seem inclined to follow them therein; but there is not even a plausible reason why *Mr. La Motte* should go out of his way, as he does, in calling himself *Mr. Lammotte;* and we suppose they must be kinsmen of his who, a little further on, give their names respectively as *Laymot* and *Laymut.*

Leahey, *Lealy*, *Lahey*, *Lahy* and *Lay* are but different modes of writing one name, the first written being the correct form. And the name of that saint who was roasted on a gridiron is offered us under the motley forms *Laurence*, *Lawrence*, *Lawrance*, *Lawrens*, *Lorrens*, *Lorence*, to say nothing of the German *Lorenz* and the French *Laurent.* Whether as a simple name or as the termination of a compound, there would seem to be no reason for retaining *Lee* or *Leigh*, seeing we have long ceased to use any but *lea* as the form of the common noun from which they do not differ save in being used for this specific purpose. But among the many hundred names to which we find this termination tacked, there is, we think, specially good cause for referring to a common standard such absurdities as *Atley*, *Atlee*, *Atleigh*, *Otley*, *Otleigh*, *Utlee*, *Utley*, *Utleigh*, which collectively are but variations, and mostly stupid ones, of the distinctive name given to that particular *Hob* who was distinguished from others of the same Christian name by his place, or farm, which was "*atte leye.*" Every uneducated man who sees or hears the proper name *Leech* (which is of very common occurrence with us) straightway imagines, if he thinks at all on the subject, that it is connected with the leech used for depleting the veins; whereas a slight knowledge of old English, to say nothing of Anglo-Saxon, convinces us that it is but the name given by our ancestors to a physician, and in truth it has been most absurdly

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supplanted in the common parlance of their descendants by the term *doctor*, utterly inappropriate because so dubious that it has become non-descriptive. Of this name, written in Saxon in three different forms, the most frequent is that exemplified in the text: "*Nys halum laccas nan thearfi*,"—*they who are whole* (*sound*) *need not a physician* (St. Matt. ix., 12). But we find in present use *Leech*, *Leach*, *Leache*, *Leitch*, *Leitche* and *Leitsh*.

Lyke, *Leake*, *Lykman*, *Likename*, *Licknam*, *Licknum* and *Lynam* are but the Saxon and Teutonic name for a corpse; and while one might, as a matter of taste, prefer a name not recalling such dismal ideas, yet, if actually afflicted with such a surname, he would, if a sensible man, choose rather that all the family should spell it, if not *aright*, at least *alike*.

Whether *Layman* was so called from his not being a *cleric* or from his inability to read (both of which suppositions seem unlikely at a time when the great body of the people were altogether uneducated), or from the more likely though more disreputable word *Leman*, he certainly did not get his name from the fruit, and so should never write the word *Lemon;* yet we find in the Directory, not only these forms, but also *Lamon* and *Lamond*.

The man who spells his name *Lennard*, *Lennert*, *Linnard* and *Linard* when he is rightly named *Leonard*, need not laugh at his neighbors on the next column whose real name is *Leopard*, but who call themselves *Lappard*, *Leppart*, *Lippard*, *Lippart*, *Lipperd* and even *Lippett*. Probably there can be nothing done to change the originally very absurd practice of putting *Lewis* down for the original *Louis*, but *Lewes* is an utter abomination, palliable on no grounds that can be adduced.

In how many ways do not our friends who deem themselves hurt by the name *Little*, try to disguise or escape the obnoxious signification! *Littel*, *Littell*, *Liddel*, *Liddell*, *Lytle*, *Lytelle*, etc., are but a few of the *ruses* to which they have recourse; but they are all in vain, the meaning of the name under any guise being just the same with the Gaelic *Beggs*, *Biggs*, *Boggs*, the Cambrian *Vaughans*, the Teutonic *Kleins*, the French *Petits*, and the Spanish *Chicos*.

Loag, *Logue*, and *Loague* are but three forms of and for one name, the derivation of which (without a knowledge of the family history) is not certain to our mind; but we hold that, short as the word is, it is more than probable that false spelling is the cause why its origin is not at once evident to him who knows the language and country where it first arose.

Loller, *Lollar*, *Lawler*, *Lawlor*, *Lalor*, etc., may have had their name from the *Lollard* heretics. One of the family makes this claim, and if he has the facts to back him, it must, of course, be

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admitted. Certain it is that the name has as little to do with the *law* as had *Lawless*, whose original name was *Lovelace*, and who has not improved his name by the transit either in sense or sound.

If *Lummis*, *Loomis*, and *Lomax* be not Saxon and derived from the *loma* (loom), they are at all events one name in origin and should present but one appearance; nor can any effective grounds be advanced why *Loudon* should figure as *Louden*, *Lowden*, *Ludden*, *Luddon*, unless, indeed, it be laid down as a principle, in reference to proper names, that the limit of possible involution of their compound letters is the term of their admissible changes.

Lynch is the most common orthography of a name which elsewhere appears as *Linsh*, *Linch*, *Lynsh*, and most fantastically and viciously false of all as *Lynnshe*. It is a very common mistake to suppose this a Celtic name, whereas it is of Saxon lineage, and abounds in the south-west of England. It is the Anglo-Saxon *hlinc* (agger limitaneus), the ridge left unploughed to denote the boundary between fields.

Everybody who has paid any attention to the subject knows that the Irish Celts used the prefix *O* (in very old books *Ua*, and in the most ancient MSS. *Hy*), meaning *sprung of*, *descended from*, to indicate *race*, *stock*, or *sept*, and *Mac* (son) to express immediate origin. Hence the name to which *O* is prefixed merely shows the *sept*, while that which follows *Mac* expresses the proximate paternity. Thus *O'Brian* is a descendant of *Brian*, whilst *MacSorley* and *MacShan*, *Shane*, or *Shawn* are sons of *Charles* and *John* respectively.

The Highlanders of Scotland, on the other hand, never used the *O*, confining themselves to the *Mac* in the formation of their names. No claim to literary culture, at least none that will bear even a cursory examination, is set up on behalf of the Highland Gael; and whatever may be the truth of like pretensions made on behalf of ancient Erin, it is at any rate clear that said culture never extended itself at any time into the domain of Erse orthography; for, loose, dubious, and dislocated as was confessedly the spelling of the Anglo-Saxon, that of the Irish MSS. and books, both ancient and modern, even of their grammars and dictionaries, seems to be incomparably worse, and to proceed on no fixed principles whatever. The Gaels of Scotland point to no MSS.; the list of their books is even at this day exceedingly brief, and all or nearly all of what they have are in the usual Latin characters. When it is considered that every space of land amounting in size to one of our counties, had in the old days its separate jargon, hardly intelligible beyond its own bounds, that travel was very rare, and that to this day every man who speaks either Erse or Gaelic is quite sure that the sounds and words he has been accustomed to

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hear and use are the only correct ones—we need not wonder that every new attempt at a grammar, a catechism, a dictionary, or a volume of sermons, only serves to multiply anomalies and to render confusion worse confounded. In their language at large, they had long since done what we are rapidly doing for the proper names of our own tongue. Most of them have already lost their native language. Strangers know more about the remains of their formerly noble language than they do, and, like helots, they do not care to learn. Neither the *O*, the *Mac*, nor the names which follow either, convey any longer to their minds the idea originally expressed thereby; for though all names in all languages were originally significant, their nomenclature has been ignorantly perverted. As a result they have committed frightful havoc upon Celtic names, to such extent that even he who possesses a meagre knowledge of the original is deeply and irrecoverably pained. To go through with any considerable number of such names would be over tedious, more especially if this were done with a mention of their derivations; but a tolerably general idea of the nature of the corruptions referred to may be obtained by observing such forms as

McAlaster,	*McAuley,*	*McLane,*	*McRea,*	*McAffay,*
McAllister,	*McCauley,*	*McLean,*	*McRay,*	*McAfee,*
McCollister,	*McColley,*	*McLain,*	*McCrea,*	*McAfoy,*
McColister,	*McCaullay,*	*McClane,*	*McCray,*	*McEvoy,*
McAlster,	*McCully,*	*McClain,*	*McRae,*	
McHugh,	*McAleer,*	*McKay,*	*McDavid,*	*McAffrey,*
McCue,	*McAlear,*	*McKoy,*	*McDevit,*	*McCaffrey,*
McKew,	*McLear,*	*McCoy,*	*McDavit,*	*McCafferty,*
McKue,	*McLere,*	*McKee,*	*McDade,*	*McAfferty,*
McKewe,	*McLare,*	*McGee,*	*McDowd,*	*McGaffrey,*
				McKeefrey.

Of course there is no more objection to writing *Mac* under the form *Mc* than there is to our putting *Mr.* or *Mrs.* for the words *Master* and *Mistress;* the objections hold only as to the corruptions of the subsequent names, which in nearly all the above instances have been originally changed, either from want of thought, lack of knowledge of the actual meaning of the words, or pure illiteracy. I suppose you can hardly find one *McDonough* in a thousand who knows that his name means "*the son of Dominic,*" and even an Irish scholar, unless well read in the older books, may very readily pass over the changes in pronunciation undergone by the *m* and similar letters when aspirated in euphony. If you admit the right of translation into another and a different language, very well; but that certainly would be preferable to picking it away consonant by

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consonant, and vowel by vowel. On linguistic principles there is no reason why he who was *Matlack* yesterday, and to-day is *Matlett* without cavil, might not as well have called himself, so far as the matter of principle goes, either *Alexander Magnus* or *Ulysses Primus*. There exists a very extensive family whose Celtic name signifies "*son of Owen*," *Owenson* (*Owen* being a Celtic substitute for the Latin *Eugenius*). A very reputable and even a well-sounding name it is in its proper form; but they are not content to accept it thus, and the progeny of the Celtic *Eugene* call themselves by these various denominations, viz.:

McOwen,	*McKeon,*	*McKeen,*	*McCann,*
McOwan,	*McKeown,*	*McKenna,*	*McCaun,*
McGowan,	*McKeowen,*	*McKennie,*	*McGone,*
McGowen,	*McKayne,*	*McKinney,*	*McGoon,*
McOin,	*McCayne,*	*McKenney,*	*McCunne,*
McCoyne,	*McCane,*	*McCuncy,*	*McGunn,*
McKoyne,	*McKane,*	*McCune,*	*McCowne,*
McKone,	*McKean,*	*McEwen,*	*McKeowan.*

Add to all this that wherever the second portion of the name begins with a consonant, it is always possible to write *Ma* instead of *Mc* or *Mac;* and where said consonant is a *C*, to transmute it into *G* or *K;* so that we have at once nearly seventy diverse modes of spelling one and the same name. The actual fact in the premises being the most conclusive *reductio ad absurdum* argument as regards the whole system, we know not why some genius of the sept, more *outrê* or more perversely ingenious than the rest, should not spell it *MaghKeoghan.*

While it may be even desirable to make such a distinction in one name, *e.g. MacLoghlin* and *McLachlan*, as shall indicate to us whether we get them through the Erse or Gaelic, we enter into indignant protest against all such abortions as *Maglaughlan, Maglaughlin, Maglocklin*, and *MacLauckland.* Personally, we never knew but one man who spelled his name *Maglensey*, but the wrath of that one was fearful when a poor fellow addressed him on a postal under the name *McGlinchey*, which in point of fact was much nearer his true name than his own spelling of it. The original name is *MacLynch*, but they swarm in Directories under the form of *Maglensey, Maglinsey, McClinchey, Maclinshie, Maglinshie*, or *Maglenchie.*

Of *McKeever* and *McIvor* one may take his choice, there being, so far as we know, nothing imperative in the matter further than that the selection once made should be a finality.

Meagher, Meaher, Mahar, Maher, Mayher, Mair, Mear, Marr,

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Mar, *Maris*, *Mears*, present on separate view a formidable array of names, until a little close examination enables us to discern that they are all but one cognomen corresponding in sense to our *Field*, *Fields*, *Fielder*, *Fielding*, etc. We know, and we are glad to meet, honest *Mulligan*, who wears his true name. But we have much less use for his kinsmen *Milligan*, *Millikin*, *Mulcahan*, *Mulcane*, *Mulgan*, *Mullan* or *Mullen*, *Mullin*, *Mullon*, etc. *Malone* needs no change into *Malony* or *Mullowney*. *Manlove* is doubtless devoted to philanthropy, but he has relatives who take their delight in phonetics, and exemplify their principles by writing their name *Manluff*. We know of the *Marischal* College, Aberdeen, and of the very pretentious *Maréchaux* of France. The vast majority of our people, however, of that name, call themselves *Marshall*. Here and there you find one who inscribes on his sign, *Marshel*, *Mershell*, or even *Morshell*. While the *Massues* (battle-axes) of the Middle Ages are content with two forms, becoming either *Massey* or *Massie*, it is far from being so with the next family, who must have split up dreadfully on domestic questions before striking out all the forms that follow, viz.: *Mayar*, *Mayer*, *Maier*, *Maiar*, *Meier*, *Meiar*, *Myer*, *Myar*, *Moyer*, *Moir*, and *da capo* suffixing an *s*. An instance in which it would be difficult to suppose anything but ignorance the cause of change is found in the name *Meacham* (*mycg-ham* = *Midgcham*), which appears as *Meachim*, *Meachum*, *Meecham*, *Meechim*, and *Meechum*. Now, we contend that if we are right in changing the common Saxon "*mycg*" into the English "*midge*," the same translation should take place in every name, whether of place or person, of which "*mycg*" forms a part.

Menturn, *Mentwen*, *Menton*, *Minton*, *Mendon*, *Mendan*, and *Mindon* should have one form, being in effect but one name.

The Latin "*Magnus*" is in Anglo-Saxon *Micel*, and the best Anglo-Saxon scholars have proved beyond dispute that the *c* was in some ages and places pronounced like *k*, in others like our English *ch* in "*check*." As a result we have now among us, as names, these various forms of the Saxon adjective meaning "*great*," to wit: *Mitchell*, *Mitchel*, *Michel*, *Mickle*, and *Muckle*.

In *Monro*, *Munroe*, *Monrow*, and *Monroe* only one can be the correct surname. Why retain *Maurice*, *Morrice*, and *Morris*? One of them is quite sufficient. We have no perfect synonyms in the rest of the language, why should we foster and cultivate them among our surnames? It would be a pleasure to see *Moor*, *Moore*, *More*, and *Muir* always spelled according to the first of these forms, since no one would venture to deny that to be the word which in all the languages of *Gothic descent* signifies the waste land which we English write as "*moor*;" in Celtic *Mor*, without addition.

Most of us would prefer *Murphy* to *Murfey* or *Murfy*, not cer-

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tainly because of its greater faithfulness to its derivation, since *Murphy* has not the strong claim redolent of the soil which *Murfy* has, but simply numbers carry the day for the *ph*, a form not found in the Celtic at all. However, any one of the three forms is quite endurable compared with *Morphey*, who is a sham, and should be repressed at all hazard. Though *Nailer* be the name, yet for three who are contented with that spelling, fourteen write themselves *Naylor*.

Neel, *Neeley*, *Neal*, *Neale*, *Nealey*, *Neill*, *Niel*, and *Niall*, etc., are but unnatural and difficult presentations referring to "*Nial of the nine hostages*;" nor can it be said that they are improvements upon the name given in the legend. *Nickson*, *Nigson* and *Nixon* are but another phase of what we have already seen in the case of *Dickson* and *Dixon*, or we might have noticed, had the same presented itself in *Megson*, *Migson*, *Mickson* and *Mixon*. *Nickels*, *Nichols*, *Nickols*, *Nicklis*, *Nicklos* would certainly look better by far as *Nicholas*, with the superadded advantage of being correct, while two or three of them are manifestly mere corruptions, some of them abbreviations.

Ogden is the current English pronunciation of the name which is written indiscriminately *Hodgden* and *Hugden;* but we do not stand heavily in need of more than one form for *O'Donnel*, *O'Donel*, *O'Donald* and even *O'Daniel*. What do you want with *O'Mealey*, *O'Mailey*, *O'Meala* and *O'Malley?* The *O'Dwyers* are overdoing it when they give us also *O'Dwyre*, *O'Dwire*, *O'Dire*, *O'Dyre*, *O'Dyer*, etc. The German names *Ahn* (ancestor) and *Anne* are most barbarously presented to us under the forms of *Onn* and *Onny;* while *Ovey* and *Oynes* are clearly *Hovey* and *Hoynes* shorn of the *H* to which their derivation entitles them; and they in turn are corruptions of *Haughey* (also written *Huffey*) and *Hynes* or *Hines*.

Like many another person who gets his name from a trade, *Painter* does not like to be reminded of his ancestor's daily work, and therefore he figures (to the eye at least) as *Paynter* or *Payntor*. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" we have some account of a Mr. *Paradise*, who figures here under a painfully Anglicised form of the French name, thus: *Paradee*. But this has nothing whatever to do with the names *Pardee*, *Purdee*, *Pardy* and *Purdy*, which were at first doubtlessly applied to individuals noted for profanity, just as the French are known to have attributed to the English as a generic name the *oath* so commonly heard from the lips of *Albion's sons*.

The *Palmers* were pilgrims of old, whether to Rome or to the Holy Land, and the derivation of the name is quite evident. *Parmer* and *Parmar* are ignorant pronunciations of the same, ex-

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emplified by yet more abominable spelling; but *Permer*, amid his ignorance, which is patent, is additionally afflicted (though he is unaware of it) with affectation and finicality.

We must lump as one *Paton*, *Patton*, *Peyton*, *Payton* and *Peaton;* neither is there any difference beyond false lettering between the name of the poet *Parnell* and of the multitudinous *Purnells* of the Directory. *Perse* and *Percé* are the oldest forms of the surname which is nowadays correctly written as *Percy;* but *Pearce*, *Pierce*, *Pearse*, etc., are corruptions of the old English name *Piers*, which in turn was the English mode of writing the Norman *Pierre* as a patronymic, and meant no more with its added *s* than *Peterson*. The letters are retained in *Pierson*, and the sound in *Pearson*.

The good name *Percival* has degenerated without any shadow of reason into *Pursel*, *Pursell*, *Pursol*, *Pursoll*, *Purcel*, *Purcell*, *Pearsol*, *Piersoll* and *Persal*.

Pennewell is found in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle;" we have still *Penniwell* from a false notion of its derivation, and without any reference to etymology there stand for it in our Dictionary, or Directory rather, *Pennel*, *Pannel*, *Pannil*, *Fennell*, *Pannell*, *Penwell* and *Panwel*. We cannot discover with any certainty whether the common noun or the name of the Scottish town be the original of the closely allied forms *Peoples* and *Peebles;* but if called upon for a casting vote, we would give our suffrage for the proper name, which at any rate has possession in its favor, and should not lightly be disturbed.

The *Fallons* who call themselves *Phalon*, *Phalen*, *Phelan*, etc., deserve to be lashed; and this the more so as the origin and significance of the term are not in the least indistinct, *Shan O'Fallion* being simply *Johannes di Pallio* or *Palliatus*, both Christian and surname coming from the Latin soon after the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

Philip we know very well as a first name, but we also know its derivation, and this "*horse-fancier*" has neither rhyme nor reason in taking a second *l*. Yet we currently find *Phillips*, still worse *Phelps*. There was even a *Phipps* in the last century, and the Norman diminutive *Phillipot* has given us *Philpot*, which would doubtless have been written *Fillpot*, but that people, however ignorant, are unwilling wittingly to vulgarize their names.

Whether, as in German, his Polish origin gave *Polack* his name, changed afterwards by him and his into *Pollock*, or however else the surname may have been acquired, it is assuredly not *Polk* in spelling, still less *Poke* in pronunciation.

Price, *Preese*, *Preece*, *Pritchett* and *Prodger*, or *Prodgers*, were in days gone by *ap Rhys*, *ap Richard*, and *ap Roger*. It is not, however, within our scope to give the derivations, but rather to indi-

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cate the variations in the individual names adduced, and we only touch the etymology when it throws light upon the correct spelling or sound of the word. Such names as *Palfrey*, *Poindexter*, *Palmatary*, etc., of which (to the credit of the bearers) we find but one spelling, however interesting in their etymology, would lead us too far, did we attempt to pursue that branch of the subject.

When *Quinn* is changed into *Queen*, we all know the reason to be that the individual *Quinn* is in that case foolishly ashamed of his country and likely enough of his ancestors and their religion; and the *Coyle*, or rather *Cahill* before us, has taken a very devious mode of hiding his name by writing it *Quyle!* Defaced beyond recognition are the pretended names *Querey* and *Quirey;* and the forms presented are so manifestly the result of a game of pitch and toss with whatever letters may have originally composed the words, that it is hardly worth while to speculate as to whether the name was *Quarry* (Quarrière), *Quarré* (*hodië Carré*, square) or anything else.

In *Redcliff*, *Radcliff*, *Ratcliff*, *Ratliff* and *Rawliff* (to all these and similar ones an *e* may be added!), the first form gives the original derivation, and the others are but degenerate representatives of the antetype. We know personally that people of that name in the lower (meaning thereby the more uneducated) walks of life are usually called and sometimes spell themselves as *Ratley*, *Radley*, *Ratleigh* and *Rutley;* nor are we at all sure but *Raleigh*, *Rowley* and *Rawley* are essentially the same surname. In short, there is good reason to believe that *Sir Walter Raleigh*,—the *Rowley* of Chatterton,—Sir Stratford *de Redcliffe* and Harry *Ratley* (the *quondam* keeper of a famous kennel for fancy dogs) are all relatives, and of kin much closer than that by which we all count from *Noah*, claiming always by the male descent, and deriving the variation in social standing from the greater or less amount of money and consequent influence they were able to secure.

Raynolds, *Reynolds* and *Ranolds*, *Raynells*, *Reynells* and *Rannells* *Runnels*, *Runnells*, *Rennells*, *Rennolls*, etc., are but various uncalled for modifications of *Ranald*, or *Ronald*, with the patronymic sign of the genitive attached; and though he be hard to run to earth, it is but the old fox *Reynard* that we pursue under the various disguises of *Rannard*, *Raynard*, *Rainer*, *Rennerd*, *Rennert*, *Rennard* and *Raynert*.

From the English city, Saxon both in name and origin, we have *Reading*, *Redding*, *Reddon*, *Redden*, *Ruddon*, *Ruddin* and *Rudding*.

Reece, *Rice* and *Reese* represent to us the Cymric *Rhys*. Who will tell us that there is any reason for making of one significant word so many forms as *Red*, *Redd*, *Reddy*, *Reddie*, *Read*, *Readc*, *Reed*, *Reid*, *Reidd* and *Ried?*

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In Saxon times a *reeve* was a constable, and the name often clung to his offspring as a surname; hence the *Reeves*. But how wonderfully the difference of even a single letter helps us out of a strait. *Reeve* or *Reeves* was vulgar. *Rives* is highly aristocratic. After this change we are no longer of the *Saxon churls*, but of the *Normans*,—we were not conquered, but belong to the conquerors, —we are no longer sprung from a policeman, but we are *des Rives*, "of the banks," forsooth!

An ancestor of the *Rhodes* of this Directory may have fought there, as is claimed by one of the English family writing their name in this manner, but there is at least among moderns rather scant authority for names derived from successful military engagements; so, whether the name be spelled *Rhodes*, *Rhoads*, *Rhoades*, or simply *Roads*, we shall insist, till proof to the contrary is adduced, on believing that the surname in this instance springs from some ancestor who had his name from his "*canteen*" kept at the "*X roads*."

The anecdote is told of a "*'longshoreman*" attentively observing the progress of the work while a painter lettered on the stern of a boat the word *Psyche*, which being at length finished, he drew a long breath, and observed: "Well, if that ain't the *dernedest* way to spell "*Fish!*" We felt very much inclined to supplement the remark by something yet stronger, when we came across one *Ryan* in our Directory who spelled himself *Rhyen!*"

What more blatant falsehood can there be than when men named *Rich* spell themselves *Riche*, *Ryche*, *Richie*, *Richey* and *Ritchie?* Yet they are all here, five deep, in one book, and probably each one of us knows several of them. Why not agglomerate *Roden*, *Rodden*, *Rawdon*, *Raudon;* make one name of *Rooney* and *Roney;* and for the different and useless forms *Rosell*, *Rosselle*, *Roszell*, *Roszelle* and *Rossel*, set down the one name *Russell?*

As is almost universally the case with the terms indicating the various handicrafts, to increase or diminish the name, the *Saddlers* drop a *d* when they do not go further and make a nondescript of their name by writing it *Sadlier*. There is no such word; there ought to be no such name, and it belongs, in its present form, to no language.

No better guide is wanted, even for positive ignorance, in spelling the name *Salisbury* than the well-known name of the city so called. Yet the fact is that we meet it as a surname almost under every form rather than this, the correct one, and *Saulsbury*, *Salusbury*, *Salisberry* and *Solsbury* pain the eye of the reader and shock the sensibilities of the scholar at every turn.

Sanders, instead of having anything to do with *sand*, is in some instances a base corruption of *St. Andrews* and in others a patro-

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nymic derived from *Sander*, a nickname for *Alexander*. *Sinclair* and *Sinkler* stand for *St. Clare*, as *Sample* and *Semple* do for *St. Paul* or *St. Pol.*

The name of an English "bruiser" who fought years ago with an American "rough" was spelled *Sayers*, and we have the name still, together with the variations *Sayres*, *Sairs*, *Sears* and *Sires*, all amounting, however, but to one name.

Saylor is quite as anxious as *Taylor* and *Payntor* to avoid his true name, which must have been *Sailer;* true, he might have been of Teutonic origin, and in that case he is a *funambulus*—a rope-dancer by origin.

Scanlan may possibly be excused when he spells himself *Scanlon*, but we are not so ready to extend him a fool's pardon when he calls himself *Scantlan;* still less when he develops into *Scantland.*

Schoenfeld is our *Fairfield*, the Gallic *Beauchamp*, the Spanish and Italian *Campo bello*, the Scottish *Campbell;* yet it appears in the book before us as *Shoonfield*, *Shoonfelt*, *Shumfield*, *Shumfelt*, *Shamfeldt* and even *Shufelt.*

One would think at first sight there would be no possibility of manipulating *Sharp*, but yet it has been elongated by an *e* paragogic (as grammarians say) and strengthened by the epenthesis of an *i*—*Shairpe.*

We have an account of the "One-hoss Shay," it is true, but why should any *Shea* who knows anything of the tongue of his ancestors call himself *Shay?*

The descendants of the *Shepherds* have done almost all that can be done with letters to avoid the correct form. Hence we have here *Shephard*, *Sheppart*, *Shepart*, *Sheppert*, *Sheppard* and *Shepperd.*

Short was hard enough put to it when he played out his only trump as *Shortt.*

Mr. Sidewell reappears, though one might hardly fancy them of the same family under the names of *Siddel*, *Sidel*, *Sidell*, *Seedle* and *Seidle.*

From extraneous sources we discover that a whole clan of people called *Sinex* in this Directory are descended from a Swedish family who formerly wrote themselves, or rather were written, as *Seneca*, a fact of which nothing but actual proof could have convinced us, since in language (pretence apart) a harsh termination never takes the place of a smoother.

Sliebhin means in Celtic "monticulus," but they generally write themselves *Slevin* or *Slavin.* Isolated instances of *Sleevin* and *Slayven* appear, but when the disease has progressed to that extent they are apt to become *Mountain* or *Montaigne*, of which real instances are known.

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Solway, like the *Conway* of whom we spoke in a former article, expresses his own drawling pronunciation when he writes himself *Solloway*.

Speakman is intelligible, while *Spickman* is not.

What games are played with the name of *St. Stephen!* Who can say, unless he simply sets himself ingeniously to work in order to imagine all the different mutations possible upon these two syllables? Confining ourselves to those set down in the Directory of a small city, we find *Stephans*, *Stephens*, *Stevans*, *Stevens*, *Steephans* and *Steephens*.

The *Steward* rarely appears as a proper name in that form, since that would indicate an avocation in life below the dignity of those who are as anxious to indicate by their names that they and their ancestors had nothing to do as ever was Chinaman by the length of his nails. He becomes, consequently, *Stewart*, *Stuart*, *Stuard* and even *Stoord*.

Let us find, in passing, no fault with *Strahan* when he calls himself *Strane* and *Strain*, reserving our objurgations for him when he undertakes to write *Strahane*, and more especially when he puts the accent on the second syllable, *Stra-hane'*.

Fully convinced are we that there never was either Celt, Saxon or Gaul by the name *Schwab*. A *Teuton* he was and a *Teuton* he remains, even when he calls himself *Schwope*, *Swope*, or still more horrifically, *Swabb;* yet Schiller says of his countrymen:

> "Auch manchen Mann, auch manchen Held,
> Gebar das *Schwabenland*."

Sweeny has possession—nine points of law—and however we may put up with *Sweeney*, we are not so ready to admit *Swinny* or *Swinney* to a place at the board. It is a black shame that people, many of them having, to judge by their positions in society, at least some knowledge of literature or a chance of acquaintance with their own ancient and highly useful language, and some common sense, should nevertheless play such fantastic tricks with their names.

We find *Tally*, *Tolly* and *Tully* (even though an *e* be inserted before the *y*) one and the same name; indeed, in this instance they are all blood relations who bear them.

The Saxon *Thorpe* or *Thorp*, equivalent to the German *Dorf* and more Northern and Western *Doorp*, is presented as *Tharp*, *Tharpe*, *Thrap*, *Throp*, *Throop*, and even *Troop*.

Tillman, who, as his name fully indicates, was a mere *colonus* or *rusticus*, is dignified, when his descendants have gained a very different footing, into *Tilghman*, which means just nothing; but the crowd does not know that; silent letters look solemn, and "*omne*

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ignotum est magnificum" is true of many things not desiring to be ranked with the vulgar herd.

Can you find a man anywhere who has paid attention enough to Anglo-Saxon to understand clearly that easiest of all non-vernacular reading, the Gospels, who supposes *Tildon, Tilden, Tilton, Tillton*, etc., to be more than a single name? The name of the well-known translator appears in books as *Tindale, Tindall, Tyndal, Tynndale, Tyncdale*, and we recall seeing it somewhere in the West as *Tindle*. What a number of *O'Tooles* have we not who choose to register themselves as *Towle, Toale*, and even *Tole*. *Trexler, Drexler* and *Trixler* are the devices to which people of Germanic origin whose ancestors were workers at the *lathe*, have recourse to disguise the ignobility of their family name, *Drechsler*.

Thackara, Thackera, Thackwray and *Thackeray* are all ways of false presentation of the name of the great novelist, a name which, after all, is in origin but the *Docce-wrath* of a former article.

Uber, Huber, Hoober, Hoover and *Hewber* need no argument to show either their relationship or their Teutonic origin; and when an *Onderdonk* signs himself *Undertunk*, or an *Opdik* presents himself as *Updyke*, the chances are that he knows, in either case, so little of derivation that talk to him would indeed be but "vox clamantis in deserto."

Wallace, Wallis, Walles, Walls, Walsh, Walch, Welch, Welsh, Welles and *Wells* mean, and are no more and no less than what the Germans express by *Wälsh*, French *Étranger*, and English *Stranger*. It is singular that the name of the sept in Irish is *Brenneagh* and is translated *Welsh*. Just as *Enraughty* is in a city of Virginia pronounced "*Darby*" by way of change.

Mr. *Weir* may write himself *Wier, Weier, Weyer, Ware, Wayre* or *Wayer*, and may, to the extent of his ability, confuse the inquirer after names; but the surname remains what it was, the cuttle-fish tactics failing to becloud permanently its original form.

Wellesley and *Wesley* are conclusively proved to have been one before the aggrandizement of the first and the labefaction of the second, the original name being *West-lea*. Even the name of our own *Washington* might with very great propriety have been left in its older form of *Wessington*.

Whelan, Whalen, Wayland, Welland, etc., should all be written as the form first given.

We find here a *Weitzel*, which is the correct name, and afterwards these different variations from it: *Wetsel, Witsel, Wittsell, Witsell, Witsill, Wetzel* and *Whitsil*. On inquiry we find the whole family to be not yet a generation from the *Vaterland*.

Willie, Willey, Willy, Wiley, with the playful variations of *Wildie* and *Wildey*, need neither explanation nor proof of unity. *Wise* once

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in a while indulges in writing himself *Wyse;* and the Anglo-Saxon "*wiht*," which would naturally give us "*wight*," actually furnishes us the more pretentious but less intelligible *Wyatt.*

We have no special fault to find with *Yates* and *Yateman*, so long as they abstain from writing themselves *Yeates* and *Yeatman*, for there can be no doubt that the Saxons, whilst spelling with a *g*, yet pronounced with a *y*. However, as the common noun is now indisputably "gate," there would seem to be no valid reason why all proper names of which this word forms a part should not be similarly spelled. At any rate, some uniformity in practice is highly desirable.

We have thus from two separate but small Directories taken some of the more salient instances in which illiteracy, a desire for singularity, want of thought or mere caprice has caused either a single change or even many mutations in what ought to be one and the same name. It is not, however, contended that those now bearing these names are of necessity accessory to the change under which the individual name suffers. Many—nay, probably, most of them—occupy the position of *bonâ fide* holders, and are not at all in fault for the mutations previously occurring in a surname which they inherited after its mutilation or possible exaggeration.

Horne Tooke's simile, in which he compares the dropping off of letters to the straggling of soldiers on a long march, holds very well of the common words of a language; for these words, not being exclusively appropriated to the individual, do not come within the domain of personal vanity, the tendency of which latter is, in nearly every instance, to enlargement by the addition of letters. Instances quite sufficient of mutations arising from all the enumerated causes have been furnished in this and a previous article, and we contend for nothing more than this, viz.: that our language, of which our surnames certainly form a part, has reached such a point of literary advancement that our names should, for the future at least, not be left a prey to the caprice of conceit, the inertia of ignorance, or the quirks of the etymological quibbler. Instances have been given in which we have anywhere from *five* up to *seventy* different modes of spelling a name originally one and the same. It needs no learning to discover the general facts, though a little acquaintance with the Anglo-Saxon is a great advantage in the investigating of many of the more recondite cases, but for practical purposes, the man who can read needs only to take a walk in any of our large cities, examining the sign-boards, to discover that the plan of procedure in the matter of our names has no claim to be considered a *method*, much less a *system*, and that if it be a part of our language (as will hardly be denied) that language itself must be rapidly going to the bad. It was long

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believed in a vague, undefined, general sort of a way, that, while the law had at least so much to do with our proper names and surnames that an Act of Parliament in England, or of one of our Legislatures in the United States, was necessary before a valid change of either could take place, we were free from the shackles of statutes in all the rest of our spelling, and it is a curious comment on the efficacy of law, as applied to matters with which the law has, as such, no proper concern, that under this regime and supposition of the general community, the only portion of our orthography which can be said to have taken fixed form is exactly that with which the law was believed to have nothing to do; and the spelling of our names, long supposed to be specially within the scope of legislation by statute, is exactly that portion of our language which remains most loose and undecided.

Of course no sensible writer expects by an article or two to make headway at once against the sluggish apathy of the public, even of the literary public, as to the establishment of a central authority for the orthography of names. If in all this length of time it has been heretofore found impracticable to found an *Academy* of the English language, it is manifestly still more so to bring people, "lege solutas," to submit to any dictation as regards their names. But they can at any rate be shown the absurdity or oddities of many of their vagaries in nomenclature, and be made to understand that they do not succeed in palming off the imposture on all the world, that they are seen through and quietly laughed at in the process when they themselves are the originators of the mutation; and where such change has been inflicted on them by or through ancestors or others, we wish them what we cannot supply, viz.: the sense to spell their names aright. This is as applicable to ourselves as to any one else. We well know that we cannot fail but offend some of those bearing now and then a name mentioned, as illustrative of the position assumed in regard to surnames in general; but it will be at once seen that there has at the same time been no intentional offence, since the names occurring have not been specially sought out, and are simply those which were stumbled upon in following out the lists given; nor have we used even the half of those which we might have adduced. And here, in conclusion, we may be allowed to remark that, in our opinion, a book both useful and instructive might be made on this subject, but that for the thorough compilation thereof both leisure, access to authorities, and a comprehensive knowledge of languages will be required, all three of which rarely fall to the lot of the same individual, and that without them the aforesaid book were better unattempted.

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BOLLAND AND THE FIRST BOLLANDISTS.

IN a recent sermon the learned Bishop of Richmond stated that in the lives of the Saints "truth is often stranger than fiction." Yet, how very few, even of those interested in literary and historical research, whilst seeking for information, think of turning to the old tomes in which are recorded the majestic deeds of the Servants of God. Facts more astounding than the greatest victories of armies, or the grandest triumphs of monarchs, lie hidden in that dim obscurity which surrounds the lives of most of the Saints. The records of the heroic deeds of the children of the Church are chiefly unwritten, or if written, are carelessly thrown aside unread by the many, whilst the actions of worldly men, even though tainted with selfishness and the other failings of humanity, are lauded by a thousand pens, and studied by the multitude. Powerful historical novels have been written, and their success has been attested by the multitude of readers who have been attracted by the magnetism of the tales; who have shed tears of sympathy over the fate of the heroes and heroines, and who have followed the writers' plots with interest so intense that at times it amounts almost to enthusiasm. Yet, matter much more interesting, and certainly far more instructive, lies hidden in the histories of God's servants. However, notwithstanding this fact, the lives of the Saints are not read. Why is this the case? In the lives of many of them can be found ample material, which, if properly developed, would form the bases of most healthy and interesting novels. Moreover, in these the authors would not be compelled to draw upon their wits' ends for imaginary facts. They need but simply retail in story language the events which signalized the lives and times of these holy persons. Cardinal Wiseman in "Fabiola," Cardinal Newman in "Callista," Father Bresciani in several of his works, and others, have led the way in this matter, have shown its possibility, and have proved that it can be successful. Some of our most beautiful novels, which are Christian in character and plot, have been written from material found in the lives of the Saints. There is a poetry in these lives which, when properly placed before us, exceeds by far the thrilling beauty of the magic tales which entranced our youth, or of that fairy lore which, whilst instructing and refining us, afforded the gentlest of recreation for the mind.

It is a truth which cannot be gainsaid that, comparatively speaking, Catholics know but little concerning Catholic Saints;

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and it is likewise true that the bulk of our people are unwilling to bother themselves with books of piety about the Saints. Why must these books be considered as desirable for, and of service to, those alone who seek that perfection of spirit which is obtained only by renouncing all things for Jesus? Perhaps it may be because our English writers have contented themselves with a dull, prosy style, in which they barely narrate facts, condensing as much matter into a few pages as possible. Butler is condemned by many for this reason. It does seem as if we had no real histories of the Saints in English. Some lives of special Saints are now being published, it is true, which reflect great credit on the compilers, such as those of St. Francis Xavier, St. Catharine of Siena, St. Charles Borromeo, and others. But the collective lives of God's servants which we possess in English are compiled more after the manner of cyclopedias or books of reference than of books which are intended for every-day perusal. Thus, of the English edition which is best known and most commonly used, a celebrated writer says: "Butler is a warped mirror, which is far from reflecting the Saints in that radiant beauty in which they have shone in their day. If he does not cast them down from the thrones on which the pious of various ages have been accustomed to view them, he rarely leaves untouched the aureolas with which God has crowned them. If he relates with what courage they despoiled themselves of the goods of this world, he is likewise careful not to portray the splendors with which God has crowned them. Doubtless he feared lest he might dazzle or scandalize those eyes which the arid and bare atmosphere of Protestantism had rendered unaccustomed to these glimpses of divine light, to these sweet and rich reflections of heaven."

Many of the most beautiful and instructive events in the careers of different Saints have been either entirely omitted or lightly dealt with by Butler. Well authenticated miracles, positive attacks of the demons, even most edifying conversations with the Saviour, have, if noticed at all, been summed up in a few bare words. Probably this was done through the same motive which afterwards led to the discontinuance of the "Oratorian Lives," the fear lest those of other beliefs might be shocked or scandalized. But "why attempt to be wiser than the Church, which is guided by the spirit of God? She does not blush at that marvellous in the lives of the Saints which raises them so poetically above the monotonies of human life. She is not ashamed of that wonderful way in which God manifests himself when man is willing to forget himself; in which is restored to man a portion of that empire over nature which was broken by his first fall."

M. Paul Guerin, in his introduction to the "Petits Bollandistes,"

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finds fault with Butler for his nationalism. He says that Butler is too English, that he devotes his pages chiefly to English-speaking saints, and gives but little space to many servants of God who were born of French parents, or who lived on French soil. We must consider this criticism as rather unjust, inasmuch as Butler's "Lives" were intended for English readers. M. Guerin himself becomes much more forcibly open to a like objection. Whilst giving to his book a title which indicated that it should be a condensation of that most wonderful production, the "Acta Sanctorum," he yet manages to give his collection a thoroughly French bias. Thus, if we take his sketch of St. Patrick, we find it short and incomplete. His life of St. Bridget is by no means as well narrated as the life of the same Saint by the gifted Montalembert. St. Wilfred, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Becket, all suffer at his hands from the scantiness of the matter furnished. Moreover, when we take into account the natural dispositions of the two races, and the tendencies of the two languages, we will be much more inclined to excuse Butler than M. Guerin. A Frenchman will become enthusiastic over matters, while an Englishman placed in similar circumstances will remain stolidly cool. The Englishman, by his education, looks for plain, ungarnished facts, whilst the Frenchman loves to see these same facts garlanded with all the beauties of language.

Godescard and Bailly, says the critic, are cold and uninteresting. "They leave on us the impression which we feel when promenading in a garden which has been stripped by the frost. The breath of a cold and deathly criticism has left neither leaf nor flower." Legends and traditions of doubtful authority have, by some means, crept into the annals of Surius. The inaccuracies of Ribadeneira was one of the reasons which led to the great work of the Bollandists. However, these latter works are known only to the educated, and are not within the reach of the people. What we need are good, trustworthy histories of the Saints of the Church, written in a pleasing, popular style, which will meet the needs of the many, and not be beyond their purses.

Our people do not know the lives of the Saints. Let us give an example. Three years ago the centenary of Martin Luther was celebrated in the German Empire with great *éclat.* The daily papers were filled with accounts of similar services held in the principal cities of the world. Lengthy notices of the various ceremonies attending the event were written and published. His was the embodiment of the disturbing element of revolt. Still, his memory is kept green, and his friends have been able to falsify the records of history concerning him to such an extent that deluded thousands yet look upon him as a special messenger of God, raised

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for a special purpose, at a special time. Two years ago was celebrated the centenary of the noble St. Charles Borromeo. Yet was it scarcely heard of beyond the walls of the Catholic cities in which the celebration took place. A few words by cable announced the event, and then all was over. The result is that Catholics know more, and in many cases, we fear, believe more of the so-called history of Martin Luther than they do of the genuine history of one of the greatest reformers and Saints of the Church.

There is, then, a wide field which can be filled by capable writers, with much benefit to themselves and to the faithful. Marina, who was Superior of the Dominicans, said: "As there is no more profitable and efficacious instruction for salvation than the lives of the Saints, so there are few who deserve more highly of the Church triumphant and militant than they who bring from darkness the histories and deeds of the Saints, and who from the mountain height of the Church put these forward for the imitation of the faithful, as the absolute exemplars of all Christian perfection." Let the writers of these new volumes take some of the gems from what we may call the "crown diamonds" of Catholic history and biography, those grand tomes of the Bollandists. In these will be found all that can be desired as far as matter is concerned, coupled with the assurance that not one line is unauthenticated when copied from original manuscripts or received from the traditions and legends of monastic institutions. And to the whimsical we would say that legends are not to be cast aside because of prejudices, or to propitiate the favor of the various denominations. The marvellous or the miraculous is not to be declared superstitious because of the bigotry of unbelievers. Facts are to be weighed in each case, and historical evidence is to be taken for its worth in the lives of the Saints as well as in the lives of other renowned personages. Traditions are to be respected, and the truth which is in them is to be carefully sifted from the covering of tale which time may have weaved around them.

Already can we perceive among the orthodox non-Catholics a veering round to strong faith in those very traditions which but a century ago were declared superstitious by their church vestrys. The High Church party acknowledge their belief in Saints and saintly lives. Not possessing within their fold a stock from which to draw, they are fain to enter the Catholic ranks to obtain edifying matter for their children. The stories of the Saints are published by them, not, indeed, as we would wish to see them, but with sufficient bias to lead the youthful or inexperienced reader to imagine that these heroes of Catholicity had been either forerunners or active members of the Anglican schism. Nor are these writers ashamed to portray the noted miracles of the Saints. In fact,

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the Ritualistic party of to-day is by far more credulous than are Catholics.

Blessed as the Anglican party is with an ample share of the goods of this world, it can easily effect the wide distribution of its books. Here is another of our difficulties, and another reason why the lives of the Saints are not read by Catholics. Books of this kind are luxuries, and the Catholics of the United States, who as a body walk the humbler paths of life, cannot afford luxuries. To bring out these books properly requires much research and much talent. Time is needed for research, and writers of ability must needs receive proper compensation. Now, these difficulties, although great, are not insurmountable. The writers of the Bollandist collection found the Catholic world willing to aid them by purse and every other possible means. So, in all probability, if the initiative be taken to-day, the courageous writers who make the start will find noble Catholics ready to back them in the enterprise. The fact that this might be the means of saving our youth from the abominable flashy literature which is now spread before them on all sides, would be incentive enough to many generous Catholics to make them patrons of the work. Certainly it is humiliating to us to know that the first extended notice in English of Bolland and his associates in the greatest literary and historical work which the Church can call her own, has been prepared by an Anglican clergyman, and given to us by a non-Catholic publishing house.

Who, then, was Bolland, and what is the collection which has been called after him? In the seventeenth century, at the famous university of Douay, a good, holy Jesuit professed philosophy. His name was Rosweyde. He had conceived the idea of compiling from the various manuscripts of which he could obtain control a series of the lives of some of the most important Saints. Amid the multiplied duties of the professorial chair and the care of the souls of the parish, he had labored earnestly in gathering from every available quarter such manuscript copies of the Acts of the Saints as would be of service to him in his contemplated work. As matter began to accumulate, the ideas of Rosweyde concerning his work began to expand. He resolved to enlarge its scope and to make it more comprehensive. But, before his thought had become a fact, the good priest died, October, 1629.

At his death Rosweyde left a large pile of valuable documents and manuscripts, which were to have been used in the compilation of his work. What was to be done with these? Were they to be cast aside to return once more to that darkness whence the energy of Rosweyde had drawn them, and, as a consequence, to be lost forever to history? Were they, after having been obtained at such

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pains, to be permitted to moulder away on dusty shelves or to become the food of the destructive bookworm? Roswedye was a Jesuit. His enterprise, therefore, inasmuch as it had the approval of his superiors, was rather a community design than the work of an individual. Nor was it the intention of the Society to allow his labors to be lost. Three members of the Society were selected as being in every way fit to gather and prepare for use Rosweyde's literary wealth. Of these three John Bollandus, or Bolland, was the universal choice of the Society. He received orders to betake himself to Antwerp, that he might there familiarize himself with his new duties. His preceding years had been spent in the faithful discharge of the duties assigned to him by his superiors. But his life may be said to have been condensed into the years which he spent in Antwerp as director of the "Acta Sanctorum."

Bolland went to Antwerp, saw the condition of affairs, and returned to report to his superiors. He stated that there was every hope of a rich harvest if the proper men were sent to care for the seed which had been sown. As far as the publication of the labors of Rosweyde was concerned, he told his superior that he had found things even less ready for the press than he had expected. Rosweyde had told many of his friends that he would begin the publication of his work in October; but before the day set for the starting of the press had arrived Rosweyde had gone to his eternal home, and things were cast into a direful state of confusion. Bolland, however, honestly told the Provincial that if left free to follow his own ideas, and if the material gathered by Rosweyde were left at his disposal, he could bring out a book which would reflect credit on his order and be a glory to the Church. To effect this he demanded, as a matter of justice, that the many precious books which had been purchased by Rosweyde should be restored to the house. It appears that on the death of Rosweyde many of the most valuable tomes had been carted away in a spirit of vandalism to the public library. In these matters, as well as in the controversies which arose with the town authorities concerning the restoration of the stolen volumes, the Provincial coincided with and upheld Bolland. He sent him to Antwerp, and saw to it that the pilfered books were returned. Bolland was to have charge of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and the cure of the souls of the parish. All other free time and such as he could legitimately spare from his parish work was to be devoted to his new task.

It was providential, says the historian, that neither the aged superior nor the obedient Bolland understood thoroughly the immense extent of the new undertaking. Otherwise the religious world would in all probability be still deprived of that rich mine of literary and spiritual wealth which it now possesses. The humble

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Jesuit would have been appalled at the magnitude of the task placed before him, and the ever considerate superior would have hesitated before placing so heavy a burden upon his subject.

However, the work soon grew under his hands. Rosweyde had contented himself with getting what manuscripts he could from neighboring towns. Not so Bolland. His sharp eye took in all Europe. The work began to expand. His ready pen was soon busied in sending missives to all the Jesuit houses throughout the Continent, inviting aid and soliciting such manuscripts as might be of future service. As the labor incumbent on such a proceeding increased, so did his zeal and energy. Not a letter remained unanswered nor a point of information obtained unused. Whilst busied about these things, he at the same time aided others from all lands in getting out their new publications. Scholars from all parts of the globe flocked to Antwerp. It became a modern Athens, and the centre of literary homage was the humble Bolland. Poetry, philosophy and theology were all subjected to his criticism. Despite his priestly duties, which were by no means small, and his historical researches in the preparation of the "Acta," he still found ample time to expurgate and prepare revised editions of the classics, and by his genius to solve the many intricate and difficult questions which were brought to him as to the most learned man of the day.

We all know how many difficulties beset the initiative of a task. There are the fears lest it may not succeed, the disappointments in the very quarters from which we expected encouragement, and the countless things to which we should attend, but cannot. Bolland felt and suffered from all this. With no fully developed plan of his coming work, with interviews to give, and with numberless letters and inquiries to attend to, he made but little progress. At all events, the work was not being pushed with sufficient rapidity to satisfy the eager desire of those who had looked forward to its speedy completion. Five years had gone by, and the first volume, which had been long promised, had not as yet appeared from the press. The patrons were beginning to complain, and to show signs of discouragement. From his poorly furnished room, which was verily a literary litter, Bolland wrote to his superiors that his task was a life work. Seeing how much he was hampered by parochial duties, his superiors released him from the charge of the sodality, and from a portion of the labors of the confessional. A helper was given him in the person of F. Henschen, a zealous and talented young priest. Entering fully into the designs of Bolland, Henschen gave a new impetus to the work. It began to assume greater proportions. The broad ideas of the younger man were engrafted on the scheme of Bolland. As a consequence, the labor

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of the task was increased as the design of the book was enlarged. As the developments of Bolland had been an improvement on the original plan of Rosweyde, so the broader scope of Henschen was an improvement on that of Bolland.

Bolland and Henschen worked most zealously together, the former looking upon the latter as a co-laborer, the latter ever regarding the former as his superior. They honestly determined to allow nothing to enter their volumes at which the impious might cavil, which sciolists might despise, or which the uneducated might not understand. They recognized the fact that heretics, even as in our day, regarded many of the deeds and acts of the Saints as legends and fables, and laughed at the credulity of the Catholics who placed faith in them. They were aware that so-called history teemed with calumnies against the truth of the best authenticated miracles. They, therefore, resolved that it was better that, hereafter, either nothing should be written about the lives and acts of the Saints, or that they should be so accurately and plainly set forth that no one could impugn the slightest matter; that whatever errors might have slipped in previously in the narration of these lives should be now properly corrected, and that every doubtful matter should be most closely examined. Thus "the eyes of the invidious and the mouths of the malicious would be compelled to acknowledge the majesty of Catholic truth and sanctity appearing with such *éclat* in the lives of the Saints."

To these canons which the Fathers had adopted for their guidance they adhered most closely. It is the scrupulous care with which the researches were made, the almost absolute freedom from error, and the guaranteed authenticity of each given document, which makes the Bollandist collection one of the most precious treasures of the Church, and the best record of Christian historical facts extant. Still, does it not appear more than passing strange to behold men of other faiths drawing their knowledge of the Saints from these lives, together with their ideas of the historical occurrences of the times, and yet distorting the facts obtained to suit their own fancy or end? Following no canon of history save their own whims or popular prejudice, they select what pleases them and proclaim it truth; and reject as false, because it opposes their theories, what rigid investigation wholly substantiates. Or maybe, like Sismondi and Hallam, they are willing to accept such facts as they may need from the lives of the Saints, but will credit them to other sources, lest the world might consider them as inclining toward "Romanism." Perhaps it was for the use of such garbled quotations that Cardinal Newman years ago declared Hallam a most dangerous writer; and perhaps it is for a like reason

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that Mr. Lilly declares Dean Milman a brilliant but inaccurate writer.

The difficulties which beset Bolland and his companion at the very beginning of the work were sufficient to make the strongest minds hesitate before assuming such a task. As the work progressed, the difficulties became greater. Copies of manuscripts from the various libraries were to be compared with the originals. Correspondence with learned and religious men in every quarter of the continent was to be attended to. What was to be inserted and what omitted; the separation of authentic from false documents; the expunging of inaccuracies; the historical data to be given; all these things required in their preparation much time and thought. Thus, as an example, in arranging the feasts of the month of February, according to the martyrology of St. Cyriacus, which had been copied and highly praised by no less an authority than Cardinal Baronius, they came across an unmistakable error. For a long time they labored at righting it, but their efforts seemed useless. Finally they determined to consult the original. To do this they were obliged to correspond with and ask the aid of Cardinal Caraſa, in whose possession the original lay. Through his kindly services they obtained a transcription of the whole manuscript, and compared it with their own copy. It then became manifest that the first transcriber had omitted a line. By this inadvertency various martyrs who had suffered at different times and places figured as having suffered together, and were, therefore, commemorated in the same feast. We can readily understand that errors of this kind could be overcome only by untiring patience joined to great energy, and that time and money were both required to straighten things out. Neither were difficulties such as we have described few. Yet the unflagging labor and learned skill of the saintly workers and their successors have triumphed over all, and given to the world that grand monument of Christian learning and research which has stood the severest criticisms of infidelity and heresy.

In 1641 Bolland and his companion went to Louvain on business connected with the publication of the work. Whilst there he fell grievously ill, and doubted if he could longer continue his task. He talked in a most melancholy manner about the prospective failure of the great design, and regretted that so much money had been expended upon it. It looked, indeed, as if Louvain were to be the burial-place of the uncompleted "Acta." For, whilst Henschen was celebrating the Holy Sacrifice before the bed on which Bolland lay sick, he was himself taken down with a violent fever. In a short time his life was despaired of, and all work upon the "Acta" was abandoned. However, Henschen soon

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recovered, and returned to Antwerp, to which town Bolland was afterwards conveyed. For eight long months Bolland was unable to devote himself to any serious study. During this period the burden of the labor fell upon Henschen, and whatever progress was made was due to his efforts. By degrees Bolland's strength returned, and he set himself again to his task. In the following year, 1643, thirteen years after the undertaking had been begun, he brought out two large volumes for January, which contained the acts and lives of over eleven hundred Saints. Moreover, we are assured by his historian that a still greater number than this was cast aside, because of inaccuracies, errors, and a want of corroborative proof of alleged deeds.

As might have been expected, the publication of the first volumes brought a host of congratulatory letters to Bolland from every literary centre. Encouraged by these signs, he set himself eagerly to complete the February numbers. Had his health continued good, he would soon have accomplished this. But his strength gave out. His old disease returned, and with it he was assailed by asthma, vertigo, and other serious complications. His doctors ordered him to the waters of Spa. As he journeyed to this place he, for the first time during his many years in the Society, saw his relatives. His afflictions increased, and became almost unendurable. He could not walk without crutches. To his other diseases was added the excruciating agony of stone. The physicians acknowledged themselves unable to help him. In this extremity he turned himself to the Saints whose lives he was writing. Through their power, he tells us, he was so far cured that he was able, without difficulty, to continue his labors. In the meantime, the days had lengthened into months, and the months into years, and the promised February numbers were not forthcoming. In truth, fifteen years elapsed between the appearance of the January and February portions of the work.

Further excuse is to be made for Bolland because of his surroundings. The room which he occupied for many years was at the top of a gabled house, and was small and badly lighted. It was impossible to have two assistants in it at once. Heaps of manuscripts lay in every direction, and books were piled in all corners and odd nooks. To Bolland all this was order. He could at a moment's notice place his hand on any book or writing which he needed; but not so his assistants. Like many other literary men, he often found them stumbling blocks. They would fail to return the books and manuscripts to their proper places after use, and thus occasion a serious loss of time. Again, the order of his room, with its big piles of books scattered here and there, was perfectly unintelligible to his assistants, who could never find the documents

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which they needed, nor spare the time to rummage amongst such a seemingly disorderly mass of papers. Writers can best appreciate the vexations caused by this state of things, and can readily understand how the temporary loss of a single sheet could delay, even for months, the appearance of a volume. They can likewise justly estimate the spirit of patience and long-suffering which must have ruled the heart of Bolland, when he could resign himself contentedly to such misfortune, and not, at times, break his crutch over the back of his unlucky assistant.

As might be expected, his room bore all the appearance of an antiquarian museum. Reliable writers inform us that in richness of both manuscripts and authors it by far surpassed the famous Barberini collection at Rome and the library of Mazarin in Paris. Yet was it interesting only to scholars, for rich bindings were wanting, and no ornamentation decorated the walls. Schenkel, who at that time was considered to be the possessor of the richest and rarest collection of coins and works of art in all Flanders, and to whose house scholars came from all sides, went one day, impelled by curiosity, to the little room of Bolland. He had heard many talk of it, and desired to see if it justified the common report. "Like Queen Saba before Solomon," says the annalist, "Schenkel was speechless. Considering the number and value of the books and manuscripts gathered into this little corner from all parts of the world, he lost heart in his own collection, and declared that he had never before seen anything equal to it." Then, continues the writer, "no longer thinking of his display of coins, he went whence he had come, an astonished man." The Elector of Brandenburg, a great lover of literature, spent many pleasant hours in this queer garret; and Christina, of Sweden, after her abdication, was also pleased to visit this sanctuary of learning. In return for the interest manifested in his enterprise by the exiled queen, Bolland presented her with an advance copy of the life of St. Anscharius, Bishop of Hamburg and Apostle of the Danes and Swedes, such as it appears in the "Acta" for the third of February.

In 1658 the February numbers were brought out. They consisted of three immense volumes in which the acts of over a thousand Saints were commemorated. "The three volumes," says Henschen, "if considered with regard to bulk, would make about six of the size of the tomes of Baronius; but if labor, and study, and research become the standard, they would by many times exceed those of the famous annalist." The reasons given are as follows: that Baronius, having once laid down his chronological system, could make his various dates accord with it; that he was not obliged to enter into the details of every controversy which

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had arisen during the Christian era; that he was not bound to give the date and place of birth of every person of whom he spoke; that he could accept as satisfactory testimony the writings of reliable historians, without feeling himself obliged to go back in each and every case to the fountain source for his authority; in fine, that his was a general history of the Church, whilst Bolland's work was a history of its individual saints, bishops, sees, monasteries, and religious orders, and of the errors by which its teachings had at various times been assailed.

Of one thing we are assured: The workers found no little difficulty attending their efforts to sift the true from the false, and to assign to the proper Saint the various recorded deeds. Thus Bolland found by his investigations that the acts of ten different Saints named William, who lived at different times and places, were all attributed to one person. The rectifying of such mistakes brought a storm of opposition against the work from many religious and holy people. These became embittered when they found that in the new book their patrons were shorn of the honors which they had hitherto wrongly received. Yet, so patiently and so clearly did Bolland explain these changes, that the malcontents, as one of them forcibly expressed it, "were obliged to drink their own bile."

When our American writer, Irving, was shown some terrible blunders into which he had fallen concerning Catholics, he promised to have them corrected. But no correction ever came, and the glaring falsehoods are still to be found in his writings. This was not the spirit of Bolland or his *confrères*. They possessed historical honesty in what we may call a supereminent degree. The Superior of the Augustinians writes to Bolland: "We have received the volumes. They are truly wonderful works. Yet, in your life of St. William you have not shown much favor to our Order." We have already stated the reason. Many things had been dropped from his life because they could not be fully substantiated, and other events previously recorded of the Augustinian William had been proven to belong to the "Acta" of other Williams. However, the answer of Bolland was a noble one. "We study ecclesiastical truth," he says. "Show us in what we have deviated from its path, and we will rectify the error. Point out a mistake in our pages, and in fifteen days we will have it published to the whole world." Despite the opposition of the few, the work was received with pleasure and applause by the learned. Its worth was well stated by Pope Alexander VII., when he declared that no book had ever been brought out, or even begun, which was destined to be more useful to the Church, or which would reflect greater glory upon it.

Bolland was now invited to Rome, that there, in the centre of

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Christian learning, monuments, and traditions, he might devote himself more thoroughly to his work, and avail himself of those rich and rare documents preserved in the various libraries of the Eternal City. Feeling that old age and failing strength would render so long a journey difficult to him, he regretfully declined the honor. However, he obtained permission from his superiors that his faithful associate, F. Henschen, should go in his stead. He was to be accompanied by another, whose name now comes prominently forward in the history of the "Acta," F. Papebroeck. After spending four months in the preparation of a catalogue of each and every manuscript and book in the possession of Bolland, Henschen and Papebroeck set out upon their journey on the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, 1660.

The history of this journey in search of knowledge and truth reads like a fairy tale. It was a triumphal march from town to town. Bolland accompanied the travellers as far as Cologne. Wherever they stayed, they were received with the greatest kindness by the many friends of the author. Going down the Rhine, they stopped at the historic monastery of Bingen. Here their hearts were gladdened by the sight of the relics of St. Hildegard, and their literary desires satisfied by the perusal of the ancient tomes containing the prophecies of the Saint. Through Spires, Frankfort, and Aschaffenburg they went. At this last town they found a vast pile of matter awaiting their investigation. It had been collected at no little expense and labor by the zealous F. Camans, a member of the Society. He was aware of the coming of the messengers, through the letters of Bolland, at whose request he had drawn together all available manuscripts from the neighboring districts. At Nuremberg the Protestant mayor received them most kindly, and Dilher, the president of the Lutheran consistory, became a subscriber to the work.

Finding, however, that they were apt to be drawn from their task by the princely honors and hospitalities which were heaped upon them, and that these things actually retarded their progress, the Fathers resolved for the future to accept no attentions save those which would be offered them by monastics. Being then in the midst of religious, whose customs were much in accordance with their own, and in whose libraries were many of the manuscripts after which they were seeking, they would be better able to prosecute their work. Through dread of the difficulties attending the crossing of the Alps at this season of the year, they turned their course towards Trent. Here they were unwillingly and, as they say, unprofitably detained for a week by the incessant rains and the consequent rising of the streams. From Trent they went to Verona, and thence to Venice, where they spent ten days. Here

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they found many valuable documents in the great library of St. Mark's and the no less famous establishment of St. George's monastery. Here, also, they came across those rich Greek manuscripts from which Lipomanus had drawn such wonderful material for his edition of the Lives of the Saints. We may form a better judgment of the value of these writings from the fact that Bolland had given the Fathers positive orders to see these treasures, and, if necessary, to transcribe them *verbatim*. From this place, also, they sent to Bolland, as the first result of their labors, several large cases filled with such books, manuscripts, and copies as they had been able to obtain. Of their zeal in this labor of love we can form an opinion when we consider that in midwinter they travelled thirty miles on foot to Ravenna, that they might not pass unvisited this ancient city of Saints. They considered themselves well repaid for this journey by the sight of the monuments and manuscripts in the possession of the archbishop, and by the permission granted them to decipher and copy many valuable papers which time had partially destroyed. Thus they went from town to town, travelling now on foot, now on horse, making detours, now to visit a monastic library, now to kneel at the shrine of some Saint, everywhere investigating, transcribing, and collecting all things which might be of possible service in the great work, till at last they stood before the walls of the Eternal City.

It was soon noised abroad that the agents of Bolland were in Rome. The liberal-minded scholars of the Eternal City gave them a most cordial welcome. Canon Mari, one of the most eminent scholars of the day, invited them to become guests of his house, that there at their leisure they might inspect and avail themselves of the magnificent collection of manuscripts which he had gathered with much care and prudence during many years. Abbot Ughelli, the author of the "Religious History of Italy," likewise made them welcome under his roof. He showed them with a gleam of pleasure two immense piles of manuscripts which he had collected. The travellers' eyes glistened as they looked at the treasures. They begged the privilege of transcribing such of them as might be of use. To this request Ughelli replied most nobly: "No, but take them as they stand, for Bolland is much more worthy of them than I am." It was, perhaps, one of the richest bequests which was made to the Fathers. From it were obtained the "Acts" of sixty Saints not to be found in any other collection. Through the good offices of Cardinal Francisci and F. Marchesi, the celebrated Barberini and Vallicellani collections were opened to them. In these they found sufficient material to keep their scribes occupied for months. Finally the great library of the Vatican was placed at their disposal. The anathemas against

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taking books or manuscripts from the archives were, in their case, suspended. Making a short excursion to Naples, they had the pleasure of venerating the relics of St. Januarius, and became eye-witnesses of the liquefaction. They also visited the library of Monte Casino. Finding here valuable papers written in Lombard characters, they gave orders to have copies taken, and returned to Rome.

Doubtless the reader will have concluded that these travels, and the employment of so many men in transcribing, must necessarily have entailed great expense. But generous friends arose, who supplied the needed funds, and thus the Fathers were enabled to continue the work without interruption. Nor was there in their daily life much of that "dolce far niente" so commonly read of in novels and poetry about Italy. Arising before dawn, they had finished their Mass and Office, and were seated at their desks in the midst of their labors, before the sun had shot his morning rays across the horizon. The small hours of the night found them still employed, and often the midnight bell had rung the contemplative Orders to Matins ere the industrious laborers had put aside their pens. But figures are strong and stubborn things, and tell a tale the quickest. In this journey to Rome the Fathers obtained the authentic "Acts" of over a thousand Saints whose names alone had formerly been known. Nor does this number include over four hundred of whose histories some few things were known but not well established.

The Superior of the Oratory of Sta. Maria in Vallicella invited the travellers to make their home with him. As an incentive, he promised them the use of the numberless authentic manuscripts collected by Baronius and his companions in the preparation of the great "Annals." He likewise promised to supply them with scribes who would copy with careful diligence whatever they might consider as of value. Pope Alexander VII. received them most graciously, gave them private audiences, and aided them by every means in his power. This he did, as he himself said, "because of the high esteem in which he held Bolland." They had never met, but for years before Alexander's elevation to the Holy See they had carried on an extensive correspondence. Besides removing in their favor all the anathemas of the Vatican Library, the Pontiff also took off all restrictions from the various collections throughout Italy. In a laughing tone he said that if he cancelled the laws relative to the different libraries, he would do it for the sake of one whose merits so far exceeded those of all others using the libraries that he was not to be included in laws made for them.

Leaving Rome, the Fathers went to Florence, where they re-

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mained from the middle of October till the following February. Most of the labor in this place devolved upon themselves, inasmuch as but few could be found with a sufficient knowledge of the old Greek characters to render reliable transcriptions. The Grand Duke and his court proved valuable friends to the fathers, aiding the enterprise by their money, their time and their learning. The grateful travellers designate them in their letters as "new Mæcenases," and assert that no surer path was open to the royal court than that of letters. They call their visit to Florence a "sacred hunt," in which noble vied with noble in the search for documents which might be of service to Bolland. Here they also found a number of valuable Greek originals, which contained the "Acts" of many Eastern Saints. Then, too, they were ably assisted by Senator Strossi, the most learned man in all Florence. He was styled the "Cyclopædia," from the fact that he was familiar with every branch of science and was called on by all classes of people to give off-hand decisions on all classes of subjects. He was the fortunate possessor of a number of manuscripts of ancient legends. These he had at various times purchased at a merely nominal figure from the tradesmen, who, ignorant of their value as historical relics, were using them as wrapping-paper.

At Milan, through the efforts of Count Borromeo, they were afforded the unusual privilege of borrowing and transcribing from the immense Ambrosian library. Leaving Milan towards the end of May, they turned their faces homeward. But before leaving Italy they dispatched to Bolland a parcel of manuscripts weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. Their return journey was slow, but far from being tedious. Diverging from their path that they might obtain greater information, they visited many abbeys and monasteries. These digressions were invariably made on foot, although Henschen was then over sixty. It was in one of these excursions that they found the martyrology compiled by the Venerable Bede. In another they came across the manuscript of the "Acts" and miracles of St. Edmund of Canterbury. As might be expected, they visited Paris and there unearthed many treasures from the wonderful Mazarin and Sequier collections. Strange to say, they encountered more difficulties in obtaining permission to transcribe from the Paris libraries than from those of all Italy. Had it not been for the friendly intervention of the King's confessor it is more than probable that they would have been compelled to leave Paris without having secured a single copy of value. At Auge (or Eu) they had the happiness of venerating the body of St. Lawrence of Dublin and of finding an account of his miracles written in a quaint style. The Fathers arrived at Antwerp on December 2d, 1662, after an absence of twenty-nine months. We need not say that they were cordially welcomed by Bolland. His

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heart went out completely to them. He had been anxiously awaiting their return. Old age was on him and he was desirous of completing his task, if possible, before death should claim him.

It was the wish of Bolland, when the Fathers had again settled down to work with him, to issue a new volume every two months; that is, as rapidly as the presses could bring them out. But again were they doomed to disappointment. A half year slipped by and apparently nothing had been done. The time had been spent in getting things into working order. More time was consumed in arranging the new matter. Then it was found that because of the great amount of new material new indexes were absolutely necessary. In this way the appearance of the work was impeded till 1665, when the first volume for March was brought out. It was the last which Bolland saw. Before the next had been issued he had passed away, worn out by disease.

The work, however, did not die. It was continued by his associates, Papebroeck and Henschen. Before the death of the latter the twenty-fourth volume had been prepared. The imperial house of Austria lent a helping hand to the cause by giving a subsidy from the State Treasury. In this way volume appeared after volume till the suppression of the Society of Jesus naturally brought about the separation of the workers and the discontinuance of the work. The outspoken and courageous protests of various Belgian abbots during revolutionary periods prevented the scattering of the grand library. It finally became the property of the Premonstratensians, by whom the publication was continued. But at the breaking out of the French Revolution disaster came. The library was scattered. A portion of it was hurriedly carried into Westphalia, a portion was secreted in various hiding places, and, unfortunately, a portion was consumed by fire. On the return of peace the treasures were again brought out into the light of day. Many of them found their way into the present royal collection at The Hague, more into the Burgundian collection at Brussels, whilst others are in the possession of the continuators of the work at Louvain. Two hundred and forty years have passed since the publication of the first volume, and the work is still incomplete. Sixty-one folio volumes have appeared, bringing the work down to the end of October, and years may yet elapse before the last volume for December appears. But when it comes it will crown the work and be a glory to Bolland, the Jesuits, and the Church.

To sum up, we may say that in the Bollandist collection we have the amplest refutation of the silly calumny that the monks of the Church were lazy or idle members of society; we have positive testimony from the various monasteries of the jealous care with which letters and arts were preserved by these children of the Church, and of the loving interest which the Pope and Court of

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Rome manifested in literary matters. Doubtless Bolland did not foresee these points which would make his work so valuable as historical evidence against the falsehoods of our age, but the glory redounds to him and to the Society to which he belonged. His was an humble life, but its results were great to letters and the Church.

Are we, then, asking too much from our readers who have time, talent and inclination, when we bid them delve into this fertile soil, and to open out for the benefit of Catholic youth and maturity these beautiful fruits of God's garden? Our Catholic people must have reading, and we know of nothing which will so meet their wants to-day in their efforts to overcome the infidel tendencies of the age as the sayings and doings of the Saints of God, portrayed in biographies which, whilst replete with literary excellence, will contain none the fewer truths.

WAS ST. AUGUSTINE A CATHOLIC?

THERE are, perhaps, no two works of St. Augustine that have found such general favor with the Christian world as his "City of God" and his "Confessions." This is evident from the numerous editions of both that have appeared even from the earliest days which followed the invention of printing. The former, a mine of erudition and philosophy, with or without learned commentary (like that of Ludovicus Vivés) was the delight of all scholars. The latter charmed the heart of all Christian readers, high and low, learned and unlearned, for it detailed with noble simplicity and humble candor the successive steps by which, despite the struggles of fallen nature and the hindrances of sinful habit, the soul of this great hero and Saint was by God's grace lifted out of the mire of heresy and sin, and led triumphantly to Catholic truth and holiness of life. Some have thought fit to compare the confessions of Goethe and Rousseau with those of St. Augustine. But the comparison, even when meant by way of contrast, is profane and shocking. Such vile Pagans ought not to be mentioned in the same breath with our great Saint.

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The present volume contains the Confessions and Letters of St. Augustine, his "City of God" being reserved for the second volume. Dr. Schaff[1] seems to question the wisdom of some parts of the Confessions. The reason given is a very strange one: had he not confessed, his sins would have remained hidden from the knowledge of men. Nothing, probably, was farther from the intention of Dr. Schaff; but we must say his juxtaposition of Augustine's lack of wisdom with the disclosure of his sins, which otherwise would never have become known, recalls forcibly an ugly trait that entered largely into Puritan morality, from the so-called martyrs and confessors of the Marian era down to the days of Oliver Cromwell and his fellow "saints." Their main point of holiness seems to have consisted not so much in avoiding sin as in the virtuous endeavor to prevent its being found out by their brother-members in church or congregation.[2] St. Augustine wrote for Christian Catholics, and cared nothing for the respectable position that he might keep or lose in the eyes of Pagan society. If he thought of them at all, it was to teach his brethren, or inculcate what they already knew, that the true nature of sin is to be judged by the unchangeable standard of Revelation and the Gospel, and not by the shifting caprices of heathens and worldlings.

Should any over-righteous or oversensitive critic venture to say that the avowals of the Saint are not "unto edification," in the language of the Apostle, we have the right to answer boldly that God's Saints are not to be judged by ordinary rules. For, though not inspired, they were led by the Spirit of God,[3] and being thus His children and friends in a special way, it may well be held as

[1] "The wisdom of some parts of the *Confessions* may be doubted. The world would never have known Augustine's sins if he had not told them; nor were they of such a nature as to destroy his respectability in the best heathen society of his age; but we must all the more admire his honesty and humility." Prolegomena, p. 12.

[2] See Rev. Dr. Maitland, "Essays on Subjects connected with the Reformation in England," London (Rivingtons), 1849, *passim*. They had also a convenient maxim which they cherished in practice, though they were too wise to avow it in theory, viz.: Evil may be done that good may come of it. The Reformers availed themselves to a great extent of this crooked morality, as may be seen from their private letters and public documents. When the evil maxim had served their purpose and that of their children the latter turned round, and in utter contempt of truth as well as gratitude attempted to fasten its paternity on the Jesuits. F. Roh, a distinguished member of the Society, offered to give a thousand florins to any one who could point out this detestable principle in any book written by a Jesuit, the decision to rest with the Faculty of Bonn (mixed), or that of Heidelberg (Protestant). This offer he made on three solemn occasions, in Frankfort (1852), in Halle (1862), and in Bremen (1863), begging his hearers, Catholic and Protestant, to give his offer the widest circulation. The thousand florin prize yet remains unclaimed. See GESCHICHTSLÜGEN, Eine Widerlegung landläufiger Enstellungen auf dem Geblete der Geschichte mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Kirchengeschichte. Aufs neue bearbeitet. Vierte Auflage. Paderborn (Schoningh), 1885, pp. 530–33.

[3] "Quicumque enim Spiritu Dei aguntur, hi sunt filii Dei." Rom. viii., 14.

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certain that they wrote and acted under His special guidance. If, therefore, St. Augustine was moved to confess his wanderings and sins, it was from his Father in Heaven that the impulse came. And the way in which he has performed his work does not dishonor Him who prompted it. It does not offend but edify the Christian reader. It discloses on every page a spirit of deep humility, candid self-reproach, and warmest thanksgiving to the divine Hand that led him so gently yet so forcibly out of darkness into light. Even Dr. Schaff cannot help admiring the honesty and humility of the writer.[1]

In the volume before us the Confessions are translated and annotated by Rev. J. G. Pilkington, the Letters by Rev. J. G. Cuningham, though the notes of the latter have been added with more sparing and judicious hand. It is chiefly with the former that we shall have to deal. The publishers told us unreservedly that the object of this "Library" "is historical, without any sectarian or partisan aim." And Dr. Schaff himself, by informing us in his Preface that a similar collection was prepared by Roman Catholic scholars of Germany[2] "in the interest of their Church,"[3] and that the Oxford Library was undertaken in the interest of the neo-Catholic Anglican Church, or as he gently phrases it, "not so much for an historical as for an apologetic and dogmatic purpose,"[4] would seem to intimate that the Library which he undertook to edit would not be compiled in the interest of any Church or sect, but would commend itself to all readers by the careful avoidance of all partisan spirit. How has this promise, not directly uttered but surely implied, been kept? It was not to be feared that at this late day any scholar, with a reputation to lose, would tamper with the text by translating amiss the words of the holy Doctor. But there are more ways of misleading readers than by mistranslation. An unscrupulous annotator, sometimes by cunning insinuation, sometimes by the very reckless boldness of his gloss, will misinterpret and pervert the meaning of the text, so as to delude the unwary. Of what use is it, then, to the ordinary reader to have before his eyes a tolerably fair translation, if the poison that is to prey upon his mind, warping and deceiving his intelligence, lies artfully hidden in a note?

Now, there is on this very score just cause of complaint against the notes appended to the Confessions. Rev. Dr. Schaff has adopted the translation and notes of Rev. Mr. Pilkington. But the latter has intermingled with his own notes some from the pen of Dr. Pusey and others from an Anglican Low-Churchman, Rev.

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[1] Loc. cit.
[2] Dr. Thalhofer and Dr. Reithmayr.
[3] Prolegom., p. 2.
[4] Prol., p. 1.

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Wm. Watts, who lived over two centuries ago. So that Dr. Schaff has made himself responsible for them all. In Pilkington's translation we have scarcely found anything to blame. But in his notes there is covert, yet real and on the face of it intentional, misrepresentation of the doctrine of St. Augustine and the Catholic Church. With Dr. Pusey's notes we can find no fault. Watts is nothing more than a blatant bigot, caring no more for honesty or courtesy, where the Catholic Church was to be attacked, than did any Puritan polemic of his day.

To give an example: No one who has read the Confessions can fail to recall the ardent prayer which holy Monica addressed to her children immediately before her death. "Trouble not yourselves about this body of mine, but lay it to rest anywhere. This only I beg of you, that wherever you may be, you be mindful of me at the altar of the Lord."[1] The Saint complied faithfully with her dying request, and on the day of burial had the Holy Sacrifice offered up for her; during which the two brothers added their own prayers on behalf of her departed soul. We give his own words. He says that though consumed by inward sorrow, the relief of tears was denied him "even during those prayers which we poured forth unto Thee, while the Sacrifice of our Redemption was offered up ON HER BEHALF."[2]

There is no Catholic mother, no Catholic child in the centres of European civilization, or in our own remotest backwoods, no illiterate Greek, Eutychian or Nestorian in the farthest East, that would not, in hearing of Monica's pious prayer and Augustine's discharge of filial duty, intuitively recognize the Christian meaning which was in the minds of both. But the Anglican, Watts, having exchanged primitive Christianity for the Thirty-nine Articles, can not rise to the level of a Catholic child or even of the benighted Eastern heretic. He does not or will not understand Augustine's words, and becomes indignant when they are taken in their obvious Catholic sense. Here is his note, approved by Pilkington and Dr. Schaff:

"Here my Popish translator[3] says that the Sacrifice of the Mass

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[1] "Tantum illud vos rogo ut ad Domini altare memineritis mei, ubi fueritis." Confess. ix., ch. xi., No. 27.

[2] "Neque in iis precibus quas Tibi fudimus, cum offerretur PRO EA Sacrificium pretii nostri." Ibid. xii., No. 32. Pilkington, too, translates *Sacrificium pretii nostri* by "Sacrifice of Our Redemption." After the words "offered up" he adds "unto Thee," which is not in the original, and is quite unnecessary. For, according to the teaching of the Church, sacrifice can be offered to none but God alone. Hence, as St. Augustine says, "to sacrifice to a martyr would be a sin, but it is no sin to offer sacrifice to God at the shrines of the martyrs." (Contra Faustum, Lib. xx., cap. 21.)

[3] This must refer to Sir Toby Matthews, who published a translation of the Confessions in 1624, since the next Catholic translator, Abraham Woodhead, did not re-

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was offered for the dead. That the ancients had communion with their burial, I confess. But for what? (1) To testify their dying in the communion of the Church. (2) To give thanks for their departure. (3) To pray God to give them place in his Paradise, (4) and a part in the first resurrection; but not as a propitiatory sacrifice to deliver them out of which the Mass is now only meant for."[1]

Prescinding from its falsehoods, it is hard to keep from admiring in some way the cool impudence of this note. What has the "Popish translator" said in English that St. Augustine had not said before him in Latin? The Saint says it was offered up *for her* (pro ea). Was she not *dead* and on the point of being buried? Then it was offered up for the dead, and the plain language of St. Augustine ought to have been, and no doubt was, just as plain to Watts as to Sir Toby. The only difference is that one was honest, the other was not. But *what* was offered up for the dead woman? The sacrifice of the Mass, says our English Catholic; the sacrifice of our redemption, says the Holy Doctor. Is there any difference between the two expressions? None at all. The Catholic Fathers use as synonymous the terms—Mass, Sacrifice of the New Law, Sacrifice of the Redemption or of the Altar,[2] or the Church's daily sacrifice.[3] And, in our day, a Catholic means always the same thing, whether he ask to be remembered at Mass, or at the Holy Sacrifice, or at the Altar, as St. Monica expressed herself on her death-bed.

Watts continues: "That the ancients had *communion* with their burials, I confess." Let his confession go for as much as it may be worth; it has nothing to do with the matter under discussion. Going to communion is one thing; saying Mass is another. What

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nounce Anglicanism until 1666. Watts published his edition in 1631; Dr. Schaff adds another of 1650. It is not known in what year Woodhead made his translation, but it was not published until a year after his death (1679). Dr. Pusey says that Sir Tobey Matthews's translation is "inaccurate and subservient to Romanism." We see no reason why we should take his mere word for it. Perhaps he judged solely from this note of Watts. A Catholic is better able to understand and explain St. Augustine than any professed enemy of the Saint's teaching. At all events, Watts, Pilkington, and Dr. Schaff have clearly shown that a translation (with notes) of his works can be made subservient in no small degree to the interests of Protestantism.

[1] "Confessions of St. Augustine," p. 137.

[2] Thus St. Augustine in his Enchiridion. Opera S. Augustine, Paris, 1837, vol. vi., p. 403.

[3] Quotidianum Ecclesiae Sacrificium. St. Augustine De Civitate Dei, Lib. x., cap. 20, vol. 7, p. 911. St. Gregory the Great uses the same expression. St. Augustine uses more than once the term Mass (Vid. Serm. xlix, De Tempore, Tom. v., p. 392), and that in its primitive meaning, to wit, the initial ceremony in the celebration of the sacred mysteries, which was the *dismissal* of the catechumens who were not allowed to be present at the Sacrifice of the Altar. St. Ambrose, his teacher, makes frequent use of the same word.

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St. Monica desired was that she should be remembered *at the altar* of the Lord; and her son tells us that the Sacrifice of our Redemption (the Sacrifice of the *Altar*, as he himself used to call it) was offered up for her before her burial. No doubt her children, relatives and friends went to communion during the Mass. But this, being a matter of course, is not mentioned by the Saint. Since Watts has misstated the whole question by substituting (in the teeth of St. Augustine's plain narrative) communion for Mass, we are not bound to take any notice of his subsequent reasons. Nevertheless, we will examine them, singly, that Watts's dishonesty (there is no other word for it) may appear more fully. His first reason is "to testify their dying in the communion of the Church." In other words: The kinsmen or friends of the deceased went to communion to *testify* that he had died in the communion of the Church. The writer had clearly a motive, and no good one, in giving the word *communion* two different senses in a breath. How different the effect, if his thought had been correctly worded, viz., the survivors received the Holy Sacrament to testify that the departed had died in the communion of the Church! But, apart from this, the assertion is a clear case of the sophism, *non causa pro causa.* That the deceased should have died in the communion of the Church was a *conditio sine qua non;* and without it no believer would receive the Holy Sacrament on his behalf. If a man wish to marry a woman, it is an essential condition that she be single, that is, unmarried or undivorced; he surely does not marry her to bear witness that she is single. So, too, the Catholic of former ages, being fully aware, either from his own knowledge or some trustworthy witness, that the deceased had ended his life in the communion of the Catholic Church, performed a work of duty or of charity, as the case might be, by giving him the benefit of his Communion, or, in the language of St. Augustine, remembered him at the Altar by receiving on his behalf the Sacrament of the Altar. The same is the teaching and practice of the Church in our own day.

His second reason is "to give thanks for their departure." What could be more absurd? Were Christians, in those days, bound by duty or usage to go to communion on the day of burial, in order to thank God for bereaving them of those whom they loved most dearly? Was the child to thank God for depriving him of his parents; the husband and wife, to thank Him for taking away the partner of their affections, the closest sharer of their joys and sorrows; the friend and relative, to rejoice and give thanks for the loss of one who had for years grown into their hearts by lasting ties of love or kindred? Surely, this is a degree of heroical virtue, a high state of Christian perfection that could be neither exacted nor expected of our fathers in the faith. But is it Christian per-

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fection? Watts may have thought so. Perhaps he was a fatalist in religion; in other words, a Calvinist, and firm believer in the inevitable, "horrible decrees,"[1] as Calvin himself calls them. Though enjoying the revenues of the Anglican Church, he was not bound by her creed, if she really had one. For, that tender-hearted mother tolerates in her children any vagary of private judgment from semi-Catholicity down to Socinianism and Deism.[2] According to what may have been Watts's theory, a man and his friends with him ought to praise and thank God for the damnation for which he had been specially created. But the Catholic Church has never held, never tolerated such dreadful doctrine. She makes no boast of crushing out those feelings which are a part of the human nature given us by God. She only tells us that we are bound to hold them in subordination to God's holy will, made known to us through His commandments or through the dispensations of His Providence. When we lose those who are near or dear to us, we are not forbidden to mourn and weep over our loss. It is enough to bow to His holy Will with unfeigned resignation, and to recognize that it is the chastening hand of a loving Father that has sent us our affliction. As the great body of Christians in St. Augustine's day, as well as in the ages that went before or came after him, were Catholics, and believed firmly that God was the source and author, not the persecutor or destroyer, of human nature, we may safely conclude that reason No. 2 is nonsense or perhaps something worse.

But Watts is not alone to blame. Dr. Schaff falls very little behind him. Commenting on the dying words of St. Monica, "Be mindful of me at the Altar of the Lord, wheresoever you may be," he says: "This must be explained from the already-prevailing custom of offering prayers for the dead, which, however, had rather the form of thanksgiving for the mercy of God shown to them than the later form of intercession for them."[3] What a wretched thing it is to fear the truth, and thus be driven to dodge around in quest of by-ways and other devices to elude it? We would fain ask of Dr. Schaff a question or two. Did St. Augustine write in Hebrew or old Phœnician,[4] so that his scanty vocabulary necessa-

[1] "Decretum HORRIBILE fateor," says Calvin, speaking of those who departed this life to incur the flames of hell which they had never deserved.

[2] Watts, being an adherent of Charles I., was, of course, no Presbyterian. But he may, for all that, have been a Calvinist. For, Calvinism was the primitive creed of the Anglican Church, and it was only when the Episcopal faction (the Prelatists, as their enemies called them) gained the upper hand, that Arminian actions began to grow in favor with Churchmen.

[3] Prolegomena, p. 4, in note.

[4] St. Augustine was thoroughly acquainted with the Punic or Phœnician language of his day. It is the language that most closely resembles the Hebrew. No doubt,

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rily drew with it ambiguity of diction, as must perforce happen to any scholar who, nowadays, should attempt to write a Catholic theology in those dead languages? Did he not, on the contrary, write in the world-known language of his day, ample in its abundant phraseology, adequate to express every shade of thought and as readily understood by modern scholars of our time as when he wrote for his contemporaries? Or, had the noble Roman speech of Tully become at last so degenerate, so poor in words that in the days of Lactantius, Jerome and Augustine it was unable to distinguish any longer between *thanksgiving* and *supplication?* An ignorant reader would be tempted to suppose this from the labored efforts of Watts, Pilkington, Dr. Schaff and other Protestant controversialists, to confound these ideas in the mind and mouth of St. Augustine and to make out that in speaking of prayer and supplication he must have meant nothing more than thanksgiving. St. Augustine can readily decide for himself whether he labored or not under any such confusion of ideas as anti-Catholic bigotry with wicked persistence imputes to him.

In his answer to the "Eight Questions of Dulcitius" the Saint says expressly: "It cannot be denied that the souls of the dead are relieved by the piety of their surviving relatives when the Sacrifice of the Mediator (Christ) is offered up on their behalf, or almsgiving (for the good of their souls) is done in the Church."[1] Here, it must be noted, the Saint says nothing about *thanksgiving.* He says in unmistakable language that the souls of the faithful departed are prayed for, benefited, helped, RELIEVED (RELEVANTUR) by Christ's Holy Sacrifice of the Altar and also by the good works, such as almsgivings, of their pious relatives who survive them. There is no mention here of thanksgiving for the departed having been taken away, no testimony that they died in the communion

in his time in its somewhat degenerate form, it bore almost the same relation to the old Phœnician that Italian does to Latin or modern Arabic (*l'Arabo Volgare,* as the Lingua Franca calls it) to the old language of Yemen, mother or eldest representative of all Semitic tongues. That St. Augustine himself used the language with children, country people, and older domestics is highly probable. St. Jerome knew it only as a learned man and scholar. See Gesenius, "Scripturæ Linguæque Phœniciæ Monumenta quotquot supersunt," Lipsiæ (Guil. Vogel). 1837, pp. 331, 340. The Saint says somewhere in his works that in his day the Punic tongue had gone out of use, conquered by the growing universality of Rome's language, but we are unable to recall the passage of his writings where this is stated. All the Phœnician inscriptions (and that is the only shape in which the language has survived), whether from Carthage, Numidia, Egypt, or Cyprus, testify to the short, incisive character in which every thought was expressed. No words were wasted, but a great deal was left to the reader's study and contemplation.

[1] Neque negandum est defunctorum animas pietate suorum Viventium RELEVARI, cum PRO ILLIS Sacrificium Mediatoris offertur, vel eleemosynæ in Ecclesia fiunt." De Octo Dulcitii Quaestionibus Liber Unus. S. Augustini Opera, Paris ed. of 1837, vol. vi., p. 222.

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of the Church. It is simply the doctrine of the Council of Trent that the faithful departed are helped by the Sacrifice of the Mass and the suffrages, good works, prayers, etc., of those whom they leave behind them. St. Augustine shows us in another work how well he knew the difference between thanksgiving and propitiatory prayer. In his "Enchiridion" (or Manual of Faith, Hope and Charity, addressed to Laurence, a priest or deacon of the Roman clergy) he speaks of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up for the dead. "For some," he says, "no intercession is needed; they have died full of grace and in God's friendship. For them the Holy Sacrifice is only Eucharistic, or an offering of thanks; for those who are not so good, the sacrifice is propitiatory; for those who are very bad and cannot be helped thereby, it is nevertheless a solace to the living to think they have done their best for the sake of their departed."[1] What is needed, after these quotations, to ascertain what St. Augustine held about the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and its being propitiatory for the faithful departed?

We come back to Rev. Mr. Watts's note, adopted and endorsed by Rev. Mr. Pilkington and Dr. Schaff. He says in his No. 3 that the ancients went to communion "to pray God to give them (the departed) place in His Paradise." Now in what does this differ from the Creed of Trent and of the Catholic Church in every age? If prayer was needed or useful to obtain for them a place in Paradise, they evidently were not entitled to it by right, but the favor came from Almighty God, moved to pity by the prayers and suffrages of the surviving faithful and, above all, by the oblation of the Holy Sacrifice; communion, prayers and almsgiving (and they were freely given) would help; but the main thing was the Sacrifice of the Altar, the Sacrifice of our Redemption, the Daily Sacrifice, the Sacrifice of our Mediator (these are all expressions of St. Augustine) that was chiefly relied on to benefit the departed soul. Rev. Mr. Watts, endorsed by Rev. Dr. Schaff, goes on to say that the Sacrifice of the Mass, "the Communion," as he falsely and ridiculously calls it, "was not a propitiatory sacrifice to deliver them out of purgatory, which the Mass is now only meant for."

How are we to answer this clumsy, ungainly, un-English rubbish of Rev. Mr. Watts? The idea that Mass is never said except to deliver souls out of Purgatory is false, and Mr. Watts knew it as well as any priest or Catholic layman knows it. We say Mass for a thousand reasons: to thank God for His favors, to beseech

[1] "Cum ergo sacrificia sive altaris sive quarumcumque eleemosynarum pro baptizatis defunctis omnibus offeruntur, pro valde bonis gratiarum actiones sunt; pro non valde malis propitiationes sunt; pro valde malis etiamsi nulla sunt adjumenta mortuorum, qualescumque vivorum consolationes sunt." Enchiridion ad Laurent., § 29, Opp. S. August., vol. vi., p. 703, Ed. Paris.

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His mercies as we need them. We do not know what is in the Divine counsels, but judge according to the best of our ability. Down South, during the war, we said Mass to commemorate every victory we obtained, while up North no doubt they gave thanks for every successful battle that enabled them to put our necks under their heel. But it was well and properly meant on both sides. They thanked God for what they judged, wisely or not, the good issue of the right cause. We say Mass in times of public calamity to avert God's anger, to beg of Him mercy, reconciliation and peace. And so, for a thousand other good motives, the Holy Catholic Church offers up the Daily Sacrifice, the Sacrifice of our Redemption—of our Mediator, as St. Augustine calls it. We offer it up, too, as St. Augustine and our other fathers in the faith have taught us, for the welfare of our departed, knowing that it is the best way in which we can help them in the other world, to which they have gone alone and unaided. Our tears and sepulchral offerings testify our own sorrow, but do no good to the departed. It is the Holy Sacrifice that we cause to be offered, our prayers and almsdeeds, as St. Augustine incessantly repeats, that can benefit those "who have gone before us with the sign of faith and sleep the sleep of peace."[1]

Rev. Mr. Watts, Mr. Pilkington and Dr. Schaff scout the idea of the Mass being a propitiatory Sacrifice. We could prove this, if necessary, from the New Testament and the concurrent testimony of all the Fathers from Apostolical times down to the sixth and seventh century of our Christian era. But we had rather let a Protestant witness do the work for us. Grabe, perhaps the most learned and honest divine that Protestantism could boast of, after Grotius and Leibnitz, in his annotation on a passage of St. Irenæus (where the Holy Sacrifice and its propitiatory character are clearly established), speaks out his conviction in a manful, honorable way that will be everlastingly to his credit:

"I will not add here what Feuardentius says of the Holy Sacrifice, with his invectives against Luther and Calvin, as they are too long and unseasonable, not that I would deny or conceal their truthfulness. For it is certain that Irenæus and all the Fathers whose writings we possess, whether cotemporaries of the Apostles or their immediate successors, held the Holy Eucharist to be the sacrifice of the New Law. And that this was not the private opinion of any particular Church or teacher, but the public doctrine and practice of the Universal Church, which she received from the Apostles and the Apostles from the teaching of Christ, is

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1 "Qui nos cum signo fidei præcesserunt et dormiunt in somno pacis." Canon of the Mass to be found in any Missal.

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here taught by Irenæus, and in his subsequent chapter (24th), and before him by Justin Martyr partially in his Apology (Apol. I. ad Antoninum), and more amply and clearly in his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew. Whose words, like those of St. Ignatius, Tertullian, St. Cyprian and others, we care not to quote, as they have been so frequently quoted by Papal theologians (*Pontificiis*) and by the more learned amongst Protestants. I will only allege the words, most undeniably genuine, of Clement of Rome in his Epistle to the Corinthians, because I see that only one writer has given them, and not fully at that." Here Grabe gives the original Greek of St. Clement, with a Latin translation. The substance of it is in English: We must do rightly (*ordine*) everything that the Lord hath commanded us, namely, to perform at stated times offerings and works of the sacred ministry, and not do them rashly or inconsiderately, but in due time and season. Those, therefore, who make their offerings in due time and season are blessed and acceptable before God, because therein they follow God's law and cannot go astray. "But," continues Grabe, "lest this should be understood only of the sacrifices of Jewish priests or the Christian laity, I will add his words that follow: 'It is no light sin if we deprive of their Episcopal office those who blamelessly and holily offer up gifts (sacrifices).' And since the author of this Epistle seems to be that very Clement 'whose name was written in the Book of Life,' as St. Paul writes to the Philippians (ch. iv.: v. 3), and since he wrote what we have quoted only two or three years after the martyrdom of the Apostles, Peter and Paul, and twenty years before the death of St. John (the Evangelist), there is no room to doubt that this doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Eucharist came down from the Apostles themselves, and therefore must be held for true, even though there were no text from Prophet or Apostle to back it. The command of St. Paul (2 Thessal. II: 15) is universal in its binding obligation: 'Hold fast, brethren, and keep to the traditions which you have learned from me either by mouth or by letter.' But quite enough of Scripture for the Sacrifice of the Eucharist, after Irenæus and other Holy Fathers, has been brought forward, not only by Papal theologians, but also by Protestants, and especially those of the Anglican communion." He then quotes with special praise the English book of Dr. Joseph Mede on "Christian Sacrifice," and winds up as follows: "I subscribe with my whole heart not only to Mede's opinions, but to his desire and hope expressed at the end of his eighth chapter. I anxiously wish that, since many pious and learned men of the Protestant side have recognized the error of Luther and Calvin, and have acknowledged the true doctrine of the Apostolic Church, they would bring back the use of those holy liturgical forms by which the aforesaid Sacrifice is offered to God, and which in an

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evil hour they cast away, and give once more to God this supreme honor due to His majesty." [1]

What Grabe has said of the Sacrifice of the New Law is sufficient to show what he thought of its propitiatory nature. For as the Sacrifices of the Old Law were essentially such, *a fortiori* that of the New Law, which replaces them, must be of the same kind. But Grabe has left us no room to doubt of his opinion. For, in his Oxford MSS. Notes, published for the first time by the editors of Tract No. LXXXI., p. 374, he says distinctly that "in behalf of this opinion (the propitiatory character of the Sacrifice of the Altar) there is a consent of the most ancient Fathers and successors of the Apostles, as is seen scarcely in any mystery of Christian Faith." The same is clearly put forward in the "Systema Theologicum" of Leibnitz. Whether this great work of the most magnificent Protestant scholar that Europe ever knew be simply an "Opus Irenicum," as Karl Adolph Menzel and other candid, honest Protestants try *minimizingly* to make out, or whether it be the deliberate result of his study and convictions, it is one of the standard works of European Protestant theology, and bears impartial witness to every point of Catholic doctrine which sectarians have presumed to call in question.

Much more might be said to show how manifestly unqualified Dr. Schaff proves himself to interpret faithfully and correctly the teaching of St. Augustine, or indeed any of the early Doctors of the Catholic Church. And this incapacity arises not only from his very position as a champion of Protestantism, but—as we hope to show more fully in a future article—from his lack of rightly understanding and appreciating the terminology of the language used by the Fathers. It is only by mistranslating or otherwise vitiating the original text of these expounders of Catholic doctrine that they can be made to appear in the eyes of the unwary reader to favor in any way the tenets of heresy.

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[1] "Eam quam Feuardentius hic inseruit de Sacrificio Eucharistiæ dissertationem, indeque subnexam in Lutherum et Calvinum, etc., invectivam omitto, quod nimis prolixa et intempestiva sit, non quod rem ipsam inficias eam aut subterfugiam. Certum enim est Irenæum ac omnes, quorum scripta habemus, Patres Apostolis sive coævos sive proxime succedentes S. Eucharistiam pro Novæ Legis Sacrificio habuisse. Atque hanc non privatam particularis ecclesiæ vel doctoris sed publicam Universalis Ecclesiæ doctrinam atque praxin fuisse, quam illa ab Apostolis, Apostoli ab ipso Christo edocti acceperunt." We omit the rest of this note, as we have faithfully translated it in the text. We give its conclusion as of more importance.

"Hujus (Medi, scilicet) non solum sententia sed et voto in fine cap. 8, expresso toto corde subscribo atque opto ut postquam multi pii doctique e parte Protestantium viri hunc Lutheri et Calvini errorem ac veram Apostolicæ Ecclesiæ doctrinam bene agnoverint, hujus quoque sanctissimas formulas Liturgicas, quibus dictum Deo sacrificium offertur, ab illis male e suis cœtibus proscriptas, in usum revocent et hunc summum Divinæ Majestati honorem de rite reddant." Grabe's note, preserved by Massuet (the model editor, if ever there was one), Opera S. Irenaei, Parisiis, 1710, Appendix. p. 162.

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WERE THE ACADIANS "REBELS?"

AT Port Royal, not far from the present city of Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, France founded its first permanent settlement in North America. Disease, opposition from the savages, the length and severity of the winters, and the violent storms which sweep that region, rendered many previous attempts at colonization by the same nation abortive. In 1605 the obstacles arising from climate and location were overcome by the sturdy determination of a few patriotic Frenchmen. A beginning once effected, the kings of France expended much wealth, hoping to convert the heathen and to build up a powerful dependency by the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

After a century of disputed dominion little was accomplished toward the colonization scheme beyond disseminating some insecure and struggling settlements over a vast extent of territory. The boundaries of this territory fluctuated with almost every reverse and success of the Colonists' arms. The Kennebec, the Penobscot, the St. Croix, and even the St. John set its limits by turns. After repeated struggles it embraced, with some permanence, Nova Scotia, the islands of Prince Edward and Cape Breton, and New Brunswick. It is probable that this immense tract of land, together with the islands, was known by the name Acadia, though the French Government afterwards contended that L'Acadie designated Nova Scotia only.

In spite of continual war the labors of the missionaries were crowned with great success; but the efforts of the Colonists were foiled at every step by the opposition of the Puritans. England and France were hereditary rivals, and the old national antipathy, intensified by religious hatred, was revived by their sons in the forests and on the rivers and seas of the New Continent.

Acadia, more vulnerable than Canada, and more coveted because commanding the fisheries and the avenue to the Atlantic, became the bone of contention between the rival crowns. On the slightest pretext the people of Massachusetts Bay fitted out hostile armaments to dispute the claims, or to chastise the pretensions, of the French. The ravages of these organized expeditions, and the constant scourge of English pirate vessels, deprived the Acadians of all hope of peace or security.

They were kept in unceasing apprehension for their very lives. Indeed, the destruction of their little settlements was of such frequent occurrence that, like the bird of fable, they may be said to have risen again and again from their own ashes. Thus the gold which annually poured out of France for their relief, was wasted in building forts and procuring the equipments of war.

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In extenuation of their implacable hostility the Puritans had one unfailing plea to urge in defence of their multiplied cruelties, viz., that Acadia belonged to England by right of discovery. This visionary claim was founded on the probability that a Venetian, named Cabot, sailing under the British flag, touched the shores of Newfoundland as early as 1498.

The Acadians did not, therefore, develop the resources of the country. Fishing and the peltry trade formed their chief occupation. They were constantly changing masters till they became a sort of target for the avarice and jealousy of the rival monarchs. In 1713, however, they passed forever out of the hands of France. By the treaty of Utrecht Acadia, that is, Nova Scotia, was given to England, while France retained all the islands except Newfoundland. The French of Nova Scotia, numbering about 2500 souls, fell, therefore, under control of a power which they could not but dislike and dread.

They enjoyed, however, a breathing-spell from the ravages of war and piracy. For forty years their new masters did not interfere with them. In consequence of this neglect their industrious, tranquil life was blessed with happiness and prosperity. Time and a favorable situation rendered them loyal and grateful to English rule.

The arrival of Sir Edward Cornwallis in 1749 was the inauguration of changes disastrous to the ill-fated Acadians. Henceforward they received government "protection" with a vengeance. Their numbers and substance had increased marvellously in the interval. Instead of the narrow clearings of 1713 the forest had yielded to the axe far up the hill-sides, presenting extensive meadows to view, and the ocean was shut out from broad acres of rich alluvial soil by huge dikes, like those of the Netherlands. Their fields were covered with flocks and herds, and produced every variety of grain and vegetable. The population had increased to 17,000.

The colony was now prosperous, but no settlement of English people had yet been made there. His Britannic Majesty then turned his attention to the neglected province. With this intent over 2000 persons, "chiefly disbanded soldiers and sailors," were induced to embark with Governor Cornwallis and settle on the spot which then received and still bears the name of Halifax.

It would seem that some years previous to this rumors of alleged disaffection on the part of the Acadians had reached London through the Governors of Port Royal and Massachusetts. A few were caught in arms assisting the enemy. Moreover, the English affected to question the sincerity of their allegiance on account of the form of oath which they had taken, and no threats or inducements could influence them to take the one required of English

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subjects. As the wording of this oath apparently furnished the touchstone of future quarrel between the two races, it is as well to give it verbatim.

"We sincerely promise and swear, by the faith of Christians, that we shall be entirely faithful and will truly submit ourselves to his Majesty King George, whom we acknowledge as Sovereign Lord of New Scotland, or Acadia. So God help us."

By this compact they were exempted from the duty of bearing arms, either against the French or Indians, and allowed full freedom of religious worship. By reason of these exemptions they are known in history as the "Neutral French."

The king was not satisfied with neutrality. Cornwallis, therefore, sent a peremptory order to the various settlements to take an unqualified English oath of allegiance or leave the province within three months. When the consternation which so harsh an order spread through the community had subsided, they returned a unanimous refusal, though fully aware that the alternative was to be expatriation, without the right to sell or take away any of their effects.

As most authorities, on the English side, of this forgotten chapter of history condemn the Neutrals for refusing to take the English oath, and some go so far as to justify subsequent British cruelty in consequence, let us ask, did Governor Cornwallis regard the question of allegiance, the real ground of English complaint? Secondly, had these simple peasants any reasons capable of reconciling their action, in their own consciences, with a becoming submission and loyalty to the crown?

In the first place, the Acadians, strictly speaking, were the subjects of no government. To avoid participation in the quarrels perpetually embroiling the two inimical races, they bargained for neutrality with their governors, after the treaty of Utrecht. This, after some reluctance, was agreed to. It was, in fact, the principal condition on which the French consented to remain under the British government; for the treaty gave them the option of passing over to Canada. "This contract," wrote Minot, the historian, "was at several periods revived and renewed to their children, and such was the notoriety of the compact that for half a century they bore the name of Neutrals." But neutrality is an anomaly which no government would tolerate, urged Cornwallis. What did the Acadians know about the sovereign right of kings, or the science of jurisprudence? The governors of Port Royal, in his "Majesty's name," approved of their peculiar political condition, and they had faithfully performed their part of the agreement. Why, then, should an English governor condemn, in 1749, a state of things which an English governor had established in 1713,

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and which all those who intervened had sanctioned, by acquiescence or express approval? Because, at the latter date, the Neutrals enjoyed the products of vast tracts of fertile land, while the English colonists, who multipled the hardships of the pioneers by their laziness, had to begin with hewing down the "forest primeval"; and at the former period the labor of the French was indispensable.

The demand of Governor Cornwallis, then, was not only the violation of a grave and sacred contract, but compliance with it would, as we shall see, have exposed them to many and great dangers. It was a lame reply to make to their expostulations to say that his Britannic Majesty never gave express approval to such an arrangement; for this leaves the whole course of English rule open to the charge of systematic dissimulation, practised upon a simple, guileless people.

It may appear to some an easy matter to take the oath demanded; especially when the doing so seemed to promise "protection" and all the good things of the land. If such would reflect for a moment, they would easily perceive that, if the Acadians had no fears and no suspicion, they would not offer to leave their happy homes and native land forever, rather than subscribe to an oath which was perfectly just in itself. They may have had reasons which they dared not give, and which, probably, will never come to light, owing to the destruction of all their documents by order of Governor Lawrence; but the reasons they did assign for refusal were such as convinced them that neutrality or exile was preferable to putting themselves completely at the mercy of England.

They are as follows: if they took the English oath they would expose themselves to the obligation of fighting against Canada. Though willing to observe a pledge of fidelity to the British crown, they were strongly opposed to taking up arms against their "Bon Roi de France;" and a Provincial war would at any moment render them liable to a duty so abhorrent to their feelings.

Secondly, the Indians, instigated, it is said, by the authorities at Quebec, held out a continual menace to molest the peace of their habitations, in the event of becoming English subjects.

Thirdly, motives of conscience prevented them from taking an unqualified bond of allegiance; for a clause in the English oath specified liberty of conscience, as far as the laws of England do allow. Now, will the apologists for this disgraceful drama answer, what sort of religious liberty did the laws of England allow to Catholics about the middle of the eighteenth century? Let the history of Ireland answer; or consult the statute books of any of the New England commonwealths. Seven years before the arrival of Cornwallis, an Acadian governor proclaimed that "No Romish

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priest shall presume to exercise any of their ecclesiastical jurisdiction within this province." Besides, the Acadians themselves could not forget the intense bigotry of the Puritans, as displayed in the "ravaging" their villages. The revolting butchery of Fr. Rasle; the iconoclastic expedition of Colonel Church; and the sacrilegious violence perpetrated, but a few years before, within the walls of Louisburg, could not have been without a lesson and warning to the Neutrals. It is, therefore, hard to blame them for refusing to take an oath, the proposal of which was an exhibition of perfidy on the part of the government, and the acceptance of which would be a violation of their consciences and an exposure of their lives to serious dangers. Since they absolutely rejected every overture in this direction, and were prepared to accept the consequences, how can they with any propriety be called "rebels"?

In the second place, if Governor Cornwallis was sincere in his accusations of disloyalty, he would naturally have insisted on transmigration, the alternative of refusal to take the oath proposed by himself. But, what did he do? When the French deputies came with their ultimatum, saying, "If your Excellency is not disposed to grant us what we take the liberty of asking (the neutral oath), we are resolved, every one of us, to leave the province," one would think that such a heroic resolve, involving the forfeiture of all their worldly goods, would have given a very easy solution to the question of loyalty. But, instead of granting the ruinous favor of a general exodus, his "Excellency" refused, yet in such a temporizing manner that it is easy to perceive his "instructions" and his opinion of the people were at variance.

To the first deputation the governor replied: We have no objection to your leaving the province; but have you forgotten that this is the spring season? The seeds and grain are not in; go and sow your lands, for till that is done you need expect no favor from this government.

After a few weeks of incessant toil, the spring tillage being as well and faithfully done as if the hapless people hoped to reap the harvest, another deputation came to Halifax, to renew their petition, and Cornwallis again returned a gracious refusal. "We confess," he said, "that your determination to leave gives us pain. We are well aware of your industry and your temperance, and that you are not addicted to any vice or debauchery. This province is your country; you and your fathers have cultivated it; naturally you ought to enjoy the fruits of your labor." Yet their petition was a demand he could not grant; for "we should have to notify all the commanders of his Majesty's ships and troops to allow every one to pass and repass, which would cause the greatest confusion." This certainly is a very flimsy reason. If the Aca-

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dians were guilty of the alleged disloyalty, his "Excellency," one would think, had much greater cause to fear "confusion" from their detention.

But there is unquestionable insincerity in Cornwallis's relations with these poor people; when his threats did not intimidate, he cajoled; he spoke like a father, that he might more securely betray; and while praising their virtues and setting forth their rights in Halifax, he was calumniating them in London, and praying for "further instructions." "I am sure they will not leave their habitations this season," he wrote to the Lords of Trade. "My view is to make them as useful as possible to his Majesty while they do stay. If they are still obstinate, I shall receive in the spring his Majesty's further instructions from your Lordship."

The real reasons for refusing the Acadians a free and general departure were, that seventeen thousand people, passing over to Canada, would be too great an accession of strength to the enemy. Thrown penniless upon the barren islands of Prince Edward and Cape Breton, the English feared the Neutrals would become a menace to the tranquillity of the interlopers placed on their lands. Besides, all the English in Nova Scotia, including officials, settlers and soldiers, were largely dependent on the surplus produce of Acadian farms for food; and the British colony turned out to be such a degraded, worthless crew that little or nothing could be expected from them at the time, in their way of cultivating the land.

With direct information from Halifax and "hints" from Massachusetts, there is hardly any doubt that the Lords of Trade were discussing the feasibility of substituting British Protestant subjects in the homes of the obstinate Papists about the time of Cornwallis's appointment as governor. There is clear evidence of a double-faced policy in the documents emanating from Halifax; but not till a few years later do we find an express avowal of the intention to remove the Neutrals. This, however, may be accounted for by the fact that the noble conspirators took every precaution to obliterate all traces of dishonorable motives, and determined to await the logic of events. Haliburton (no friend to the Acadians), who wrote more than fifty years ago, corroborates this view: "In the letter-book of Governor Lawrence," he writes, "which is still extant, no communication to the Board of Trade is entered, from the 24th of December, 1754, to the 5th of August, 1756. The particulars of this affair seem to have been carefully concealed, although it is not easy to assign the reason, unless the parties were, as in truth they might be, ashamed of the transaction." For what reason were all the records, contracts, documents, etc., of the Neutrals forcibly seized and destroyed by order of this Lawrence, the Castle-

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reagh of Acadia, unless done in the vain hope to conceal from the world the knowledge of English hypocrisy and cruelty, and thereby to deprive the Acadians of all chance of reversing their sentence before the tribunal of history?

Far from crediting them with any conscientious motives for their course, the authorities affected to believe their obstinacy in refusing to take the prescribed oath, a sufficient proof of treasonable sentiments. Consequently, they were accused of everything in the catalogue of political offences, which may practically be reduced to these: they were in secret league with the enemies of England; they were idle on their lands; and they only awaited the opportunity to revolt.

On the strength of these false accusations, begotten of suspicion and religious rancor, the poor peasants were treated with great harshness. They were made to feel, at every turn, not only that they were a subjugated people, but that they were a despised and hated race. The vexations of petty despotism visited on them would have exasperated the feelings of any other people; yet they bore every galling exaction, in the vain hope that innocence and patient endurance would disarm the enmity of their persecutors.

The only excuse which can be alleged, in extenuation of this unmerited severity, is that a small number of the Acadians, on a few occasions, were taken in arms against the government. Admitting this, history still sustains the assertion that they were, as a "collective body of people," loyal to the crown, so far as the obligations of their oath required.

For, was there ever a community as large as this without some faithless members to any given principle, however sacred? Yet who would think of forming his opinion of a body by the character of the worthless few? It was, then, demanding greater virtue than human nature has ever attained, to expect that no "weak-minded or corruptible individuals" would be found amongst the Neutrals on a point, the morality of which is certainly very debatable. They consisted of a series of villages, some of which were separated from the nearest district by sixty miles of forest land. Moreover, the settlements were subjected to the continual "solicitations" of the French, to whom they were allied by every sacred tie, but whom the exigencies of war compelled to call enemies. The wonder is, not that a few proved recreant, but that, considering old racial and religious animosities, the Neutrals did not throw aside English domination during the long period of the province's defenceless condition. If they did so, when the mother countries were at war, would it have been high treason?

What would the descendants of the Pilgrims have done if Massachusetts Bay had been signed over by treaty to France, and

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a small garrison of French soldiers, located in Fort Winthrop, arrogantly maligned and persecuted them? And suppose, as it is most likely, the Frenchmen politely sent back to their own country, or to the bottom of Boston harbor, do you imagine the English monarch would have any great reluctance in bestowing his gracious forgiveness upon the indignant Puritans?

But the character, the principles and public spirit of the New Englanders were totally unlike those of the Acadians. Education and instinct inclined the latter to a child-like submission to authority. They had sworn fidelity to the English monarch, and that pledge, in spite of distrust and cruelty on the one side, and promises and threats on the other, they truly and faithfully observed.

This is shown from the letters of the English officials who, at other times, made the damaging allegations. Mr. Mascarene, Governor of Nova Scotia, wrote to the Duke of Newcastle in 1742: "The frequent rumors we have had of war being declared against France, have not, as yet, made any alteration in the temper of the inhabitants of this province, who appear in a good disposition of keeping their oath of fidelity." This was written after thirty years of English rule.

Two years later England declared war against France. Captain Du Vivier made an unexpected sally from Louisburg, captured the blockhouse at Grand Pré, and carried off the English garrison prisoners. He ordered the people of Minas to acknowledge submission to the King of France, who absolutely refused, assigning as reason: "We live under a mild and tranquil government, and have all good reason to be faithful to it." This was before the introduction of the penal code.

For ten years subsequently a guerilla warfare was carried on between the English and the Canadians aided by the Indians. Nova Scotia was the scene of their skirmishes, and the Neutrals, in consequence, suffered from both sides. Calumniated and oppressed by their governors, they were kept in continual apprehension for their lives by the savages, yet they never swerved from their fidelity to the government.

To say they were ripe for revolt is absolute falsehood. Du Vivier made another attack on Annapolis Royal. There were about eighty men in the fort, which was itself in such a ruinous condition that "cattle passed and repassed at pleasure." Now, if the Acadians were ready to revolt, they could, in the words of the English commander, "muster three or four thousand men." What, then, prevented them from putting an end to British rule, for the time being, at least? Nothing but their respect for the sacred obligations of an oath, and gratitude for past kindness of the

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government. Mr. Mascarene, describing this assault of Du Vivier, wrote: "To the breaking of the French measures, the timely succors received from Massachusetts, *and our French inhabitants refusing to take up arms against us, we owe our preservation.*" In 1754 Governor Lawrence expressed it as his opinion "that a very large part of the inhabitants would submit to any terms rather than *take up arms on either side.*"

Whatever shadow of doubt malicious misrepresentation may have thrown over the political rectitude of the Acadians, even their enemies are unanimous in saying they were a most moral, religious, and simple people. The historic descriptions of their guileless character and domestic virtues, impel the reader to the opinion that the beautiful imagery of "Evangeline" is not a flattering mirror of the innocence and simplicity of their lives. Religion was the mainspring of all their actions. The sacred emblem of the cross, the image of the Madonna or of some favorite Saint, met the eye everywhere. The church bell called them to prayer preparatory to the labors of the day, and its welcome sound at evening was again the signal to cease from toil and thank God for the bounties he gave. In this smiling land all were contented and happy; for "the richest were poor, and the poorest lived in abundance." Justly, then, has it been named the Northern Paraguay. "It was," says Haliburton, "a society of brethren, every one of whom was as ready to give as to receive what he considered the common right of mankind." Poverty and illegitimacy were unknown in those settlements. "They formed," writes Bancroft, "but one great family." "Their morals were of unaffected purity." "Thus dwelt together in love," penned Longfellow, "these simple Acadian farmers,—dwelt in the love of God and of man." Are such the material in which dark conspiracy, hypocrisy, and treason are nurtured?

As He did Jacob of old, God blessed their labors and progeny. In less than fifty years they had increased sevenfold. Their goods and effects had grown proportionately. "They computed," says Haliburton, "as many as 60,000 head of horned cattle; most families had several horses, though the tillage was carried on by oxen. Their dwellings, which were of wood, were as comfortable as substantial farmers' houses in Europe.

The district of Minas alone, with a population of 2000, possessed 1269 oxen, 1557 cows, 5000 young cattle, 500 horses, 9000 sheep and 4000 hogs. It had 250 dwelling-houses, 276 barns, 11 mills and one church. And these are the people who, we are informed, were idle and neglected agriculture.

On the other hand, what is the invariable colonial policy of England when dealing with "aliens in race, in language and reli-

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gion?" Is it not that the security of the state depends only upon oppression of the people, and when this detestable maxim fails, as fail it ever must, how often have the horrible expedients of banishment or extermination been called into requisition without scruple and without remorse? Even the poor American savage knows this to his cost. In Massachusetts there was a standing offer of £100, and in Nova Scotia £10, for every red man, or his scalp, "by way of bringing the rascals to reason."

It is, therefore, rather amusing to note the perplexity which the Anglo-historians, Hannay, Entick and Haliburton, labor under in trying to assign respectable motives to the wretched governors of Nova Scotia, who lent themselves willing tools to the execution of a prearranged plan to banish the Acadians.

Let us now hear themselves. Feeling how surely the net-work of penal enactments was banishing their rustic tranquillity and happiness, they memorialized Governor Lawrence, in language of great earnestness and dignity:

"It appears, sir," they wrote, "that your Excellency doubts the sincerity with which we have promised to be faithful to his Britannic Majesty. We most humbly beg your Excellency to consider our past conduct. You will see that very far from violating the oath we have taken, we have maintained it in its entirety, in spite of the solicitations and dreadful threats of another power."

This language has the ring of sincerity and candor. Its fearless simplicity is proof that were the subscribers to it conscious of having offended, they would not, thus openly, court investigation into their conduct.

From their sad exile in Pennsylvania the people of Minas addressed a petition to the King of England, setting forth their grievances and sufferings. They complained of the injustice of having been reduced from a happy situation to one of distress and misery without any judicial process or even any accusers appearing against them, but solely on mistaken jealousies and false suspicions that they were inclined to take part with his Majesty's enemies. "We desire," they continued, "to be permitted to answer our accusers in a judicial way. In the meantime, sir, permit us here solemnly to declare that these accusations are utterly false and groundless, as far as they concern us as a collective body of people. It was always our fixed resolution to maintain to the utmost of our power the oath of fidelity we had taken." Are they not as worthy of credibility as their enemies?

The real motives that actuated the English in a policy which culminated in despotism were to get possession of the fertile fields and comfortable homes of the Acadian farmers and to give them to English emigrants. The Anglo-historians, however, maintain

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the contrary. "A more flagrant untruth," says Hannay, "was never told than to say that the Acadians were expelled because the greedy English colonists looked upon their fair farms with covetous eyes." It is not easy to reconcile this assertion with the following correspondence.

In 1754 Governor Lawrence wrote to the Lords of Trade: "As they possess the best and largest tracts of land in the Province, it cannot be settled (by the English) while they remain. . . . . I cannot help thinking that it would be much better they were away." To which the Lords replied: "As Mr. Shirley (Governor of Massachusetts) has hinted, in a letter to the Earl of Halifax, that there is probability of getting considerable numbers of New England people to settle, consult him upon it . . . . but the idea of an English settlement seems to us absurd, but upon supposition that the French forts, Beau-Sejour, Baie Verte, etc., are destroyed and the French driven out." When the last act of the horrible tragedy was drawing to a close Lawrence confessed that "as soon as the French were gone he would do his best to encourage people to come from the continent to settle their lands, and thus strike off the great expense of victualling the troops. This," he continued, "is one of the happy effects I proposed to myself from driving the French off the Isthmus."

Here is clear proof that at least a year before their expatriation the authorities in London, Halifax and Boston were deliberating in cold blood how they could accomplish the expulsion of the Acadians, with the express purpose of giving their lands to English settlers and of increasing the coffers of the royal exchequer.

A favorable opportunity to "dislodge the French from their entrenchments" was all that was wanted in order to put into execution this iniquitous purpose, and such occurred in the memorable year 1755. Before the first of July Beau-Sejour, Baie Verte and St. John, a line of forts assertive of French dominion over the territory between the St. Croix and St. Lawrence rivers, had fallen into the hands of the New England general, Colonel Moncton. The expedition was authorized by New England, and paid for with English gold. The men were mustered in Massachusetts, and were commanded by their own officers. The victorious arms of the Puritans had now added a vast country to British possessions. Then "the English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could exercise clemency without apprehension," writes Bancroft. The Acadians were completely defenceless, having given up their guns and boats, and "cowered before their masters, expecting forbearance."

Yet on pretence of fear—and oh! when tyrants can do what they please they fear everything; on pretence of insecurity arising

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from imaginary enemies and dangers, the High Mighty Council of Halifax met, and, "after mature deliberation, unanimously agreed" that, as the Chief Justice had pronounced the Neutrals "confirmed rebels," they had now "collectively and without exception" become "Popish recusants." Their presence in the land could be tolerated no longer, "for, after the departure of the fleet and troops, the province would not be in a condition to drive them out," and "such a juncture as the present might never occur."

Though the verdict had been pronounced that they must be uprooted from the soil on which their children were born, and in which six generations of their ancestors were buried, yet they could not be permitted to go where inclination prompted; for, like the shepherds of Mantua, the memory of their "fruitful fields and still more fruitful flocks" may exasperate the feelings of the poverty-stricken exiles, and impel them to return in wrath to avenge their wrongs upon the intruders. State necessity demanded (and the plague take such state policy) that "all" should be taken by force and scattered among the English provinces, from "New Hampshire to Georgia."

If condign punishment had been inflicted on the few irresponsible men who were taken in arms against the English, history could not raise the voice of complaint, but no civilized government can defend, and no principle of justice sanctions, the verdict of the Halifax Council, which involved the robbery and extermination of a whole people for the misconduct of a few, without trial by any of the forms of judicature, or without any specific accusation of treason. Nay, more; during the whole course of English rule in Acadia not a single individual was ever brought to trial for treasonable acts or words, and this, together with the arguments we have adduced in favor of the character and fidelity of the Acadians, leads us to the conclusion that their ruin was based upon the false and malicious accusations of official hypocrites, who, with eyes ever turned obsequiously to the Throne, would trample upon all the laws of justice and humanity for "one smile of favor."

Even the barbarous manner in which the sentence was executed would preclude belief in the probability of honest reasons to justify it. When the condemnation was pronounced, not a shadow of suspicion crossed the minds of the victims, and not a whisper gave any intelligence of the determination of the captors. Profound secrecy was the order. The homes of the Acadian farmers were, as usual, the abodes of mirth, gayety, and happiness, and their harvest fields still rang with the merry sounds of cheerful labor. The hunters waited till the last sheaf was stored into "bursting granaries," and then a mysterious order was sent to the various settlements commanding the male population of each to assemble at a certain hour on the same day.

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The men and boys who dwelt by the Basin of Minas assembled in the church at the appointed time, 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, September 5th, 1755. As soon as they were all in, the house of prayer was turned into a prison, the diabolical sentence was read, and scarcely had their sounds of anguish subsided when the blaze of their homes and all their worldly wealth threw its weird light upon the windows of the chapel. What torture these affectionate peasants must have suffered while thinking of their wives and children, their aged and infirm parents, thus exposed, without the help of their natural protectors, to the flames and to the brutality of an English soldiery.

All the men of Grand Pré were successfully decoyed, for they had no suspicion of the purport of the summons. They left home but for a few hours, and, alas! they never saw those homes again. Similar artifice and cruelty were practised in the other settlements, but only with partial success; for, the secret getting abroad, the inhabitants took the alarm and fled for protection to the woods and to the "wigwams of the savages." In a few weeks that peaceful country, blooming like a garden, was turned into a solitude. Seventeen thousand people, like Job, "simple, upright, fearing God and avoiding evil," were violently torn penniless from their native land. Seven thousand of them were cast upon the shores of North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Philadelphia, New York, Connecticut, and Boston, among strangers who abhorred them, both on account of their religion and their nationality. Of the rest, some settled on the banks of the St. John; three thousand in the region of Miramichi; some escaped to Quebec; many died of starvation in the forests, or perished in the deep snow on their way to Canada; some were shot down in the act of escaping, and at Grand Pré those who got beyond the reach of the rifle soon returned, for "military execution would be immediately visited on the next of kin" by order of Colonel Winslow.

When fire, sword, and brutality had seemed to have committed their worst horrors, there was yet another torture in reserve for the poor victims, fiendish in its nature. Whole families were separated, never, in many instances, to meet in this world. To those who dwelt so lovingly together this must have been the cause of greatest pain and anguish. "Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, when it was too late, saw their children left on the land, extending their hands with wildest entreaties;" and this, too, after Colonel Winslow had promised "that whole families should embark together." Behold the work of Christian civilized man! Done to whom? and for what? To brothers differing only in language and religion, and for a crime which, like Macbeth's dagger, was chiefly a creation of the mind.

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Like Sheridan's imaginary stranger, while contemplating the devastation and horrors of the scene we may ask, was it war, civil dissension, disputed succession, or some affliction of Providence that laid waste this beautiful and opulent country? Oh, no! "All this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation." And we regret to say, it was carried out by the liberty-loving sons of Massachusetts, whose ancestors had not dreamed of Plymouth Rock when the pioneer Acadians had made a permanent home by the banks of the Annapolis.

When the Acadians seemed to be completely extirpated, the Lords of Trade congratulated the king that "the zealous endeavors of Governor Lawrence were crowned with an entire success."

"I know not," wrote Bancroft, "if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter, and so perennial, as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia."

"We have been true," said they of themselves, "to our religion and to ourselves; yet nature appears to consider us only as objects of public vengeance."

"Tradition is fresh and positive," wrote Haliburton, "in the various parts of the United States where they were located, respecting their guileless, peaceable, and scrupulous character; and their descendants still deserve the name of a mild, frugal, and pious people."

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Scientific Chronicle.

NATURAL GAS.

THIS great source of wealth, which is at present drawing towards our country the envious eyes of foreign manufacturers and economists, has been extensively developed only within the last few years. Its existence, however, has been known, both in the United States and in other countries, for quite a long period of time. "Burning springs," like that on the Canadian shore of Niagara Falls, are of no rare occurrence in Europe and Asia. It is said, moreover, that the Chinese have used natural gas for manufacturing purposes, conveying it through bamboo pipes to suitable furnaces. In our own country several sources of inflammable gas were known in the early part of this century. The gas now used for lighting the town of Fredonia, N. Y., was discovered in 1821; two years later, when Lafayette passed through the place, an illumination by means of natural gas was one of the grand features of his reception. In several other places gas was known to issue from the ground, but it was generally regarded as a nuisance and a danger rather than a benefit, and was rarely utilized. Its application to industry on a large scale can be said to date only from the year 1882. From that time its development has been wonderful; so that now, in the city of Pittsburgh alone, it replaces more than 10,000 tons of coal per day. In addition to the advantage of its cheapness as a fuel, it gives to Pittsburgh an improved quality of manufactured products and the blessing of a much clearer atmosphere, comparatively free from the smoke which formerly darkened the city.

Within the past three or four years many articles have been published which have discussed this new and valuable fuel, both from a scientific and from a practical point of view. Among the latest contributions to the subject we find a lecture delivered at the Franklin Institute on December 18th by Mr. Chas. A. Ashburner, Geologist in charge of the Pennsylvania State Survey. A few words on so important a subject may not prove uninteresting to our readers. And in order to keep our remarks within modest limits, we shall omit all financial statistics, and content ourselves with answering the following questions: (1) How is natural gas obtained? (2) What are its uses? (3) What is its probable duration, and what is its origin?

(1) *Sources of the gas.* The regions in which natural gas is found are, for the most part, those which yield petroleum and coal. The gas-belt now developed extends from New York State through Pennsylvania to West Virginia, and gas has also been found in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Kansas. As far as we can judge from geological evidence, it may hereafter be discovered as far west as the Rocky Mountains, though perhaps at great depths; while east of the Alleghanies it is probably not near enough to the surface to be reached by boring.

Sometimes the gas makes known its presence by escaping in small

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quantities from crevices in the rocks, or by bubbling up through springs of water, but oftener it has been accidentally met with while sinking oil-wells. Hence those who search for gas usually confine themselves to the oil-producing regions. The selection, however, of the exact spot for a gas-well is still a matter of discussion. Some geologists hold that gas, because of its lightness, should be looked for on the *anticlinals*, that is, along the crests of the undulations of the earth's strata, or, what is the same thing, in those places *from* which the strata dip in opposite directions. Others maintain that wells should be sunk on the *synclinals*, where the strata dip *towards* each other. As a matter of fact, it has been found in both positions, as well as in *monoclinals*, or strata slanting in but one direction. It often happens that practical drillers, casting aside all theories, select the spot in which their machinery can be most easily erected, and meet with a good supply of gas. The machinery somewhat resembles that used for drilling artesian wells, and is very similar to the arrangement by which oil-wells are bored. A hole about six inches in diameter is drilled through the soil and rock until gas is reached, or until the experimenter gives up in despair and tries another spot. As the drill sinks into the earth, it can be lengthened by fastening section after section to the upper part. If the well passes through soft soil, an iron tube is often fitted in to prevent the earth from filling the bore. The depth at which gas is found varies in different places; the wells around Pittsburgh have a depth of from 1300 to 1500 feet. When the drill reaches the gas, no doubt is left as to the fact, for the great pressure usually sends the instrument flying out into the air. Sometimes the rush of gas is enough to force out the iron tube with which the bore is lined. Thus, in the spring of 1881, while some workmen were searching for oil at Clarendon, Pa., they struck a vein of gas having at first a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch. The drill was blown out with such violence that several of the men had a narrow escape from death. Again in April, 1882, in Washington Co., Pa., the Niagara Oil Company, after boring to a depth of 2200 feet in search of oil, reached such a powerful gas vein that the tools, weighing more than 800 pounds, were thrown to a great distance. The continuance of work was for some time utterly impossible, because the noise of escaping gas was great enough to render the sound of the human voice inaudible for a distance of 300 feet from the well. The pressure of the gas, as it comes from the well, is usually from 100 to 325 pounds to the square inch. When the first rush of gas is over, the pressure, and consequently the amount of gas given off, begins to decrease. The well sunk at Tiffin, Ohio, in February, 1886, gave at first 600,000 cubic feet a day; but the supply afterwards fell to the comparatively modest amount of 100,000 cubic feet.

Natural gas is a mixture of several different compounds. The most abundant are usually hydrocarbons of the marsh gas series, together with carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide; free hydrogen and nitrogen are also present. The gas, as it comes from the well, forms an excellent fuel; but, except in a few localities, it has very little illumi-

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nating power. It must therefore, in most cases, be purified and mixed with some less volatile hydrocarbons before it can be used as a source of light.

(2) *Uses of the gas.* In order to answer the second question, how the gas is utilized, let us take a glance at the district in which most of it is consumed,—the immediate vicinity of Pittsburgh. The gas is supplied to that city by six companies, owning more than 100 wells. Most of these wells are situated to the east of the city, at Tarentum and Murraysville. Into the mouth of the well is fitted a strong tube, to convey the gas to a large iron reservoir destined to collect whatever oil and water may be brought up with the gas. The quantity of these impurities is always small, and sometimes almost nothing. To carry the gas to the consumers, there are more than 500 miles of pipe, varying from four to sixteen inches in diameter, about half the length of pipe being under ground in the city itself. The total estimated capacity of all these lines is about 250,000,000 cubic feet per day. The largest company supplies about 400 factories, and nearly twenty times as many dwellings. Near the junction of the pipe and the reservoir is an immense safety-valve, which allows some of the gas to escape into the atmosphere when the tension becomes too great, and thus prevents the bursting of the pipes from excessive pressure. Similar safety-valves are placed at intervals along the line of pipe leading to the city. On account of the friction of the gas in the pipes, the pressure gradually becomes less, as the distance from the reservoir increases. But, since the maximum pressure, allowed by law within the city, is fifteen pounds to the square inch, the companies place at the entrance of the city pressure regulators, which allow the surplus gas to escape through high columns. The gas issuing from the top of each column is lighted, both to avoid the danger of an explosion and to prevent the noise of the escaping fluid.

A few years ago, the danger of a sudden failure of the gas supply was a serious drawback to its use. This danger is now almost entirely obviated by having pressure gauges here and there throughout the city. There is telephone communication between the stations at which the gauges are placed; so that, if the supply of gas fails in one part of the city, an additional quantity can be turned in from the other sections. Where the pipe enters a factory or a dwelling-house, there is a very ingenious pressure-regulator, which closes automatically if the supply be wanting, and thus saves the consumer from the danger of an explosion. The danger would arise in the following manner: If the gas be turned off at the central station, while a jet is burning in some dwelling-house, the jet will, of course, be extinguished, but the aperture will remain open. When the gas is afterwards turned on at the station, it will flow through the pipes, and issue from the open orifice of the burner, forming with the air an extremely explosive mixture. There is, however, some danger at the wells. Thus, at Murraysville, on April 19th, 1886, some escaping gas was accidentally ignited, and the fire was communicated to the McWilliams well. The flame shot up to a height of 70 feet, the heat was intense, and it was feared that all the wells in the vicinity

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would take fire. The flames were not extinguished until the 22d of April, after millions of cubic feet of gas had been lost, and a great quantity of property destroyed.

But, as a general rule, the natural gas is not more dangerous than either oil or manufactured gas, while the advantages attending its use are very great. Where it is used for fuel, coal-dust and ashes are, of course, absent; moreover, the gas is always at hand, since the mere turning of a stop-cock supplies it ready for use. For glass factories and iron furnaces it is invaluable, since the manufactured products are of a better quality than those obtained when the fuel is coal. For steam boilers it is admirably well suited, for it heats the furnace equally, thus avoiding unequal expansion, and causing the boiler to last much longer. These advantages have led many to the opinion that, were the supply of natural gas to fail, it would be advisable to make a cheap gas, to be used as fuel, in order to obtain manufactured products equal to those now produced. So great, indeed, is the advantage in using gas, that a company of British capitalists has been recently formed, for the purpose of sinking gas-wells in the English coal-producing regions. It is to be hoped that their efforts may meet with success.

(3) *The probable duration of the gas, and its origin.* But, is it true that the supply will fail? Mr. Ashburner, in his last lecture, takes a very hopeful view of this subject. He admits that it must become exhausted, but asserts that the time at which this will happen is yet far distant. Other geologists, however, of no less ability than he, are far less sanguine. Professor S. P. Lesley says: "I take this opportunity to express my opinion, in the strongest terms, that the amazing exhibition of oil and gas which has characterized the last twenty years, and will probably characterize the next ten or twenty, is, nevertheless, a temporary and vanishing phenomenon, one which young men will live to see come to its natural end." He ends by regretting, and many scientists and manufacturers regret with him, the wasteful use that has been made of both products, especially of gas. We may say of this reckless consumption what has been said of the destruction of timber—the mistake will be seen when it is too late to repair it. Some, however, hope that before the supply of natural gas becomes exhausted, artificial gas will be cheap enough to supply its place; and others are looking forward to wonderful developments in the application of electricity to practical life.

Although the manner in which the gas is formed is not yet completely ascertained, still its origin is not altogether unknown. Gas and oil both result from the slow decomposition of vegetable matter, which has by some means been buried in the earth. We have already mentioned that both are usually found in the same regions; moreover, the strata through which gas-wells are sunk closely resemble those of the Carboniferous and Devonian series, which are pierced by oil-wells. It is certain, however, that the gas is not formed in the sand or porous rock in which it is ordinarily found; they are only reservoirs,—huge natural tanks to hold the gas. Where, then, can it be formed? Most probably in the beds of coal. For when vegetable matter has been covered by

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many successive layers, or strata, of earth, decomposition takes place. Most of the carbon which was in the wood is left behind as coal. The rest of the carbon, together with the hydrogen, oxygen, and whatever other elements may be present, unite to form new compounds, some of which are liquid, while others are gaseous. The liquid product, the oil, can easily pass through the porous strata of the earth, and collect in the depressions, or hollows, of the more solid strata. The gas, of course, moves far more freely than the oil, and consequently may be found at a greater distance from the coal-bed. If the gas can escape into the atmosphere through any opening, it will do so. Sometimes it can reach the air only by forcing its way up through a spring of water, forming a "burning spring." When, however, it is hemmed in by strata which it cannot penetrate, it collects in great quantities, and acquires a high tension. If now an opening be made, in other words, if a well be sunk, the gas escapes with great force. It is true that the decomposition of vegetable matter is still going on, and gas is continually produced, but by no means rapidly enough to supply what is used. In connection with this, Professor Lesley says: "I am not a geologist, if it be true that the manufacture of oil in the laboratory of nature is still going on at the hundredth or the thousandth part of the rate of exhaustion;" and he adds: "I hold the same opinion for the gas, with the difference that for it the end will certainly come sooner."

Before we leave the subject, let us say a few words about the conflicting opinions with regard to the best spot for seeking gas. It is asserted by some that wells should never be drilled except on *anticlinals*, where the strata, sloping in opposite directions, can act like a gas-holder. This assertion, however, is too broad. It is scarcely true to say that gas can never be obtained on a *synclinal*, for sometimes it *has* been found in that position. Let us suppose that there is neither water nor oil in the stratum in which the gas accumulates; in this case the gas will acquire a certain tension throughout the entire stratum, and wherever a well is drilled, on *anticlinal*, *synclinal*, or *monoclinal* gas will issue. But what will happen if a certain amount of oil or water be present? The liquid, being heavier than the gas, will settle in the *synclinals*, while the gas will accumulate in the *anticlinals;* in this latter case a well sunk on an *anticlinal* will be a gas-well, while one drilled on a *synclinal* will yield either oil or water.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the undulations of the earth's surface by no means coincide with the bendings of the strata. Consequently it is often a difficult task to determine the direction in which the lower strata are inclined, and the choice of a good position for a gas-well is yet open to discussion.

THE RIVIERA EARTHQUAKE OF FEBRUARY 23D.

RECENT events would seem to indicate that we are now in an epoch of great seismic disturbance. Districts where earthquakes have hitherto been unknown are now affected. The number of such disturbances

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lately reported by scientific papers is, indeed, wonderful, and never before were the accounts of shocks occurring at sea so numerous. Our own country, too, has come in for its share. In addition to the disastrous Charleston earthquake of last August, we may mention the late one of February 6th in Indiana, of which complete official reports are soon to be published. Of the former we have already spoken; the latter, though of a milder character, embraced an area of 35,000 square miles. As in the case of the first mentioned, the area was elliptical, the major axis extending from east to west.

The shocks felt on February 23d, at 6 A.M., in Italy and Southern France, were in many ways remarkable. The centre of the disturbance proved to be in the Italian province of "Porto Maurizio," adjoining the French Department of the "Alpes Maritimes." The greatest loss of life occurred near Oreglia, where—to say nothing of the many who were injured—over five hundred persons perished, while Bajardo, with two adjoining villages, was almost entirely destroyed. There were further losses of life in the province of Genoa and in the Department of the Alpes Maritimes. Of the two shocks at Toulon the first lasted fifteen seconds, the second twelve. Shocks were felt also in many parts of Southeastern France and Switzerland, in the Italian provinces, near Genoa, and in Corsica. On Mount Vesuvius the seismic instruments gave no indication whatsoever of the disturbance, while, on the other hand, those of Mount Etna and of Catania were greatly agitated, and about one hour and a half later the seismoscope at Washington, D. C., was also disturbed. Since that time up to the present writing (March 6th) milder shocks have from time to time been reported from places included in the above-mentioned districts, and from Calabria.

We come now to mention some peculiar phenomena which give this earthquake a distinctive character of its own. On February 26th, at the very moment of the most violent shock, there was at Cannes and Antibes a sudden sinking of the sea level by about three feet, followed immediately afterwards by a rise of six feet. This fact, coupled with the report that the steamer Guadaloupe, while at a short distance from the western shore of Corsica, experienced two distinct shocks, would indicate that the earthquake extended under the waters of the Mediterranean; there are even certain data which would lead us to fix its starting point at quite a distance from the Italian shore. The earthquake seems to have pursued its track in a direction running from northwest, which will account for the fact that Vesuvius and the country about Naples remained unaffected, while Etna was greatly disturbed.

It is worthy of notice that this earthquake affected a region parallel to the large *fault*, or line of weakness, which extends along the southeastern side of the Apennines, and which not unfrequently is subjected to violent shocks. On the present occasion, however, this line of weakness seems to have escaped in great part the earthquake's course, having touched upon it only near the Lipari Islands, and in the neighborhood of Catania and Reggio. As to the exact origin of the disturbance no answer can as yet be given. In all probability it is due to increased

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interior pressure coincident with the high tide caused by the new moon, rather than to volcanic action. Under this latter hypothesis it would be difficult to explain the apparent inactivity of Mount Vesuvius.

TRANSMISSION OF POWER TO A DISTANCE BY ELECTRICITY.

For many years practical scientists have been seeking a means by which power might be transmitted to a distance without great diminution. The reasons for such efforts are evident. There are many waterfalls in places where they cannot be utilized conveniently, and great energy, stored in swiftly running rivers, goes to waste because it cannot be made use of at a distance. Besides, the running of large steam-engines costs in proportion much less than smaller ones, which often burn five or even ten times as much fuel per horse-power. Other expenses are also diminished in proportion in large central stations; they can be located where coal can easily be transported and water readily had. Moreover, the skilful attendance required to use steam safely is by far cheaper, one engineer being required for the whole station. For these and similar reasons the question has been often raised as to how power could be transmitted to a distance and how it could be divided according to the needs of consumers, especially when they use it only at intervals.

Many solutions of the problem have been suggested; some have been tried and found wanting; others, succeeding under certain conditions, have failed when these conditions were not verified. In Hull, England, and in a few other places, power is transmitted by a hydraulic system from a central station. In other places transmission by compressed air has been tried to advantage in working quarries and in sinking bridge-piers. In mining and in making tunnels it has been found very successful, while the air, released from the compression-pipe into the driving-engine, on being set free, produces a draft which purifies the atmosphere of the shaft and so serves a double purpose. To such an arrangement is due, in great part, the successful boring of the Mt. Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels.

In Birmingham, England, trial is about to be made of this last system, though on a much larger scale and with the most skilfully devised arrangements. A large central station is to be furnished with steam-engines of the most improved pattern, for compressing air in pipes several miles long and covering an area of nearly two square miles. The general pressure will be of three atmospheres, but at the places where the compressed air is to be employed the pressure may be reduced at will by means of an ingenious contrivance which at the same time will serve to measure the amount of air employed. The results of this new enterprise will be watched with considerable interest, and, should they prove satisfactory, the system will doubtless be largely adopted in the industrial world.

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From what has already been said it may readily be surmised that the transmission of power by electricity is a consideration of paramount importance. That power may be thus transmitted even to great distances, has, after much active study, been proved a most gratifying possibility; but financial considerations have thus far left reason to doubt whether this mode of transmission will ever be universally employed. Some years ago, Sir William Thomson suggested that the millions of horse-power now wasted at Niagara might be partially transferred by electricity to New York City and be used during the day as motive power and at night for illuminating purposes.

It is scarcely probable that this suggestion will ever be acted upon. Apart from the fact that such an undertaking would mar the beauty of this unique cataract, the expense it would entail renders it impracticable. But that which probably never will be done with Niagara may prove practicable in the case of minor falls and rapids.

Again, might it not be possible to work the immense plant now to be found in all our large cities, not merely during the night for electric lighting, but during the entire twenty-four hours? For during the ordinary working hours the power generated by large engines might, by the current of the dynamos, be distributed to the neighboring mills and factories. At all events the problem, while as yet unsolved from a financial view (with which we are not at present concerning ourselves), is, from a scientific point of view, already satisfactorily solved, especially after the remarkable experiments of MM. Deprez and Fontaine in France. Before describing their experiments it will be well to call to mind the history of this new application of electricity, and the principles involved in it. It is difficult to say who first suggested the employment of electricity for utilizing distant power, but the first experiment in this line was made at the Vienna Exposition in 1873. Ever since the experiments have been repeated in all Expositions, especially in exhibits of electrical apparatus, and most commonly in connection with Gramme's dynamos. Thus, in the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1876, the Gramme Company showed a transmission of two or three horse-power, traversing a wire with a resistance of twenty ohms, that is, a resistance as great as would be offered by a copper wire one-fourth of an inch in diameter and sixteen miles long. In 1878 the same company again performed this experiment and others of a similar character.

In 1879, near Paris, the first practical application of the method was made by MM. Chretien and Felix, who, with the aid of electricity, ploughed a large field. In this work they employed a current of twenty ampères and two hundred volts. From that date the industrial application rapidly spread, and at the Paris Electrical Exposition, 1881, as many as fifty Gramme machines were employed in transmitting power. The difficulty of transmission increases with the distance, or, to speak more accurately, with the resistance offered by the line connecting the generator and receivers. The principle involved in this electrical transmission of power may be deduced from the following remarks: The Gramme, Siemens, and other dynamos of similar type, are true electrical

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motors, consisting essentially of a coil or bobbin of wire. When this coil is turned, by mechanical force, in the field of a powerful electro-magnet, a very rapid succession of instantaneous currents is produced. An ordinary "one-light" Gramme dynamo, making 800 revolutions per minute, will in that space of time give over 200,000 such currents. This rapid succession makes the current of the dynamo entirely similar to that produced by a strong battery. But to cause this rapid revolution of the armature a very great force is required; for while the induction currents are produced, the electro-dynamical repulsion (developed, according to Lenz's well-known law, between the currents of the armature and the amperian currents of the field) is to be overcome. Now, if a current is allowed to pass into the same armature at rest, this repulsion causes the armature to revolve in a direction opposite to that which it had previously, and a belt stretched upon the driving-wheel can be used to move any machinery. So that one dynamo near the source of power—say a waterfall—can be made to develop an electric current which, carried by a wire to another dynamo where the power is to be utilized, is all that is required for the transmission. But in all cases, especially where the power is carried to a considerable distance, part of the current is lost. Even in the most successful experiments this has been verified: for instance, in those made by MM. Deprez and Fontaine only one-half of the primitive power was reproduced.

Through the munificence of the Rothschilds, who are said to have given no less than 800,000 francs, M. Marcel Deprez was enabled, a few months ago, to experiment with apparatus of his own devising between Paris and Creil, a distance of about thirty-five miles. From eighty horse-power, generated by a steam engine in Paris, he succeeded in transmitting over a single wire forty horse-power to Creil, and this without overheating the wire. The experiment was made in the presence of scientists and other interested persons. In a paper read by him before the French Academy of Sciences, he proposed to submit his process to further tests in the presence of a committee; this was done, and the committee gave the following official statement of the results: With one generator and one receiver, fifty per cent. of the original force was reproduced with a current of 10 ampères; the machines worked regularly and continuously; the maximum electromotive force was a little over 6000 volts; no accident had occurred during six months, and there was no apparent danger even in using uncovered wires supported on poles. The same committee estimated that the probable cost of the plant for transmitting fifty-horse power round a circular line of seventy miles would be about $25,000, though the outlay would probably be diminished if the machines were frequently constructed.

The experiments of M. Hyppolite Fontaine, with the concurrence of several other gentlemen, were made with the utmost care and skill, to show that "the machines constructed by M. Gramme are lighter, cheaper, and better from every point of view, than those recently experimented with on the Railway of the North," in France, by M. Deprez. The experiment was made, not by actually transmitting power

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from a distance—a method too expensive without the munificent aid of another Rothschild—but in the office of the Gramme Co., by allowing the current to pass through a resistance of 100 ohms, which is about the resistance to be overcome in a copper wire one-fourth of an inch in diameter and eighty miles long. The machines employed were of a unique type, called "Superior," four being used as generators and three as receivers, each giving, at the normal speed of 1400 revolutions per minute, an electromotive force of 1600 volts and a current of 10 ampères. The power transmitted under these circumstances is stated to be greater than that produced by Deprez, reaching about fifty-two per cent. of the primitive power.

ELECTROMOTORS.

Soon after its first discovery, some forty years ago, electro-magnetism was utilized for producing motion by electricity, but the first electromotors were mere toys compared with those of the present day. Progress in this line was at first gradual; in fact, it was not until twenty years ago, in the workshops of Mr. Froment, of Paris, that an electromotive engine of one horse-power could be seen running in a satisfactory manner. Since the invention of dynamos, however, rapid advancement has been made. We need not insist on the principle underlying their use, as we have mentioned it in the preceding pages, when speaking of the receivers used in the transmission of power. We shall confine ourselves to an enumeration of some of the applications that have been or might be made of them. To begin with the most recent that has come to our knowledge: On Eighth Avenue, New York City, cars can be seen running without horses or steam. They are propelled by a Siemens dynamo, through which a current, obtained from storage batteries placed under the seat of the car, is allowed to pass. To stop the car, the current is broken and the brakes applied. This system, which is said to work satisfactorily, is on trial, having been introduced into this country last fall by Mr. Edmond Julien, the inventor, who met with considerable success in its application throughout continental Europe, especially in Belgium. The accumulators are charged in the car-stables, and are able to run the cars for seven hours without recharging. This is only a more perfect application of the system that was tried in Paris, several years ago, when large omnibuses carrying thirty persons were driven by electricity. The same kind of motor, with a current not stored in accumulators but produced by a dynamo, is employed on several electrical railroads in Germany, England, France, and also in this country, as, for instance, on the road outside of Baltimore. Stationary engines are placed at the end of the line to work the dynamos. The current is allowed to pass, either by the two rails of the tracks, or, with greater safety and smaller loss of electricity, by a conductor placed on poles along the line—the track serving as return wire. When the current passes through a Siemens

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dynamo, or Daft motor—the kind used in Baltimore, and tried on the elevated railroad in New York—it propels the car or train.

Both these systems are certainly practical and successful; and when all the technical difficulties shall have been overcome, they will, no doubt, be rapidly developed. Even now the Van Depoele street railways are in use in Minneapolis, Montgomery, Detroit, Scranton, Toronto and other places on this continent. Last fall electricity was used to propel a boat across the English Channel, and it has been used for moving balloons, in which latter case the current is obtained either from accumulators, or from ordinary batteries. As regards balloons, the electromotors would seem to be very safe and serviceable. Their weight remains constant, and there is no danger of fire, which is always imminent when steam engines are carried in the basket.

Besides, these motors will prove invaluable where, as in the case of submarine torpedo boats, the products of combustion or escaping steam are apt to be injurious. It is true, in such boats compressed air, which would also serve to replace that vitiated by the occupants, could be used, but the power furnished by it would be inadequate. The great power often required for submarine navigation can be supplied only by electricity, which might also be utilized for firing the torpedos. Another instance where foul air is a hindrance is in long tunnels. All remember how, a few months ago, the hands of a freight train in Mount Cenis tunnel were rendered unconscious by the gases escaping from the locomotive, and were revived with difficulty. In the St. Gothard tunnel also, not long after its opening, two men, who were on an engine helping to propel the train from the rear, were asphyxiated by the products of combustion of the engine in front. To avoid such dangers traction cables might be used; but electrical motors have been proposed, as they were proposed also for propelling trains through the tunnel under the English Channel. This tunnel, including the approaches, is the longest gallery as yet tried or projected. The work on it has been stopped, but considering the great advantages to be derived from it, it must be carried into effect sooner or later, notwithstanding England's apprehensions of being attacked by France. In this connection, an idea was suggested which, though very ingenious from a theoretical point of view, is, perhaps, practically too difficult and complicated. It was thought, that, instead of using brakes on the down-grade of the approach tunnels, the motion of the train might be moderated by causing it to revolve dynamos, which would increase the charge of storage batteries placed in the cars. The energy thus stored would afterwards move the same dynamos, and help to propel the train on the level part of the tunnel, or serve for illuminating purposes.

This idea is capable of extension on ordinary roads. In the present system, the brakes are applied on arriving at stations to destroy the momentum of the train. This is a dead loss of force not only without compensation, but with injury to the cars and the rails. If, instead of the brakes, dynamos were used in the manner just mentioned, these inconveniences would be avoided, and the energy of the momentum stored for future use.

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BOOK NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE FIRST ATTEMPTED COLONIZATION TO THE PRESENT TIME, WITH PORTRAITS, VIEWS, MAPS, AND FAC-SIMILES. By *John Gilmary Shea*. Vol. I.: The Catholic Church in Colonial Days, the Thirteen Colonies—the Ottawa and Illinois Country—Louisiana—Florida—Texas—New Mexico and Arizona, 1521–1763. 8vo. Illustrated. 663 pages. New York: John G. Shea, 1886.

The volume before us is the first of a series which, when completed, will have a value which can scarcely be over-estimated. The Church in the United States has attained dimensions which exceed those of the Church in any other English-speaking country. It is full, too, of signs of continuing future vigor and growth, which will soon give it an influence and power equal to, or greater than, that of the Church in any other country on the face of the earth. Its special office also, is to lead and guide the people of the United States, who, great and powerful as they are, are yet only in the beginning of their greatness, safely through the dangers which imperil their future growth and expansion, and their entrance upon what, evidently, is the commencement of a new era in the world's history.

To trace, therefore, the process by which the Church in the United States has attained its present strength and vigor, to fully and faithfully narrate her history, is a most important work.

At the same time it is a work of extreme difficulty. The difficulty is threefold: First, It is a work of vast extent, comprehending as it does the greater part of North America in which Christianity has any existence, reaching from the Bay of Fundy to the Rio Grande River, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific.

Secondly, It is a most intricate work. For the history of the Catholic Church in the regions which the United States now comprise is intimately connected with the histories of Spain, France, England, Ireland, and Germany, and with their histories at periods when they were most active in schemes of conquest and colonization and commercial enterprise, most jealous of each other, and hostile, and at the same time were, socially and politically, most interiorly disturbed and confused.

Thus the history of the Church in the United States is inseparably interwoven with movements and occurrences and questions, national and international, of European nations; social, political, commercial, and religious questions; with their diplomacy, their mutual jealousies, their alliances, and their wars.

In the third place, the work requires an acquaintance with, and careful study of, multitudinous documents, reports, and letters, not only official, but also personal, many of which are scattered about, hidden away, or lost sight of, in Spain, in Portugal, in France, in England, in Canada and Mexico, in California, and in various other parts of our country—documents and letters written in half a dozen different languages.

All this makes the task of composing a history of the Catholic Church in the United States exceptionally difficult, and one which requires for its successful completion a combination of special qualifications which very few persons possess. But just these qualifications Dr. John Gilmary Shea does eminently possess. His early studies and pursuits made him a master of the French, Spanish, Italian, and other modern languages, and also of a number of those of ancient times. The intellectual and

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moral training he received from Fathers of the Society of Jesus as a novice, developed his natural perseverance, intellectual industry, keenness of perception, carefulness in discrimination, in sifting and disentangling confused statements, comparing and weighing contradictory testimony and arriving at his conclusions. His natural tastes inclined him to devote himself to the study of history as a special pursuit, and particularly to the history of the discovery, exploration, colonization, and evangelization of North America. The various works he has published on these subjects would almost of themselves make a small library, and they are of classic merit. Upwards of thirty-five years ago Dr. Shea published his first historical monograph; and since then a constant stream of pamphlets, tracts, and books has flowed from his ready pen, containing the results of his investigations, and laying the foundation of Catholic history in the United States. Parkman, Bancroft, and other distinguished historical writers, and numerous historical societies, testify in the strongest terms to the great value of these productions.

The volume before us, of itself, furnishes sufficient reason for all that we have said in praise of Dr. Shea. It is a History of the Catholic Church in the United States in Colonial Days; extending geographically over the territory of "the Thirteen Colonies—the Ottawa and Illinois country, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona." In time it extends from 1521 to 1763.

Even to gather the materials for this volume was an extremely laborious and difficult work. For those materials were scattered about and hidden away or buried in various places on this continent—in Canada, in the United States, in Mexico; and, on the Eastern Continent, in England, France, Spain, and Portugal. Then, to sift and digest these materials, to trace out the connection of the facts and occurrences which they record, and to show their relation to the history of the Church in this country, was a work which required thought, study, reflection, keen discrimination, and sound judgment, of a kind and character that only specially gifted and specially trained intellects can exercise.

The volume is dedicated to seventy-two special patrons, consisting of distinguished prelates, priests, laymen, and publishing firms, "by whose request and aid," the author gratefully declares, "this work has been undertaken." The modest preface begins with an interesting account of projects and plans commenced, but never completed, by others in former years to prepare a history of the Church in the United States. It then states concisely the chief sources and channels from and through which the author has gathered his materials, with a graceful acknowledgment of indebtedness for valuable assistance given by many individuals and societies.

Following the preface is a full and detailed table of contents, which, in turn, is followed by an index of 637 illustrations, which add greatly to the interest and value of the volume, comprising, as they do, portraits of distinguished personages, views of the oldest chapels, institutions, sites of missions, etc., fac-similes of ancient maps, of registers, and of the signatures of bishops, religious, and priests, whose labors and trials are narrated in the volume.

A valuable introductory chapter follows, concisely but clearly stating the circumstances under which the first beginnings were made of establishing the Catholic Church in North America, and their relation to the colonization and exploration of the vast regions now included in the domain of the United States.

After this comes the main body of the work, comprising upwards of six hundred royal octavo pages. It is divided into six books, each of

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which is subdivided into a number of chapters, with titles that indicate their specific subjects.

Book I. treats of "The Catholic Church in the English Colonies," and comprises the period between the accession of Elizabeth to the throne of England and the restoration of the Stuarts and the fall of Puritan rule. Its first chapter is entitled "Early Projects of Settlement," in which long-forgotten facts and events connected with plans and projects of the persecuted Catholics of England for settling on the coasts of North America are exhumed and brought to light. The title of Chapter II. is "Catholicity Planted in Maryland, 1634–1646," in which is narrated the sad, yet glorious, history of the first attempt at planting the Church in Maryland. It was bright with promise in its immediate commencement, but soon the sky was darkened by presages of impending storms which quickly followed. Yet still, despite difficulties, and opposition, and persecution on the part of the bigoted Episcopalian colonists of Virginia, and also on the part of heathen Indians, the labors of the missionary priests were abundantly fruitful, so that nearly all the Indians "along both shores of the Potomac to the Piscataway and up the Patuxent to the Mattapany . . . . were thoroughly instructed in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and many, received into the Church, had learned to lead a Christian life." As regards the colonists from Europe, their affairs "were conducted with a wisdom seen in no other colony. The destitution, famine and Indian wars that mark the early days of other settlements were unknown in Maryland. Catholicity was planted with the colony and exercised its beneficent influence; the devoted priests instructed their people assiduously, teaching the young and reviving the faith of the adults." But this success was not attained without sacrifice. The author sums it up in a few words: "Five of the devoted priests, in the short twelve years, had laid down their lives," overcome by sickness brought on by their heroic labors. "Two were in chains, perhaps to face death on the scaffold," and in 1646, at the end of the first twelve years from the first planting of Catholicity in Maryland, "not a priest was left in the Province of Maryland!" But we dare not, from regard to the limits of space, farther particularize. Chapter III. treats of "The Maryland Mission Restored, 1648–1668;" and Chapter IV. of the "Jesuits and Franciscans in Maryland, 1669–1690."

Book II. is on "The Catholic Church in the Spanish Colonies." The title of its first chapter is "The Church in Florida, 1513–1561;" of its second chapter, "The Church in New Mexico, 1580–1680."

Book III. treats of "The Catholic Church in French Territory." Chapter I. is on the "First Work of the Church in Maine, Michigan and New York, 1611–1652." Chapter II. is on "The Archbishop of Rouen—Onandaga Mission Founded." Chapter III. is on "The Ottawa Mission, 1662–1675." Chapter IV. is on "The Church among the Iroquois, 1660–1680." Chapter V. is on "The Church from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, 1680–1690."

Book IV. continues the history of "The Catholic Church in the English Colonies." Chapter I. is on "The Catholic Church in Maryland. 1690–1708." Chapter II. treats of "Catholicity in Pennsylvania and Maryland, 1708–1741." Chapter III. is on "The Church in the Colonies, 1745–1755." Chapter IV. is on "The Acadian Catholics in the Colonies, 1755–1763." Chapter V. is on "Catholicity in the British Colonies, 1755–1763."

Book V. is on "The Catholic Church in the Spanish Colonies." Chapter I. is on "The Church in Florida, 1690–1763." Chapter II. is

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on "The Church in Texas, 1690–1763." Chapter III. narrates the history of the "Church in New Mexico, 1692–1763." Chapter IV. is on "The Church in Arizona, 1690–1763."

Book VI. takes up again the history of "The Church in French Territory." Chapter I. is on "The Church in the Mississippi Valley, 1690–1763." Chapter II., "The Church in Maine, 1690–1763." Chapter III, "The French Clergy in New York, 1690–1763." Chapter IV. is on "The Church in Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota, 1690–1763."

To superficial thinkers and scholars this detailed recital of the scope and contents of the volume before us will be tedious and seem unnecessary. But not so to those who already have some real acquaintance with the history of the Church in the United States. The latter will at once learn from those details the vast range of topics of primary importance which the volume comprises and the thoroughness with which the author has investigated, and studied, and treated his subject. To this we add that in the chapters we have mentioned new light has been thrown upon subjects that were previously only partly understood, and very many important facts that were previously unknown or imperfectly known, and those only by very few persons, have been brought out more fully and more clearly explained.

In a concluding chapter Dr. Shea reviews the history of the Church in the United States during the period the volume before us comprises, and notices and refutes a number of misapprehensions and misstatements of other writers. It was a period of two and a half centuries—from 1521 to 1763—of constant strife and struggle against constantly-recurring difficulties and obstacles, unreasoning opposition, satanic malice and cruel persecution by heathen savages on the one hand and by bigoted Protestants (professedly Christians) on the other hand.

Seemingly the heroic labors, and sufferings, and martyrdoms of missionary priests by disease, by torture, by swift execution, resulted in nothing. Seemingly all that they had done or striven to do, and all that they had endured, amounted to nothing. They had watered the soil of North America with their blood. Their slaughtered bodies had been buried in unknown graves. Their ashes had been scattered by the winds. Their bones had mingled with the snows of Canada or had dried and shrivelled, unknown and uncared for, in Florida and thence on to California. And the result of all this was seemingly nothing, or almost nothing.

Thus it was seemingly. But it was not so in reality. The actual, the real result of all this is tersely and truly summed up by Dr. Shea in his last sentence: "Darkness as of night was settling on the land, but it was the darkness that precedes the dawn."

The last pages of the volume contain a copious and carefully prepared index.

We end this notice with an expression of our earnest desire and hope that Dr. John Gilmary Shea's life, and health, and strength may be continued to him, so that he may finish and complete the important and invaluable work which he has planned and commenced.

THE DOCTRINE OF ST. THOMAS ON THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY AND ITS USE. By *Right Rev. Monsignor J. De Concilio.* Fr. Pustet & Co. New York and Cincinnati.

The prominence which the labor question has recently acquired in the United States has, not unnaturally or strangely, induced new investigations of the basis of individual ownership of property in general, and

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particularly of land, its limitations and conditions, its rights and duties. We say "rights and duties," in accordance with conventional usage, for, strictly speaking, property—that which an individual owns or claims to own—is a mere unreasoning thing, a something that is entirely destitute both of understanding and of will. Property, therefore, cannot have any rights or duties. But the rights and duties which conventionally are attributed to it, devolve in fact and reality to the individuals who claim and exercise the right to own property.

Prominent among the writers who question or deny the right of individual ownership of land, is Henry George. He has been boosted into undeserved prominence by a concurrence of circumstances which it is needless to mention in detail. He has also succeeded in enlisting as advocates of his visionary theory several Catholic clergymen, who claim that they can find support for their chief propositions in the works of St. Thomas Aquinas. Were this claim well founded, it would immensely strengthen Henry George's position. For the acuteness, the profundity, the exhaustive thoroughness with which St. Thomas treats every subject which he discusses are universally acknowledged.

Recognizing the importance of definitely settling the question of what St. Thomas teaches respecting the right of individual ownership of property, and particularly of land, Monsignor De Concilio has addressed himself to the task of fully showing the doctrine of St. Thomas on the right of property in land or in any other thing, and on the rightful use of property.

In the performance of this work the Very Rev. writer carefully avoids the mistake which the advocates of Henry George's theories have made in their references to St. Thomas. He does not content himself with a few sentences from the *Summa Theologica* detached from their context. He carefully examines other writings also of the Angelic Doctor, and undertakes to bring together all that St. Thomas has anywhere said on the subject, and to arrange it in proper order and under distinct heads.

The task was difficult and laborious but it has been well performed. He clearly and conclusively proves that to suppose that St. Thomas teaches that individual ownership and use of land or other things is wrong, is a mere delusion.

In his treatment of his subject Monsignor De Concilio first shows what St. Thomas teaches respecting *jus* or "*right*"; its source and basis; its general nature; its limitations, qualifications, and conditions; the definitions which the Angelic Doctor gives of the different forms or kinds of *right;* their divisions and subdivisions.

The different meanings of various expressions which St. Thomas employs are explained; and it is clearly shown that much of the misunderstanding of St. Thomas is owing to these expressions having been erroneously taken as interchangeable.

Monsignor De Concilio then shows what St. Thomas teaches as to the subject-matter of the right of property—first in general, and then of the right of private ownership in land. He shows first by direct demonstration, and then by indirect demonstration, that St. Thomas clearly holds not only that private ownership of land is not wrong, but that it is best for society that land should be held and owned by individuals.

The proof is overwhelming, first, that the Angelic Doctor condemns and repudiates all community of goods and possessions of land as well as of other things; secondly, that he rejects even a modified form of communism or an equal division and distribution of fortunes; and third, that he positively and clearly teaches that inequality of individual possessions in the commonwealth is in conformity with the

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natural law and the order established by Almighty God for the well-being, peace, stability, and good government of society.

As a study of St. Thomas on the particular subjects discussed, and a systematically arranged digest of what he teaches on those subjects, the treatise is valuable. The author constantly cites page and volume of St. Thomas's writings that the reader may conveniently refer to the passages that are commented on. In addition to this, he gives the passages in full, both in the original Latin and in his own English translation.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS BY THE MOST REV. DR. WALSH, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, IN REPLY TO THE NUMEROUS ADDRESSES OF CONGRATULATION ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE ARCHBISHOPRIC. With a Collection of His Grace's Letters on Various Subjects of Public Interest. And an Appendix, Containing the Resolutions Adopted by the Irish Bishops in October, 1885, and the Episcopal Letter of February, 1886, to Mr. Gladstone. Revised for publication, with His Grace's Sanction, from the "Freeman's Journal" Reports. Fr. Pustet & Co. New York and Cincinnati, 1887.

A copy of the same work was also previously received from Messrs. Benziger & Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

These copies are different editions of the same work. So far as we have discovered from a comparison of them, they are identical in contents.

As respects the intrinsic value of the discourses and letters of His Grace, the present Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin, it is scarcely necessary for us to speak. His reputation for learning, intellectual ability, calmness, impartiality, courageousness, and soundness of judgment, is so well established and so widely known, that to dilate upon them would be simply to multiply needless words.

But apart from their intrinsic value, they have a special interest and importance, owing to their bearing upon burning questions in Ireland, growing out of her present relation to Great Britain; questions which are intimately connected with the industrial, educational, social, and civil rights and interests of the people of Ireland.

The two previous Archbishops of Dublin, a Primatial See of Ireland, Cardinal Cullen, and his successor, Cardinal McCabe, were, each in his own way and with his own personal intellectual attainments and Christian virtues, prelates of eminent intellectual gifts, learning, piety, and devotion to the interests of religion. But they regarded with fear and apprehension, if not with positive distrust, and at times with positive disapproval, some of the efforts of the people of Ireland to obtain larger industrial and political freedom.

For this there were reasons that in part were well founded. For, however great were the grievances of the people of Ireland, it is undeniable that some of the movements in which they engaged in order to free themselves from those grievances, were open to grave objections. Some of them were rash and certain to fail of success, and some of them, too, were contrary to morality and religion. But, happily, as the struggle has gone on, it has not only acquired on the part of the people of Ireland the justification of probable success, but has also based itself more plainly upon grounds of legal and constitutional right.

Of these latter forms of the Irish movement, Very Rev. Dr. Walsh was a warm supporter and a fearless and outspoken advocate. His accession, therefore, to the Archbishopric of Dublin was an epoch in the history of Ireland's Primatial Archiepiscopal See, and in some respects a complete reversal of its political relations and influence.

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It was not without opposition on the part of the English Government that this change was effected. On the contrary, as soon as the telegraph made known the death of Cardinal McCabe, a plot was concocted by agents of that Government to corrupt the sources of Irish ecclesiastical intelligence in Rome, and to divert them into courses adverse to Ireland's national interests and aspirations. They were stimulated into immediate activity by the intelligence that on the Friday following the death of Cardinal McCabe the Cathedral Chapter, in accordance with custom, met for the purpose of electing by ballot a Vicar-Capitular to administer the affairs of the diocese during the vacancy of the See. Of the twenty votes that were cast, twelve were for Very Rev. Dr. Walsh. The other eight were divided between three other candidates. The result of the election was received by priests and people with almost universal joy, as having an important though indirect bearing upon the nomination by the Chapter and parish priest of the diocese of a successor to Cardinal McCabe.

But while the action of the Chapter delighted the priests and people, not only of the Diocese of Dublin, but throughout Ireland, it intensely irritated the Dublin Castle authorities and a number of the members of the British Cabinet. For in Dr. Walsh's previous course of action, while President of Maynooth College, they had had more than one foretaste of what manner of man he would be if appointed to the Archbishopric of Dublin. Accordingly, the Dublin Castle authorities and certain members of the British Cabinet, in their malignity and insolent folly, vowed that whoever else might be appointed Archbishop of Dublin, it should not be Dr. Walsh. To make this resolve effective, they at once set in motion every agency they could command.

But the vile conspiracy, quickly concocted, was quickly and effectually exposed. Cardinal McCabe expired shortly after midnight of February 10th, 1885. In the *Freeman's Journal* of February 16th, the morning after his burial, the plot was laid bare and denounced. On March 10th, 1885, the Chapter and parish priests assembled to nominate a successor to the deceased Archbishop. The result of the ballot was 46 votes for Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, and 17 other votes distributed in favor of three other candidates. On the evening of the same day the duly authenticated record of the procedure was on its way to Rome, and the priests and people of Dublin (and indeed throughout Ireland) felt assured that in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff, with whom the final decision of the matter rested, their interests were safe.

Nor was their confidence misplaced; secret agents and wire-pullers of the British Government prowled about the offices of the Vatican and the Propaganda in Rome, and whined, and pleaded, and employed every artifice to obtain access to the Holy Father, that they might repeat to him the malignant falsehoods which they had whispered to whoever would listen to them. But the Holy Father sternly repelled them. The doors of his apartments were closed against them. For the Holy Father knew that in the Irish Prelates he had at his command pure and unsullied sources of truthful and entirely reliable information. In pursuance of his wise purpose of conferring with the local ecclesiastical authorities on matters of discipline and the interests of the Church in different countries, the Sovereign Pontiff had summoned several of the Irish Bishops to Rome for special consultation with himself on matters of vital importance to Ireland. This fact furnished fresh grounds of confidence in the decision which the Holy Father in due time would make.

The suspense was ended on the 23d of June by the Holy Father's

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approval of the nomination of Dr. Walsh to the vacant See of Dublin. The appointment was further emphasized by Dr. Walsh being called to Rome, to be there consecrated to his holy office and to receive the *pallium*. While he remained there he had full opportunity, before entering upon the discharge of his Archiepiscopal duties, to confer with His Holiness, Leo XIII., on the condition and affairs of Ireland, as regards both their ecclesiastical and their political aspects. Consequently, when Archbishop Walsh returned to Ireland, and took charge of the See of Dublin, it was with full and intimate knowledge of the mind of the Holy Father as to Ireland's condition, hopes, and aspirations.

From this point of view, the addresses and letters of the Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh, contained in the volume before us, have a threefold importance. They are well worthy of perusal on account of their intrinsic interest, their eloquence and strength of argument. They are worthy of study because of their statesmanlike perception of the condition of Ireland, the causes that have produced it, and the remedies that are needed. In addition to all this, they have a special interest and importance because it is morally certain that the ideas presented in them are in no wise contrary to those of His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE THRONE OF THE FISHERMAN BUILT BY THE CARPENTER'S SON. By *Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G.* London: Burns & Oates, 1877. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company.

The Throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's Son, is the significant title of Mr. Allies' latest work. In seeking to clear the Church of England from schism, he was naturally moved to examine her title-deeds, and in those title-deeds he discovered no less a flaw than the transfer of Peter's Supremacy to the sovereign of England. The dark catacomb, the fruitful Egyptian tomb, give forth no uncertain testimony; in the one, every Christian dogma is contained as in germ; in the other, we recognize the belief of the ancients in the great teaching of death and immortality. Of the work before us we may say, likewise, that it furnishes the *pièces justificatives* for what it asserts, and that it speaks of the royal priesthood of Peter with the assurance of one who can securely point to an unbroken succession of eighteen centuries. If Mr. Allies left the Church of England because it is based upon the Royal Supremacy, that is, upon the supremacy of the State, he has every reason to rejoice in the perseverance and accuracy with which he has traced back into the beginning of the Christian era the nature and rise of Peter's supremacy, and its recognition by the Church and by the world. We think no one will read this volume without allowing his mind to be disabused of certain prejudices. The subterraneous crypt is divested of its ornaments; its inscriptions are held up to the light of day. We use this comparison advisedly, for many have dealt with the first five centuries as if they were history's dark underground passages, and have sung over them a delighted *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. They have traced the Papacy to human agency, to the gradual working out of problems, or to the magnificence of a Charlemagne. Let them hold the torch which Mr. Allies' learning has lit for them, and read the inscriptions of those early times. These inscriptions are written in letters of deeds. If, as is the case, Divine Providence allowed the written acts of the early Church to perish, it was because their impress was carried on age after age in human hearts. A full-grown body issued from the catacombs; he who alone of the Apostles founded a direct episcopal

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line, whose triple chair is honored at Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome, established the Primacy in the person of his successor. From St. Peter to St. Sylvester (314) blood-shedding was often the portion of the chief of Christians, yet, marvellous result of persecution, when the crown of Constantine was hallowed by the Cross, its wearer recognized the Bishop of Rome as Pontiff of the Crucified. Constantine's step in founding new Rome, in withdrawing from the Rome of Peter, and in conferring upon Peter's successor the Lateran Palace, was analogous to the act of Godefroi de Bouillon, that King of Jerusalem who would not wear his royal diadem where his Lord had been crowned with thorns. But, besides the testimony of Nice to the three great Sees of Peter, which thus traced back all power in the Church to the one Apostle, and the voice of deeds in favor of the Primacy, those early Popes speak in no faltering accents, as men charged with the deposit of the whole Church. Thus, while the Apostle John yet lived, St. Clement spoke out his decision, in full confidence as to the authority on which he rested, and called for obedience to it in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and as the voice of the Holy Ghost. Looking back also on the fifty years of apostolic teaching which preceded his letter, he recorded the establishment of the episcopate throughout the world as the injunction of Christ, carried out by those whom He had sent. He was the third from St. Peter in the See of Rome, and St. Ignatius, who was the second from the same St. Peter in the See of Antioch, writing to the Romans, rcognizes this heirloom in the words he addresses to them: "I do not give you commands, like Peter and Paul: they, Apostles, I, one condemned." In the middle of the second century, St. Anicetus, resting upon this same force of tradition, urged upon St. Polycarp, a disciple of St. John, the observance of Easter after the Roman and not after the Jewish custom. A hundred years later, in the middle of the third century, St. Stephen, in the matter of heretical baptism, resisted St. Cyprian, who was supported by the African bishops, with the words: "Let there be no innovation, but that which is handed down be maintained." And these words may be said to express the whole conduct of the Popes in these three centuries. They carried on a living tradition, dating from St. Peter and St. Paul. So, in the middle of the fourth century, Liberius, treading in the footsteps of his predecessor Julius, addressed the unworthy son of Constantine, one of the worst persecutors of the Church, in the words: "God is my witness, the whole Church with her members is my witness, that in faith and fear of my God I tread and have trodden under foot all human considerations, as the Gospel and the apostolic rule require. Not with rash anger, but by the divine right as settled and observed; and, living in discharge of an ecclesiastical office, I have fulfilled what the law required; nothing through boastfulness, nothing through desire of honor. And God is my witness that I approached this office against my will, in which I desire, so long as I remain in the world, to continue without offence to God. And never was it my own statutes, but those of the Apostles, which I guarded and carried out. Following the custom and order of my predecessor, I suffered nothing to be added to the episcopate of the city of Rome, nothing to be taken from it. But preserving that faith which has run down through the succession of bishops so great, many of whom were martyrs, I hope to guard it forever without spot." (P. 120, 121.) So, in 357, when Constantius, the son of Constantine, visited Rome, he witnessed the progress of the new birth which was making the centre of old heathendom into the cherished home of Christianity. The Lateran Palace, from which Cæsar had departed, was filled with another and a greater

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Presence. Last of all, in this volume, as a testimony to the Primacy, comes the splendid apparition of St. Leo the Great. A man replete with the majesty of the true Roman peace, he exercised the power of his position at once for God and for the Christians over whom he ruled. Ephesus, by the mouth of Pope Celestine, had condemned Nestorius in 431. New heresies, with hordes of barbarians, assailed Leo's path from without; but two instances may be chosen as illustrating, the one his position, the other his individual action. Chalcedon addressed him in these words: "You lead us as the head the members; you are entrusted by the Saviour with the guardianship of the vine." (P. 519.) The voice of Chalcedon was echoed by Constantinople, whose glory seemed to itself incomplete so long as a full measure of spiritual honor should be wanting to it. Senate, clergy, people, bishop, and Cæsars alike petitioned the Pope to increase the authority of its See, and Leo by a supreme exercise of authority refused to grant a petition which was against his conscience, because not warranted by ecclesiastical canons. Next to Peter, the "Throne of the Fisherman" is based upon the Fathers, and two chapters of this volume are dedicated to them; chapters which, if not the most important, are, in our opinion, the most graceful. They are pages woven together by learning, elegance, and deep Christian feeling. We do not remember to have seen in any other place so complete a picture of what it was which the Fathers really did. Here is assigned to each one his work and importance in the Church, and who can blame Mr. Allies if his own preference is for that great name of Augustine, which is still ringing through Christendom? He has also largely used the writings of Prudentius, and with him we will quote, in closing, those pregnant lines over the tomb of an early Christian martyr, St. Eulalia:

Sic venerarier ossa libet
Ossibus altar et impositum.
Illa Dei sita sub pedibus
Prospicit hæc, populosque suos
Carmine propitiata fovet? (P. 480.)

THE CHURCH AND THE VARIOUS NATIONALITIES IN THE UNITED STATES. Are German Catholics Unfairly Treated? By *John Gmeiner*. Milwaukee, Wis.: H. Zahn & Co., Printers, 1887.

The author of this pamphlet is a learned and able priest of German nationality, who has been a pastor of German Catholic churches, and editor of a German Catholic newspaper for many years. He has had ample opportunity, therefore, to examine the subject, which he discusses on all sides, and to examine and weigh the different answers that have been given to the question asked and answered in his pamphlet.

In his introductory chapter he states his reasons for discussing the question. They are all in the interests of Christian peace and harmony, and consist in the fact that, though all believers should be of "one heart and one soul," yet, "despite the truly apostolic zeal of the Prelates of the Church in the United States to do full justice" to Catholics of all nationalities, yet they "are unable to prevent the occasional murmurings of German, Polish, French, Bohemian, and other Catholics."

In support of this he refers to several instances of articles published in German-American periodicals expressing dissatisfaction, and to "rumors" now "afloat throughout the United States that the complaints of some of our German Catholics had been brought to the notice of the Propaganda at Rome." Commenting upon these facts or rumors, he says that "it is high time, one way or the other, to put an end to these murmurings, and if there really are causes in some places for justifiable complaint, let them be plainly and candidly stated and brought

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before the proper ecclesiastical tribunals, to have a remedy applied for the evils; and that "where there are no such real and tangible facts, for the sake of the peace of mind and the eternal welfare of our German Catholics, stop those vague grumblings."

The Rev. writer, in subsequent chapters, states the facts and considerations bearing upon the subject, facts and considerations which we propose to summarize rather than criticise, our object being simply to explain the scope and intention of this thoughtful and evidently carefully prepared pamphlet, without expressing any opinions of our own upon what, from every point of view, is a difficult and perplexing question, and which is all the more difficult because it cannot be solved by any general application of well-established principles, but by the special application of those principles to special and, in many instances, to exceptional circumstances.

In his second chapter the Rev. writer briefly enumerates the different nationalities and races of the present Catholic inhabitants of the United States—Indians, Negroes, Irish, German, French, Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians, Belgians, etc. He then describes the distinctive characteristics and habits of the German immigrants and their immediate descendants, and their relation to the German and the English languages.

The Rev. writer then states and examines the different views that have been taken of "the future of foreign-born Catholics in the United States," and the fears and hopes that are entertained respecting the future of the Church and of Catholic schools in our country, with special reference to the German part of our population. In his concluding chapter he states the substance of a petition sent to the sacred congregation of the Propaganda, since the commencement of the present year, asking the Holy See to authoritatively settle a number of questions which the petition recites. Respecting this petition the Rev. writer significantly says that the priests of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee and, as he believes, the priests of the entire ecclesiastical province are not responsible for it, and were not consulted about it. He furthermore declares, that in that diocese and province "nothing is known of troubles of any consequence between priests of various nationalities." He then states the chief points in the petition, quoting copiously from it.

He then proceeds to examine and discuss the questions which the petition raises or suggests, and pointedly says that "many a priest of German descent will doubt whether the petition *in its present form* will ever be granted." He declares that he states this thus plainly, "so that it may not afterwards be said . . . . . that unfair anti-German influences had defeated" the petition.

The Rev. writer's conclusion (for which he gives specific reasons) is, that our "German Catholics are not unfairly treated by the ecclesiastical authorities," either in this country or at Rome.

The treatise is a calm and comprehensive, though concise, discussion of the question how the spiritual interests of Catholics of different nationalities in the United States can be best guarded and promoted. As such it is worthy of thoughtful perusal, not only by German Catholics, but by all Catholics, irrespective of race or nationality or tongue.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE FIRST INVASION OF THE ROMANS TO THE ACCESSION OF WILLIAM AND MARY IN 1688. By *John Lingard, D.D.* A New Edition, as enlarged by Dr. Lingard, shortly before his death. In thirteen volumes. New York: P. O'Shea, publisher, 1887.

If the history of any one European country has been misunderstood, miswritten, and, on many points, utterly falsified, it is that of England.

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Political prejudices, prejudices of race and of social rank, and the still deeper influences of sectarian bigotry, of skepticism and anti-religion, have biassed one or another writer of the history of England, and rendered his statements sometimes one-sided and imperfect, and sometimes wholly untrue.

To these writers Dr. Lingard is a striking exception. His carefulness and diligence, his industry in searching original sources of history, in weighing and comparing conflicting testimony, his fairness and candor, are admitted by all students of English history, of whatever political party or religious creed. It would be an exaggeration to say that he was entirely free from personal prejudice or bias. But it is the simple truth that, so far as he was conscious of it, he resolutely trampled it under foot. He adopted and observed with rare fidelity the rule which His Holiness, Leo XIII., has laid down for historians: "To fear to tell a lie; to dare to speak the truth."

On this subject we quote Dr. Lingard's own declaration. He says, in his preliminary notice to his last revised edition: "I have strictly adhered to the same rules to which I limited myself in the former editions; to admit no statement merely upon trust; to weigh with care the value of authorities on which I rely, and to watch with jealousy the secret workings of my own personal feelings and prepossessions. Such vigilance is a matter of necessity to every writer of history if he aspire to the praise of truthfulness and impartiality."

Dr. Lingard held, and correctly, that so-called historians, who write in support of a preconceived purpose or theory, are utterly unworthy of credit. "What they claim to be the philosophy of history, might with more propriety be termed the philosophy of romance." They assume "the privilege of being acquainted with the secret motives of those whose conduct and characters they describe; but writers of history know nothing more respecting motives than the little which their authorities have disclosed or the facts necessarily suggest. If they indulge in fanciful conjectures, if they profess to detect the hidden springs of every action, the origin and consequences of every event, they may display acuteness of investigation, profound knowledge of the human heart, and great ingenuity of invention; but no reliance can be placed on the fidelity of their statements."

Dr. Lingard's history of England is the only complete history of that country that has come from a Catholic pen. Indeed, it may truthfully be said to be the only reliable one of the period it comprises that any one has written. Hume's partiality and positive dishonesty have become notorious. Macaulay's history extends over only a brief period, and is really rather a brilliant political essay than a treatise. Other historiographers have written on particular phases of the life and movements of the English people, but Dr. Lingard's work is what it professes to be—a *history* of England.

DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA: ITS SCOPE AND VALUE. From the German of *Franz Hettinger, D.D.*, Professor of Theology at the University of Wurtzburg. Edited by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. London: Burns & Oates, 1887.

The *Divina Commedia* towers over all similar works of later date, as the dome of St. Peter's towers above other structures in Rome. Its scope and value is not a subject which interests only the critical student of poetry, of mediæval history, or of Italian literature. Apart from its artistic merits, it holds its place, even more in the present than in the

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past, as a profound and comprehensive treatise on the principles of human conduct, and the end and true value of life.

Statesmen, social philosophers, and writers of the so-called "Liberal" school, think they see in its pages the first expression and a strong defence of their theories. On the other hand, Catholic theologians, and religious, and priests and bishops, are among the most strenuous defenders of its orthodoxy. Thus, in 1865, at Florence, "Young Italy" crowned the bust of Dante as the herald of free thought and revolution; and in 1857, at Ravenna, Pius IX. placed a wreath on his tomb, as a testimony to his Catholic loyalty and faith. It becomes thus a matter not only of critical interest, but also of great importance in other relations, to determine what is the true teaching of the *Divina Commedia*, and whence the conflicting judgments upon it have arisen.

In answering these questions Dr. Hettinger employs a method which is used by comparatively few. He takes the poet's own teachers, the Fathers and schoolmen, as his guides, and shows from their writings the sources of Dante's poem; thus he arrives at what he believes to be its true interpretation. For this method of exposition Dr. Hettinger is eminently qualified. His distinguished ability, and his extensive and profound erudition, have long since placed him in the front rank of Catholic theologians. At the same time he is thoroughly acquainted with the modern literature bearing on the *Commedia*.

We dare not, from regard for limits of space, attempt even to outline the results of Dr. Hettinger's inquiries. Suffice it to say that after a highly interesting and instructive chapter on the age in which Dante lived, his family, education, formative influences that surrounded him, his friends and contemporaries, his subsequent personal history, the idea and form of Dante's poem are thoroughly examined and discussed. Its contents are then subjected to like examination in a number of successive chapters. The theology of the poem is then subjected to careful, close, exhaustive examination. After this, Dante's ideas of reform are stated in detail, and acutely and thoroughly criticised. In the concluding chapter his ideas of the Church and the Empire, and their mutual relations, are in like manner analyzed and examined.

Dr. Hettinger's conclusion is, that in his theology Dante was thoroughly orthodox. As regards his philosophical principles and ideas he was a follower of St. Thomas. But the misfortunes that befel him, and his intense personal pride of opinion and hate, led him into error as regards the relation of the Church and the mediæval German Empire—caused him to side with the Empire and to abuse and denounce Popes whom the verdict of history and the result of thorough, critical, historical researches prove to have been blameless and holy.

ABANDONMENT, OR ABSOLUTE SURRENDER TO DIVINE PROVIDENCE. Posthumous Work of Rev. J. P. de Caussade, S J. Revised and Corrected by Rev. H. Ramière, S. J. Translated from the Eighth French Edition. By *Miss Ella McMahon*. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, 1887.

This is a highly instructive and edifying work. The thoughtful and judicious preface, or, rather, introductory chapter of Father Ramière, also adds to its value. He guards the readers of Father Caussade's work against the danger of falling into the error of Quietism, by exaggerating the truths which the book inculcates, and clearly explains the two principles which form the basis of the virtue of abandonment.

The first principle is that "nothing is done," nothing happens, either in the material or in the moral world, which God has not foreseen from all eternity, and which He has not willed, or, at least, permitted.

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The second principle is that "God can will nothing," He can permit nothing, but in view of the end He proposed to Himself in creating the world, *i.e.*, in view of His glory and the glory of the Man-God, Jesus Christ, His only Son.

To these two principles laid down by Father Caussade, Father Ramière adds a third, in order more clearly to elucidate the subject, viz.: "As long as man lives upon earth, God desires to be glorified through the happiness of this privileged creature; and, consequently, in God's designs the interest of man's sanctification and happiness is inseparable from the interest of the divine glory."

Father Caussade's work is divided into three "books," the titles of which will sufficiently indicate its scope. Book first is on "The Nature and Excellence of the Virtue of Holy Abandonment." Book second is on "The Divine Action and the Manner in which it Unceasingly Works the Sanctification of Souls." Book third is on "The Paternal Care with which God Surrounds Souls Wholly Abandoned to Him." Following these "books" is an Appendix, containing, among other edifying matter, "A Very Easy Means of Acquiring Peace of Heart," by Father Surin; an exercise "Of Loving Union of our Will with the Will of God," by St. Francis de Sales; and Acts of Abandonment.

GLADSTONE, PARNELL, AND THE GREAT IRISH STRUGGLE. A Graphic Story of the Injustice and Oppression inflicted upon the Irish Tenantry, and a History of the Gigantic Movement throughout Ireland, America, and Great Britain for "Home Rule;" with Biographies of the Great Leaders, Gladstone, Parnell, Davitt, Egan, and very many others. By the Distinguished Authors, Journalists, and Friends of Ireland, Hon. Thomas Power O'Connor, M.P., and Robert McWade, Esq., Ex-President Municipal Council of Philadelphia, etc.: General Introduction by Hon. Chas. Stewart Parnell, M.P.; Canadian Introduction by A. Burns, D.D., LL.D.; American Introduction by Professor R. E. Thompson, D.D., LL.D. Profusely illustrated. Hubbard Bros., Publishers: Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Kansas City, and Atlanta; G. L. Howe, Chicago; W. A. Houghton, New York; A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

The copious title which we have just quoted in full is a truthful summary of the contents of the work. It is a clear and graphic account of the heroic struggle of the people of Ireland for industrial and political freedom—a struggle lasting seven centuries, sometimes intermitted, but as often renewed; seemingly hopeless till of late years, but now bright with the promise of speedy success. The work deals chiefly with the last sixteen or seventeen years of that struggle, and mainly, indeed, with it as it has progressed during the last ten years. It contains some very graphic accounts of past events and vicissitudes of the history of Ireland, but treats of them only so far as they are connected with present issues. The fierce debates and contentions on the floor of the House of Commons are vividly described, as are, also, the personal characteristics and history of the chief personages in these contentions. The latter part of the volume contains a history of the Irish National League of America, with brief biographical sketches of the persons who have taken a leading part in forming and promoting the "League."

The illustrations add greatly to the interest and value of the work. In addition to depicting a number of scenes in Ireland—each of which tells its own tale—it contains portraits, upon which evidently no pains have been spared to make them accurate and lifelike, of nearly one hundred persons who, during recent years, have taken leading parts in favor of or against Ireland's contentions, in Great Britain, in Ireland, and in the United States.

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PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS, WITH REFLECTIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Compiled from Butler's "Lives," and other approved sources. To which are added Lives of the American Saints, recently placed on the Calendar for the United States by special petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; and also the Lives of the New Saints canonized in 1881 by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. Thirtieth Thousand. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

This work contains even more than its copious title-page suggests. In addition to Lives of the Saints, it has an introductory chapter, in which the object and significance of a number of special devotions of the Church and also the movable feasts of the Church are explained.

A work such as this was greatly needed. The only other publication in English that covered the same ground is that of the learned Dr. Alban Butler. But that work is too expensive for a large number of Catholics to purchase. Moreover, valuable as it unquestionably is as a book of reference, it is too voluminous and too heavy, as respects both style and contents, to be suitable for those whose intellectual education is limited and imperfect.

The work before us is well adapted for general use. The style is clear and the matter is selected with good judgment and well digested. The reflections, also, at the end of each life are brief, pointed, and practical.

The first edition of the work was published in 1878, with the *Imprimatur* of the late Cardinal McCloskey. It was quickly approved by a large number of other Prelates of the Church in the United States, and now we notice that the present edition (the thirtieth thousand) is published with the *Imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, and with warm commendatory letters from twenty other distinguished American Bishops and Archbishops.

The numerous illustrations which adorn almost every page of the volume add greatly to its interest and value. The typographical execution, as regards paper, letter-press, and binding, is excellent.

HANDBOOK FOR ALTAR SOCIETIES, AND GUIDE FOR SACRISTANS AND OTHERS HAVING CHARGE OF THE ALTAR AND THE SANCTUARY. By *a Member of an Altar Society*. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, 1887.

It would be well if a copy of this book were in the possession of every Sacristan, and of all leading active members of altar societies, for frequent examination and perusal. It would save the clergy a vast amount of time and trouble in having to constantly instruct and supervise those who are charged with the care of the altar and sanctuary, but who are imperfectly acquainted with the details of their duties and the manner in which they should be performed.

The author, evidently, thoroughly understands her subject. Her book, after having been first carefully examined in MS. by several Rev. clergymen, at the request of the Right Rev. Bishop of Albany, is published with his *Imprimatur* and approval. The scope of the work is wide and comprehensive. It comprises every subject connected with the furniture and ornaments necessary for the altar and the sanctuary, the outfits for acolytes and sanctuary boys, the care of the altar linens, rules for cleaning the altar and its furniture; the sacristies, the lights used at different services, how to arrange the side altars, how to decorate the altar and prepare the necessary articles, on different occasions and for the different church services, and the different festivals and feasts, and different periods of the ecclesiastical year. The directions on all these subjects are exact, detailed, clear, and comprehensive.

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GETHSEMANI. MEDITATIONS ON THE LAST DAY ON EARTH OF OUR BLESSED REDEEMER. By the *Right Rev. Monsignor T. S. Preston, V. G., LL.D.*, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, Leo XIII. New York: Robert Coddington, 1887.

This work is a companion to "The Watch on Calvary," which the Right Rev. Monsignor Preston published about two years ago. The two together form a continuous story of the Passion in all its leading particulars. The volume before us begins with the scenes of the last day of our Lord's life. It then follows him to the garden of Gethsemani, and thence on to Calvary.

The purpose of the Right Rev. writer is to assist devout souls in the study of the Cross, by writing and publishing a number of meditations upon the indescribable agony of our Blessed Redeemer. These meditations are eight in number. Their respective titles are: "The Garden of Gethsemani," "The Agony of Fear," "The Agony of Loneliness," "The Agony of Sadness," "The Agony of Pain," "The Agony of a Wounded Heart," "Jesus Condemned to Death," "The Way to Calvary."

The writer's descriptions of the different scenes and stages of the sufferings of our Saviour preceding His crucifixion, and the elements of indescribable agony that entered into them, are vivid and powerful. With mind and heart overwhelmed with sorrow, and an imagination inflamed with love and sympathy for our Lord in His indescribable humiliation, abandonment, and agony, the author makes his reader an eye-witness, as it were, of all the acts and events which marked our Blessed Redeemer's progress from Bethany to Jerusalem, thence to Gethsemani, and thence onward to Calvary.

The work cannot fail to be a valuable help to all devout souls in meditating upon the sufferings of our Divine Lord.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. Translated from the Italian of Rev. F. Francis Da Perinaldo, O.S.F. By *A Member of the same Order.* New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

This work is published with the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Michael Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, and is dedicated to the Right Rev. John Ireland, Bishop of St. Paul.

The faithful children of the Church have many edifying and profitable devotions. But from no one of them can a richer harvest of spiritual fruit be obtained, than from meditating upon the passion of Jesus Christ, our Divine Lord and Blessed Redeemer. The object of the volume before us is to promote this particular devotion. The book is not intended, and at least not specially intended, for religious or those who have devoted themselves to the work of endeavoring to attain perfection. It is primarily and especially intended for secular persons in the common walks of life. It is intended to assist them when engaged in temporal affairs, and distracted by temporal concerns, to keep in remembrance and practice their religious duties, by directing their minds to the sufferings which our Blessed Redeemer endured for us. Hence the writer very properly abstains from abstract ideas and gives his reflections a historical, moral, and local character. He requests those who use his book to read one of his "considerations" daily, either in the morning during Mass, or in the evening before retiring. Each "consideration" is also divided into two parts, so that those who prefer it can read one part in the morning and one in the evening. There are forty-five such considerations. They embrace the whole period of time

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from the first prediction of our Divine Lord, to His Apostles, of His passion, to His being taken down from the Cross and laid in the sepulchre. The considerations are brief, each one requiring only a few moments to read. They are concise and lucid and simple in thought and language, and thus well adapted to interest, instruct, and edify the laity, and to promote among them the practice of meditations upon the sufferings of our Blessed Redeemer.

THE TEACHING OF ST. BENEDICT. By the *Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B.* Canon of Newport and Menejia. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. London: Burns & Oates.

The Rule of St. Benedict is an enduring monument of what the mind of man, when purified, elevated, illumined and guided by Divine grace, can conceive and accomplish. No mere legislative code, prepared by mere human reason, can compare with it as regards its completeness, perfect consistency, sublime wisdom, and its practical adaptation to all ages and countries. It was suitable to those who desired to attain spiritual perfection in the sixth century; and after the lapse since then of more than thirteen hundred years, and notwithstanding all the changes that have occurred in the manner of life and thoughts and customs of men, it still survives in its pristine practical adaptation to the needs of those who to-day desire and are willing to strive to obtain the *peace* which implicit obedience to and perseverance in the counsels of our Divine Lord can alone secure.

The two guiding principles of St. Benedict's Rule are obedience and labor. Illumined by the Holy Spirit, St. Benedict chose them to remedy the evils of the day in which his lot was cast. For he had fallen upon very evil times. Decay, confusion, disintegration, were everywhere around him. He fled into the mountains from the vice and corruption of his time. But he carried with him in his heart those two grand principles which were to save the world—the principle of obedience to cement together the scattered and antagonizing elements of human society, and the law of labor by which man accomplishes the task marked out for him by God, both as a punishment of his rebellion, and as a remedy for the ills which sprang from the primal revolt against authority.

And just these two same principles are as applicable to the evils of our own day, and as effectually remedial, as they were thirteen hundred years ago when St. Benedict was living on the earth. For now, as then, men are inclined to break loose from control, and to riot in lawlessness, which they confound with liberty. Hence the volume before us is not only interesting and instructive, but is specially timely. It brings clearly before the minds of its readers truths and principles which, if remembered, meditated upon and practiced, will effectually remedy and destroy the characteristic evils of our own day.

In his preface the author apologetically states his reasons for styling his work "The Teaching of St. Benedict." He says, and truly, that "the germs of all the lessons taught by St. Benedict are stored up in the various enactments of his world-famed Code," and that the object of his book is to "make more generally known the wealth of ascetical, liturgical, disciplinary, and administrative lore which is locked up in the pages of the Rule."

The writer has profoundly studied his subject. He has consulted and employed the most approved commentators upon St. Benedict's Rule, a long list of which he gives in his preface.

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PRACTICAL NOTES ON MORAL TRAINING, ESPECIALLY ADDRESSED TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS. With Preface by *Father Galway, S.J.* Second Edition. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company. London: Burns & Oates.

The true aim of education is to combine the cultivation of the intellect with the formation of the moral and the direction of the spiritual life. Education which fails to accomplish this falls short of its proper mission. It is not a true, but a false, education. But when the work of true education is faithfully and thoroughly performed, the soul of man is thereby led to the highest wisdom and perfection he can aspire to in this world.

This is the thought which pervades the volume before us. The suggestions are the results of hard-earned experience. For its author has spent the best years of her life in the school-room, either forming directly the minds of children, or training their teachers in this difficult work.

The work is replete with practical suggestions, and these suggestions are not only (as we have already said) the result of long and wide experience, but also of careful discrimination and reflection. It is a book of great practical value to teachers, and also to parents. Fathers and mothers will find in every chapter important suggestions and judicious rules, based on sound principles, for the training and government of their children.

IS THERE A GOD WHO CARES FOR US? By *Monsignor Segur.* Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company.

An instructive and useful little book. The author does not believe, as we have never believed, that there is or ever was an "atheist" who, by honest, sincere thought and reflection, was led to disbelieve or doubt the existence of God. Mgr. Segur abstains from all subtle metaphysical argumentation, and employs the universally acknowledged principles of common sense and reason, by which all men are guided to the conclusions they form in all the affairs of life.

In proving the existence of God he also proves His providence, His all-wise, all-powerful, beneficent, and ever-continuing control and government of the universe, and all that the universe contains.

COMPENDIUM ANTIPHONARII ET BREVIARII ROMANI. Concinnatum ex Editionibus Typicis Cura et Auctoritate Sacrorum Rituum Congregationis. Publicatum cum Privilegio. Editio Stereotypica. Ratisbonæ, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnatii, Sumptibus, Chartis, et Typis Friderici Pustet, S. Sedis Apost. et S. Rit. Congr. Typog. MDCCCLXXXVII.

This compendium has been compiled and arranged for convenient use in those churches in which the daily hours are customarily chanted on only Sundays and festival days. But the Matins to be chanted according to the order of the Roman Breviary are also added for the Feast of the Nativity, for Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, for Easter, for the feast of Pentecost and of Corpus Christi, and also for the office for the dead.

Great care and pains have evidently been expended upon the work so as to make it accurate and complete, and convenient for reference.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH; OR, HENRY GEORGE *vs.* ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN. By *Rev. William Hackner,* Priest of the Diocese of La Crosse, Wis. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1887

This pamphlet is *multum in parvo,* brief, compact, concise, lucid, and logical. It sifts, as thoroughly as a winnowing machine sifts wheat from chaff, the truths from the errors of Henry George's theories about the ownership and use of land.

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THE BRIDAL WREATH. Containing the Entire Ritual of the Catholic Church for the Solemnization of Holy Matrimony, in Latin and English. By *A Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. London: Burns & Oates, 1886.

This is a beautiful little volume, and a very useful work. It is a convenient handbook for the clergy. It also is a work which it would be well for persons contemplating marriage to purchase and carefully read, and which married persons should frequently recur to.

A SHORT AND PRACTICAL MAY DEVOTION. Compiled by Clementinus Deymann, O.S.F., Prov. Ss. Cordis Jesu. Approved and Recommended by *the Right Rev. J. J. Hogan, D.D.*, Bishop of Kansas City and St. Joseph. Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

LIFE OF ST. CUTHBERT. By *The Right Rev. Edward Consitt*, Domestic Prelate of his Holiness, Leo XIII., Provost of the Chapter of Hexam and Newcastle; Vicar Capitular. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company. London: Burns & Oates, 1887.

THE MASQUE OF MARY, AND OTHER POEMS. By *Edward Caswall*, of the Oratory, Birmingham; Author of "Lyra Catholica," etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. London: Burns & Oates.

GEMS OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT. Sayings of Eminent Catholic Authors. By *Anna T. Sadlier.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. London: Burns & Oates.

OUR BIRTHDAY BOUQUET. Culled from the Shrines of the Saints and the Gardens of the Poets. By *Eleanor C. Donnelly*, Author of Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart, etc. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

Also from the same Catholic book publishers:

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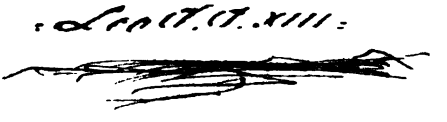
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JULY, 1887.

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S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.



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VOL. XII.—JULY, 1887.—No. 47.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THIS CENTURY'S ESTIMATES OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. London. 1838.
Christophe Colomb. Par le Comte Roselly de Lorgues. Paris.
Histoire Posthume de Christophe Colomb. Par Roselly de Lorgues. 8vo. Paris. 1885.
Colon y La Historia Postuma. By Cesáreo Fernández Duro. Madrid. 1885.
Christophe Colomb, son Origine, sa Vie, ses Voyages, sa Famille, et ses Descendants. Par Henri Harrisse. Paris. 1884. 2 vols. 8vo.
The Life of Christopher Columbus. By A. G. Knight. 1877.

FEW men in the annals of the world have had a posthumous history so peculiar as Christopher Columbus. Hero of a great achievement, which became a turning point in the annals of the world, one which had awaited for centuries a man of his enthusiasm and force of character, he died in such obscurity that the very scholars who applauded him to the echo in his hour of triumph, writing from the city where he lay writhing with death, thought Columbus not worthy a passing note in a letter. The obscurity, which had already settled around him before he descended to the grave, deepened with the years that followed. There was

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absolutely nothing to recall the great discoverer of the New World. Not the continent, not an island, nor even a city in the lands that he seemed to have evoked from the depths of ocean bore his name or recalled his memory.

For three centuries this darkness, which had before his day settled on the Atlantic, seems to have descended on the memory of Columbus. The walls of palaces were hung with canvases, masterpieces of art, depicting scenes and events in history, so thrillingly told by the painter's genius, that each figure seemed instinct with life; but no great painting recalled any event in the life of Columbus. The galleries were alive with statues, so divinely wrought that the cold marble seemed to move and speak; but the navigator of Genoa did not inspire the artist's chisel. The mantle of poesy had fallen on many a gifted son of man, but the literature of no country prized as a masterpiece the work of any gifted bard whose muse had been inspired by the world-seeking Genoese. Before the frame of Columbus had mouldered into dust, his countryman, Giustiniani, paused in his learned contemplation of the strains of the Royal Prophet's harp to admire what God had wrought by the son of humble Ligurean toilers, and exclaimed: "Surely, had he lived in the days of her heroes, Hellas would have classed him among her gods." But no one caught up the strain. He was like the heroes before Agamemnon, the vague memory, little more than a name, fading away, becoming less real and tangible with each vanishing generation.

There is little lustre in the story of America's diplomatic career; but a kind fate sent to the Iberian peninsula, as envoy of the United States, a man who had achieved success in the field of literature, with poetical imagination that warmed to the contemplation of what is beautiful in nature, or character, or art. Spain gave him themes which he wrought into works that seem destined to live in the literature of his native land, and the colder island from which his ancestry came. He met students poring into the musty records of the past, who had gathered every fragment they could find to illustrate the discovery of the New World. Washington Irving became interested in their studies, and Columbus, as an heroic figure, riveted his attention. Guided by the best learning of his time, he entered upon his subject with a noble appreciation of the Discoverer, and from his flowing pen came a life of Christopher Columbus that, in a manner, evoked from the tomb and from the dust the striking figure of the man who, possessed with the idea of traversing the Atlantic to the shores beyond, feeling himself a king in his vast design, sought for years to secure the alliance of a monarch to carry it out, and when at last petty aid came from a throne, gave it a quarter of the globe, and died, crowned with mis-

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fortune and neglect. The work of Washington Irving, published in 1838, not fifty years ago, later even than the first volume of the "History of the United States" by the veteran Bancroft, who still lingers with us, took rank as a classic of our literature, and has been reproduced in many lands and languages. It was the first genuine biography of Columbus, the first which gave to the general reading world the narrative of his life and achievements, the first which was read and re-read, not merely studied and consulted by the archæologist and the bookworm. A recent writer, whose researches have been almost exhaustive in regard to the great navigator, and who seldom rises to praise and never to eulogy, says of our countryman's volumes: "The work of Washington Irving is more than literary. It is a history, written with judgment and impartiality, which left far behind it all descriptions of the discovery of the New World published before or since."[1]

It was our century and our country that thus made known the life and acts of the illustrious navigator, whose adventurous voyage led to the colonization of the continent, to the free States which in our time have developed on its soil, and where, in spite of every adverse event or combination of circumstances, the Church of the Living God seems to gather new courage and new strength from every battle and every defeat, and to advance like a giant to run its course.

There is no question but that the life of Columbus, as traced by Irving, has spread his fame throughout the world. Its widely-read and attractive pages have stimulated others to study the career of the great Admiral of the Ocean sea. Spain has always possessed a kind of fascination for the literary men of England and America. The land of the Catholic kings seemed to afford in its great men and great scenes a better field for dramatic effect, for vivid color, for intense interest, than the heartless annals of England, where not even profligacy is gilded with the rainbow tints of romance. A Prescott depicts the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, as a Robertson does that of Charles V.

Irving, though a Protestant, seemed to conceive the character of his hero, and with little disparaging influence of the creed in which he was nurtured, sought to portray him. That he may have failed to appreciate every trait, which has a special meaning to a Catholic, in a man whose career was guided by a great religious purpose, may well be; but, on the whole, Catholics found little to censure or rebuke in the life which he presented, and, in this country especially, the work has been regarded with a certain pride as a noble tribute to one of the great men of history, a man

[1] Harrisse, "Christophe Colomb," i., p. 136.

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whom American Catholics may especially claim as the great Catholic pioneer in the history of the New World.

To some Catholic minds this prevailing conception of the life and mission of Christopher Columbus seemed inadequate, in that it failed to regard him as one supernaturally raised up by God to bear the faith of Christ to a new world, a man of singular holiness of life, tried in the crucible of affliction and injustice, one whom the Church might and should present to her children as a model, one who had practised the cardinal virtues in a heroic degree; in fact, one whom, with all the close and severe scrutiny of the Congregation of Rites, the Holy See must ultimately canonize. An eloquent and impassioned French writer, Count Roselly de Lorgues, full of faith and attachment to the Church, issued, in 1844, a work entitled "La Croix dans les deux Mondes." The volume was a tribute to Cardinal Mastaï, who had visited America, and who, after his elevation to the Pontifical Throne, encouraged the brilliant writer to give to the world a complete life of the Christian hero whose merits he so eloquently exalted.

In 1864 the fruit of this suggestion appeared in "Christophe Colomb, Histoire de sa Vie et de ses Voyages d'après des documents authentiques tirés d'Espagne et d'Italie." This work, enthusiastic and brilliant, attained a wide popularity, and edition followed edition, some enriched with all the attractions that modern art can lend the bookmaker. The spirit was so Catholic, and the defence of a Catholic hero so plausible, that the "Life," by Count Roselly de Lorgues, was commended by the Sovereign Pontiff and the Catholic hierarchy. It is known in this country by a skilfully abridged translation from the pen of J. J. Barry.

Among Catholics in Europe this work invested Columbus with new interest, and presented him in a light hitherto unexampled. In the glowing, imaginative, enthusiastic and romantic pages of Count Roselly de Lorgues *Columbus* is "The Revealer of the Globe," "The Amplifier of Creation," "The Envoy of the Most High," "The Messenger of Salvation," and his mission becomes "Divine."

The impression produced by his "Life" was increased by a subsequent work, "The Ambassador of God," in which Count Roselly de Lorgues brought together all the evidence he could adduce to show that Columbus possessed the cardinal virtues in the heroic degree, and that God had attested his sanctity by miracles. A number of archbishops and bishops addressed a postulation to the Sovereign Pontiff, soliciting the introduction of the cause of the beatification and canonization of Christopher Columbus. Seldom has a cause received the support of such an imposing array of members of the hierarchy; but calm official scrutiny of the question was required before permission could be given to introduce

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the cause. That has not hitherto been granted, and, of course, even if the Holy See in time permits the cause to be introduced, it is merely a preliminary permission to those who solicit the beatification to enter the court, begin the process, and produce the evidence on their side. Recently, little has been said of the case; but that brilliant ignorance which, in our time, so constantly parades itself as the great infallible instructor of the public mind, has generally confounded the commencement of the process with the final decision, and absurdly supposes a suit not yet begun to be almost decided.

The proposal of the canonization naturally drew more careful attention to the works of Count Roselly de Lorgues, on the part of close and serious students of history, on whom the chief work, popular in character and exalted in treatment, had at first produced little impression as a solid contribution to the historic literature of the century, but was regarded as a special and impassioned plea in behalf of a man whose merits and sufferings had been deprived of a just reward.

There were various points in the glowing picture drawn by the French Count absolutely necessary to maintain his thesis, which were soon challenged as unsupported by sufficient evidence, and as, in fact, at variance with the weight of evidence of contemporaneous books and documents. A closer study was made of all works bearing on the subject; old libraries were ransacked, and bibliography lent its aid to classify and arrange all the literature of the period even remotely bearing on the subject. For bibliography and bibliographers Count Roselly professed the utmost scorn. Controversies arose, sharp and bitter, in France, Spain and Italy.

Suddenly a new subject of Columbus debate appeared in regard to the place where his remains lay. In the last century a French gentleman, Mr. Moreau de Saint Méry, visited the Spanish portion of Saint Domingo (for the island at that time was divided between France and Spain), and collected material for a thorough and exact work on that Spanish province. Well read in its history, he viewed every monument with the enthusiasm of an antiquarian. The venerable Cathedral of Saint Domingo, solemn, grand and massive, naturally attracted his attention. He asked his guide, as he traversed the nave of the ancient pile, where the remains of Columbus were preserved. No tablet marked the spot. Tradition was vague. Investigation led to the part of the Cathedral where the case or urn containing his bones had been set in a cavity in the wall when they were brought from the Carthusian monastery at Seville. That was all. A few years after his visit the Spanish flag was lowered in the island where it had floated

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from the days of Columbus. The Archbishop prepared to leave his Cathedral, when the civil officers of the crown retired, for France then taking possession could not be called a Christian power. A feeling of national pride prompted the wish to bear away with them the remains of the great Admiral, the discoverer of the New World. The spot to which the investigations of Moreau de Saint Méry had led was opened. A case containing human remains was found. The whole was incased in a rich casket and borne to Havana as the remains of Christopher Columbus, although the Spanish official attesting the transfer described the bones merely as the remains of some deceased person, for on the case found, and in it, there was no inscription, plate, tablet, or mark of any kind to connect the remains with the great discoverer.

In 1877, in opening an adjacent part of the wall, another leaden case was found with rude inscriptions denoting that the remains were those of Christopher Columbus. The discovery was regarded as a real one, and the casket deemed authentic by Mgr. Rocco Cocchia, then acting as Bishop at Saint Domingo.

Havana rose in wrath. To deny the authenticity of the remains which they had honored for nearly a century was a national insult. The cry of fraud was raised, and the Bishop and all in Saint Domingo who recognized the recent discovery and the casket as genuine were accused of having manufactured the whole to impose on a credulous public, and to aid the projected canonization. The coarsest attacks were made on the Bishop, and the press in this country, ever ready to assail the Sovereign Pontiff or the members of the hierarchy, readily reëchoed the cry, without caring to make any investigation. The great historical body of Spain, the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, took up the cause of Cuba, and one of the most eloquent writers in the Peninsula, whose well-earned fame carried conviction to the Spanish heart in a brief but extremely able work, summed up every possible argument to decry the authenticity of the casket found in the Cathedral of Saint Domingo.

Yet if the process of canonization is ever introduced, the question of the remains will be examined in due course, though a servant of God can be canonized even if his remains are no longer to be identified. If proof remains to identify them, that proof will be rigorously sifted, and an unimpeachable decision given. No tribunal of the Church has yet passed on the question.

Count Roselly de Lorgues naturally recognized the discovery and regarded it almost as a Divine interposition to aid his great undertaking. That the remains of Columbus, buried in neglect for three centuries, while the New World he discovered was advancing with giant strides in wealth, power, and grandeur, should

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be revealed to the world at the moment when an effort was made, with the earnest encouragement of the hierarchy, to rehabilitate the memory of the wronged bearer of the Faith across the Atlantic, seemed to him undoubtedly providential. His views brought new and adverse criticism.

In 1885, Count Roselly de Lorgues published his "Histoire Posthume de Christophe Colomb." It is a book of singular violence, in which the full vials of wrath are poured out on all whom he can suspect of hostility to Columbus, and whom he includes in one vast conspiracy, beginning with Ferdinand, painted in the darkest colors as a man utterly devoid of principle and honesty; Archbishop Fonseca, a "bureaucrat" with "satanic ability"; Bernal Diaz; Father Bernard Boil, the first Vicar Apostolic of the New World; Nicholas de Ovando, "a man of paternosters"; and, coming down to our own day, to the Archbishop of Genoa and the Abate Sanguinete, against whom he had published his "Satan contre Christophe Colomb, ou la Pretendue Chute du Serviteur de Dieu."

This work was examined with great care and calmness by a distinguished Spanish scholar, Captain Cesáreo Fernandez Duro, in a paper read before the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and published under the title of "Colon y La Historia Postuma." It is a calm and careful work, adducing much new matter favorable and unfavorable.

The whole subject of the life of Columbus has been treated historically and bibliographically by Henry Harrisse in his "Notes on Columbus" and his recent French works.

Among those who signed the postulate for the introduction of the cause of Christopher Columbus were some of the archbishops and bishops of this country; but there has been no general action in the United States, and the question was not raised at the Third Plenary Council. The fierce polemical discussions evoked in Europe have scarcely been noticed here; but as the fourth centenary of the discovery of the New World approaches, and projects are on foot for celebrating it, there seems a fitness in examining the whole subject, and considering on what solid grounds the process, if introduced, can be logically supported. The case of the Ven. John Palafox, Bishop of Puebla, in Mexico, and afterwards of Osma, in Spain, excited in the last century violent controversies; it was taken up as a party question; but the case of Columbus promises to have a more extensive literature of its own, and a literature in which the most bitter language will find a place.

Christopher Columbus was a Genoese, born in the district, if not in the city, of Genoa; his father being a spinner and weaver of wool, and bringing up his sons to his trade. That he was a man of pious life is seen in his being a member of a religious confra-

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ternity, in which his son Christopher was also enrolled. Bartholomew, one of his sons, preferred navigation to wools, and finally settled in Portugal, then a great commercial country. Here he seems to have prospered as a maker and seller of maps, with probably occasional service at sea.

Christopher, born about 1445, of Dominic Colombo and his wife Susanna Fontanarossa, remained in Italy, probably with his family at Genoa and Savona, till somewhere about the year 1473, as documents show, though he wrote in 1501 that he had followed the sea for more than forty years, and though the life ascribed to his son Ferdinand makes him during part of the time a student at the University of Pavia. When or how he picked up his knowledge of Latin and began the study of books on the geography of the world, is not known, but he was certainly superior in education to the weaver class from which he sprang; and even to his brother Bartholomew, who seems to have allured him to the study of charts and navigation. In his "Profecias" he claims a knowledge of navigation, astronomy, geometry and arithmetic, as well as the art of preparing charts; and he was well read in the Scriptures, cosmography, histories, chronicles and philosophy; but he does not attribute his great expedition to human learning. "Our Lord," he writes, "opened my understanding with palpable hand to (know) this, that I was made to sail hence to the Indies, and He opened my will to execute it, and with this fire I came to your Highnesses." In his letter from Jamaica he says: "I came to serve at twenty-eight years."

Joining his brother Bartholomew in Portugal, he entered on the same business, but developed higher and nobler views than his elder brother. He made voyages on the Atlantic and Mediterranean, and, as befel most men who embarked in those days, probably saw some fighting. This is no place to discuss controverted points not bearing on the main question, and we shall not pause to study whether he ever sailed to Iceland or lived in the Madeira islands. He said himself in 1492: "I have sailed the sea for twenty-three years without any notable interruption. I have seen all the Levant and the Ponent, as it is called, to follow the northern route, which is England, and I have visited Guinea." It was during his stay on Portuguese territory that he married Philippa Muñiz, who bore him one son, James or Diego, and apparently other children.

While plying his ordinary occupations he conceived the idea of an expedition across the Atlantic to Asia, and wrote to show its possibility. In his long study of this great design his enthusiasm enkindled; he believed himself specially called by God to the work, and that his name, Christopher or Christbearer, was a token

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that he was to bear a knowledge of Christ to heathen nations then in the shadow of death. For himself he sought neither glory nor reward; the wealth that might result from the proposed discovery he wished to devote to expeditions for the recovery of the Holy Land. The Moslem power that had so long held sway in the Iberian peninsula, its inherent barbarism veiled by progress in science and art, was evidently tottering to its fall; and to the mind of Columbus the wealth of the new-found world would equip fleet and army to overthrow the Moslem power in the East, and make a last crusade crown and justify all those that had unavailingly poured forth from Europe.

He at last found means to lay his project before the King of Portugal. The royal councillors treated the attempt to cross the Atlantic as rash and dangerous; the conditions required by Columbus exorbitant. The King had more faith in the scheme than his wise men, and, with a dishonesty not creditable to him, attempted to reap the benefit of Columbus' studies by sending out an expedition, which failed signally.

Then Bartholomew undertook to interest the English monarch in the project, and Christopher, leaving his wife and younger children in Portugal, never to be seen by him again, proceeded to Spain with his son Diego. Here began long, weary years of petition and application for royal aid to carry out the design that was gnawing away his life. His wife died in Lisbon, and her remains were laid in the monastery of Carmel, in that city, in a chapel reserved for her family. The date of her death has not been traced.

In August, 1488, a second son was born to Christopher Columbus, the mother being Beatrice Enriquez de Aranda, belonging to a family well known in Cordova. In the attempt to establish the sanctity of Columbus, it will be necessary to establish the fact of a marriage between him and Beatrice in 1487. Count Roselly de Lorgues pursues with withering sarcasm those who doubt the marriage or impugn the legitimacy of Ferdinand. The point is a vital one; for, as the position of the second son has been long questioned, the fact of a marriage must be established by evidence that would remove all reasonable doubt, even if it was not such as in a court of justice would be regarded as sufficient to settle a question of property.

Count Roselly de Lorgues admits that there is no record of a marriage between Columbus and Beatrice Enriquez, and no contemporaneous document recognizing any such marriage. Next to the record proof of marriage comes open cohabitation as man and wife, general recognition of the woman as a wife, baptisms or marriages in the families where the parties appear as man and wife.

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Now, in the case of Columbus all this is wanting. That Columbus and Beatrice ever lived together and were recognized as man and wife nowhere appears. After the birth of Ferdinand, Columbus, constantly engaged in his great project, followed up the Court; about three years later we find him wandering with Diego, the son whom his wife Philippa bore him. When from La Rabida he proceeded again to the Court, and finally induced the Spanish sovereigns to undertake the expedition he proposed; and when he was fitting out the vessels at Palos in 1492, no mention is made of Beatrice. Can we believe that in such circumstances she would not appear, that there would be no leave-taking, no confiding of his wife to any one, no provision for her in case of his probable death?

Columbus returns triumphant. The Viceroy of the new-found Indies is received at Barcelona with almost royal honors. If Beatrice was really his wife, she was vice-queen and would have borne the title, as the wife of Diego, Columbus' son, subsequently did; but in all the accounts of the reception of the discoverer of the New World, there is no mention of a vice-queen, no mention even of the presentation of his wife to Ferdinand and Isabella. Beatrice is singularly absent from his side.

When Columbus returned to Santo Domingo to found a settlement, and take up his residence there with his little court, as Viceroy of the Indies, we should certainly expect to see his wife, if he had one, preside in his household and share his honors. But not a line in any document raises the slightest suspicion that Beatrice Enriquez ever stood there as wife by the side of Christopher Columbus.

There is absolute silence in regard to her till the last will of the great discoverer. She survived him, and apparently survived till near 1523, when his son Diego, in his will also, refers to her, so that it cannot be inferred that she was an invalid, and unable to accompany her husband to his new home, or take farewell of him at Palos, or smooth his dying pillow at Valladolid. In no circumstance where it would seem the part of a wife to appear, do we find Beatrice. There was certainly no recognition of her as wife of the Admiral Viceroy.

A case might arise where a marriage entered into in good faith was set aside on canonical grounds, pre-contract of the wife, insufficient mental ability to contract, spiritual affinity, or the like; but in such a case the matter would be known, there would be proceedings, and in them the marriage would be referred to distinctly. The parties on the annulling of the marriage would become strangers to each other, but till the decision of the competent court the intercourse would be free from blame; there has, how-

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ever, never been the slightest suggestion that a marriage between Columbus and Beatrice was thus set aside on canonical grounds. Historians who began to treat of Columbus, and even the life of the great navigator ascribed to his son Ferdinand, are silent as to any marriage of Columbus and Beatrice. We need not discuss the authenticity of the work which bears the name of Ferdinand, but it was based on the same documents of Christopher Columbus which Las Casas used. It is a work of authority. In this life the marriage of Christopher Columbus with Philippa Muñiz is related with some detail; but though in the twelfth and thirteenth chapters mention is made of his going to Cordova, and his sending his son Diego to that city from Palos, there is not a word about his having married there. Ferdinand mentions the marriage to Diego's mother, but is silent as to any marriage of his own mother. A manuscript history of Cordova, the date of which is not given, but which is preserved in the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and which Captain Duro cites, is the earliest writing known that affirms a marriage.

Herrera, the great historian of the discovery and settlement of America, says that Columbus married in Spain; but this is too vague, and may refer to the well authenticated union with Philippa.

The will of Christopher Columbus in no way makes provision for Beatrice as his wife; but in the codicil, giving instructions to his son Diego, he says: "And I direct him to regard Beatrice Enriquez, mother of my son Don Fernando, as commended to him, that he provide that she may live respectably, as a person to whom I am in so great obligation (en tanto cargo). And this is done for the discharge of my conscience, because this weighs much for my soul."

He had previously, when setting out on his third voyage, directed Diego to pay Beatrice ten thousand maravedis a year; and this Diego paid after his father's death, but in his will he states that he had neglected it three or four years before her death, and orders the arrears to be paid to her heirs.

The terms of the will are certainly peculiar. Probably nowhere can a will be found where a man provides for the maintenance of his wife in such terms. Count Roselly de Lorgues argues as though the mere omission of the word wife in the clause is the only ground on which those who reject the marriage base their arguments, but this is not so; the whole context, and the small amount of the annuity, the same that he left to a sister of Philippa Muñiz, who was only a sister-in-law, are incompatible with the idea that he is making provision for a lawful wife.

In one of his letters Columbus speaks of his leaving "wife and children" to devote himself to his great project, and this is assumed

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by Roselly de Lorgues to refer to Beatrice, but it seems more applicable to Philippa and her children, whom he left in Portugal, and who all died there, so that he could say "he never saw them more."

The illustrious Don Bartolomeo de las Casas, the glory of the Dominican order, the protector of the Indians, Bishop of Chiapa, knew Columbus, his father having been one of the earliest companions of his voyages. He had access to his papers, and wrote much concerning him, always in a friendly spirit. He knew also Pedro de Arana, brother of Beatrice Enriquez. Now, in speaking of the death and will of Christopher Columbus, he says that by his will he made Diego his universal heir, and if he died without male issue, his estate was to devolve on "Ferdinand, his *natural* son" ("Historia de las Indias," lib. ii., ch. 38). He never alludes to Beatrice except as "mother of Ferdinand"; and mentions Pedro de Arana as "brother of the mother of Ferdinand." Personally acquainted with Columbus and Arana, this good bishop would not have styled Ferdinand illegitimate without its being a recognized fact, nor would he have used circumlocution to describe Arana, if there had been a marriage, and he actually a brother-in law of Columbus.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century a lawsuit arose among the descendants of Columbus, an illegitimate descendant claiming to the exclusion of legitimate female descendants. In this litigation parties to the suit, and their lawyers, as their interest dictated, affirmed or denied the legitimacy of Ferdinand; but lawyers' arguments have never yet been regarded as evidence, and as they are framed to carry a point, the legal fraternity have never made it a point of conscience to adhere to the strict truth. To attempt to use such arguments as evidence is utterly absurd. The eloquent plea of counsel to save a murderer from the gallows can never be tortured into evidence of his innocence.

In a sharp and critical examination such as the Congregation of Rites gives to the life of all whose names are proposed for beatification, it would seem evident that clearer evidence of a marriage is required.

Columbus in his career as Governor in the New World offers another subject for impartial examination. Kings and ministers of kings have been found worthy of being held up to the faithful as models, St. Edward the Confessor, St. Louis IX., St. Dunstan, St. Eloy. To propose a man who has held high command, and been compelled to carry on war, repress rebellions and crimes, would not be unexampled. There is nothing in this to make the proposed canonization of Columbus strange or peculiar.

The process will necessarily entail a close examination of his

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personal and official life while in command of the four expeditions which he undertook, and in which he discovered and explored so much, enlarging the bounds of Spanish territory to an unheard-of extent. It will include also his career as Viceroy and Governor-General at Santo Domingo. The discipline of a ship is always strict and stern. That Columbus in his position as Admiral exceeded due limits, or committed grievous and signal faults, is nowhere asserted. At sea he seems to have ruled his inferiors with skill and judgment. Mutinies are common in all times, but no complaints of any moment are recorded, impeaching the justice of Columbus, or taxing him with neglect to provide for his crews, or cruelty in commanding them. His prudence and ability indeed seem habitually recognized, and his fame rests on his energy, skill, and ability in the voyages which he made for the discovery and exploration of the New World.

But as a civil governor of a newly-formed colony, with absolute power, the case is different. The position has always been a difficult one, and was especially so in regard to the first settlements attempted in America over which Columbus had control. The first to embark on expeditions for settlement in new lands are generally adventurers, men of little industry, by no means of quiet, industrious habits, but eager to acquire fortune at little cost. They are habitually impatient of control, and not easily brought to perform the work needed for shelter, protection, and sustenance, by erecting proper forts and buildings, and by steady cultivation of the soil. The weakness and simplicity of the Indians made them ready objects of oppression and enslavement, and afforded temptation to many crimes.

On his second voyage, in 1594, Columbus carried the first ministers of religion to announce the faith of Christ in the New World and hallow it by offering the Holy Sacrifice. They were all subject to Father Bernard Boil, of the Order of St. Benedict, who had been appointed Vicar Apostolic. The Franciscan, Father Anthony de Marchena, was one of the number.

Discovering on his way Dominica, Guadalupe, Porto Rico and other islands, he reached St. Domingo to find that the little garrison left on his first voyage had been destroyed by the Indians. He then founded the city of Isabella, and the Catholic Church began there its history in the New World. The first Mass was offered, and an ecclesiastical body with a superior appointed by the Sovereign Pontiff began its work.

Leaving his brother Diego in command at Isabella, Columbus continued his explorations. Returning, after some months, he found his brother Bartholomew there, and resumed command. His first administration lasted two years. His severity to the settlers,

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from whom he often withheld rations, caused general disaffection. Indeed Father Boil, when some severe punishments were inflicted by the Viceroy which he regarded as unjust, after employing counsel and advice in vain, laid an interdict, and the divine offices were suspended. Columbus retaliated by ordering no provisions to be given to the Vicar Apostolic or any one in his house. Finding it impossible to remain a silent witness of cruelties, the Vicar Apostolic, in conformity with the royal orders which gave him full liberty in the matter, returned to Spain.

One of the points of difference was the enslavement and mutilation of the Indians authorized by Columbus, who at one time sent five shiploads of natives to Spain to be sold as slaves, when Queen Isabella interfered and forbade it.

In estimating the character of Columbus, who, perhaps, was less blamable in these severities than his brothers Bartholomew and Diego, it will not do to assume as a fact that he was a perfect man who could not commit a sin, a man raised up by God for a special work, and a man of great piety and devotion; and that, therefore, all who ascribed to him any immorality in Spain, or cruelty in Hispaniola, were men destitute of all virtue and truth; and those who in our time weigh all evidence to draw an impartial line, must be Protestants or infidels, seeking to tarnish the lustre of the holiest Catholic layman of modern times.

Even Las Casas admits that, in the two years 1494–96 that Columbus governed Hispaniola, he drew on himself the hatred of all the Spaniards by his harshness, injustice and ill-treatment, so that they appealed to Ferdinand and Isabella, accusing him of being cruel, odious, and unworthy of all governing power, and that a third part of the Indians perished in those two years as a result of his policy.

The first Franciscans sent out a few years later attest the general joy among the colonists at their being delivered from the rule of the Columbus family.

The contradictory reports which reached Spain must have sorely perplexed the sovereigns and their ablest counsellors. If the real state of the case was not easy to ascertain then, it will not do now to attain a solution by stigmatizing all on one side as vile men unworthy of credit. Benedictine, Dominican and Franciscan all agree in their estimate of the undue severity and cruelty of Columbus at this time. The testimony is not that of discontented colonists of low moral character.

The complaints against the Viceroy were such that Queen Isabella, in 1496, sent out a commissary to investigate the condition of the colony, and Columbus, who returned with that official, was detained two years in Spain.

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Yet to this period are referred two events in the life of Columbus which from their miraculous character are cited as proofs of his eminent sanctity. But difficult will it be, after the lapse of more than three centuries and a half, to ascertain with certainty the truth, no juridical investigations having been made after his death.

In 1495 Columbus founded the city of Conception de la Vega, at the foot of a mountain. On its summit he erected a wooden cross, and often went there to pray. It became a pilgrimage, and so many miraculous favors were obtained there that the Indians, regarding it as a great talisman of the Spaniards, endeavored to destroy it. The wood refused to yield to their stone axes, it defied the fires they kindled at its base, and at last, full of terror, they desisted. When this was known to the Spaniards, veneration for the sacred emblem of salvation increased. It was called "The True Cross." The reverence for it increased, so that the King of Spain caused a considerable portion of it to be encased in a rich silver filigree shrine, and kept with due reverence in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo.

In a battle with Manicatex, a chief who attacked the Spaniards with an immense army, Columbus knelt in prayer while his brother Bartholomew commanded the little Spanish force. When the Indians charged they sent from their bows a shower of arrows that fairly darkened the sky, but the prayer of Columbus saved the Spaniards. A violent wind arose that swept the arrows away, so that the Spaniards were untouched, and the Indians, terror-stricken at the result, fled in all directions. This scene, "The Miracle of the Arrows," was painted on the walls of the chapel at Concepcion, and was long visible there.

Mgr. Rocco Cocchia, now Bishop of Otranto and formerly administrator of Santo Domingo, attests the continued devotion to the Cross and to the chapel at the Holy Hill.

How are we to regard Columbus at this time, as a man endowed by God with miraculous powers, or one whose tyranny compelled the Vicar Apostolic to lay an interdict, and the people committed to his rule to besiege Spain with their complaints of misrule? Is it one of the cases that prove the remark of Schlegel, "that there is not in all nature a more thankless being than the sovereign people," which, "too easily deluded by the arts of oratorical sophistry, pointed their hatred at all the great men and deserving citizens of the State"?

In Spain Aguado's report was met by Columbus with explanations, and probably with promised reforms. But it was two years before he was allowed to return to Hispaniola. He had accomplished the great object of his life; he had crossed the Atlantic and reached the lands beyond; but all the result had been expense

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and care. The vast wealth with which he had proposed to equip a fleet and army for the recovery of the Holy Land was as far from his reach as ever. He was merely the Governor of a little discontented Spanish colony; his high-sounding titles could not deliver him from galling care and poignant chagrin. He assumed almost the garb of a penitent; the Viceroy of the Indies could scarcely be distinguished from an humble Franciscan friar whose dress he nearly adopted.

Sailing at last in 1498, with detailed instructions from Queen Isabella for the government of the colony, Columbus discovered Trinidad and the mouth of the Orinoco, thus revealing the existence of the southern part of our continent. He reached Hispaniola sick and nearly blind, to find everything in disorder, the judge, Roldan, being in open revolt. Columbus had refused liberal offers of a principality in exchange for the privileges originally accorded him, and had returned to Hispaniola to resume his dangerous post. Two years of trial followed; constant difficulties and renewed complaints to the Spanish sovereigns. In 1499 they resolved to send out, not a commissioner to investigate, but an officer to supersede Columbus. It was a violation of the grant made to the discoverer, but apparently Ferdinand and Isabella saw no other way to make the settlements in the New World successful than by ensuring them a proper government. Their choice was most unfortunate, when they appointed Francis de Bobadilla Judge Governor, and sent him out with full authority to take possession of all forts and royal property. The powers given him were great, indeed, to be confided even to a prudent man, but he showed himself utterly unfit to be a judge. Before he reached Hispaniola he had tried and condemned Columbus and his brothers. When he arrived Diego Columbus was at the capital. Bobadilla demanded the release of all persons confined in prison, and when Diego demurred put him in irons. He then took possession of the residence of Christopher Columbus, and seized all his property, personal effects and private papers, as if they belonged to him. He did the same with the property of his brothers (as Columbus said, "No pirate ever did so with a captured merchantman"), and then sent to the Viceroy to announce his arrival. A short peremptory letter from Ferdinand and Isabella was handed to Columbus, who at once set out to meet Bobadilla. To gain time to appeal to the throne, Columbus maintained that Bobadilla's commission did not and could not supersede his; that he was still Viceroy under his patent and the superior officer. But Bobadilla had not only taken possession of the treasury, but had paid every pretended claim that was brought in, either against the government or Columbus, and had thus the power on his side. Without the slightest pretence of

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charges or trial, this Governor Judge put Columbus in irons and in confinement. Bartholomew was the head of a force operating against hostile Indians. Determined man as he was, he might have driven Bobadilla out of the island; but his brother wrote urging him to come in and submit. The three brothers with their feet in fetters, without any comforts, or even necessary clothing, were soon on their way across the Atlantic. Bobadilla made himself a most unenviable name in history. His utter disregard of all rules of justice, his disregard of the age and services of Columbus, his cruelty to men not charged or convicted with crime, his usurpation of private property, have left him at all times without one to attempt his justification. Not even the wild violence of Roselly de Lorgues has roused up a man to plead in extenuation for Bobadilla.

Columbus was truly great in his adversity. He prepared for death and expected it. When the vessels reached the open sea the captain of the vessel on which he was confined offered to remove the fetters, but Columbus refused. They had been put on his limbs in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, and should be removed only by their authority. Fortunately the voyage was comparatively short.

If the Judge Governor had observed no form of trial, he had gathered from those on whom he had lavished the money he seized every charge that could possibly be made against Columbus and his brothers; but of their purport the great Viceroy was in total ignorance. He could and did say on reaching Spain, "I make oath that I cannot think why I am a prisoner."

Immediately after his arrival Columbus wrote to Doña Juana de la Torre, who had been governess of Prince John, son of Ferdinand and Isabella; the two sons of Columbus having been pages of the prince, and the fact that her brother had accompanied him on his second voyage having led this lady, a great favorite of Isabella, to regard Columbus with the most friendly interest.

In this famous letter, known as the "Carta al Ama del Principe Don Juan," Columbus detailed the fearful wrong that had been done him, and justified his conduct as Viceroy of the Indies.

"Most virtuous Lady: If my complaint of the world is new, its habit of ill-treating me is a very old one. It has given me a thousand combats, and I have resisted all till now, when arms and counsel avail me not. It has cruelly sent me to the bottom. Hope in Him who created all sustains me; His help was ever most prompt. Once before and not long ago, when I was even lower down, He raised me with his divine arm, saying, 'O man of little faith, arise; it is I, fear not!' I came with such heartfelt love to serve these princes, and have served them with a service such as

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never had been seen or heard. Of the new heaven and earth, which our Lord described through St. John in the Apocalypse, after it had been declared by the mouth of Isaias, he made me the messenger thereof, and showed me in what part it lay. There was incredulity among all, and to my Lady the Queen he gave the spirit of understanding thereof, and great energy, and made her heiress of all, as a dear and much-loved daughter. I went to the possession of all this in her royal name. . . . . Now I have arrived and am here, so low that there is no one so vile that he does not think he can outrage me. It must be regarded as a virtue in any one not to join with the rest." He sketched his last voyage and his acts in Hispaniola, as well as Bobadilla's arbitrary acts, not only unjust and cruel to him, but ruinous to the colony and the royal interests. With a show of spirit he exclaims: "With my left arm I will make him see that his ignorance and his cowardice, with his unbridled avarice, have led him to fall into such excesses." "I know that my errors have not been with a design of ill-doing, and I believe that their Highnesses believe it is as I say; and I know and see that they deal mercifully with those who have acted with actual malice. I know and hold for very certain that they will evince better and greater compassion in my regard, who have committed mistakes innocently and from force of circumstances, as they shall know fully hereafter, and they will regard my services and know every day that they have been advantageous to them."

The letter shows the strong belief that supported him of his being a special instrument of God. In a moment of depression he had proposed leaving Hispaniola and abandoning everything to return to Europe and meet any hardships there; but he declares God "raised me up with his divine arm, saying: O man of little faith, rise, it is I, fear not." Elsewhere he writes: "On Christmas day, being much afflicted struggling with bad Christians and Indians, to such extreme that I was ready to abandon all and escape if I could with life, our Lord miraculously consoled me and said: Be resolute; faint not nor fear; I will provide in all; the seven years of the limit of gold are not past, and in it and the other I will give thee remedy."

The lady read this touching letter, full of his religious enthusiasm, full of absolute devotion to Ferdinand and Isabella, to the Queen. The effect was all that he could have desired. The sovereigns were thunderstruck to learn that Columbus was in Spain and in irons, deprived of everything, even of his papers to answer any charges against him.

An order was instantly despatched to set Columbus at liberty, and a letter, signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, invited him to court. He was received there with all kindness in manner and word,

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and was assured that his imprisonment had not been intended by them; they assured him that they were grieved at the wrong and indignities done him, and they promised that restitution should be made. In fact, orders were sent to Bobadilla to restore the property of Columbus and his brothers, and Nicholas de Ovando was despatched as Governor to replace Bobadilla.

There was evidently no design, however, on the part of the sovereigns to restore Columbus to the exercise of his powers as Viceroy in America. They had evidently decided that the interests of the State required a different rule. Revenues were paid to Columbus, though occasionally they were attached on claims made against him; but for the next two years he seems to have lived in quiet seclusion. His mind went back to his early project of the recovery of the Holy Land, and devoting himself to study everything in the Scriptures that could be supposed to bear on it, he drew up a work known as his "Prophecies," which he addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella. It is preserved in an imperfect condition, in the Columbina Library, at Seville, formed by his son Ferdinand, and unfortunately left to the mercy of vile plundering in our day. It begins with the motto he usually prefaced to his writings: "Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via. Amen." It shows his study of the Scriptures and the Fathers; but there is little in it to enlighten us. He believed the end of the world near at hand, and urged the Spanish sovereigns to undertake the conquest of the Holy Land, as they had that of the Indies, in which "was fully accomplished what Isaias said." He considered himself called to initiate the new Crusade, as he was to discover the Indies. Yet he did not arrogate aught to himself. "I am a very grievous sinner; the mercy and compassion of our Lord, whenever I have implored Him for them, have covered me entirely; most sweet consolation have I found in casting all my care aside to contemplate the marvellous sight."

Columbus apparently soon found that Ferdinand and Isabella were loath to believe him specially raised up by God to lead a new Crusade, and his mind turned again to the sea. He was not allowed to return to Hispaniola, but he proposed a new expedition in which, pushing still westward, he hoped to make the circuit of the globe. To this Ferdinand and Isabella gave consent; and a letter of his to the Pope at this period, asking for priests to accompany him, reverts to his desire for reconquering Palestine. It tells how he proposed to devote his revenues for seven years to put in the field ten thousand cavalry and one hundred thousand infantry for the new Crusade. But he concludes: "Satan has disturbed all this, and by his powers has put it in such a condition that neither one nor the other will take effect, unless our Lord binds

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him. The government of all that (country) they had given me perpetually. Now, with fury, I have been taken away from it. It is to be seen most certainly that it was the malice of the enemy and to prevent so holy a purpose from being carried out."

The Spanish Government, it is very evident, did not recognize Columbus as the special envoy of Heaven to carry on a new Crusade, and the whole world has agreed with it, although to the mind of Columbus his divine selection for his transatlantic voyage and for the Crusade were equally clear, distinct and definite.

In the letter of the Spanish monarchs to Columbus they referred to the dishonor done him, and say: "Be assured that we were greatly grieved at your imprisonment, and you saw it well and all recognize it clearly, inasmuch as we remedied it as soon as we knew it, and you know the favor with which we have always caused you to be treated, and we are now still more disposed to honor and treat you well and the grants we have made you shall be fully observed, according to the form and tenor of our privileges which you hold therefor, without contravening them in aught, and you and your sons shall enjoy them, as is just; and if need be, we will confirm them anew."

He sailed from Cadiz with four vessels in May, 1502, accompanied by his son Ferdinand and his brother Bartholomew.

At the close of June he reached Saint Domingo. He was forbidden to enter, but as one of the vessels leaked he sent a boat to solicit permission to enter the harbor and make the necessary repairs. This was refused and he took shelter with his ships in the harbors on the coast, for he saw the imminence of a terrible tropical storm. The fleet for Spain lay in the harbor of Saint Domingo ready to sail. Columbus warned them of the danger and counselled delay. His advice was scorned; it sailed gayly, bearing Bobadilla and Roldan with the ill-gotten gains they had acquired. The seamanship of Columbus was not at fault. In the tempest that burst upon it nearly the whole fleet was destroyed, and Bobadilla and Roldan perished.

When his vessels were refitted Columbus pushed westward, and on the 14th of August made a landing on the coast of Honduras, taking possession at Rio Tinto, which he called River of Possession. He rounded Cape Gracias a Dios and added Nicaragua and Costa Rica to Spanish discoveries. Sickness and death now desolated the ships; Columbus was much of the time stretched on a bed upon the deck, utterly dispirited and discouraged.

In the depth of his despair he heard a voice encouraging him: "O foolish and slow to believe and serve thy God, the God of all. What more did He do for Moses or David, His servants?

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Since thy birth, He hath always had the greatest care of thee. When He saw thee at an age which pleased Him, He marvellously made thy name resound through the earth. The Indies, which are such a rich part of the world, He gave thee for thine; thou didst divide them as it pleased thee, and He gave thee power therefor. Of the bonds of the ocean which were closed with such strong chains He gave thee the keys, and thou wast obeyed in so many lands, and thou didst acquire from Christians such honored fame," etc.

His own account gives us a picture of his habitual thoughts which enables us to understand some of the difficulties he encountered in dealing with men.

Coasting southerly along the isthmus of Panama, he reached territory previously visited. That there was a great mainland or continent there barring passage was evident. Comparatively little gold had been found, and no great treasure had been derived from his voyage. He attempted to found a settlement, but soon relinquished the idea, and, abandoning a useless vessel, reached Jamaica with the others.

Here he remained a year, unable to obtain relief, with men mutinous and officials appointed in Spain using their powers to humble and oppress him. He wrote to the Spanish sovereigns in great distress, when his faithful adherent, Mendez, bravely ventured in a canoe to Hispaniola for relief: "Every hair in my head is white; sick in body, and all my property and my brothers' seized and sold, to our very clothes, without being seen or heard, to my great dishonor. It is to be believed it was not done with your royal order." ". . . . I am as utterly ruined as I say; I have hitherto called upon others; now have mercy, Heaven, and weep for me, earth! In temporal things I have nothing; in spirituals I have remained here in the Indies in the condition I have stated; isolated on this rock, sick, awaiting death daily, surrounded by a host of cruel and hostile savages, and so far removed from the holy sacraments of Holy Church that this soul will be forgotten if it leaves the body."

At last vessels came to his aid. He was taken to Santo Domingo, where Ovando received him with honor, and at last, in November, 1504, Columbus once more reached Spain, utterly broken by sickness and hardship. Isabella was on her deathbed.

He reached the Court of Ferdinand at Segovia in May, 1505, borne on a litter which the Canons of the Cathedral of Seville kindly put at his disposal, or on the mule which a special permission of the king allowed him to use.

Ferdinand's rule began with no indulgence for Columbus. His

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tenth of the revenues was attached by the king's order to meet creditors; his property in Santo Domingo was sold. He himself wrote: "I have this day no roof in Castile; if I wish to eat or sleep, I have nothing but an inn or tavern and most of the time I have no means of paying the reckoning."

He followed the court to Salamanca and finally to Valladolid, constantly petitioning to be restored to his rights as Viceroy; but Ferdinand as constantly put him off, offering him a petty lordship in Spain in exchange for his great but unproductive claims.

The letters of Columbus to Ferdinand and to the Archduke Philip, husband of Jane, daughter and successor of Isabella, were unheeded. In May his disease increased so that he prepared for death. He republished a will executed at Segovia, and added a codicil. It was dated May 19, 1506, and was witnessed by seven of his servants and by Father Gaspar de la Misericordia, undoubtedly the priest attending him. There is every reason to suppose that his two sons were with him, Ferdinand assuring us that he received all the sacraments of the Church with the greatest devotion, and that his last words were: "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*"—"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." He expired on the 20th of May, 1506, and as Ferdinand says it was Ascension Day, it must have been after the first Vespers of that feast, which was celebrated the following day.

The fetters he had borne were always kept in the room where he slept, as Ferdinand assures us; and he adds that his father's wish was that they should be buried with him. "The Admiral was always a devout member of the (third) Order of Blessed Saint Francis and died in his habit," Diego Columbus declares in his own will.

The remains of Columbus, deposited for a time at Valladolid, were removed to the Carthusian Monastery of Seville in 1509, and some fifty years later were borne across the Atlantic to be placed in a chapel of the Cathedral of Santo Domingo.

Of the piety and deep religious feeling which habitually animated Columbus there can be no doubt. Few acts are recorded even in accusation against him that can justify the charge of yielding to temptations of avarice, anger, impurity or envy. His character and aspirations were noble; his counsels to his sons are full of Christian wisdom. If his life had not been one of struggle, and wealth always prospective instead of actual, we should, from all we know of his life, look reasonably for some religious foundation, when the great object of his life, the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, had to his deep regret become an impossibility, as a result of his discovery of the Indies.

His deep religious enthusiasm seems, indeed, to have been the

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source of many of his trials and to have raised up enemies. In a practical age men would respect force of character and eminent powers of command, but would be reluctant to yield obedience to a man who relied more especially on a divine commission not recognized by Church or State. As he advanced in years he apparently grew more absorbed with the idea, and less and less fitted to control adventurous men on land and sea. The admiral commanding the four vessels in 1502 was far less competent than the man who boldly pushed out from Palos with three caravels ten years before. He accomplished less than some adventurers with poorly equipped vessels. He seems to have succeeded in attaching but few men to him who adhered loyally to his cause. Those under him were constantly rebellious and mutinous; those over him found him impracticable. To array all these as enemies, inspired by a satanic hostility to a great servant of God, is to ask too much from our belief. Politicians, rulers and statesmen are selfish; men are ambitious to rise, but they are seldom actuated by diabolical instincts to oppress or overthrow a man for his virtues.

It is in this aspect that the works of Roselly de Lorgues, apart from the violence which characterizes his later volumes, seem to an impartial student to be at fault. Every character in the great drama except Isabella and Fathers Perez and Marchena, whom he counts as one, figures as an enemy of Columbus, "instigated by the devil," as old indictments used to say. To Count Roselly de Lorgues the Catholic, Ferdinand, whose portrait is painted less darkly by the bigoted Prescott, is thief, liar, a throned rascal, perjured and sacrilegious monarch; he describes him as though his whole thought was devoted to ruin Columbus in life, and he even makes the name America given to the continent as a result of the deep-laid, dishonest schemes of the Aragonese monarch to prevent Columbus from being remembered. Pinzon, who so effectually aided Columbus to fit out his first expedition, is "a deserter, thief and forger"; the Benedictine Father Boil, the Vicar Apostolic, "encouraged the malcontents and rebels and joined the deserters." Such tirades are surely unworthy of a historian. His violence and his attacks on those whom he styles bibliographers, as though an exact knowledge of the works bearing on the subject of investigation could be a wrong done to the cause of historic truth, and not a powerful aid, has provoked strong feeling, as appears in many recent investigations where new matter bearing on Columbus has been brought to light. There were points in the career of the great man which the increasing respect for him had in a manner consigned to oblivion, or refrained from describing too minutely, but which are now laid open in all detail.

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By his attacks on King Ferdinand, Bishop Fonseca and the Spanish nation in general, he has created a strong feeling in Spain against the attempted introduction of the cause of the beatification of Columbus. Yet, as Captain Duro well says: "Catholic Spain in no way opposes the elevation to the altars of the Master of Navigators, if he is worthy of it and the proper tribunal so declares, and the place there assigned by the Church to those whom she defines as Blessed. On the contrary, she will be honored by the Beatification, because, notwithstanding the very singular criterion of Count Roselly de Lorgues, whatever the city was that gave birth to the discoverer, as he was naturalized in Spain and to the service of Spain, whatever exalts him must honor this land, the country of his sons, the heiress of his achievements, and the resting-place of his remains."

The recent work of Harrisse is rather a great bibliography of Christopher Columbus, and an index to the material existing for his biography, than a work for popular reading. It is the very reverse of the popular and romantic work of the French writer. Harrisse has given the critical result of immense research in Italy and Spain, and a thorough acquaintance with all works bearing on the life of Columbus. His work is a vast repository for all scholars who may desire to investigate any part of the great Discoverer's career. He has cleared up many points by the array of evidence that he adduces: there are others on which all cannot agree with his conjectures, and especially in his rejection of the life ascribed to Ferdinand Columbus, which seems to be authenticated by the recently published work of Las Casas.

A real want is now a thorough, careful life of Columbus, written with literary attractiveness and based on the results of the recent investigations and discussions, stating as facts only what are thoroughly attested, and avoiding word flights of fancy and the spirit that tranforms every one not in full harmony with the hero into a monster of iniquity and vice. If Washington Irving in his day could produce a work full of such charms and beauty, surely with the greater resources now at command we should have a life of Christopher Columbus from a Catholic standpoint that would take a permanent place in the literature of the world.

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A PLEA FOR TRADITION.

TO Catholics the subject of Tradition must ever be an interesting one, as it constitutes the groundwork of much of their holy belief, and furnishes the principal line of demarcation between themselves and those who are not of the household of the true faith. But it calls for particular consideration now when the landmarks of faith are rapidly disappearing from many minds, and the principles of pseudo-philosophy are fast perverting the Christian concept of authority, leading up, in the long run, to intellectual anarchy and the deplorable moral status which must necessarily ensue. For the present religious aspect of the world is, indeed, a lamentable one to contemplate. Men's minds are rent by systems and counter-systems of religious opinion which have set a thinking world afloat upon a boundless sea of restlessness and of doubt. Some, and the majority, have long since seceded from the old order of things, and turned their backs upon scripture and tradition alike,—converts, we are told, to an agnostic propagandism which follows in the wake of naught but the bright light of pure, untrammeled human genius. The recent utterances of Professor Huxley, in the *Nineteenth Century*, sound the key-note of the painful situation for these, and come to us like the far-off wail of a shipwrecked mariner, driven by adverse winds over unfamiliar seas he knows not whither. In an article entitled "The Evolution of Theology," after rehearsing the rise and fall of various religious systems, from a tripod of his own fashioning he ventures, sibyl-like, upon the following exquisite bit of prophecy: "With the spread of true scientific culture, whatever may be the medium, historical, philological, philosophical or physical, through which that culture is conveyed, and with its necessary concomitant, a constant elevation of the standard of veracity, the end of the evolution of theology will be like its beginning; it will cease to have any relation to ethics. I suppose that, so long as the human mind exists, it will not escape the deep-rooted instinct to personify its intellectual conceptions. The science of the present day is as full of this particular form of intellectual shadow-worship as is the nescience of ignorant ages. The difference is that the philosopher who is worthy of the name knows that his personified hypotheses, such as law, and force, and ether, and the like, are merely useful symbols, while the ignorant and the careless take them for adequate expressions of reality" (*Nineteenth Century*, April, 1886). Thus speaks one of the Coryphæi of

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modern rationalism, and his words may be accepted as a pretty fair embodiment of the general sentiment of his class.

There are others less precipitous, who still cling in a way to the ancient truth as they fancy they decipher it upon the open pages of the Bible, but repudiate tradition as a bugbear of "Romanism,"—as a braided tissue of the worst kind of fallacies wrought out of the whole cloth of superstition to ensnare the footsteps of the guileless searcher after truth. Begotten of the spirit of revolt and permeated with the rebellious principles of Protestant reform, they have pinned their hopes of Sion, so they tell us, to "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," understanding it, of course, not as it is explained by the reliable traditions of innumerable generations or the voice of a living church, but as each one's unguided, unilluminated judgment sees fit to construe it. In thus making the Bible, as interpreted by individual minds, its rule of faith, Protestantism represents human coöperation in the work of salvation as unnecessary and impossible. God speaks to each one, it maintains, immediately and in the privacy of his own heart. In these communications of his Holy Spirit, enough light is vouchsafed every one to know the way and the truth. Hence it is that there is no need of tradition to supplement, explain or corroborate the Scriptures, as they are themselves the deposit of all truth and, with the special aid of the Almighty which is never denied, sufficiently easy of interpretation. Much less is there need of an infallible authority, such as tradition would postulate, to mediate between the reader of the Scriptures and the Scriptures themselves —between the objective revelation and the subjectivity of the believer. We are every-day witnesses of the logical but disastrous outcome of this theory. The story of its workings will ever constitute one of the most dismal pages of human history. Through three hundred years of spiritual decadence their old-time grasp upon the fundamental truths of religion has gradually slackened. By a wholesale process of disintegration their position, once reputed formidable, has been undermined, till now they know their place no longer and the profoundest scientific scrutiny is scarce able to tell where Protestantism ends and Infidelity begins. With neither of these systems, agnostic or Protestant, can Catholicity have either kinship or sympathy, directly opposed as they both are to her express teaching, which, besides Scripture, admits tradition and the infallible interpretation of a living authority to a part-share, and no very small share either, in the Rule of her Faith.

Tradition may be either objective or subjective accordingly as we take it to mean the doctrines themselves which have been communicated or the living word of faith by which those doctrines

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are to be interpreted and understood. In its broadest acceptation, therefore, objective tradition, with which alone we are concerned, may be taken to signify doctrines either written or spoken. In a more limited sense, the sense in which we are using it at present, it is applied to doctrines bearing upon faith and morals and communicated *viva voce* by their Divine Author to one or to many, as the case may be, and by them delivered to posterity. That there exist such traditions is an article of our faith, and the divinity of their origin is as little to be called in question as anything in the Old or New Testament. All along the line of the Church's history, besides the Scriptures, which bear intrinsic evidence of not containing the whole deposit of faith, we are met by a body of revealed truths taught by the Apostles and Disciples and received and revered as the Word of God no less than the Scriptures themselves. The Apostles learnt them in the school of their Divine Master or by special inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and scattered them far and wide throughout the countries in which they preached. Dying, they left them as rich legacies to the newly-founded churches, and to their successors in the ministry. These in turn transmitted them to others, and so on across the long generations to our own day.[1] Many of the most important tenets of our holy religion can boast no other origin. The number of the gospels and of the sacraments, the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God, and the validity of heretical baptism may be instanced as heirlooms of the early days inherited not from the page of the New Testament, but handed down from generation to generation with no sufficient claim upon our consideration other than the one we have just described. The existence of a body of objective, unwritten truths coëval with the very first appearance of the Church is as readily gathered from the method and precept of Christ's teaching, as it is clear from the subsequent practice of His Apostles. Christ Himself certainly wrote nothing, and we are not aware that He bade His Apostles do otherwise. Go and preach and teach was the summary of his prescription to them on this head, while the touchstone of the world's fidelity to Him was to be the readiness with which it would hearken to the living voice of His messengers.

[1] On this point it is well to remark with Hurter: "Ratio quare in primis adversarii traditionem adversentur putentque ea facile Christi doctrinam corrumpi, est quia obliviscuntur promissæ assistentiæ Christi et Spiritus Sancti, et quia semper somniant traditionem *oralem*: fama enim, inquiunt, crescit eundo et ex *orali* traditione oriuntur legendæ et mythi; orali quoque traditione corrupta fuit revelatio primitiva. Sed aliis interim omissis advertimus, traditionem Catholicam non eo sensu esse *oralem* . . . . ut tantum *ore* propagetur, tunc enim, praecisione facta a divina assistentia, sat esset vaga et fluxa; sed ea jam litteris est consignata, praxi concreta aliisque monumentis, ut infra videbimus, fluminis instar terminis certis fixisque conclusa et determinata, ut jam eundo crescere non possit et multiloquio corrumpi."—De Trad. Th. xviii., note 2.

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"He that hears you hears me." Besides, if Christ *had* intended that the written word, and it alone, should embrace all the truth that goes to integrate the New Economy He was building upon the ruins of the old, it were passing strange that out of the depths of His wisdom it should never have occurred to Him to suggest to His followers, as God had done in the Old Law, the advisability of committing to manuscript at least the broad outlines of that magnificent constitution which He came to expound and which, as He said, was destined to revolutionize the world. Yet, the fact is, He did not, and herein we note a reason for the long delay in the compilation of the books of the New Testament. Three score years and more had elapsed after the Ascension before they were finally completed, and the third century was dead and gone ere the Church had definitively fixed upon her canon. Even when the Sacred Penmen did consent to write, they wrote, as Eusebius informs us, under a species of compulsion: Mark and John at the earnest solicitation of the Romans and the Bishops of Asia; Matthew because he was leaving the Hebrews to go to the Gentiles and deemed it a precautionary measure to leave behind some memorial of his doctrine and his preaching; Luke in order to correct a number of misstatements concerning the Redeemer and His mission which had gained currency and were doing infinite harm amongst the populace. Quite otherwise, though, was it with preaching. Scarcely were the doors of that "upper chamber" thrown open on the jubilant morn of Pentecost, when the Apostles sallied forth and began to preach right and left to the glad multitudes who trooped after them through the crowded thoroughfares of Jerusalem. Their Master had done this, and His mission had been transmitted to them. It was in this manner they were to instruct the nations in all those things whatsoever He had told them. If, then, it is true that the Apostles were faithful to their mission, and equally true that neither they nor their Master transcribed all they taught, all they preached or all they bore witness to, it follows with an almost palpable evidence that, apart from the written word, they left to their disciples, the bishops and teachers of the Church, a body of delivered truths equally as divine in their origin and essential in their dogmatic worth. When, then, the Council of Trent, in formulating and defining its famous decree upon the canon of Scripture, proposed to itself the conservation in the Church of the purity of the Gospel, it innovated nothing, as Protestants will insist it did.[1] It merely reënforced the pronouncement of generations by affixing the seal of Divine approbation to a truth which until then had been accepted without cavil or demur, to wit, that the doctrine which it sought to preserve

[1] Conc. Trid. Can. et Decret., 4 Sess.

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intact was contained in written books and in unwritten truths which, received by the Apostles from the mouth of Christ or from the Holy Ghost, were transmitted by them to us.

But if the method and practice of Christ and His Apostles will not suffice as a guarantee that there are certain divine traditions, we find the fact overwhelmingly set forth and championed in the express teaching of the Scriptures, in the general consent of the Fathers, and in the evident analogy obtaining between the old and new dispensation. The arguments from Scripture, if confirmatory rather than apodictic, are nevertheless vested with a contextual force not to be overlooked or despised. Thus St. Paul writes to his friend and familiar Timothy, bidding him "hold the form of sound *words*, which he has *heard* in faith and in the love which is in Christ Jesus."[1] Elsewhere to the same disciple he says: "The things thou hast *heard* by many witnesses (that is to say *orally*), the same deliver to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also."[2] To the same effect, though still more convincingly, he addresses the Thessalonians: "Brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by *word* or by our epistle."[3] He does not counsel them, you will notice, to write or to organize Bible societies, much less Salvation Armies, for the widespread dissemination of tracts, to the heavenly minstrelsy of fife and drum, but simply to hold fast what they have learned, whether by *word* or by letter, equalizing at one stroke the written and the spoken truth. St. John closes his Gospel by telling us that Jesus did other things "which, if they were written, every one, the world itself would not be able to contain the books that should be written."[4] And St. Luke preludes the "Acts" by informing us that for forty days after his passion "Jesus continued to appear to his disciples, speaking to them of the kingdom of God."[5] Yet of the sayings and doings of the Saviour after His resurrection the Evangelists have written but little, while it cannot reasonably be supposed, as Bellarmine remarks, that the Apostles failed to deliver, and in minute detail, to the Brethren all that they had seen and heard on those momentous occasions. Neither does it avail to say that they committed to writing only what was necessary, which will account for the frequency of their omissions. This statement militates against fact, since unquestionably there are many things of an eminently dogmatic character, and therefore very necessary, and in some instances even of faith, connected, for instance, with the institution of the sacraments, of which no vestige is traceable in the Scriptures. Nor can this be a matter of wonder. Having special purposes in view in the composition of their books, naturally enough they selected only such items as bore upon their immediate

[1] II Tim. 1 : 13. [2] Ibid 11 :2. [3] II Thess., 11 : 14. [4] John 21 : 25. [5] Acts 1 : 3.

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aim. As a result, not one of them can be said to be complete, and grouped together they are still defective, showing nothing from Matthew to the *Amen* of the Apocalypse to indicate that any or all of them ever dreamt of setting forth an adequate Rule of Faith or of completing by new additions one already under way. For their own sakes it would be well for Protestants to realize this. For it will be a melancholy day, indeed, for them in particular, when tradition is wholly counted out of court in practice as in theory. Many of their favorite tenets have no other foundation, while the very canonicity of the Scriptures, by which they set such great store, is not demonstrable otherwise. Abolish tradition and the applicability of the Scripture becomes an impossibility; and with the downfall of Scripture there will not be enough left of Protestantism to start a conversation.

Whole volumes of evidence corroborative of the interpretation we have given the above texts are furnished by the works of the Latin and Greek Fathers and Doctors.[1] Their testimony is valu-

[1] In order that an ecclesiastical writer may be classified amongst the *Fathers*, four things are generally reputed necessary eminent learning, holiness and antiquity, together with an express or implied recognition by the Church of these endowments. "Patres vocat" (Ecclesia), says Mabillon, "eos, quos sanctitas, doctrina et antiquitas commendat; doctrina, inquam, scripturae et traditioni potius quam rationibus philosophicis inhaerens."—*Praef. ad Op. S. Bernardi*, § 2, n. 23. The idea of a *Doctor* differs from that of a Father in that it does not include the prerogative of antiquity, as in the case of SS. Bonaventure and Alphonsus Liguori, both of them doctors but not Fathers of the Church, because lights of a comparatively recent date. To a Catholic a moral unanimity of patristic teaching on any point of faith or morals is tantamount to an infallible declaration of the truth of said doctrine. The theological reason for this is evident. It flows from the nature of things, and is easily proved, that the deposit of truth, deeded by Christ and His Apostles to the world, can suffer neither change nor shadow of alteration, and must, therefore, as a matter of fact, be transmitted unalloyed to the end of time. As a consequence, it will outlive the vicissitudes of all generations and fall as pure and uncontaminated upon the ears of the last listener upon earth as it did of old, coupled with the Saviour's benediction, upon the devout villagers in the towns and hamlets of Judea. When, then, we find the Fathers, the admitted teachers of their respective ages, in several successive periods of time and in widely separated localities, pronouncing a truth divine, and the *Church*, with whom resides the right and duty to advert upon error wherever and whenever found, remaining approvingly silent, we are bound to conclude that the teaching of the Fathers on the point involved was indeed the universal belief of those days, and, therefore, unerringly true. Otherwise we are driven to the necessity of admitting, which were blasphemy, that the legitimate apostolic succession had connived at error, and consequently that the word and work of Christ had failed.—*Praevaluissent Portae Inferi.*

As we said, this line of argument will suit a Catholic well enough, but passes no muster with a Protestant, as it calls up the Ghost of Infallibility and knocks the props from under his comfortable theory of private interpretation of the Scriptures. Hence, in treating with him we are forced to shift the ground of argumentation and appeal to the Fathers no longer as witnesses to the divine character of what is narrated, but as profane historians vouching for the truth of contemporaneous fact. Applying this latter criterion to the matter in hand, we discover a marvellous *consensus* or agree-

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able at least in so far as it affords us the evidence of ordinary historical criteria.[1] This much Protestants concede, and it is even worthy of note that since the movement inaugurated by Pusey, the trend of Ritualism has certainly been towards an increased esteem and study of this department of sacred learning. It will be remembered as the armory from which Mr. Pusey, in particular, recruited so largely for his attacks in the "Eirenicon." But, unfortunately for Mr. Pusey and his cause, Dr. Newman had been there before him and taken a more scholarly survey of the field.[2]

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ment amongst the Fathers of the first four centuries regarding this fact, viz., that the faithful at large accepted certain traditions as divine, and valued them no less than they did the Scriptures themselves. Any well-read Protestant knows this. Why not, then, proceed a degree farther in the natural development of the argument and confess that the united testimony of such eminently Christian historians is, to say the least, as irrefragable and deserving of acceptance as would be, for instance, the combined testimony of Strabo, Cæsar, Tacitus and Pliny certifying to an occurrence in the history of Gaul. That we have such unanimity of teaching is easily shown. We cite as many writers as are necessary to bear out the statement, with the date of each one's death appended, copied from the *Patrology of Migne:* St. Ignatius, A.D. 107; St. Polycarp, A.D. 166; Hegesippus, A.D. 181; St. Irenæus, A.D. 202; Clement of Alexandria, A.D. 217; Tertullian; A.D. 245; Origen, A.D. 254; St. Cyprian, A.D. 258; Eusebius of Cæsarea, A.D. 340; St. Basil, A.D. 379; St. Cyril of Jerusalem, A.D. 386; St. Gregory Nazianzen, A D. 392; St. Epiphanius, A.D. 402; St. Chrysostom, A D. 407; St. Jerome, A.D. 420; St. Augustine, A D. 430.

[1] It is of prime importance for the right interpretation of the Fathers that we know exactly when they are vouching for the divinity of a doctrine and when, on the contrary, they are merely playing the *role* of private personages rehearsing ordinary historical events. Theologians lay down three rules to guide us in making the distinction, which it may be well to recount briefly. *First.* If the Fathers of any one period are unanimous in their assertion of the divine origin of a doctrine, or the majority maintain it, the others taking no exception to their position, the doctrine in question may be assumed as having been divinely delivered and the testimony of the Fathers on that point as consequently true. *Secondly.* If they give us to understand in plain terms, as St. Jerome frequently does in his reply to Helvidius, that their object in writing is none other than to set forth against the heretics, who dared to impugn it, the unadulterated truth as it came from Christ and His Apostles. For a similar reason, when any one of them is the admitted champion of the Church's teaching in his day on some point, he is setting forth without doubt the divine truth on that point. Such was the case with SS. Basil and Gregory of Nyssa in their controversy with Eunomius; of SS. Jerome and Augustine as against Pelagius; of St. Cyprian against the Novatians, and of St. Athanasius against Arius. *Thirdly.* If the truth in question is broached in their sermons and instructions to the people, especially to those preparing for reception into the Church. On such occasions it is not to be supposed that they would advance anything as of faith unless indeed it did pertain to the deposit of truth. The logic of these rules is self-evident and calls for no comment.—Cf. De Vivo, *Universa Revelatio*, v. iii., l. ii., p. 1154; Franzelin, *De Traditione*, Th. 14.

[2] In this connection it is interesting to recall Cardinal Newman's noble tribute to the *Fathers.* It comes to us out of "the long ago" freighted with thoughts of memorable days and conjures up the rare spectacle of a genius swaying the destiny of troubled times as with giant tread he followed in the lead of God's "kindly light"—himself a light and lamp to the footsteps of millions. "I am not ashamed," he says, "still to take my stand upon the Fathers, and do not mean to budge. The history of their times is not yet an old almanac to me. Of course I maintain the value and

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Now, Eusebius, the earliest ecclesiastical historian, tells us that St. Ignatius, the second bishop of Antioch (A.D. 68) and the disciple of St. Peter, when being led through Asia into captivity, cautioned the people on his route to avoid heretics and "*to hold fast to the traditions of the Apostles*," which traditions, confirmed by his own testimony, for the surer information of posterity, he deemed it necessary to commit to writing.[1] And St. Chrysostom says: "It is plain that all things were not delivered in writing, but many otherwise, and are equally to be believed. Wherefore let us hold fast the traditions of the Church. It is tradition, let that suffice."[2] Again, "there is need of tradition," writes St. Epiphanius, "for we cannot expect to find everything in the Scriptures. . . . . Our boundaries are fixed, and the foundation and the structure of faith. We have the *traditions of the Apostles* and the Holy Scriptures and the succession of doctrine diffused all around;"[3] while St. Jerome admits that many things in the Church have had their origin only in tradition, and adds that "their binding force is no less than that of the written law."[4] Tertullian furnishes us with a striking passage still more clearly bodying forth the same point. "What will you gain," he asks, "by recurring to Scripture, when one denies what the other asserts? Learn rather who it is who possesses the faith of Christ; to whom the Scriptures belong; from whom, by whom, and when the faith was delivered by which we are made Christians. For where shall be found the true faith, there will be the genuine scriptures; there the true interpretation of them; and there *all Christian traditions* . . . . to know what the Apostles taught, that is, what Christ revealed to them, recourse must be had to the churches which they founded and which they instructed by *word of mouth* and by their epistles. For it is plain that all doctrine, which is conformable to the faith of these mother churches, is true; being that which they received from the Apostles, the Apostles from Christ, and Christ from God."[5] St. Irenæus

authority of the 'Schola,' as one of the *loci theologici;* still I sympathize with Petavius in preferring to its "contentious and subtle theology" that 'more elegant and fruitful teaching which is moulded after the image of erudite antiquity.' The Fathers made me a Catholic, and I am not going to kick down the ladder by which I ascended into the Church. It is a ladder quite as serviceable for that purpose now as it was twenty years ago." (A letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., on his recent "Eirenicon." Introduction.)

[1] Hist. Eccles., l. iii., c. 36, p. 130.

[2] In Epist. ii. ad Thessal., c. ii. 14. Homily 4.

[3] Adv. Hæres., lxi., t. l., p. 511; xxxv., t. l., p. 475.

[4] Adv. Luciferianos, p. 139, B. "Etiamsi scripturæ auctoritas non subesset, totius orbis in hanc partem consensus instar præcepti obtineret. Nam et multa alia quæ per traditionem in Ecclesiis observantur, auctoritatem sibi scriptæ legis usurpaverunt," etc. This observation, though made by the Luciferian in the Dialogue, is endorsed by the orthodox speaker.

[5] De Præscript. Hæret., 19, 21.

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is yet more explicit. "Had these Apostles," he says, "left us nothing in writing, must we not in that case have followed the rule of doctrine which they delivered to those to whom they entrusted their churches? To this rule many barbarous nations submit who, deprived of the aid of letters, have the words of salvation written on their hearts and carefully guard the doctrine which has been delivered."[1] Not to multiply examples, it may be stated that the works of SS. Cyprian, Dionysius, Hilarius, Basil, Ambrose and Augustine, as well as those of Eusebius and Origen, abound in passages of similar import. It was reserved for the enlightened framers of the *Augsburg Confession* and of the *Thirty-nine Articles* of the Anglican Creed to make the following humorous discovery: "Holy Scripture," says the Creed, "containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."[2] As a specimen of pious inconsistency, it is curious to observe that in the Thirty-fourth Article of the same creed the equivalently opposite doctrine is broached. Therein we read: "Whosoever, through his private judgment, willingly and purposely, doth openly break the traditions and ceremonies of the Church, which be not repugnant to the Word of God, and be ordained and approved by common authority, ought to be rebuked openly," etc. The fitness of an "open rebuke" for a mere violation of ceremonial rite, when the whole dogmatic position is a matter of choice, is a piece of clerical legislation we fail to understand, and we must leave the solution of our difficulty to the inventiveness of those with whom paradoxes are the order of the day.[3]

Amongst the arguments usually invoked in substantiation of the direct opposite of the first of the above statements, none is more interesting than the one drawn from the historical conduct of God's providence in His treatment of the human race in the successive ages of the world. From Adam to Abraham, from Abraham to Christ, from Christ to the consummation of the world, there has been and there can be but one true faith animating the earth. How variable soever its external form may sometimes have seemed to be, yet was it always essentially one and the same, characterized by unity of origin and identity of aim. The boundless harmony of one and the same great mind was ever the soul

[1] Adv. Hæres., l. iii., c. 4. This doctrine of the Fathers is amply supported by the conciliar decree of Nice and Chalcedon. Cf. Labbe, vv. 2, 4, 7.

[2] Article vi.

[3] A summarized and instructive account of the main divergences between the Catholic system and the system put forth in the Thirty-nine Articles may be read in Lingard's "Hist. of England," vol. iv., Amer. Edit., note N.

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and secret of its constitution, while the logic of its destiny was none other than the infinite consistency of Everlasting Truth in endless accord with itself. Call it Patriarchal, Mosaic or Christian, it was ever "the Tabernacle of God with men," whose phases were but links of one and the same great chain leading up by progressive stages to the consummation of all religion—the Vision of Truth in the plenitude of Everlasting Life. For the work of redemption was not confined to the thirty-three years of the Saviour's brief abode by the roadsides and lake-shores of Galilee. Already in the dawn of ages, while men were as yet groping in the haze of prophecy, the spirit of his unwritten Gospel was at work upon the earth preparing the way, in the gift of faith, for the long expected coming of the *Shiloh* of God. Neither shall it cease to be the abundant source of the world's life and happiness and the renovating principle of its energies until He come again, throned upon the clouds of heaven, to judge the living and the dead. It cannot be reasonably supposed, then, that the economy of God's dispensation in one era would be wholly at variance with that adopted by Him at another. In fact, Christ cautions us very plainly against indulging any such supposition. "I came," he says, "not to destroy the Law, but to fulfil and perfect it." When, then, we discover in the patriarchal times traditions of a Creator, of angels, of a future life, of a Redeemer, and of other paramount truths not graven on stone, but whispered to Adam amidst the trees of Paradise, or, in vision, to subsequent prophets; when, in the dayspring of Israel's glory, alongside of the written law of Sinai, we still meet a body of traditions constituting a large and valuable portion of the Hebrew dogmatic code; when, later still, "in the fulness of time," in the advent of the promised *Emmanuel*, when all changes deemed necessary were to be made, we yet discover, as we have already shown, no alteration on this head either in the conduct or teaching of the Saviour; when we discover all this and give it reflection, it begets a smile to hear the solemn deans and deacons of the Anglican persuasion, or of any other persuasion, in grave synodical council assembled, declaring that the theory of divine tradition is a huge bugaboo dug out of the ground during the Middle Ages, for which we can proffer neither Scriptural parallel nor warrant. St. Paul bids us beware even of an angel, radiant with the light of God's sweet face, who would venture upon a doctrine other than the one he had propounded. How much greater reason have we not to look dubiously upon the sanctimonious decrees of any such comedy of convocation flying straight in the face of facts which reach from Paradise to Calvary. We affirmed that there was ample parallel and warrant in the Old Law for the stand we are taking upon the grounds of analogy.

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We might illustrate this assertion by cumulative evidence without end from Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy and the Psalms, and cited at length by commentators who, like Bellarmine and Franzelin, have discussed this subject *ex professo.* But the requirements of a brief paper must make a few suffice. Of the period before the Deluge, when writing was certainly not a very fine art, we know but little, but even that little introduces us to three men, Enos, Henoch and Noah, who are commemorated as having been "guardians of the divine religion and preachers of justice." In the Patriarchal Age after the Deluge, Jehovah's superb testimony to the fidelity of Abraham was, "I know that he will command his children, and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord and do judgment and justice."[1] And yet again in the lovely death canticle of Moses we are invited to "remember the days of old; think upon every generation: ask thy father and he will declare for thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee;"[2] while David in one of his rapturous outpourings unfolds the principle of tradition in the most obvious terms. "We have heard, O Lord, with our ears," sings the prophet; "our fathers have declared to us the work thou hast wrought in their days and in the days of old. How great things have we heard and known, and our fathers have told us; they have not been hidden from their children in another generation; declaring the praises of the Lord, and his power and his wonders which he hath done; and he set up a testimony in Jacob, and made a law in Israel. How great things he commanded our fathers, that they should make the same known to their children, that another generation might know them, that children should be born, and should rise up and declare them to their children."[3]

These are but a few selections at random out of multitudes that might be advanced; but to the moral we have drawn from them no Protestant will subscribe. For though his advocacy of the Bible and the tenacity with which he clings to the "Rock of Ages" are truly commendable, yet the legend upon his banner is to-day what it was in the halcyon days of the edifying Luther—"Away with the Pope, for the Papacy is an institution of the devil." And the fact is, and right here let us score one for their shrewdness, once Protestants give Catholics the least ground for the assertion of this doctrine they run foul of Leo XIII. in the very next step of the argument. For the fundamental error of Protestantism on the Rule of Faith, as we have already hinted, is to be looked for really in its utter misapprehension of the true nature of Church authority. Repudiating with unqualified scorn the bare idea of an infallible

[1] Genesis xviii. 19.
[2] Deuteronomy xxxii. 7.
[3] Psalm lxxvii. 3–7.

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teacher resident amongst men to guard and guide, tradition of whatever kind ceases to have for them any deeper significance than what attaches to an ordinary historical event. And in this they are quite logical. For how can they, out of the intricate mass of material which has come down to them, discriminate between what is of purely apostolic or ecclesiastical origin, and, therefore, obnoxious to change and abrogation, and what is, on the other hand, divine and consequently invariable?[1] Left to individual resources, they have absolutely no means of doing so, and are driven in their perplexity to take refuge in the forlorn subterfuges of private interpretation and inspiration.[2] Quite otherwise is it with a Catholic. He is permeated with a deep-rooted conviction that the declarations of his Church are unfailing criteria of divine evidence, and that in all cases she is fully qualified to winnow the false from the true. He is satisfied that she is the living, visible representative of God, and, therefore, whatever has been endorsed by her as of faith, the same is necessarily celestial in its origin. Thus his firm persuasion is grounded, not upon idle whim or fancy, but upon the express word of Truth itself. He "subpœnas" the very Scriptures in evidence that Christ's intent was not only to institute "an apostolate as an authoritative organ in order to the first promulgation of the Gospel, but also a perpetual apostolic succession." That the Apostles were divine ambassadors vested with infallibility, he finds demonstrated in the words of Christ at the Last Supper: "I will ask the Father and He will give you another Paraclete that he may abide with you forever." ". . . . The Paraclete whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you all

[1] Amongst the many questions mooted by theologians on the subject of tradition, not the least interesting is that of the *Criteria*, by which we may distinguish those that are divine from those that are not so. Even to enumerate them would tempt us too far a-field for present purposes, which merely regard the *fact* of divine traditions, but their sufficient discussion may be read in any theology of note.—Cf. Bellarmine, *De Controversiis*, t. I, l. iv., c. ix.; Billuart, *De Regulis Fidei*, diss. ii., art. I.

[2] One of the baneful results of private interpretation of the Scripture was strikingly illustrated in the recent Andover muddle. The pillars of Congregationalism in Massachusetts, instead of edifying their coreligionists by fostering amity and good-will, as St Paul counsels elders to do, took to reading and discussing Scripture till they found themselves decidedly at variance upon the subject of final retribution. The real difficulty is that the old wheel is slipping another cog. The progressionists are clamorous for doctrinal changes, while the conservatives, a whit more logical, are too apprehensive of final results to tolerate further concessions. They are keen enough to foresee that if hell is thrown out and a purgatory substituted, purgatory itself will next be eliminated, leaving us nothing but the millennium and heaven. And how delightful that would be! A free fling here, and for all eternity nothing else to do but to ride a cloud and pick a harp and hymn the praises of modern progress as exemplified by the Solons of New England orthodoxy! Perhaps if the luminaries of Andover would take to reading the Fathers, as Newman did, they would discover an exit out of their present complications without having to ruffle, by needless intellectual cross-swordings, the even tenor of their Sabbath ways.

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things and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I have said to you."[1] And in those other words uttered by Christ towards the close of His memorable sojourn amongst men: "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."[2] Not that He was actually to remain with *them*, but through them and their successors with the lawful pastors of the Church unto the lapse of all time.

Furthermore, this same truth he discovers underlying the concept of a universal Church such as Christ came to establish. It was His object to construct upon the ruins of ancient narrowness and provincialism an order of things commensurate with the earth itself in the changes which it meditated, and in the salutary influences which it proposed to exert. It was to supplant Paganism and eliminate from the Old Law its types and shadows and exclusive ceremonial, substituting in their stead the gorgeous realities of a wider and holier dispensation. For this reason it was to infuse into the civilization which it came to establish an element of reform, based not upon the circumscribed and effete philosophies of the past, but upon the infinite truth of God and the common needs of human nature. It was to penetrate all times and climes and tribes and peoples of the earth, bearing with it upon the high-tide of its advance the seeds of a lasting and universal progress—a progress which was to give cast and coloring to the language, institutions, opinions, ideas, sentiments, manners and impressions, not of one nation only, but of all men in every age of the world's history. Such was the expansiveness of its nature and the exalted summons of its destiny, foreshadowed from the outstart in the solemn injunction of Christ to his Apostles: "Go, teach *all* nations." Yet, far-reaching and magnificent as this scheme was, it would have miscarried had provision not been made to preserve amongst men that oneness of faith which alone could identify them with Christ as Christ is identified with God. And because in the present nature of things such widespread community of belief is not feasible without a corresponding unity of interpretation, there arose an absolute need of an infallible authority to voice upon earth the truth of God uttered in eternity. The Church of Christ, therefore, is necessarily one in its teaching and postulates the prerogative of infallibility, being, as St. Paul very appropriately styles it, "the pillar and ground of truth," and holding the promise of invincibility by the banded powers of earth and hell. Whatever, then, it declares of faith is undeniably of faith. Now, nothing is of faith except it come of God through the Apos-

[1] John xiv. 16, 26.

[2] Matthew xxviii. 20.

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tles. For the Church is not governed by new revelations, but remains firm and fixed in those received from the beginning, being built, as the Ephesians were instructed, "upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone."[1] This teaching of an infallible authority, so familiar and consolatory to Catholic minds, but upon whose enlargement we cannot enter, is not so very illogical in itself that a Protestant honestly in quest of truth may not arrive at it perforce of unaided effort. Cardinal Newman in his "Arians of the Fourth Century," written before his conversion, bears the following luminous testimony to the verity of this statement. "Surely," says the Cardinal, "the sacred volume was never intended to *teach* us our creed; however certain it is that we can prove our creed from it when it has once been taught us, and in spite of individual producible exceptions to the general rule. From the very first the rule has been, as a matter of fact, for the Church to teach the truth and then appeal to the Scripture in vindication of its own teaching. And, from the first, it has been the error of heretics to neglect the information provided for them, and to attempt of themselves a work to which they are unequal—the eliciting of a systematic doctrine from the scattered notices of the truth which Scripture contains."[2]

Why, then, if we find a sanction for tradition in the example of Christ and His Apostles, in the words of Scripture and the Fathers, in the typical aspect of the Old Law, yea, and in the ethical concept of religion, why, we ask, does Protestantism deny us the right to wheel it into active service upon the field of modern controversy? The reason is not far to seek. Protestantism could not allow it without stultifying herself in the premises by confessing, after three hundred years of blasphemy and blunder, that she was a vile travesty from the outset. Protestantism could not allow it without precipitating the day of her destiny by anticipating the natural operation of forces destined in their own due time to effect her irreparable ruin. And so she lives on, or rather drags out a lonesome existence from which the light of God's love and man's hope have fled forever; while the Church, crowned with the diadem of truth, grows young as the years grow old, nourished from within and supported by the life-sustaining word of God—beautiful symbol of that other Word, *genitum non factum*, sprung from the bosom of His Father in the twilight of uncreated ages. Her very perpetuity is a standing contradiction of the oft-revamped calumny, that in her overestimate of tradition she has minimized

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[1] Ephesians ii. 20.

[2] The Arians of the Fourth Century, c. i., § iii., 2.

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Scripture. True, indeed, she accepts neither one nor the other as the sole principle of her guidance. Taught by the unerring Spirit of God and walking in the footsteps of apostolic times, she treats them as coördinate and supplementary, subordinating them both alike to the infallible dictate of her own divine guidance. She distinguishes between them. True, but the distinction is one which involves no diversity of authority, nor always even a diversity of subject. She credits them both alike with the inspiration of God, and sees no reason why the same truth may not be communicated to the world by a twofold channel of transmission. But, as a matter of historical fact and as a parting tribute to honesty and fair play, let it be acknowledged that the tender and jealous solicitude with which she has cherished the venerable deposit of God's written word through eighteen centuries of human perturbation; her loud and reiterated protest against the liberties taken with it by the modern schools of lax interpretation; her solemn warnings to her children to beware of those who have wrested its meaning to their destruction; her very unwillingness to divorce it from tradition or allow it to have any other sanction than the one she alone can supply—all this and more is evidence sufficient, if any were needed, that she stands acquitted of the charge so often trumped up and flaunted in her face. All this and more is evidence sufficient, if any were needed, that, as far as depends upon her, all things may pass away and be changed, but the truth of the Lord shall endure. *Veritas prævalebit.*

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PROFESSOR JANSSEN AND OTHER MODERN GERMAN HISTORIANS.

Geschichte des Deutchen Volkes seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters. Von Johannes Janssen. Freibrug : Herder.

THE advance of " Modern Science " has been so persistently and freely advertised that some simple, and many not too simple folk imagine that the best of human effort and the highest of human thought have long been satisfied with a moderate harvest within a narrow field. How vain this imagining—and fortunately vain—could be readily shown by a review of a half century's growth of the noble science of history ; a growth confined to no single people, and as marked in aims and methods as in results. Fifty years have made deservedly great names throughout Europe, and the added store of material, the improved methods, and the more truthful temper of the times, promise greater names and far-reaching results in the near future.

Forward in all intellectual work, the Germans, within the past half century, have not been second in gathering material for historic study, in opening new paths, in systematizing and testing evidence, in revising the verdicts of the past on individuals or peoples. They have, indeed, been rash as well as bold, dull as well as patient, prejudiced as well as judicial, fanciful and cold, petty and broad, modest and assuming—for the Germans are very human. But the world is indebted to them, and rightfully proud of their work and of the workers. The list of famous names is long, and yet tells in fewest words the story of both labor and result: Niebuhr, Curtius, Mommsen, Böhmer, Voigt, Hurter, Von Ranke, Jaffé, Giesebrecht, Treitschke, K. A. Menzel, Leo, Wattenbach, Arnold, Von Gneist, Droysen, Waitz, Gregorovius, Von Reumont, Döllinger, Alzog, Hefele, Hergenröther, Gfrörer, Höfler, Pastor—not one of these but has aided in unravelling the tangled threads of some important period. The birth, life and politics of the ancient peoples ; the development of Christianity ; the terribly romantic struggles of the Middle Ages ; the renewed contest of Paganism and Christianity, in the brilliant, though fateful, Renaissance ; the unfolding and growth of the consequent religious divisions ; the upheaval of the modern European nations—to the study of so vast a field they have brought patient, intelligent labor, original research, and more than ordinary powers of mind.

And yet, till within a few years, the skilled methods, the critical

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research, the patient labor of the Germans, had been applied, if not wholly, at least with best results, in directions quite other than those in which their truest interest as Germans would seem most naturally to lead them. The history of the German people remained unwritten. There were books, it is true, but volumes and titles no longer make a history. In this self-neglect the Germans have not been alone. It is but recently that M. Gaston Paris, editing his learned father's "Études sur François Ier," called attention to "the astounding superficiality thus far shown in the treatment of the history of France, and the assurance with which successive writers have repeated what some one of them had quite gratuitously stated." If it be assumed that the Middle Ages end and Modern History begins with the sixteenth century, we shall easily find good reasons for what M. Paris politely calls "superficiality." Nor will it be difficult to explain to ourselves why the German or English, as well as the French history of these two periods has been so "superficially" handled. The fault lies largely at the door of the past. As far as the Germans are concerned, the sixteenth century not only divided them in religion, but it imposed upon them systems of government as different from those of the past in polity and policy as any batch of new-made sects in creed. Policy and polity being ostensibly built on a religious foundation, it was as important to the princely founders as it was to the preachers of the new doctrines, that both rulers and religions should be justified before the subjects. The one justification possible in the sixteenth century was an attack on the past; the one possible justification of the sixteenth century, from that day to this, has been an attack on the past. Thus, to the "Reformed" world, the Middle Ages suddenly became dark as night, and "Reformed" Germany lifted itself before Europe in the glow of its self-illuminated halo, to light the world adown the ages. The historian, neglecting monuments or documents, repeated gratuitous statements which had been uttered to serve a policy, to excuse tyranny, to fix governments and social conditions created by brute force, and deemed himself not only an intelligent thinker, but a patriot and a philanthropist. It is the honest liars who have made it so hard to accept the truth. Even a well-educated partisan may believe himself a seeker after truth. But he is more likely to assume he has it, for a traditional and educated prejudice has all the force of faith. In the way of an honest-minded man it is an almost insurmountable obstacle which often bars him out not merely from recognizing, but even from effectively seeking the truth.

History, some one has said, and said well, is the science of facts. How difficult it must have been for the "Reformed" German of the past three centuries to write a history of his own people, which

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should come within this definition, is readily apparent. Outside of the peculiar position he was placed in by education and tradition, he had but a modicum of facts at his disposal. Even that modicum might have made him hesitate in reiterating a worn and baseless verdict, were it not that the thesis which he had set out to establish, under the name of history, the more pleasantly excited his intellect the more it taxed his sharpest wits to arrange and mould the facts to fit the theory. However, in time glimmerings of light appeared to him from outside. When once the German is started, he is a good doubter. He began to see that there was as much to be learned about himself as about Egyptian, Greek or Roman, and that there was no reason why the method should not be the same. The monastery libraries were ransacked, peacefully this time. The records of villages, towns, cities, bishoprics were copied and printed. Old diaries and chronicles, biographies, letters, books, were edited and published. Then came the added help of free access to state-papers. Town and provincial societies devoted themselves to gathering and arranging historical material, and noble works were planned and executed: the "Monumenta Germaniæ Historica," "Fontes Rerum Germanicarum," "Imperial Regesta," "Bibliotheca Rerum Germanicarum," and "Scriptores Rerum Prussicarum."

The Middle Ages had told their history well, in stone and iron and brass, in painted page and wall, in woven stuff, and graven gold and jewel, and not less well in written word. The sixteenth century had told its story, and told it in a voice so clear and loud, that only the passion of the last three centuries could have smothered it. When, at length, the past was allowed to speak for itself, the mere sound of its mighty voice shook the fanciful, foundationless fabric of the modern romancers, from base to topmost finial, and left it a gaping, formless ruin. They had builded with "brick instead of stones and slime instead of mortar." The builders of the new German history, like those of the new English history, see the ruin, but not all see clearly that it is irreparable, that the very memory of it must be rooted out of men's minds, and a new structure be lifted up on the corner stone of truthful fact.

Had it not been for the baneful revolt of the sixteenth century, the good historical work of the last half of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth centuries would have advanced our knowledge of German history far beyond its present narrow limits. The ink had hardly dried on Gutenberg's first Bible before layman, priest and monk began to print the records of the past. The monastery libraries of France, Germany and Italy were systematically searched for the earlier chronicles, annals and histories. Learned societies were formed for the study of German history,

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and the publication of the older history-writers. Men like Agricola, Wimpheling, Stabius, Celtes, Cuspinian, Brant and Peutinger busied themselves in gathering inscriptions and monuments, in arranging town archives, in editing the rarest "Sources," in writing contemporary annals and town histories, in compiling general and special histories of the German people, and in popularizing history-reading. Trithemius was not the only Benedictine Abbot who set up a printing press within his abbey-walls for the publication of historical works. To fifteenth-century monks we are indebted for many of the best manuscript copies of the early history-writers, and also for many of the best printed editions of annalists and chroniclers, dating from the sixth to the twelfth centuries. The zeal and intelligence shown in this work gave promise of immediate great results. But the men of blood and iron and wrath strangled all learning. The abbey printing press was stopped. The enemies of ignorance, the true disciples of the Lord, the prince-protectors of liberty and reason and the rights of man found instruments more to their liking and purpose in the torch, the pike, the sledge. Not the steady glow of science delighted them, but the fitful blaze that rose from burning monastery libraries and precious works of art pyred in the market-place. The "poets" scorned the German past, and devoted their classical acquirements to satire and abuse. If they recurred to history, it was as a weapon against the established order, not as a help to truth. To these writers the dead were base and ignorant when they lived, still the satires of the eleventh century against Popes and Church were worth preserving. Outside of work whose sole object was to serve political ends, to further strife, to widen division, there was little of value done during the last half of the sixteenth or the whole of the seventeenth century. What was done of permanent service to the cause of truth was done by Catholics: the Carthusian, Laurenz Surius; the Jesuits, Heribert Van Rosweyde, Henschenius, Bollandus, Papebrock, Christoph Brouwer, Jacob Gretzer, and Heinrich Canisius, nephew of the famous Peter. While the Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur were gathering material for the history not of France alone, but of every land and people, the monasteries left in Germany were unable to take up their traditional work. Their revenues had been too prudently reduced in the interest of the "common man," who still was not uncommon. The jealousies of the more than three hundred and fifty lay and clerical princes prevented united work among religious houses not in the same territory. The character of the learning and the treatment given to the learned men engaged in historical work at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century may be judged from Leibnitz's story. His

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large and active mind conceived a plan of a systematic collection of all existing "Sources" of German history. Through his efforts a society was formed, which, having adopted a fine name, rested. Seven years later a second society met with a like experience. A dozen years later, still another was organized, but neither Kaiser, Reichstag nor private man could be got to give it a penny. There was, as Wattenbach says, neither any true interest in the history of the fatherland, nor capacity to understand the documents that told it. By himself Leibnitz did great things, but his orderly scheme found no continuators. The two Dominican brothers, Bernhard and Hieronymus Pez, labored as vainly during the first half of the eighteenth century to do for Germany what D'Achery, Mabillon, Germain and Ruinart had done for France. Like Leibnitz, the brothers Pez were forced to be content with the results of their own patient work. Odd volumes of disconnected, undigested, uncritical material were not infrequent; but it was only after the present century had run a third of its course that any effective attempt was made to do for Germany what Muratori had done a full hundred years before for Italy.

Meantime, history for the people was no less neglected. Disunion had fostered particularism in government; and narrowness in thought. The idea of a German people, whose past was worthy of being remembered, had seemingly gone out with the idea of one Church and one Empire. Here and there, a history of the world was written, or of some modern period or campaign. But there was no connected history of the German people, based on research and aiming at thoroughness, until Michael Ignaz Schmidt took up the work towards the end of the eighteenth century. Born at Arnstein, near Würzburg (1736), Schmidt was one of four brothers who in turn became priests. After ordination, Michael took a position as private tutor, made friends at Court, and, in 1771, was appointed Librarian at the Würzburg University. He had ideas about education, which he freely expressed. There were reformers of education in those days, just as there are now. The governments were unfavorable to the Jesuits, just as many are to-day. When the Jesuits were expelled from Würzburg, Schmidt, one of whose brothers was a Jesuit, had a chance to put his own ideas in practice. He was appointed Professor of the History of the Empire in the University, and the government adopted many of his suggestions in forming a new educational scheme. Of an active temperament, Schmidt, after holding one and another public position, finally went to Vienna, where he proved an agreeable person to Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He was appointed Custos of the Imperial Library, Rector of the Archives, and from time to time received other civic honors. At Vienna he wrote the "Geschichte der Deutschen"

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(8 vols., Wien, 1783–1787), which covered the history of the Germans from the earliest time up to the Schmalkald war (1544), and the "Neuere Geschichte der Deutschen" (6 vols., Wien, 1785–1793), which dealt with the period between the Schmalkald war and the death of Frederick III. (1657). Leaving aside the question of incomplete material, Schmidt's time was not one in which we might expect to find the ideal historian. Every educated man was philosopher enough to philosophize after his own fashion. Wieland, Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller had inoculated priest as well as preacher with a fine-worded sort of bigoted liberalism. Humanitarianism was smuggled into every creed. Men who stood high in the Church were proud of being Masons and Illuminati. The reformers of education were anxious to reform the Church, after the old fashion, by turning the Princes into Popes, the Church into State Churches, and monasteries and convents into hard cash. Schmidt's patron, Joseph II., whose "reforms" assure his not being forgotten, was said to have only carried out a scheme devised by Schmidt himself. Still, the historian was a scholarly man; and, from the point of view of scholarship, Schmidt's histories are creditable works. Not confining himself to the printed authorities, he made a considerable use of manuscript material in the Imperial Library. His plan was intelligently conceived; and among its good features included periodic reviews of the social, intellectual and religious condition of the Germans. Putting aside a not infrequent sentence of from twenty to forty lines in length, his style is clear and lively; and many of his remarks show a keen and observing, as well as cultivated mind. From many points of view, his work is, for its time, most praiseworthy, and has its uses still. His presentation of the movement which culminated in Lutheranism and the other "isms," is not just. Unconsciously, perhaps, it is colored by his theories about Church, State and modern policy. He was only one of a number who thought that German anti-Catholic prejudices should be removed at the expense of truth and sixteenth century churchmen. Indeed Schmidt's history is a kind of history whose day, it is to be hoped, is nearly ended—the history of a philosophic essayist. There are plenty of facts and authorities, and quotations from original documents; but these are used rather to enliven a series of philosophical disquisitions than to serve as parts of a connected narrative. On his death, in 1794, the material which he had collected for later volumes was placed in the hands of J. M. Milbiller, *der Gottesgelehrtheit und Weltweisheit Doktor;* a Protestant, who was at the time a teacher at the high-school at Ingolstadt, and who later was made Professor of History. He added eleven volumes to the "Neuere-Geschichte," bringing the story down to the year 1806. The ability of Michael

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Schmidt is emphasized by the dry and imperfect work of his successor, whose frequent "Prefaces" are apologies for delay, thin volumes and defects. He confesses that after he had exhausted Schmidt's material, he had no other of equal value; and he is intelligent enough to see, and to say, that without original documents a historian cannot expect that "legal credibility" shall attach to his work. Only in the last volume does he give any sketch of German social and intellectual life; and then he confines himself to his own time, and especially to Austria. L. von Dresch, a well meaning man, professor at Landshut, was pleased to continue Schmidt's history, in two volumes (Ulm, 1825–1826), which dealt with the period between the years 1806 and 1814, without contributing greatly to historical science, or to the fame of Schmidt, Milbiller, or himself.

After Schmidt's considerable undertaking, the work of Kohlrausch seems hardly worthy of mention. Still, it is interesting from two points of view: first, as a history intended for popular instruction, and second, as one of two German histories whose English translations have served to give English and American readers what knowledge of German history they have. Heinrich Friedrich Kohlrausch (born 1780), who had first studied theology at Göttingen, later became a teacher at the Dusseldorf Gymnasium, where, in 1816, he wrote his "History of Germany, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," in one octavo volume. "My sole object was to produce a succinct and connected development of the vivid and eventful course of our country's history, written in a style calculated to excite the interest and sympathy of my readers." So his translator puts it, in the preface to the first London edition of 1844; and that Kohlrausch must have excited some interest and sympathy is made clear by the fact that as late as 1875 a sixteenth edition of the "History," in two volumes, was published at Hanover. The writer of this article has not seen any of the German editions of Kohlrausch's book; but has been compelled to make whatever acquaintance with it he has through the English version. Judged by this, it is typical of most nineteenth century popular German histories. To quote again from the "Preface," "his object is to excite the interest and sympathy of those especially who, not seeking to enter upon a very profound study of the sources, and more elaborate works connected with the annals of our empire, are nevertheless anxious to have presented to them the means of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the records of our Fatherland, in such a form as to leave upon the mind and heart an enduring, indelible impression." This sounds very fair; but in order that a man should effect a like purpose, he must himself have acquired

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"an accurate knowledge of the records of his Fatherland," and aim at enduringly and indelibly impressing on minds and hearts, not ignorant misconceptions, but only the grounded, proven truth. Tested by these requirements, Kohlrausch was quite unfitted for the work he attempted. However imperfect and uncritical the earlier portion of his history, its unreliability becomes most apparent when he reaches the fifteenth century. With the introduction of Christianity, he saw civilization and virtue grow among the peoples, and century after century add to the glories of German saintship and learning. But suddenly, in the fifteenth century, and in some unexplained way, the Germans became an ignorant and degraded people. Of course there were a few exceptions, and why there were you shall see later on—they were going to be Protestants when Luther came. "Not only the ignorance of which we have before spoken, but a completely *perverted* system prevailed in almost all the doctrines of religion." Kohlrausch is but one of a long line of writers, many much abler than himself, who have argued themselves into opinions which they imagine they have acquired from an accurate knowledge of the records of their Fatherland. To expose their ignorance is easy. The slightest acquaintance with the records establishes it; would have established it for Kohlrausch's self in his day. It is not pleasant to charge a man with bad faith; but prejudice must be deep that can go against reason and nature, as well as against facts. Needlessly to defile one's own nest, is not looked upon as good manners or good policy; and surely a German who has had forefathers, must seek for them beyond the sixteenth century. Honest natural affection, then, would impel him not to admit a grievous charge against his kin, unless it were proven beyond a doubt; but where, as in this case, the accusation is wholly false, the man who repeats it is not a historian—may not be a criminal—but is an ingrate. It would be easy to fill pages with instances of Kohlrausch's misleading and contradictory statements. Imagine a community, whose minds and hearts are indelibly impressed with vicious nonsense, such as that we quote from his story about preaching the Indulgence: "They sold indulgences for the most heavy crimes committed; for pillage of churches, perjury and murder; nay, the promise of indulgence could even be obtained *before* the commission of the *contemplated* crime." Certainly like information could only be intended "to excite the sympathy of those who did not seek to enter upon a very profound study of the sources!"

As an instance of the amusing contradictions from which a writer with Kohlrausch's views could not escape, side by side we shall place two statements, made within some seventy pages.

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"It is impossible to describe the rapidity with which the new doctrine spread from one end of Germany to the other, extending even far beyond the frontiers of the empire. Such celerity cannot be conceived by those who form their calculation by the scale of sensuality; for it is only the vivid flash communicated by the lightning of the mind which ignites in millions the inflammable materials already prepared, that can produce such mighty results." (Translation, p. 367.)

"It has often been matter of astonishment, that the Protestant doctrine did not spread with equal rapidity throughout the whole of Germany, considering the favorable disposition of the people to receive it; but the enigma is in a great measure explained by the speedy degeneration of Protestantism itself. How was it to be expected that a doctrine which so soon dissolved into a frivolous, spiritless dispute of words, and the converts to which overwhelmed each other with maledictions, could possibly succeed in gaining the hearts of the multitude?" (Translation, p. 439.)

In explanation of some laughable notions, which are as rife here as abroad, and in further testimony of Kohlrausch's authority as a truth-teller, whose simplicity is sometimes not to be questioned, his account of the growth of the Jesuits is worth the noting. "In 1540 Loyola had ten disciples; in 1608 they numbered more than ten millions; in 1700 they had augmented to twenty millions." It is to be hoped that the good Fathers have not "augmented" in the same ratio for the past one hundred and eighty-six years. If they have, then, without knowing it, we are in face of a struggle for existence more frightful than any which the most advanced social reformer has thus far prophesied.

Wolfgang Menzel's "Geschichte der Deutschen bis auf die neuesten Tage" is a more readable work than Kohlrausch's, and quite as unreliable. A literary man of no mean merit, a poet, romance-writer, philosopher, and a somewhat radical politician, Menzel published this history in 1824, before he had attained his twenty-eighth year. At the time of his death, in 1873, it had gone through six editions, and received considerable alteration and correction. The faults chargeable against the German work are not slight, unless we compare it with the pretended English translation in three volumes, published in 1848. The translation is in fact an adaptation, an arrangement. The original is amended according to the translator's or publisher's views. Pages of text are omitted, or moved out of place. Notes are transferred to the body of the text; indeed, the whole of Menzel's work is handled with a delightful spirit of freedom. Among the reasons prompting the English edition, one of the most moving was that, though "a Protestant, Menzel was free from bigotry, and when treating of religion and religious controversy, *generally* allowed facts to speak for themselves." No doubt Menzel was a man of more ability and more acquaintance with the sources than his predecessor. If despising more bigoted persons could have made him impartial, he would

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very likely have been so. But his work is of a kind with those that had gone before. His narrative of the introduction and development of Christianity is written with both eyes on Luther. It is not a record of facts; it is a part of an argument. In his sketch of the growth of the Hierarchy, far back in the fourth century, he goes out of his way to tell of "the fearful power the Church acquired by making sin what had not been sin before; and the might and favor she gained by granting exceptions to her law in return for large offerings." When the reader has been thus designedly prepared during the history of twelve long centuries, he understands the "Reformation" all the better when he comes to it. He has seen the hand of an all-wise Providence—so it would seem to him—leading up to it, age by age. Then comes the traditional spark, Luther—spiritual conflagration and never-ending Light! However, this sort of preparation does not make the sixteenth century any more easy to handle. It rather increases the difficulties, and compels a writer to undo himself on every page. Reiterating all Kohlrausch's misstatements, and making many new ones, Menzel contradicts himself by means of a mass of telling facts culled from authorities. Fair generalities lead to violent attacks on Church and clergy. Praise of Luther and Protestantism is only preparatory to a bitter indictment of the whole batch of "Reformers" and of their systems. The Jesuits are stripped and beaten, only to be petted and made much of. Still, Menzel had gone forward. He had not written history. He had not told the truth. But he had told some truths that were new to the German public; and so must have aided in exciting inquiry. It seems surprising that the spurious and laughable translation of Wolfgang Menzel's book should still be offered to the English-speaking public. The original is not helpful to the cause of right education; the so-called translation is immeasurably hurtful to that cause, and yet it forms one of the set of the "Bohn" editions, and is printed to-day as it was in 1848, with the exception of the title page, whereon some learned editor has made the one important change of 1885 for 1848!

Still another poet, Edward Duller (1809–53), allowed himself to be wooed by the Muse of History, or an enterprising publisher. Viennese by birth, Duller had given up philosophy and law, at eighteen years of age, to try his powers on melodrama and tragedy. He had just completed his twenty-first year when he was compelled to leave the Austrian capital, on account of a too free expression of what he thought were liberal views. Six years of wandering, poetizing, journalizing, and romance-writing brought him at length to Darmstadt, where he remained until 1849. Johann Ronge, a suspended priest, had started a so-called German-Catholic

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Church in 1844, which eventually succeeded in establishing itself in certain beer-shops. The ideas underlying this movement were a compound of rationalism, Protestantism, communism, and Masonry, agreeable to Duller's mind. He threw himself heartily into the work, and his zeal and labors won for him the honorable appointment of preacher at Maintz. But death deprived the infant church of his services two years later. During his stay at Darmstadt he published the "Geschichte des Deutschen Volks" (Leipzig, 1840), which reached a third edition in 1845; and, as remodeled by Pierson, a sixth edition as late as 1877. Though this work was but one of several pretended histories compiled by Duller, it is quite unworthy of notice from the point of view of true scholarship, original inquiry, or indeed of any quality which goes to make up a respectable history. Impregnated with humanistic views, his compilations are true poems of Light and Freedom. The sweetly florid sentences are arranged, not so much with a view to convey a true statement of facts, as to insinuate the writer's philosophy or politics. A single extract will show the kind of historic science that Duller served to spread. He has been picturing the spiritual darkness of pre-"Reformation" times—which now we so well know—and the new-born passion for religiosity and truth. This had entered even into the "monkish" orders. "Thereupon many monks threw away their cowls, and went out from the desolate stillness of their cloisters into the agitated popular life, in order to produce and to work. They abolished private Masses, as well as auricular confession, that frightful instrument of priestcraft over consciences. They administered the communion as a free divine means of grace. They shattered the yoke of Celibacy, that institution raised up by the Romish hierarchy, which contradicted the high conception of the honor of woman held by the German people and the holiness of marriage, and had become the source of a shameful moral corruption. In all classes of the German people, in all parts of the German Fatherland a healthy common sense, after many hundred years of oppression, lifted itself up, and the German soul in all its fervor raised itself aloft to God, with whom till now it could only converse through the priests, and whose graces it was heretofore compelled to purchase through a thousand offerings." One would hardly imagine that Duller is a quarter of a century nearer to us than Kohlrausch! Seemingly, the advance has been only from the prose to the poetic "Tract." Indeed, if we go back half a century, to Schmidt, we find that time has not helped to a larger view of the historian's duties. To select such facts as one chooses, where one chooses, with little or no check upon the sources, to arrange these facts, color them, modify them, qualify them, so as to draw aforethought conclusions in

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support of philosophic, theological or political theories—is not to write history, and is to assume a sort of magisterial authority quite as galling to an ordinary intelligence as decision of Pope or Curia can be to a "reformed" one.

Leopold von Ranke (1795–1886), whose studies covered the history of every European state, is too well known to demand extended notice. The son of a Lutheran minister, he was appointed Oberlehrer of the Gymnasium at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder in 1818, being then only twenty-three years of age. Seven years later he was Professor at the Berlin University, and in 1841 he received the office of Prussian historiographer. His writings deal with English, French, Italian, Spanish, as well as German history. In a learned and suggestive article in the first number of the *English Historical Magazine* (January, 1886), Lord Acton qualifies von Ranke as "the first German to pursue history for no purpose but its own." If this be true—and the authority is high—it must be true only of work done after the "Deutsche Geschichte im Zeitalter der Reformation" (6 vols., 8vo., 1839–1847). This history is merely a review of a part of the "Reformation" period, beginning with the Reichstag at Worms (1495) and ending with the death of Charles V. (1558). Before undertaking it, Ranke had gone over the hitherto unused Reichstag Reports, and the archives at Berlin, Dresden and Weimar; and had also read a number of printed books, whose scattered results had not been, as yet, worked up into a connected whole. But new detail does not make a history; and indeed may be more harmful than serviceable in a book whose method is at fault. Ranke belongs to the philosophical school. If we had any doubt of his views as to the historian's office, the preface to one of his later works, "The History of England," would surely remove the doubt. The historian, according to him, should gather material, and use it, to illustrate his ideas of the forces of the world. In the "Deutsche Geschichte" he gives the reader his own views about men, about facts, about a period, with studies of character and much argumentation. Details serve as reasons in favor of some proposition already stated or to be stated. With the philosopher we find the pleader joined. Having set forth the political and religious ideas of the past, as he is pleased to conceive them, Ranke proceeds to tell a story that shall support views, which he takes the trouble to show us are preconceived. He has a client: Luther. In order to win our favor for this hero-client, he elaborates an argument whose purpose is to convince us that the doctrines of the Church in the fifteenth century were largely novelties. Here we come upon the theologian. Whatever may have been Ranke's ability, or honesty of purpose, his method in this work is so openly that of a

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controversialist, or a political partisan, that it is certain to repel the intelligent student who is seeking colorless truth.

Among modern histories of Germany, the best work of the first half of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly that of Karl Adolf Menzel. Born in 1784, and, like his uncritical namesake, a Silesian, Menzel studied theology at Halle, was appointed Professor at the Breslau Elizabethanum in 1809, and Pro-rector in 1814. Between 1815–23 he published the "Geschichte der Deutschen," in eight volumes, dealing with the history of the Germans from the earliest times up to the death of Maximilian I. The first volume of a "Neuere Geschichte der Deutschen von der Reformation bis zur Bundesakte" appeared in 1826; and the twelfth, and last, in 1848, seven years before his death. Looked at from certain points of view, the "Neuere Geschichte" was a remarkable book. It not only claimed to be impartial, but it was so in a comparatively high degree. "However," said Böhmer, "it becomes apparent towards the end that Menzel is non-partisan because he is a Schwenckfeldian, and thus indifferent to the other opinions of the time." This suggestive remark, which does Menzel no injustice, since he had stated his position as an argument in his own behalf, implies that Böhmer conceived of an impartiality based on worthier grounds, and therefore more unquestionable. However, Menzel, in his own way, tried to present, and did present a careful and dispassionate view of the course of Protestantism in Germany. In discussing the causes and the inception of the movement, he is no better informed than the so-called historians whose books we have run over. Like them also, he is contradictory and unfair in his treatment of the Jesuits. A true disciple of his fellow-countryman, Caspar Schwenckfeld—who, among other things, was something of a mystic and something of a Quaker—he does not believe in much abuse; so that, with the exception of a harsh epithet now and then, the language is polite. With patient study he had gone over a large quantity of valuable material, and by his use of it—to quote Böhmer again—"had answered precisely those questions which every Protestant, who does not intend to go over to rationalism, must to-day ask himself." His work is rich in facts illustrating the dissolution of Protestantism: a dissolution which began before the thing itself had taken body. Menzel is a man to remember, as marking a step in the evolution of the true German historian. He was not one himself. A combination of philosopher and theologian, his mind saw, first of all, theories and creeds. It was clear to him that the history he was trying to write had not been written; he made the mistake of thinking that he was writing it. No better illustration of the character of his mind and work could be given than he himself has given in the first chapter of his fourth volume, which is an essay on the "Relation of the Reason to Being

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and Existence." However thoughtful and readable this essay —and it is both—it could only prove helpful to a theoretical student of facts. Indeed, the "Neuere Geschichte," with all its facts, is rather a philosophical and theological study of the Church divisions, their causes and their consequences, than a history of modern Germany. Menzel's mind was not so constituted as to allow him to write of the past as if he were in it. What he writes is written because he is living to-day, and has views about the past due to a special education and to argued premises.

While general history was thus being written on the lines of traditional partisanism, or in the spirit of the irresponsible essayist, the mass of material helpful to a real history of the Germans was rapidly increasing. Students were more and more scientifically seeking out, testing and editing the "Sources;" and, from these elaborating studies based wholly on contemporary authorities. Careful, passionless workers, passionate only in the way of investigation, compiled histories of towns, cities, principalities, dukedoms, bishoprics, universities, abbeys, cloisters, parishes; of popes, kaisers, bishops, monks, abbots and abbesses; of brotherhoods and orders; of the men of science, literature and art; of lay and clerical "reformers"; and of the various sects. Along with these came the original correspondence of individuals and governments, reports of agents and ambassadors, and the long-hidden secrets of the chanceries. There was material enough for a true history of Germany at the service of a historian; of some indefatigable worker, whose training had made him thoroughly acquainted with, and a thorough judge of, the authorities; whose powers of mind were equal to the task of grasping some one great period as a whole, and of methodizing and clearly setting forth the facts at his disposal, and whose conception of his office was that of a simple, honest, intelligent truth-teller, patriotically laboring in the service of his countrymen, of peace, and of justice.

Such a historian the Germans have at length found in Johannes Janssen, whose "Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters" has excited a real sensation in Germany, and attracted the general attention of students in other lands. A priest, whose learning and talents had already gained him a deservedly high reputation as a writer and thinker, and who had made scholarship indebted to him by valuable historical work, Janssen has presented, not the Germans alone, but the world, with a model history. A quarter of a century devoted to one great aim—the thorough examination of all the material thus far brought to light —prepared him to write history at first hand. Long training under intelligent and experienced masters had fitted him to undertake this vast preparatory work, with a rare equipment of prac-

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tical knowledge and scientific method. Intimate association, as friend and pupil, with that extraordinary worker and ardent lover of truth, Johann Friedrich Böhmer, had not only helped to fix him in his well-considered purpose of writing a true history of the German people, but had served the more powerfully to convince him of the necessity of such a work, and to impress upon him its importance in the interest of truth and of honest-minded men. The five volumes already published cover the period from the middle of the fifteenth century up to the year 1618. Leaving aside theory and argument, Janssen has confined himself to a calm recital of proven facts. This simple, rational, novel method will delight the honest inquirer quite as much as it will surprise him. Thankfully will he recognize that the philosophizer's day has gone; that, at last, the theorist and the rhetorician have been relegated to less scientific spheres; and that, for the future, history is to be, what it has not been, a science of facts.

The wealth of Janssen's material and his mastery over it are made strikingly apparent in his first volume. There, with close and lively detail, he pictures the social, religious, intellectual and economic condition of the Germans in the latter half of the fifteenth century. A mass of facts, drawn from hitherto unused books and manuscripts, has served to make this picture of highest value to the student. Indeed, no work hitherto done has in any way approached this in completeness or in skill.

Beginning with the invention of printing, he traces the development of the art in Germany and its spread throughout Europe by German hands; tells the story of the growth of the book business, and of the influence of the new and mighty art on the people; sketches the character of the earlier works issued from the press. This leads naturally to a review of the various methods of instruction in vogue at the time; to a study of the common schools (*Volks-Schulen*), of home education, of preachers and preaching, of catechetical works and instruction. The higher education is next considered: the character of the schools; the teachers and their methods; the culture and aims of the old German-born Humanism, and the personality of the German scholars of the day; universities: their foundation; course of study; frequentation; the life of the educated man; and the progress of scientific, historical and astronomical studies.

Turning from German science to German art, we are not only impressed with its activity by a dated record of a half century's work, but we are brought into intimate relation with the master-workmen who made Germany famous for her stone, wood and metal work, glass-painting, engraving, miniature-painting and weaving. Entering into the artist-life of the time, we are enabled

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to study the relations existing between master, workman and apprentice, as well as the organization of the Artist-Guilds. There were neither museums, academies nor "salons" at the time; and yet the reader must regret the sadly changed condition of art in our day. Contemporary evidence shows so general and intelligent an appreciation of all art-work, that we are not surprised at the artist's lively interest in the homes, dress and ornaments of the people. Music, which claims so high a place in any review of the art or social life of the Germans, receives studious and kindly attention, and the subject is completed by a sympathetic sketch of the poetry and songs of the people, of the church hymns and of religious plays.

The economic conditions are no less fully dealt with. We are enabled to inform ourselves of the exact relation of landholder to landowner, and to observe closely the surroundings, mode of life, social customs of cultivator, field-hand, servant, and day-laborer. The city, with its varied life, is here before our eyes—Danzig, Breslau, Cöln, Augsburg, Nürnberg, Ulm, whose renown for wealth, beauty and luxury was world-wide. Finally, we have an elaborate review of the nature and extent of German trade, with statistics of wages, prices and profits.

It is not the breadth and thoroughness of the study, nor the skilful arrangement and compression of so vast a mass of material that give this volume its greatest value. The secret of that value is best disclosed by Kawerau, one of Janssen's narrowest and most bitter critics: "The author himself rarely speaks to us, but gives us a mosaic of original authorities, which speak to the reader with irresistible power." How irresistible this power is, only he can tell who has heard the Germans of the fifteenth century narrate their own story in their own words. The masterly manner in which a most difficult task is done, the skill with which testimony is effectively combined with testimony and grouped in the mosaic, the life and movement of the whole picture, make this volume one of the most able and useful pieces of modern historical writing.

Knowing the people, and knowing them as he could not know them before, the reader is prepared to make an intelligent study of the political development of the Empire, and of its condition at the end of the fifteenth century; a condition of lamentable weakness due to internal divisions, to an empty exchequer, dissatisfaction among the people consequent upon the introduction of the Roman jurisprudence, a spirit of jealous opposition among the nobles, an extended territory, and constant foreign wars. What influence these political conditions and the irregular rule of Maximilian I. had on German society, and especially on religion and

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education, Janssen traces with a no less careful and discerning pen. His comparison of the new Italian with the old German-Christian Humanism which it was displacing, and his study of the leaders of the new movement, Erasmus, Mutianus, Ulrich von Hutten and the Archbishop Albrecht von Brandenburg, have all the completeness and freshness of the best work of the first volume. Moreover, they serve to bring us into closer relation with the Germans at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and prove most fitting introduction to a review of the characteristics of the Italian-Humanist thought of the time, and of the new anti-scholastic philosophy. Having familiarized us with the doings and the sayings of the disputatious Humanists, who were so largely responsible for the rapid development of Paganism and of the hate of all sacred things which are such painful features of this period, Janssen sketches the causes and progress of the anti-Jewish movement, and the course of the controversy between the two chief actors in it, Reuchlin, the great Hebrew scholar, and the Jewish Dominican, Pfefferkorn. The former's early labors are not passed over; his "half supernaturalistic, half-rationalistic theosophy" is unraveled; the passion of his attacks on his Dominican antagonist, and on all who differed with himself, and the malice of the "poets and historians" whom he summoned to his aid, are textually set forth; and finally, through their intimacy with Martin Luther, we are brought face to face with the monk who, strange to say, some men are still trying to think was a new Saviour.

Luther's fourth centenary furnished the occasion for a whole library of new books filled with old matter. Englishmen, as well as Germans, reëmbellished the stock panegyrics of the "Christ-like doctor," if they added nothing to the stock abuse of the Mother-Church. It was a waste of praise. For, as surely as the day has come when every honest writer, with the slightest pretense to an acquaintance with the published State papers, acknowledges the infamy of Henry VIII. and his lay and clerical accessories in the work of the English revolt, so surely is the day at hand when the world will refuse to accept the ranting, foul-tongued, insincere, sensual, mad Luther, as a reformer, or a model for Christians of any denomination. He will be disowned as absolutely as his doctrines have been disowned. To expect any other verdict, would be to attack the common sense of mankind.

Janssen's second and third volumes, and his two appendices to these volumes, addressed "An Meine Kritiker," had, before the fourth centenary, made many an honest German acquainted with the real Luther for the first time. Stripped of the apostolic mask and domino, with which, in its harlequinade of history, interest and prejudice had graciously covered him, the real man proved so un-

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like the conventional character that simple people could not believe their eyes. But this clear, connected narrative of facts, year by year, from his first public act up to his death in 1546, reveals the whole man. Here we see Luther act, hear him speak, listen to his doctrines and political views, as he writes them, preaches them, talks them, get his own measure of himself, and his friends' and co-evangelists' measure of him and of his work. The power of Janssen's method is nowhere more apparent. Luther's self and Luther's contemporaries put before us a living, breathing portrait, as true, as detailed, as realistic as any penciled head of early Northern painter. Looking upon this portrait, and summing up the character of the man, we shall find no more exact, no curter expression of it than that of Ulrich Zasius, writing to Amerbach: "A breeder of enmities, contention, clashing, sectarian divisions, hates and bloodshed."

Böhmer has said, somewhere, that a right knowledge of history begets not hatred, but sorrow for the past and good resolutions for the future. His soul, indeed, is dead, who can read the history of the German people in the sixteenth century without a deep and lasting sorrow. Torn from their faith by base, designing politicians, and by recreant churchmen who had sworn to keep them one; impoverished, made ignorant, degraded in morals by the frightful teaching of justification by faith, and by the shameful example of rulers and preachers; whipped, burned out, slaughtered by princes who claimed and exercised an absolute authority over them; compelled to believe and practice, not according to their conscience, but according to the whim of the ruler, they were, indeed, but "the cattle" that Luther claimed God had made them.

"Man and maid-servant," said he, in his sermon on the first book of Moses (1527), "are property, just like other cattle." The year before, he had written: "The Scriptures call the Authority, jailer, driver, and keeper, by a similitude. Like the ass-driver, who must always urge on the ass, and drive it with a switch, otherwise it will not go, so must the Authority drive, beat, choke, hang, burn, kill, behead, and break on the wheel, the common people, *Herr Omnes*, in order that it may be dreaded, and the common people kept in check with a bridle. For God does not wish that the law should merely be placed before the people, but that it should also be carried out, executed, and enforced with the fist. The Authority must force and drive the rude, ill-bred *Herr Omnes* just as we force and drive swine and wild beasts." Such was the doctrine preached by the "reformer," who, even to-day, is put forward as the apostle of the rights of man, and preached, after he had furthered by every means in his power the social revolutionary movements of Sickingen, Hutten, and the poor, misguided Bauers.

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With " more than a thousand cloisters and castles in ashes, hundreds of villages burned down, the fields untilled, the barns robbed, the cattle gone, the widows and orphans of more than 100,000 men left in misery," and with pestilence and famine abroad, the Bauers, who had been joined into " brotherhoods " by appeals to the Scriptures and liberal use of the peaceful name of Jesus Christ, and who had been incited to rebellion that they might make themselves rulers and masters, found they were but " a rude and ill-bred rabble, to be forced and driven like swine and wild beasts." It would seem only just, that, even after three hundred years, there should come out of the common people—*Herr Omnes*—not one teller of truth, but a hundred truth-tellers, to voice the miseries of their forefathers and the treacheries and brutalities of the " shepherds," who claimed God's appointment to lead them, and of the authority which claimed God's command to control them.

It was the " Reformed " doctrine that the ruler was supreme lord and master, in things spiritual as well as temporal, which founded Protestantism in Germany, as it did in England. The tyranny of Rome, the corruption of the Church's doctrine, the vices of the scarlet woman, were but the excuses made to quiet the consciences of conscienceless demagogues in the pulpit, or on the bishop's or the prince's throne. A resistless volume of authenticated fact makes it undeniably certain that German Protestantism owes its birth and its life to avarice of power, of money, of property. The Anglican Bishop of Chester, William Stubbs, no mean authority, in a lecture " On the Characteristic Differences Between Mediæval and Modern History," published at Oxford last year, but voices the truth of history in these significant sentences: " Where Protestantism was an idea only, as in Spain and Italy, it was crushed out by the Inquisition; where, in conjunction with political power, and sustained by ecclesiastical confiscation, it became a physical force, there it was lasting. It is not a pleasant view to take of the doctrinal change, to see that where the movement towards it was pure and unworldly it failed; where it was seconded by territorial greed and political animosity, it succeeded." Territorial greed and political animosity!—there, in fewest words, the history of the foundation of German Protestantism is epitomized.

Albrecht of Brandenburg, Johann of Saxony, Philip of Hesse, Casimir and George of Brandenburg-Culmbach, Philip, Otto, Ernst, and Franz of Braunschweig-Lüneburg, Wolfgang of Anhalt, and Heinrich of Mecklenburg, the forerunners of Evangelism, began with robbery and murder, as they ended with robbery and murder. The story of a hundred years is one of forcible seizure of churches, monasteries, convents, church lands, church treasures,

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chalices, monstrances—of every salable thing—in the name of Christ and to His honor and glory, and out of a "fatherly" feeling for "*Herr Omnes*," whom God had committed to such good hands. The shrines of sainted men and women were not spared; nor the tombs of the defenseless dead, whose bodies were, on at least one occasion, thrown to the pigs.

These princely apostles of "the pure word of God" had a long line of worthy successors, whose names should be written and rewritten on the pages of history, as most fitting memorial of a suffering people in the near past and as most moving warning to mankind in the present and for the future. Ulrich and Christoph of Würtemberg; Moritz, August, Johann Wilhelm, and Christian of Saxony; Friedrich II., III., IV., and Ludwig of the Palatinate; Wolfgang of Zweibrücken; Ludwig of Nassau; Heinrich of Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel; Wilhelm of Hesse; Georg Hans of Belding, and Friedrich Wilhelm of Altenburg—a long list of traitors to their country, violators of most sacred oaths, scoffers at the Commandments, robbers of the poor, haters of liberty—these are the men who watered the seed of German sectarianism with the blood of their Christian subjects.

"There is one thing I can never pardon the Reformers," wrote Johann Friedrich Böhmer to Pertz; "they handed over the free-born Church as a servant to the civil power." And in another letter he thus expressed himself: "The Protestants of to-day, without knowing it themselves, stand on quite other ground than that of the Reformers. Free inquiry and progress, which men are now so strongly convinced are principles of Protestantism, would have been abominations to Luther. And no notice is any longer taken of the fact that Luther held his doctrine to be the sole truth, just as firmly as the old Church held hers." The "princely fathers of their subjects" claimed and exercised supreme power over consciences. Philip of Hesse not only forbade the Mass and the Sacraments, but fined and imprisoned those who failed to attend Lutheran preaching, and yet at this very time, and for years after, Luther, while abusing the Mass and denying Transubstantiation, insisted that the Mass should be celebrated in Lutheran churches, so that the people might not be wholly scandalized at once. They were as yet too weak for the reception of the new doctrine in its entirety!

When George of Saxony died (April, 1539), his brother and successor, Henry, compelled the subjects to become Lutherans, and laid down by law the doctrines which the preachers should teach the people. In the year 1555, when bishopric after bishopric had been seized, the priests imprisoned, monks and nuns sent adrift, and faithful Catholics forced by thousands out of homes and

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birthright, the Emperor Ferdinand pleaded with the Protestant princes at Augsburg for toleration. But they would have none of it. "There must be a oneness of conscience, the rulers' conscience; otherwise there would be only divisions and disputes." Out of this spirit of intolerance came the "Peace of Augsburg," and that most un-modern precept, *Cujus regio, illius religio.* In 1557 the "noble Christian" prince, Wolfgang of Zweibrücken, having ordered his subjects to receive the Lutheran doctrine as "the enjoined command of God," proceeded to overturn altars, burn pictures, seize the church property, and so free the land from Papist idolatry. Whosoever refused to accept the new doctrine was forced to leave the territory. Christoph of Würtemburg not only held that as the ruler taught so must the people believe, but he proclaimed his authority against all sects. "Sacramentarians, Anabaptists, Schwenckfeldians," had to accept his own "pure teaching." Evangelical laymen were made abbots, but the monks could hear no Mass, and were compelled to listen to preachers of the State doctrine. The nuns at Pfullingen, who remained stanch Catholics, were obliged to receive a preacher of the new religion twice a week, and to pay him a weekly salary of half a gulden in recompense of his apostolic labors. The nuns pleaded conscience. Christoph's answer was that "as his subjects they had no right to separate themselves from his religion and ceremonies, nor to take up another religion for themselves."

Friedrich III., of the Palatinate, found Luther's pure doctrines quite out of harmony with his own theological views. When once he had made up his mind how erroneous the Doctor's teachings were, he showed him much less consideration than those other Popes had shown. The Lutherans still believed in the Real Presence. Friedrich made an end of it. The altars were overturned, the remaining paintings destroyed, the wall-paintings whitewashed, the baptismal fonts replaced by tin basins, and the chalices by wooden bowls. Then this "father of his people" wrote the Heidelberg Catechism for them and made them learn it; and thus the poor people who had been beaten out of Catholicity into Lutheranism, were beaten out of Lutheranism into Calvinism. A new campaign was inaugurated against churches, cloisters, and monasteries. Many were seized; churches and libraries were burned; prebendaries were imprisoned; private property was not respected; the Lutheran preachers Friedrich forcibly expelled, replacing them by his own. Some of his Lutheran neighbors tried to show him the error of his ways, but "the new Josue" answered them with charming logic, "that his teaching was based on no man's teaching, but on the word of God, and that he would dispute with no man about his religious opinions, but would give his subjects

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right healthy instruction in the word of God, whatever the world might say of it." "The subjects and their consciences are mine," said he. So he condemned the Lutheran preachers' beards as idolatrous; fined and imprisoned parents who refused to have their children baptized Calvinists; established an Inquisition; and "believing he had the Holy Ghost," beheaded the preacher, Silvan, for heresy; banished two others, Suter and Vehe; and compelled Thomas Craft, former Rector of Heidelberg, to recant his errors.

Notwithstanding the storied dispensation of Providence, corruption of Roman doctrine, and consuming desire of all Germany to throw off the yoke of an ignorant and rotten Church, there were still Catholic communities within the limits of the Empire. Braunschweig was "a worshipper of Baal," as late as 1568. But then, Julius, succeeding Heinrich, accepted what was left of the Augsburg confession, and having seized the cloisters and church lands, published a "Corpus Doctrinæ" in 1569, to which preachers and teachers were obliged to subscribe. Whoever would not bind himself to its acceptance had to emigrate. Meantime, in Saxony, Johann Wilhelm had laid a heavy hand on the Calvinists, expelling all not true Lutheran-minded theologians. Following in his footsteps, August imprisoned theologians who differed with him; appointed "Reformers and Inspectors," who controlled the teaching in all the professions, and without whose permission no book could be printed or sold; and racked to death his heretical privy-councillor, Craco. Very properly did August, "the Hercules who cut off the hydra-head of Calvinism," select Heinrich Göding, the elder, to paint a winged altar-piece, whereon he figured as Christ, the Saviour, at the "Last Supper." The true lover of free inquiry and liberty of conscience, who looks on that picture to-day, may feel a momentary pang when he sees Luther lowered down into the personality of Peter, but, fixing his gaze on August, it will surely seem to him, as it did to the court-preacher, Heinrich Schütz, that "he has before his eyes the Divine Majesty itself!" Life, indeed, has some compensations.

A writer on this period is tempted to allow himself a page or two of discursive talk now and then, in the hope that when he settles down to the facts again he may find some one of the new religions fairly established somewhere. But let us resist the senseless temptation. By the year 1576 Friedrich III. of the Palatinate, even with his vigorous policy, and all the added power of the Spirit and the Word, could not have done more than make his subjects fairly good Calvinists. The common people are a little dumb in these matters. When Friedrich was gathered to his fathers, there came Ludwig in his place. On him the dying prince had enjoined, as a sacred duty, the preservation of the ex-

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isting religion. But Spirit and Word moved Ludwig differently, and he proceeded forthwith to root out Calvinism and to replant Lutheranism. Every preacher who declined to preach the very contrary of what he had once been forced into preaching, was expelled the country with his wife and children. More than five hundred preachers and school-teachers were banished. Some of them, who had been dubbed theologians, went over to John of Orange-Nassau, who, probably feeling a little Calvinistic just then, made much of them; and with their "Christlike" support undertook to whip his Lutherans over into Calvinism. The inhabitants of the Palatinate lost their father, Ludwig, in 1583, but they were not to be orphaned. Johann Casimir was there to father them after the approved fashion. By solemn testament Ludwig had bound him "to preserve the true religion in the Electorate." But, fortified by proper legal opinion, and by that of the University of Heidelberg, Johann Casimir broke the will. The "Inspiration" which was working on Johann, had made him for the time being a Calvinist. Out went the Lutherans from the chairs of the University and from the church pulpits. Hundreds of preachers were again banished; and the others, who must by this time have been a little mixed in their views, having perchance preached Calvinism and then foresworn it and preached Lutheranism, took once more to damning Luther and canonizing Calvin. When his fellow-princes of Saxony and Brandenburg protested against his action, Johann Casimir informed them that "he had only sent away a pack of wrong-headed knaves, shriekers, and foul-mouthed fellows, who for the most part were unfitted by their teaching or their lives to rule the Church of God; arrogant, place- and money-seeking, proud, rude, wine-bibbing fellows, among whom the previously established Christian discipline had been overturned, and who had introduced in its place all sorts of disorder, gluttony, drunkenness, gambling, dancing, extravagance in entertainment and dress; and whose preaching was in good part made up of blasphemies and calumny."

In Zweibrücken, Duke Johann, who had been a Lutheran up to 1588, suddenly turned to Calvinism in that year. Straightway he had a new Catechism compiled, and having himself written a preface to it, with many warnings against "the frightful idolatry of the Papacy," he ordered all his subjects to adopt the new book, under penalties. Like the good father he was, he travelled from town to town and put his Catechism in the hands of every preacher. If some one of them, with a glimmering of logic, ventured to suggest that he it was who had once made it clear to them that Lutheranism was "the only Scriptural doctrine," Duke Johann retorted justly that the preacher was a "blockhead." As there was a dis-

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position on the part of some dull folk to hold by the last religion they had had, the Duke speedily set them right. "The authority," said he, "has the Spirit of God, and according as God enlightens the authority from time to time, so is it the duty of its servants to follow the Spirit willingly, for the Spirit of God bloweth as it listeth."

When the "Hercules who cut off the hydra-head of Calvinism" died, in 1586, he was succeeded by Christian I., who, as ill-befitted his name, took to hunting and beer-drinking, while his Administrator, Nicolaus Krell, re-Calvinized Saxony. Not satisfied with writing a new Catechism, they composed a new Bible. The Calvinist doctrines were made compulsory. Mirus, the court preacher, who seems to have been a wrong-headed man, found trouble in believing two very different things at the same time, and was becomingly put in jail. Moreover, the prince devised one of those terrible engines of priestcraft and "Babylonian," if not "Sodomitic" tyranny, an Index. He forbade the publication of any book on religious matters without his permission. Not only were the most honored and hard-working Lutherans who had labored to establish "the pure doctrine," put out of the civil offices and shorn of their church dignities, but they were qualified as "Ubiquists, Nestorians, Eutychians, Semi papists, Exorcists, ranters, asses and dogs." Unfortunately for the Christian Calvinization of Saxony, this good prince was suddenly carried to a brighter land on October 5th, 1601, through over-drinking himself. As he left no heir of fit age, his nearest relative, Friedrich Wilhelm von Altenburg, was appointed regent. Some of the Lutheran preachers had the courage and foresight to sing a "*Te Deum*" over Christian's taking off. Friedrich Wilhelm did not wait for the burial of the body to put poor Krell in the very same cell in the very same jail where Mirus had moaned his fate. "The devil came to Krell's aid and led him through three closed doors, but in getting out of a window he fell and broke his leg." It was apparent that the devil could not prevent Lutheranism from being re-established, especially as the regent was for Luther and against the devil. Commissioners were appointed to visit every town and church, and to see that every preacher, teacher and official submitted to a formal creed. Those who refused were banished. The book-dealers were ordered to send away all Calvinistic books in their possession and to bring no more of them into the country. Calvinists were robbed, beaten, thrown out of windows, threatened with lynching; and the cry was that "all Calvinists should be rooted out with the Papists, Jews and Pagans."

"Freedom of conscience is a devilish dogma," said Theodore Beza. Modern men who glory in it as a heaven-born dogma will

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search in vain for a single instance of respect for it among the "reformers" of the sixteenth century.

With these few facts before us, gleaned from Janssen's volumes, we may form some notion of the frightful sufferings of the people. But only by patient reading of every page can we fully realize the variety and the consequences of these sufferings. As early as 1525, Luther had said: "There are as many sects and creeds as heads." This spirit of sectarianism, made more bitter by the jealousies and ignorance of the new preachers, divided villages, towns, cities, households. Argument took the place of religion among the people; respect for all holy things died out. The churches were beer-cellars; the beer-cellars churches. Drinking became a common vice; "the farmer thought more of his jug than of the church," as Musculus pithily put it. Testimony upon testimony, from the most various sources, establishes the fact of a continuous moral decline among the people. Nor is the evidence as to the decline of learning less general or less positive. Men like Glareanus and Pirkheimer sounded the alarm early in the movement. Within his own lifetime Melanchthon saw ignorance widespread and knowledge scorned. "The sciences are hated in Germany by reason of the religious quarrels;" these are his own words. "Who devotes himself to study now? who admires it?" wrote Camerarius in 1553; "who thinks it worth notice or trouble? Learning is looked upon as buffoonery, as a plaything for children! The men of our day have what they have striven for: the most unbridled license to assert and to do what they please." The records of the universities show how general was the neglect of the higher studies, and what good ground Melanchthon and his friends had for their complainings.

Albrecht Dürer died in 1528, but even at that early day he had to lament the decline of German art. To be a painter or a sculptor was to be "a maker of idols." The famous theses had hardly been nailed to the storied door, when preacher, teacher and ruler began a campaign against beautiful things; and its savagery and senselessness were as marked in the year 1600 as on its inaugural day. Barbarian and iconoclast were put to shame. To-day the Germans are gathering in costly galleries the remnants of the beautiful art, whose willing destroyers Germans have just ceased to be; and the best of German learning and criticism and thought is devoted to an exposition of the charming ideality, the naturalness and skill of Mediæval—and that is Catholic—German art. In chapter after chapter Janssen records the wholesale destruction of monuments, whose preservation would have been the glory of the German people, and whose loss has been a loss to mankind. So terribly effective was this mad passion against all that civilized men value

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and admire, that not only art, but the merest feeling for it, died out among the Germans, and for three centuries they could show no work or name to compare with the nameless master-works that had escaped the torch and the axe of the vandal "reformer."

There is no reasonable, honest-hearted man but must sympathize with a people who in the name of Christianity were so abused and injured. To have been lowered in morals, culture, and material comforts—for the changed social conditions bore most heavily on all classes—was to pay a terrible price for division, contention and hates. And it is painful to think that we who are separated by three centuries from the first "reformers" should still be paying a part of that price. There is less bitterness, less contention, less of hate, but there is still enough of all. The "reformers" and their willing or compelled followers learned to hate each other quite as heartily as they did Pope or Papist, and their mutual hates they inculcated from the pulpit and the school-desk, and through printed book and graven caricature. As the authority in time whipped one or another community into some special form of sectarianism, and establishments were forcibly rooted, all the vials of their combined wrath were emptied on Catholics. The people are hardly to blame. Fraud, force and passion conspired to mislead and excite them. "When we punish thieves with the rope, murderers with the sword, heretics with fire, why shall we not much the more assail with every weapon these teachers of corruption: these Cardinals, these Popes, and the whole swarm of the Romish Sodom, which rots the Church of God unceasingly, and wash our hands in their blood?"

Thus Luther, the only pure Christian, taught the fathers; how blame them, or their children, from generation to generation, if they believed that, by calumniating their fellow-men, they glorified God? "The papacy was established by the devil," said Luther in the very last year of his life; "and not only Rome and the Church possessions ought to be seized by emperor, kings, and princes, but the Pope himself assassinated." "Out of the throats of the Pope, the Cardinals, and the rag, tag and bobtail of his idolatrous and popish holiness, they ought to tear the tongues, as out of blasphemers, and nail them to the gallows." Should any one charge him with using opprobrious language, he is ready with this sprightly defence: "If I abuse the devil as a murderer, a scoundrel, a traitor, a blasphemer, a liar, what is there abusive in all that? But what is the Pope-ass but the very devil himself?" "I would have it to be my glory and my fame that men shall say of me that I was full of bitter words, abuse, and curses against the papists." "If I am to say, hallowed be thy name, then must I say, accursed, damned, disgraced must be the papist's name; if I am to say, thy

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kingdom come, then must I say, accursed, damned, destroyed must popery be. So it is, indeed, that I pray every day with my lips and unceasingly from my heart." Now the question is not whether Luther was sane or insane. If every reformer in this world had himself examined by a specialist in mental disorders, it is certain that society would have fewer reformers and more reason and peace. There are many serious thinkers who will doubt Martin Luther's sanity when they have followed his career as it is faithfully and carefully traced in Janssen's pages; but no one can doubt the lasting harm he did to his fellow-countrymen and to mankind by his unchristian teaching. He made abuse of one's fellows a part of every new creed. History shows the unanimity of reformed apostles, preachers, and brethren in treading in his footsteps and in nurturing hate between man and man. To be a Catholic in Germany was to be a scorned thing, and the already rich vocabulary of the language was copiously enlarged that he might be the more forcibly and completely abused. This vocabulary still colors not only German, but English and American thought. Its wide-spread and lasting influence has been and is hurtful to the peace and progress of the world. Time, however, and patience, the spread of accurate information about the past, and the ever-acting force of truth, will more and more unite honest men in the effort to banish bitter words as well as false ideas. Catholics need not be ashamed of the fact that under centuries of reviling they compiled no dictionary of counter-abuse.

This lengthy and imperfect review can give only a faint notion of the value of Janssen's work. The student of the political history of the time will find it possible to re-weave, thread by thread, the intricate web of European intrigue; to follow the relations of the Empire with the Papacy, with France, England, Venice, and the Turk; to trace the political action of the various Protestant princes, or the causes and the course of the rebellion in the Netherlands. That he may do any or all of this, with the assurance of acquiring a mass of new knowledge, is certainly the opinion of one of Janssen's non-Catholic critics, Professor Baumgartner of Strassburg. The Professor is not pleased with the result of Janssen's work, but he has been impressed by its originality, its completeness, and its power. Thus he writes of it: "Not only in the fundamental view, but in every particular, men and things appear so absolutely different in this book from what we hitherto imagined them, that in many places we are apt to think we are reading for the first time of a period whose history had been thus far quite unknown." "The author does not argue; he makes no reflections; he simply lets the sources speak."

It is to be hoped that some man or men, with leisure and learning

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enough, will fittingly translate this great history into English. The labor would be not without honor, and the benefit conferred on honest inquirers would in itself be a bounteous recompense. Meantime, students could do no more serviceable work than to make use of the vast stores of material here accumulated for the instruction of the general reader. The five-volume history is read by the few, and it is remarkable how slowly the proven truth is conveyed to the masses. We are not the only people in want of an Academy whose members should be devoted to the spread of the truth of history among the less lettered as well as among the educated.

In his "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," the very amusing romancer, M. Renan, long time member of many learned societies, and of late dramatist, poet, *littérateur*, and after-dinner moralist, jocosely claims to have been a historian. He regrets, however, that he was once attracted to the historical sciences: "*petites sciences conjecturales qui se défont sans cesse après s'être faites, et qu'on négligera dans cent ans. On voit poindre, en effet, un âge où l'homme n'attachera plus beaucoup d'intérêt à son passé.*" A man without a God may be a man without love of country. But, as long as there is a God—and He will not end with M. Renan's century—and men, the fatherland, and the past will be loved and cherished. The men of faith will write its history out of patriotism —for to believe is to love the fatherland through all time: out of love for the truth—for by it are succeeding ages strengthened in political, social, and religious life. Pius IX., addressing Janssen at a private audience in 1862, happily expressed the idea of the man of faith concerning the nobility of the historian's office: "As a historian you also have an apostolic duty to perform. Truly is it an apostolic duty to be active as a historian for the propagation of the truth of history; that is to say, active in the spirit of love and of peace." Almost twenty years earlier, in 1845, Böhmer had expressed the same idea in very similar words: "But it should not be difficult for any historian to recognize that he administers, as it were, a priestly office; that is to say, an office of peace. His duty is not to stir up sectarian bitterness and passion, but to nurture peace, and, with the greatest frankness in the expression of his convictions, so to write as to wound no single heart." Evidently M. Renan has no conception of the high ideals which inspire the Christian men around him. While Christianity survives, there will be apostolic lovers of peace and of historic truth, filled with a sense of duty towards their fellows. Like Janssen, they will be satisfied with no "petty conjectural science," but will rest only when, "wounding no single heart," they have revivified the past as helper and moderator in the present and for the future.

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RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN UNITED STATES TREATIES AND PUBLIC LAW.

WHEN one compares the United States of a hundred years ago with the United States of to-day, there is so much to be said about wealth, and population, and inventions, and a multitude of kindred matters, that it may be somewhat pardonable to overlook the vast additions that have been made to the territorial limits of the original domain. In another generation, possibly, there may be a very common impression that the War of Independence wrested from the mother country everything on the map, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, north of the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes. As a matter of fact, that War did not secure all the territory east of the Mississippi to the United States, and the subsequent additions are more than double the original domain. In another generation also, the geography may be further simplified so that the three ancient proprietors of this continent may give place to one native owner, thus perfecting or supplementing the Monroe doctrine.[1] Of the three European nations that claimed this country in common, two have ceased to be proprietors, and the remaining one holds in a sort of tenancy at will, or is much in the position of a landlord whose tenant does as he pleases. France, claiming to own nearly three-fourths of the continent, was forced to cede part of her immense territory, and she voluntarily sold the remaining part; Spain bartered away, mediately and immediately, her continental possessions; while England, the only remaining important land-owner, was driven out of the seaboard provinces, and obliged to content herself with one half the province of Quebec, and the forts and the furs of the Hudson Bay Company. A somewhat detailed reference to the public documents effecting these mutations will be considered in this article; and after enough has been extracted for that purpose, the reader's attention will be directed to that special feature in them, and in the public law of

[1] Mr. Yeaman, quoting one of his own speeches, in his "Study of Government," somewhat apologizes for the manifest-destiny rhetoric of the following: "The ensigns of Britain, France, and Spain must leave this continent. And they will leave. The stripes shall float and the stars shall gleam from California's Gulf to Hudson's Bay, and from the Queen of the Antilles to the domains of our friend the Czar of all the Russias. The warm soil first pressed by the feet of Columbus shall yet be a part of the first nation of the world, and the unknown grave of Sir John Franklin, without being moved, shall yet be transferred, and repose forever in the ice locked confines of a republic that has no prototype, and will acknowledge no rival." He acknowledges to this in the year 1870.

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the United States, that concerns the religious denominations, especially the Catholics of this country.

At the outset, it may be urged that there is nothing in the Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution of the United States, or in any one of the treaties made under it, that refers to the Catholics, or indeed to any denomination as a religious body. "Religion, or that duty we owe the Creator," was, in the language of Mr. Madison, "not within the cognizance of civil government." Mr. Jefferson's bill for "establishing religious freedom" went in the same direction. The name of God was omitted from the Constitution, and after the good people from New England had duly complained of this omission, the Father of his Country informed them that it was a matter for the churches, and did not belong to the State. It must be admitted that this was an abrupt turn for the inhabitants of the old Thirteen Colonies to make. The Church and the State were theretofore very closely connected; it was either Congregationalism, as in the greater part of New England, or the various other shades of Protestantism in the Middle and Southern colonies. In 1776 they were silent as to religion; in 1787 the religious tests for office-holders were abolished. In 1791 Congress declared that there should be no established religion, and no prohibition of its free exercise; and five years later, the people of the United States were able to declare (though apparently without reflection) that their government "was not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." That was undoubtedly good progress in twenty years; it was at least a relaxation of intolerance, and a national desire to let God and religion severely alone. It will be shown later on that, although the mind of Congress may not be specially set on the Christian religion, it has at the same time "no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of any nation"; and as early as 1787, a very remarkable ordinance is to be found protecting the inhabitants of a Catholic settlement in their mode of worship and religious sentiments. It is also true that two treaties of cession, made since the beginning of the century, have in them very ample guarantees in respect of the freedom of religion; and these treaties were made with Catholic nations. Under each of these documents, to which the national honor is pledged, the rights of a Catholic suppliant are as of course, though it is not at all necessary to question or dispute the rights of any one else. It is only just to the public men of the United States to say that the greatest pains have been taken to prevent any one denomination from having any advantage over another; but it is also the fact that in their desire to buy up all the land in the neighborhood, they have had to deal with Catholic proprietors with the very ordinary if not necessary result, that a

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covenant or two remains in the title-deeds, protecting the rights of the persons on the property so disposed. These covenants, as the lawyers say, "run with the land."

To a right understanding of the subject, the exact geographical boundaries of these American Colonies, as well as the diplomatic relations between England, France and Spain, have to be considered, and considered with reference to the time when the new nation —the United States—came into existence. This new nation was made up out of the territory of one of these, and has since been supplemented by the territories of the others. The original domain and the subsequent additions suggest boundaries and treaties; and these lie at the foundation of the common as well as the exceptional rights of the inhabitants. A word or two will dispose of the earlier treaties.

The earliest treaty between France and England affecting American territory is that of St. Germain-en-Laye, 1632. The English in 1629 made a descent on Quebec and kept it for three years. They then gave it back, Canada, New France and Acadia, without limits; and it is a peculiarity of all the treaties down to the Treaty of Paris, 1763, that the boundaries were not assigned.

After the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, we find, in 1670, the Charter of Charles II., granting territory to the Hudson Bay Company; but this did not include any lands then "possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State." The treaty of Ryswick was concluded twenty-seven years after the date of this charter, and by it the forts and factories of Hudson Bay were restored to the French—these having been taken from them by the English in the preceding wars. Whatever territory that might embrace was given back again to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713,—"the bay and straits of Hudson, together with all lands, seas, coasts, rivers, and places situate in the bay and straits and which belong thereto." The treaty of Ryswick has an assertion on the part of the French, that the Kennebec is the eastern boundary between them and Massachusetts; the slice of territory between that river and the St. Croix is now within the United States. The Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1749, has nothing in it for our purpose; it is the only other treaty down to the great treaty of 1763 that is taken up with the shuffling of territory between these two powers.

Then came the Treaty of Paris, 1763, by which Canada, with all its dependencies, was ceded to England. The country west of the Mississippi was expressly reserved to France; Florida was given up to England by Spain; the great Northwest was, in a manner, undetermined.

Prior to the Seven Years' War, ending in 1763 by this Treaty of

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Paris, the French restricted British America to the strip of territory along the Atlantic, lying east of the Alleghany mountains, and from Florida on the south to the Kennebec river on the northeast. Canada and New France lay to the west of the northern half of this territory, bounded on the south and west by the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, and taking in all the north and northwest of the continent except such portions around Hudson Bay as, by the Treaty of Utrecht, had been restored to Great Britain. South of New France and west of the British possessions and Florida, was Louisiana. According to the charter of Louis XIV. to Crozat, Louisiana was the country watered by the Mississippi and its tributary streams from the sea-shore to the Illinois. In the negotiations for the treaty of Paris, its boundaries are thus described:

"Pour fixer les limites de la Louisiane du côté des colonies Anglaises et du Canada, on tirera une ligne qui s'étendra depuis Rio Perdido entre la Baye de la Mobile et celle de Pensacola, en passant par le Fort Toulouse chez les Alibamons, et qui, se prolongeant par la pointe occidentale du Lac Erié, enfermera la Rivière des Miamis, et par l'extremité orientale du Lac Huron, ira aboutir à la hauteur des terres du côté de la Baye d'Hudson vers le Lac de l'Abitibis, d'où la ligne sera continuée de l'Est à l'Ouest jusques et compris le Lac Superieur."

It is not very clear what was meant by the term "New France." L'Escarbot says that "New France has for its limits on the western side the lands as far as the sea called the Pacific, on this side the Tropic of Cancer; on the south the islands of the Atlantic sea in the direction of Cuba and the island of Hispaniola; on the east by the Northern sea which bathes New France; and on the north that land called unknown, towards the Icy Sea as far as the Arctic Pole." New France is frequently confounded with Canada, especially on the old maps; and if there was any definite boundary between them it must have been by a line running in a southerly direction from some point east of Hudson Bay toward the Illinois country. It is stated that all the French possessions in America except Louisiana were under the government of New France.[1]

A consideration of what was meant by the "Illinois country" is of more importance, and, fortunately, more easy to determine. The junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi forms a triangle of land to the north called, in early times, the Illinois country, and is often

[1] Zaltieri's map, 1566, has La Nova Franza as the northern part of the continent, and Canada, Larcadia, etc., to the east, apparently as belonging to it. Franquelin's, 1684, map omits "Canada," and devotes the country around the Golfe de Hudson to New France; "North America," by John Senex, F.R.S., has Canada north of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and "Canada or New France" south of them to the Ohio, east to the Alleghanies, and westward of the Mississippi indefinitely. Delisle's map, 1739, Amsterdam, names all this Canada.

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marked on the old maps with the word "reserve" written over it. Peter Bell's map, 1772, "according to the Treaty of Paris, 1763," extends Georgia, the two Carolinas, and Virginia westward to the Mississippi, thus including a large portion of the Illinois country. On the other hand, Mr. D'Anville's map of "North America" confines these colonies to the coast, and keeps the "reserve" Illinois land as it is referred to in the Quebec Act of 1774.[1] The old Province of Quebec was, as a matter of fact, extended by a Royal Proclamation, dated the 7th of October, 1763, and the boundaries were confirmed by the Quebec Act of eleven years later. Beginning at the Bay of Chaleurs on the northeast, the boundary then given may be taken as identical with the present one between Canada and the United States, until the Niagara river or Lake Erie is reached, "thence along by the eastern and southeastern bank of Lake Erie, following the said bank, until the same shall be intersected by the northern boundary granted by the charter of the province of Pennsylvania, in case the same shall be so intersected; and from thence along the said northern and western boundaries of the said province, until the said western boundary strike the Ohio; but in case the said bank of the said lake shall not be found to be so intersected, then following the said bank until it shall arrive at that point of the said bank which shall be nearest to the northwestern angle of the said province of Pennsylvania, and thence by a right line, to the said northwestern angle of the said province; and thence along the western boundary of the said province, until it strikes the river Ohio; and along the bank of the said river westward, to the banks of the Mississippi, and northward to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the merchant adventurers of England trading to Hudson Bay." This triangle of territory, for twenty years[2] within the guarantees of the Treaty of Paris as to religious freedom, now forms five States and part of a sixth of the Union. It will be seen later on how honorably the United States, in its very infancy, respected these guarantees by a most solemn ordinance.

This brings us down to the revolt of the old Thirteen Colonies. The reader, tired of these dry geographical details, will probably be content to carry in his mind a short territorial disposition of the continent among the three great Powers; Great Britain holding all north of the Great Lakes and east of the Mississippi; France claiming Louisiana under whatever boundaries it may have; and Spain the country south and southwest of Louisiana, together with East and West Florida. Louisiana, it will be remembered, was

[1] On the old maps Lake Michigan is generally called *Lac des Illinois.*

[2] That is counting from 1763 to 1783, and is correct as a diplomatic fact; but there were no guarantees from 1776 to 1787, under municipal law.

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by a secret treaty in 1762 ceded to Spain. This treaty was not made known until 1764, and until after the treaty of Paris of the preceding year had been published. Spain held it for the remainder of the century, and ceded it back to France by the treaty of St. Ildefonso, made on the 1st of October, 1800. Florida had been handed over to England in the same treaty as disposed of Canada, and found itself alone, after the Declaration of Independence by the colonies to the north of it. Its final transfer was not effected until the year 1819.

The thirteen British Colonies that declared themselves on the 4th of July, 1776, no longer Colonies, but free and independent States, gave expression in their Declaration to sentiments of freedom and liberty to all men, and resolved that they themselves have "full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." The famous document recited, among other grievances of King George III., that he gave assent "for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies." This neighboring province was, of course, Quebec, where, by Act 14 Geo. III., cap. 83, passed in the year 1774, the French laws were not so much introduced as that they were reinstated, being best suited to the Canadians. A government not much more arbitrary than the other English colonies possessed, was indeed introduced; but it gave free exercise of their religion to the Roman Catholics, the "new subjects" of the king.[1] It is well known that this concession was not palatable to representatives among whom were those who wished for freedom of religion to all denominations "excepting to the professors of the Church of Rome,"—"to all Christians except Papists,"—and whose bitter and un-Christian "Address to the People of Great Britain" is one of their lasting disgraces. The boundaries of Canada were certainly enlarged, and the triangle of territory lying north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi was added to the province of Quebec. To-day this territory includes the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and that portion of Minnesota north of the Mississippi river and east of the meridian line passing through the source of that river—probably the 95th degree of longitude, counting west from Greenwich. We are not here concerned with what the result might have been if a more tolerant spirit had been observed towards the Catholics in the Thirteen Colonies,—this appeal

[1] See series of articles on the Quebec Act and the Church in Canada, by the present writer, in this REVIEW, in the years 1885, 1886.

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in the Declaration was largely that of an election appeal, where, if the majority can be touched on a religious point, the weak-kneed may be brought, thereby, more effectually into line. It was not a very promising sign, however, that after this neighboring province had been reduced into its original limits, the Catholics along the Mississippi would have been in any better position than had they lived along the Connecticut. But by an Ordinance of Congress, dated July 13th, 1787, for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the Ohio river, it was declared to be an article of compact between the original States and the people and States in said territory—a fundamental principle of law to remain forever unalterable—that "no person demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner, should ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments."[1]

From 1776 to 1787 the States which had theretofore been Colonies were aggregated together under a paper union, but they could be scarcely called United States, as there was nothing to keep them together. The present Constitution was adopted in 1787. In the intervening years there were several treaties, the first with France in 1778, which was annulled twenty years later. It was a treaty chiefly defensive against England, and was passed during the Revolutionary War: if the United States were successful in the North, or against the Bermudas, those conquests were to go to themselves; and if His Most Christian Majesty should have any success in or around the Gulf of Mexico, France was to be the gainer. The sixth article renounces, on the part of the King of France, "any parts of the Continent of North America which before the Treaty of Paris in 1763, or in virtue of that treaty, were acknowledged to belong to the Crown of Great Britain, or to the United States heretofore called British Colonies, or which are at this time, or have lately been, under the power of the King and Crown of Great Britain." A lengthy Treaty of Amity and Commerce was concluded at the same time, and expired with the Act of Congress annulling the Treaty of Alliance. There is not a word in either of these treaties as to the protection of the rights of conscience, as will be seen in a dozen later treaties with other nations; it is an alliance with the enemy of an enemy, supplemented with a hard bargain about goods, wares and merchandise, such as two traders would make on 'Change.

Two other treaties were made before the United States terminated their war with Great Britain—one in October, 1782, with the Netherlands, and one in the following April with Sweden. Between these dates the provisional articles of the Treaty of Peace

[1] Permoli *v.* The First Municipality of New Orleans, 3 Howard, 589, and another case in the same State, reported in 8 Rob. La. 52.

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with Great Britain had been signed, and an armistice had been settled in the beginning of January, 1783.

In these treaties with the Netherlands and with Sweden there is this article, which is somewhat significant, as it is to be found substantially in many later treaties.

ART. IV. There shall be an entire and perfect liberty of conscience allowed to the subjects and inhabitants of each party and to their families, and no one shall be molested in regard to his worship, provided he submits, as to the public demonstration of it, to the laws of the country. There shall be given, moreover, liberty, when any subjects or inhabitants of either party shall die in the territory of the other, to bury them in the usual burying-places, or in decent and convenient grounds to be appointed for that purpose, as occasion shall require; and the dead bodies of those who are buried shall not in any wise be molested. And the two contracting parties shall provide, each one in his jurisdiction, that their respective subjects and inhabitants may henceforward obtain the requisite certificates in case of deaths in which they shall be interested.

The Provisional Articles of Peace between the United States and Great Britain were signed on the 30th of November, 1782, but the Definitive Treaty was not to take effect until the war with France was concluded. These Provisional Articles are the basis and substance of the Treaty, and do not differ in any material way from it. Some additional platitudes are introduced into the preamble, and the boundary mentioned in the separate article in reference to West Florida is omitted. His Britannic Majesty and the United States, being disposed to forget all past misunderstandings and differences that unhappily interrupted the good correspondence which they wished to restore, agreed and confirmed some ten articles of a treaty. The first article is the only important one:

His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz., New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, to be free, sovereign, and independent States; that he treats with them as such; and for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquishes all claims to the government, propriety, and territorial rights of the same and every part thereof.

There are various kinds of treaties; treaties of guaranty, of cession, of amity, and the multitude of international compacts that are to be found in the history of sovereign states. This Peace of Versailles, 1783, is, perhaps, unique in the diplomatic art. In the order of events the disaffected British Colonies remonstrated, then they declared themselves independent, then they fought about it, and finally, when there were found to be two nations instead of one, they sat down and put that fact in writing. Like two neighbors wrangling for the ownership of one piece of ground, they come to terms as to the line fence, and say no more about it. This treaty found the United States owners of certain territory, and left

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them owners as before. It contains a recognition of the independence of these States, not a grant of it. The several States which compose the Union, so far at least as regarded their municipal regulations, became entitled from the time when they declared themselves independent to all the rights and powers of sovereign states; and did not derive them from concessions of the British king. This treaty acted upon the state of things as it existed at that period. It took the actual state of things as its basis. All those, whether natives or otherwise, who then adhered to the American States, were virtually absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; all those who then adhered to the British Crown were deemed and held subjects to that Crown. The Treaty of Peace was a treaty operating between States and the inhabitants thereof. Such is the judicial construction of this treaty.

It will be seen from this that the treaty under consideration was no treaty of cession. The rules which apply to grantors and grantees in a deed of conveyance do not apply to a recognition of title in this way, as it would be construed under a treaty of cession. There are no covenants here to run with the land; there are no guarantees to the inhabitants on any subject. The laws of the several State Governments passed after the Declaration of Independence were the laws of sovereign states, and as such were obligatory upon the people of each State; and though the stipulations of a treaty are paramount to the provisions of the Constitution of any particular State, yet in regard to this treaty there are no stipulations that can be invoked.

The next important circumstance in order of time is the Constitution; and consistent with the principles set out in the Declaration of Independence, and consistent also with the national mode of dealing with foreign powers, it contained as little as possible in regard to religion. It makes no provision for protecting the citizens of the respective States in their religious liberties; that is left to the State Constitution and laws. Each State to-day, as one hundred years ago, has the exclusive power over the subject of religion, limited only by the first amendment to the Constitution. This amendment was made in 1791, and reads as follows:

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

It is said that the Constitution is silent on the question of religious toleration; but there is, however, a clause in Article VI. to the effect that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The

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Constitution of the United States puts at rest all questions as to the "establishment" of any religion, or the prohibition of its free exercise. Subject to this "the whole power over the subject of religion is left exclusively to the State Governments to be acted upon according to their own sense of justice and the State Constitutions;" and "the Catholic and the Protestant, the Calvinist and the Arminian, the Jew and the infidel, may," as Mr. Justice Story says, "sit down at the common table of the National Councils without any inquisition into their faith or mode of worship." Another great authority, Mr. Cooley, points out in the same way that the State is incapable of making any law respecting the establishment of religion, or of supporting it by compulsory taxation or otherwise, or by compelling any one to attend religious worship against his will. Further, there can be no restraint upon the free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience, and none upon the expression of religious belief.

Archbishop Carroll has left on record his impressions as to the gain to religion by the Revolution, and, as these were written after the Constitution was adopted, they can be read in connection with it. The leading characters of the first Congress, he says, were opposed to intolerance in religious matters, and so they desired to be just to the Catholics. The good-will of France, and also of Canada, with their Catholic inhabitants, at once suggested the desirability of not harassing the Catholics at home, who, indeed, were as ardent to be separated from the mother country as were any others; and "it was manifest that if they joined the common cause, and exposed themselves to the common danger, they should be entitled to a participation in the common blessings which crowned their efforts." Whatever may have been the individual sentiments of the people upon religious questions, or upon the propriety of the State assuming supervision and control of religious affairs under other circumstances, the general voice has been that persons of every religious persuasion should be made equal before the law, and that questions of religious belief and religious worship should be questions between each individual man and his Maker.[1]

In the treaty entered into between the United States of America and the King of Spain on the 27th of October, 1795, there is nothing said as to religious freedom; but the southern boundary of the Union was determined by a "line beginning on the river Mississippi, at the northernmost part of the thirty-first degree of latitude, north of the equator, which from thence shall be drawn due east to the middle of the river Apalachicola, or Catahouche; thence along the middle thereof to its junction with the Flint; thence

[1] Cooley on Constitutional Limitations.

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straight to the head of St. Mary's river, and thence down the middle thereof to the Atlantic Ocean." South of this line were the Floridas, East and West, and this was the territory ceded to the United States, along with other Spanish possessions, by the Treaty of 1819. The importance of the dividing will be more apparent as we come to refer to that cession. The first great purchase made by the United States, the greatest in history, was from France; but, before referring to it, there is in the preceding decade a very curious clause in one of these treaties made by Congress, which is worth reproducing. In the Treaty of Peace and Friendship with the Bey and subjects of Tripoli, in 1796, Article XI. is as follows:

> As the Government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion, as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion or tranquillity of Musselmen, and as the said States have never entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mahometan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries.

In a subsequent treaty with Tripoli in 1805, Article XIV. omits the parts regarding the Christian religion, leaving the remainder as in the one already cited. It was not till the year 1815 that the national mind broadened into a creditable generalization. In the treaty with Algiers of that year, Article XV. begins:

> As the Government of the United States of America has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of *any* nation, etc.—

continuing as in the extracts already given.[1]

Returning, then, to the purchase from France, and keeping in mind the treaties of 1762 and 1800, previously referred to as containing the conveyance and reconveyance of Louisiana, the provisions of the treaty with the French Republic, 1803, must be considered.

This treaty of 1803 was to remove all doubts as to ownership, as well as to decide the boundaries. The retrocession from Spain to France is given in the first article.

Whereas, by the article the third of the treaty, concluded at St. Ildefonso, the 9th Vendémiaire, an. 9 (1st October, 1800), between the First Consul of the French Republic and his Catholic Majesty, it was agreed as follows:

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[1] In two treaties with Prussia, one in 1785 and the other in 1799, Article XI. is as follows: "The most perfect liberty of conscience and of worship is granted to the citizens or subjects of either party within the jurisdiction of the other, and no person shall be molested in that respect for any cause other than an insult to the religion of others."

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"His Catholic Majesty promises and engages on his part, to cede to the French Republic, six months after the full and entire execution of the conditions and stipulations herein relative to his royal highness the Duke of Parma, the colony or province of Louisiana, with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it; and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other States."

And whereas, in pursuance of the treaty, and particularly of the third article, the French Republic has an incontestable title to the domain and to the possession of the said territory:

"The First Consul of the French Republic, desiring to give to the United States a strong proof of his friendship, doth hereby cede to the said United States, in the name of the French Republic, forever and in full sovereignty, the said territory with all its rights and appurtenances, as fully and in the same manner as they have been acquired by the French Republic, in virtue of the above-mentioned treaty, concluded with his Catholic Majesty."

The third article of the Treaty of Cession is as follows:

"The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess."

By this treaty it has been held that the United States stipulated that the inhabitants of the ceded territories should be protected in the free enjoyment of their property. The United States as a just nation regard this stipulation as an avowal of a principle which would have been held equally sacred although it had not been inserted in the treaty. Without doubt the same language would be used in respect of their religion.

One other great cession is the only one to be considered here. The Treaty of Amity, Settlement, and Limits, between the United States and His Catholic Majesty of Spain, dated February 22d, 1819, is one of the most remarkable documents under consideration. This treaty cedes Florida to the United States, fixes the boundary to the southwest between the States and the Spanish possessions, and secures, in a way altogether exceptional, the free exercise of their religion to the inhabitants of the ceded territories. Article II. is as follows:

"His Catholic Majesty cedes to the United States, in full property and sovereignty, all the territories which belong to him, situated to the eastward of the Mississippi, known by the name of East and West Florida. The adjacent islands dependent on said provinces, all public lots and squares, vacant lands, public edifices, fortifications, barracks, and other buildings, which are not private property, archives and documents, which relate directly to the property and sovereignty of said provinces, are included in this article."

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The boundary west of the Mississippi may be better gleaned from the map than by a description. Shortly, it begins at the mouth of the Sabine, in the Gulf of Mexico, continuing north along the west bank of that river to the 32d degree of latitude; thence, by a line due north, to the degree of latitude where it strikes the Rio Roxo of Natchitoches, or Red River; then following the course of the Rio Roxo westward, to the degree of longitude 100° west from London and 23° from Washington; then crossing the said Red River, and running thence, by a line due north, to the river Arkansas; thence following the course of the southern bank of the Arkansas to its source, in latitude 42° North, and thence by that parallel of latitude to the South Sea. The whole being as laid down in Melish's map of the United States, published at Philadelphia, improved to the 1st of January, 1818. But, if the source of the Arkansas River shall be found to fall north or south of latitude 42°, then the line shall run from the said source due south or north, as the case may be, till it meets the said parallel of latitude 42°, and thence, along the said parallel, to the South Sea. All the islands in the Sabine, and the said Red and Arkansas rivers, throughout the course thus described, to belong to the United States; but the use of the waters, and the navigation of the Sabine to the sea, and of the said rivers Roxo and Arkansas, throughout the extent of the said boundary, on their respective banks, shall be common to the respective inhabitants of both nations.

The fifth and sixth articles protect and adjust the civil rights of the inhabitants.

"The inhabitants of the ceded territorities shall be secured in the free exercise of their religion, without any restriction; and all those who may desire to remove to the Spanish dominions shall be permitted to sell or export their effects, at any time whatever, without being subject, in either case, to duties."

The sixth article incorporates the inhabitants of territories which his Catholic Majesty cedes to the United States by this treaty:

"In the Union of the United States, as soon as may be consistent with the principles of the Federal Constitution, and admitted to the enjoyment of all the privileges, rights, and immunities of the citizens of the United States."[1]

[1] The following is the clause as to security in religious matters: A los habitantes de todos los territorios cedidos se les conservará el exercicio libre de su religion, sin restriccion alguna; y á todos los que quisieren trasladarse á los dominios Españoles, se les permitirá la venta ó extraccion de sus efectos en qualquiera tiempo, sin que pueda exigirseles en unó ni otro caso derecho alguno.

The treaty was drawn up in the Spanish as well as in the English language. Both are original, and were unquestionably intended by the parties to be identical.

If the English and Spanish parts can, without violence, be made to agree, that construction which establishes this conformity ought to prevail.

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Some of the cases decided under this treaty will be referred to here, but it would require a separate paper to discuss fully the force of what is meant, to Catholics, by "being, secured in the free exercise of their religion without any restriction."[1]

It has been held that this treaty with Spain, "by which Florida was ceded to the United States, is the law of the land, and admits the inhabitants of Florida to the enjoyment of the privileges, rights, and immunities of the citizens of the United States. They do not, however, participate in political power; they do not share in the government until Florida shall become a State. In the meantime Florida continues to be a territory of the United States, governed by virtue of that clause in the Constitution which empowers 'Congress to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory, or other property, belonging to the United States.'"

The King of Spain was the grantor in the Florida treaty; the treaty was his deed; the exception was made by him; and its nature and effect depended on his intention, expressed by his words, in reference to the thing granted and the thing reserved and excepted in the grant. The Spanish version was in his words, and expressed his intention; and, although the American version showed the intention to be different, the Supreme Court cannot adopt it as a rule to decide what was granted, what excepted, and what reserved.

Under the second article of the treaty the general law of change of ownership has been thus laid down: "Even in cases of conquest it is very unusual for the conqueror to do more than to displace the sovereign and assume dominion over the country. The modern usage of nations, which has become law, would be violated; that sense of justice and of right, which is acknowledged and felt by the whole civilized world, would be outraged, if private property should be generally confiscated, and private rights annulled, on a change in the sovereignty of the country by the Florida treaty. The people change their allegiance, their relation to their ancient sovereign is dissolved; but their relations to each other, and their rights of property, remain undisturbed. Had Florida changed its sovereign by an act containing no stipulation respecting the property of individuals, the right of property in all those

[1] This concession goes far beyond that of any other in history. The French in Canada, and the Spanish in Florida, were, by the Treaty of 1763, given "liberty of the Catholic religion," with the right to "profess the worship of their religion according to the rites of the Roman Church, as far as the laws of Great Britain permit," which, as the treaty stood, meant subject to the King's supremacy in spiritual matters—a restriction almost as large as the grant. It has been, however, practically legislated out of the treaty by Great Britain.

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who became subjects or citizens of the new government would have been unaffected by the change. It would have remained the same as under the ancient sovereign."

So much as to these treaties of cession. A word or two as to treaties of amity or friendship with Catholic countries. These cannot be said to differ very materially from those, for example, with Prussia, or other countries already referred to; but there is still a shade of difference. Two treaties with Mexico, one in 1828, and the other in 1831, are not very important, except that the former ratifies the boundaries between the two countries as adjusted in 1819 by the King of Spain; and the latter has this provision, as to freedom for Mexicans in the United States, and for citizens of the United States in Mexico:

"ARTICLE XV. The citizens of the United States of America, residing in the United Mexican States, shall enjoy in their houses, persons and properties, the protection of the government, with the most perfect security and liberty of conscience; and they shall not be molested or disturbed, in any manner, on account of their religion, so long as they respect the Constitution, the laws, and the established usages of the country where they reside; and they shall also enjoy the privilege of burying the dead in places which now are or may hereafter be assigned for that purpose; nor shall the funerals or sepulchres of the dead be disturbed in any manner or under any pretext.

"The citizens of the United Mexican States shall enjoy throughout all the States and Territories of the United States of America the same protection, and shall be allowed the free exercise of their religion, in public or in private, either within their own houses, or in the chapels or places of worship set apart for that purpose."

In a treaty with Brazil a few years prior to this, the expression "freedom of worship" is also omitted. The words are:

"It is likewise agreed that the most perfect and entire security of conscience shall be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of both the contracting parties, ... without being liable to be disturbed or molested on account of their religious belief so long as they respect the laws and established usages of the country."

Then follows the clause as to burial similar to the one already given. The treaty with Chili has the same clause as is in the Brazilian one, and these are similar to the terms used in the treaty with Ecuador in 1839. In the treaty with Venezuela, concluded in 1836, after providing in the usual way for the citizens of the United States in that country to enjoy the most perfect security of conscience and freedom from annoyance in the proper exercise of their religion, etc., the corresponding protection for the citizens of Venezuela in the United States is provided for in this way:

"In like manner the citizens of Venezuela shall enjoy within the government and Territories of the United States a perfect and unrestrained liberty of conscience, and of exercising their religion, publicly and privately, within their own dwelling-houses, or in the chapels and places of worship appointed for that purpose, agreeable to the laws, usages, and customs of the United States."

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These extracts must suffice for the present. Texas was negotiated into the Union in 1845; California, Nevada, Utah, and New Mexico were obtained from Mexico by conquest and purchase three years later; and in 1854 Arizona succumbed to its manifest destiny. To these must be added the Russian transfer of Alaska, within the last twenty years, before the whole subject is fairly exhausted.

It will appear from the foregoing that some attention is to be paid to the precise locality in which any religious difficulty may arise. If within any one of the old thirteen Colonies there is nothing beyond the State and Federal Constitutions to be inquired into; and it would be very difficult to suppose a case elsewhere in which the old Spanish or French treaties could be confidently invoked, if the State charter and laws were constitutionally valid. The Constitution, as it is, secures everything needful; but if the Constitution were amended (technically speaking) so as to allow the States to do as they pleased, to enact penal laws against Catholics, then two at least of the State papers already cited ought to be successful against such laws, and potent enough to protect the inhabitants of the territories over which they extend. In Canada the power of the Treaty of Paris is to-day not so much a thing to be invoked against penal legislation on the statute book, of which there is none, as it is a shield against any threatened penal legislation—which some think there possibly might be without it. It is in force now as it was in 1763. It is a treaty of cession such as are the treaties of 1803 and 1819, and these provide for a permanent state of things. The obligations under treaties are not extinguished until their objects are satisfied, or until a state of things arises through which they become void, though they temporarily or definitively cease to be obligatory when a state of things arises through which they are superseded or become voidable. For instance, treaties are void when they become impossible of execution, when they are disposed of by consent of the parties when they have satisfied the object of the compact, or when they are incompatible with undisputed law and morals. But recent high authority is in favor of excluding, as tests of voidability, the fact that a treaty may conflict with the rights and the welfare of the people, or that it may contain a gratuitous cession or abandonment of an essential national right, or be incompatible with its development.[1] If it is observed by both parties, is consistent with their rights of self-preservation, and retains for them freedom with respect to its subject-matter, it is a binding agreement, and is as much a law for them as municipal law is for the individual. This agreement, says Bowyer in his "Public Law," must be inviolably

[1] Hall's International Law.

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kept by virtue of that maxim of natural law which requires us to perform our promises. A treaty under the United States Constitution is the supreme law of the land, and binds the judges in every State, notwithstanding anything in the laws or Constitution of the State to the contrary. It supersedes all contradictory local statutes. It can be repealed only so far as it is municipal law, and not then unless its subject-matter is within the legislative power of Congress;[1] and it is an essential principle of the law of nations that no power can be released from the engagements of treaties or modify their stipulations, except with the consent of the contracting parties amicably obtained.[2]

UTILITY OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE IN THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

IN the twenty-ninth chapter of the second book of his famous "Commentarii," Cæsar informs his readers that in Ancient Gaul a people existed whom he terms *Aduatuci*. They were, according to him, a detachment from the great body of the Cimbri,[3] who, bursting into the Roman province and even sweeping down into Italy, loaded themselves with booty and carried off an immense quantity of plunder. Embarrassed by these spoils, they deposited a portion of their possessions near the Rhine, and detached the *Aduatuci* from their ranks and placed them, 6000 in number, to keep guard on the plunder.

Proceeding on their march in quest of additional booty and renown, the Cimbri were encountered by a Roman army under Marius, when fortune, hitherto so favorable, deserted their banner, and the Cimbri were overwhelmed with defeat and utterly exterminated.

Meantime the Aduatuci in charge of the baggage—awaiting their return beside the Rhine—expected their re-appearance in vain. They never came back, to the bitter regret of the Aduatuci, who were harassed by the attacks of their neighbors, on whom

[1] Taylor *vs.* Morton, 2 Curt., 454.

[2] At the Conference in London in 1871, this principle was recognized by Russia, Austria, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Turkey.

[3] The term *Cimbri* is compounded of the Irish word *Cimb*, "silver," and *aire*, "watchfulness, looking out for an object."

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they often inflicted, and from whom they sometimes suffered, defeat, until they finally came to an understanding with their aggressors, and, selecting their camp as their country, made themselves a home beside the Rhine.

When the Roman army commanded by Cæsar advanced against these people and besieged their chief stronghold, they repeatedly dashed out and contended in hand-to-hand engagements with the Roman legionaries. After a time, however, they confined themselves within their walls, which were twelve feet high, fifteen thousand feet in circuit, and thickly studded with formidable towers. Meantime the Roman engineers constructed a large mound, a movable tower and sheds, or mantlets furnished with wheels. Contemplating these constructions from their ramparts, the Aduatuci, confiding in their bodily strength, laughed them to scorn, asking, with shouts of derision, by what force, or men, or power, structures so vast could be moved over an interval so wide, and placed in collocation with their ramparts? For, compared to the Gauls, the Romans are diminutive in stature, says Cæsar, a statement, by the way, which has been corroborated by the defensive armor, which, found in Pompeii and other places, proves that, though remarkably well made, the ancient Romans were inferior in stature to the moderns.

When, to their no little amazement, however, they saw these colossal machines moving over the earth and approximating to their ramparts, the gaping citizens, at a prodigy so alarming and unexampled, were filled with dismay and astonishment, and sent ambassadors in no little haste to Cæsar. In their terror they admitted that they were persuaded that a people who were able to move machines of such colossal magnitude, with such astonishing facility, must be aided by supernatural powers and helped by divine auxiliaries. It was vain to resist them, and as a consequence they freely gave themselves up, with all their possessions, to the Romans. A single favor was all they asked. If, in the benevolence and clemency for which Cæsar was renowned (as their neighbors had informed them), he permitted the Aduatuci to live, they implored him also to permit them to retain their arms. The people by whom they were surrounded, envious of their military valor, were hostile to the Aduatuci. If they parted with their arms, their destruction was inevitable, for they would certainly be exterminated. Should they be destined to that deplorable fate, they would prefer to endure whatever conditions Cæsar might subject them to, rather than be tortured to death by a people they were accustomed to master.

Cæsar made answer that had they surrendered the place before the walls were assailed by the ram, he should have saved it from

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destruction, not from any merit on their part, but from the natural benevolence of his character. As it was, however, no conditions could be entered into with them till their arms were first surrendered. He should insure the safety of the Aduatuci, as he had secured that of the Nervii, by prohibiting their neighbors from inflicting injury on all those who surrendered to Rome.

When this decree was announced to the Aduatuci, they avowed themselves ready to comply with Cæsar's wishes. They accordingly cast into the fosse, which lay before the fortification, such a mountain of military weapons that the prodigious heap rose almost as high as the wall on one side and the Roman mound on the other. Nevertheless, it was afterwards ascertained that one-third of their weapons were retained by the Aduatuci. On the approach of evening, Cæsar commanded the gates to be closed and the soldiers to evacuate the city, lest in the course of the night they should inflict injury on the inhabitants. Meantime, in conformity with a scheme previously entered into, the Aduatuci, under the impression that their surrender of the fortress must cause the Romans to withdraw their guards, or at least diminsh the watchfulness of the sentinels, began in haste and darkness to bring out the arms they had *not* surrendered, and construct, with all the rapidity which the exiguity of the time demanded, bucklers of interwoven oziers hastily covered with hides, and shields constructed of the bark of trees. When these preparations were completed, and the Aduatuci partially furnished with arms, they suddenly burst out of the city, with terrible clamors, between twelve and three o'clock at night, and charged with all their forces and shouts of transport up the steep which led to the Roman encampment.

As the occurrence of this assault was instantaneously flashed by means of signal fires—which had been previously provided by Cæsar's orders—through the whole extent of the works, the Romans, sword in hand, rushed down from their fortifications and encountered the Aduatuci with force and intrepidity. As a consequence, a battle ensued of the fiercest and most terrible character, such as men of heroic valor might be expected to fight under such desperate circumstances when casting away all hope of success and placed in the most perilous position, with deadly missiles raining on their heads from towers, walls, and fortifications; nothing remained for the Aduatuci except to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Four thousand being slaughtered, the remainder were hurled back into the city. On the following day, as no defence was offered, the gates were broken open and the Roman legionaries marched into the town, and Cæsar, in a public auction, sold the Aduatuci as slaves. Their number, as the dealers in human flesh informed him, amounted to fifty-three thousand.

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Such was the fate of the Aduatuci, and history rarely furnishes anything more terrible. But astonishing as was their destiny, their name, to an Irishman, is, if possible, more amazing. That name is to be found in every Irish vocabulary, in every Irish manuscript, but especially in Father King's version of the Bible, which is vulgarly attributed to Bedel. It is compounded of two words, *Aduat* and *Tuata*. The first word signifies, according to O'Brien and O'Reilly, "horror, detestation." The adjective *Aduatmar* signifies "terrible, dreadful, execrable." The noun *Aduatmaract* means "horror, abomination." The second portion of the epithet, *tuath*, "meant originally *populus*, which it glosses in the Wb. MS. of Zeus."[1] It signifies "a people." It is pronounced *tooa*, and is often applied to a district, but radically signifies the inhabitants. *Aduat* bears some affinity to the word *Uabhan*, which signifies "fear, dread, horror." The day of judgment, for instance, is described by Irish writers as *la an uabhan*, "the day of horror." It has some connection with the Greek word φοβον, "fear." Wherever the word "abominable" occurs in the English Bible, *aduathmhar* will generally be found in Father King's version. The radix of the word is *fuat*, "hatred, aversion;" but, in its intense opposition to the Latin, the Irish extinguishes the initial letter by prefixing the intensitive *ad*, which obliterates the *f* and makes the word *uat*. Thus we have *uathbhas*, "astonishment, surprise, wonder," and *uathbhasac*, "shocking, dreadful, terrible." It seems evident that this obliteration of the initial is as old as the time of Cæsar, who, if it were pronounced in his day, would unquestionably have written *adfuatuci*. Now, if the question should be asked, as doubtless it will, why these people should be characterized by an epithet so disparaging, an explanation may be found in the horrible proposal which *Critognat*, who was possibly one of them, makes at the siege of Alesia, in the 7th Book of Cæsar. After describing the difficulties which embarrassed the garrison of Alesia, he exclaims: "*Quid ergo mei consilii est?*"—"What, then, is my advice?" asks the hunchback, for such is the meaning of his name—"What was done by our ancestors in the famous war of the Cimbri and the Teutons? When shut up in stone fortresses like this, they were menaced by famine? What did they do? They sustained existence with the bodies of those who, useless for warlike purposes, were incapable of aiding in the defence, and escaped the infamy, by that expedient, of surrendering to a hated enemy. But if we had not that example before us, we should originate it in the cause of liberty, and send it down to future ages as a precedent. For what war was ever like this? After transient devastations, the Cimbri departed to other countries and left us to the enjoyment of

[1] "Irish Names of Places," by Joyce, p. 118.

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our customs, laws and liberties. But the Romans, envious of a race who surpassed them in glory and vanquished them in battle, are permanent oppressors and seek to subject us to eternal slavery," etc.

The name of this orator is compounded of three Irish words: 1st. *cruit* which signifies a "hump," *og* which signifies "young," and *nat* which means "little." The latter is rather an unusual word, but it is thoroughly Irish, and one of the diminutives mentioned by Zeus. It was often applied to Irish Saints, one of whom described by Colgan was termed Osnat; (*Os* "a fawn," *nat* "little"). The parish of Killasnat, in the County Leitrim, preserves the memory of this saint,[1] according to Joyce. Indeed, the ferocity of heart which in Cæsar's seventh book is ascribed to Critognat would seem to be characteristic—in literature at least—of most persons disfigured with a like deformity. For instance, in the third Book of Homer's magnificent epic, a hunchback is introduced, whose disposition is nearly as revolting as that of Critognat:

"Awed by no shame, by no respect controlled,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold
With witty malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy and laughter all his aim,
His figure such as might his soul proclaim,
One eye was blinking and one leg was lame,
Thin hairs bestrew his long misshapen head,
His mountain-shoulders half his pole bespread."

Ulysses apostrophises this hunchback in very emphatic language. He says:

"Peace! factious monster! born to vex the State!
With wrangling talents formed for foul debate,
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sovereign's reign," etc.
"He said, and cowering as the dastard bends
The weighty cudgel on his back descends,
On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise
And tears spring starting from his haggard eyes," etc.

The character of "crooked-backed Richard" as delineated by Shakespeare is as revolting as that of Thersites as described by Homer. He is equally destitute of principle, equally cruel and ferocious, equally fierce and blood-thirsty.

"A bloody tyrant and a homicide,
One raised in blood and one in blood established,
One that made means to come by what he hath
And slaughtered those that were a means to help him," etc.

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[1] "Irish Names," volume ii., p. 27.

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In addition to this deformity, it is highly possible that Critognat belonged to that race of men whom the Romans termed *Attacotti.* We are informed by Saint Jerome that he saw with his own eyes some of these people somewhere in Gaul, eagerly engaged in devouring human flesh. Of these Attacotti Eugene O'Curry tells us:

"Father John Lynch, General Vellancy, the Rev. Charles O'Connor, and many others of their times, have been more or less puzzled by the name of 'Attacotts,' and have sought everywhere for an explanation of it but where only it could be found, namely, in the language of the country in which it originated.

"The name which these modern writers," continues O'Curry, "have made into Attacotts—from the Latinized form Attacotti—is written in all Irish manuscripts, ancient and modern, *Aitheach Tuatha*, and this means nothing more than simply the rent-payers or rent-paying tribes or people."

It means no such thing. This is a false translation. The epithet is not agricultural, but military. *Attacotti* is a Latinization—not of *Aitheach Tuatha*—but of *Aitheach cuideacht*, that is, the "plebeian cohort" of the Irish invaders of Gaul. The Romans could never think of converting *Tuatha* into *Cotti.* They were not so stupid; and it shows an utter ignorance of their language and character to suppose that a people so intelligent could commit a blunder so egregious. Their intellect was too keen; their perspicacity too penetrating. They knew nothing of the "rent-payers" of Ireland, but they were well acquainted with the armies which the Gaels sent to invade the Continent, and among the latter they learned to discriminate the *Aitheach-cuideacht*, or "rustic cohort." The radix of this word is *cuid*, "a part, a share," and it expands into the verb *cuideachdaighim*, "to accompany, to attend," *cuidighim* "to help, to succor."

These people would seem to be the aborigines of Ireland, and if MacFirbis is to be credited, resembled the aborigines of Australia. He says:

"Every one (in Ireland) who is black-haired, who is a tattler, guileful, tale-bearing, noisy and contemptible; every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh and inhospitable person; every slave, every mean thief, every churl, every one who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and every assembly and the promoters of discord among the people, these are the descendants of the *Firbolgs*, and *Fir domhnans* and *Gaillians* of Ireland."

The races thus enumerated were possibly the *Aduatuci* of the Continent, the *Silures* of Britain.

"After the Milesian conquest of Ireland," says Joyce,[1] "the

[1] Joyce, Irish Names of Places, 1st vol., p. 95.

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vanquished races, consisting chiefly of Firbolgs and Tuatha De Dananns, were kept in a state of subjection by the conquerors and oppressed with heavy exactions, which became at last so intolerable that they rose in rebellion early in the first century, succeeded in overthrowing the Milesian power, and placed one of their own chiefs, Carbry Kincat, on the throne.

"In the Barony of Carra, County of Mayo," he continues, "there is a parish called Touaghty, preserving the name of the ancient territory of the *Tuath-Aitheachta* (Thooahaghta), so written by MacFirbis, which received its name from having been anciently occupied by a tribe of Firbolgs. The name signifies the *tuath* or district of the plebeians."

These are the people who in conjunction with the Cimbri filled Rome with terror, a people who had no connection whatever with the modern *Teutsche*, as is evident from the names of their chiefs, which are invariably Gaelic. For instance, Brodignatt is one of these, a man of heroic courage, who, placing himself at the head of the opponents of Rome, fights with an intrepidity worthy of happier fortunes. His name is ignorantly translated by Godwin[1] "The Son of Victory." It is a compound epithet, consisting of the word *bruid*, "a peasant, a countryman" (*quasi brutum*), and *gnatt*, "vulgar." He was a vulgar clown, but nevertheless an intrepid soldier and a skilful general.

These people may not have been cannibals, but in their warlike expeditions, in their efforts to conquer Europe, they deemed it useful to be regarded as man-eaters. Their enemies may have been filled with panic terror by this appalling apprehension. We read that when in 1745 the Highlanders descended, sword in hand, into the Lowlands, the mothers threw themselves on their knees before them and in a paroxysm of terror, with clasped hands, streaming faces and piercing cries, implored them frantically not to devour their little ones whom, as a wise precaution, they had carefully locked up in the first instance, lest their entreaties should prove unavailing.

The description of the personal appearance of the Firbolgs or Aduatuci, which we quoted above from MacFirbis, derives corroboration from recent investigations. For instance, we are told by a writer in the *National Review* that modern inquiry has discovered the remains in Europe of a pre-existing and perhaps aboriginal Turanian stock, whose literature and cultivation were absorbed by subsequent inroads, etc. ("Surges of Men.") "Professor Huxley has no hesitation in ascribing the occurrence of dark-haired, swart-skinned and long-headed men in European families to the persistence of this absorbed race, and the general facts of

[1] History of France, vol. i., p. 78.

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distribution strongly support his generalizations." We read elsewhere: "This ancient stock, of which examples are extant in the sculptures of Egypt, was pre-eminently a sea-going race."

In the second volume of Mommsen's "History of Rome" our readers will find an account of the commercial activity, manufacturing industry and nautical enterprise of the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, which must fill them with astonishment. At least it has astonished us. No creek, no inlet, no bay was unexplored by these daring mariners throughout the whole extent of the margins of the Mediterranean. They anchored in every harbor, built factories on every coast, and excavated every mine which supplied the slightest chance of profitable results. They seized the natives and compelled them to work these mines, precisely as in after times the Spaniards compelled the red Indians in Peru to carry ore in leather bags from the depths of cavernous excavations. Flying from Phœnician tyranny, these natives took refuge in Ireland,

> "A happier island in the watery waste,
> A safer world in depth of woods embraced."

In Erin they became known by three names: *Firbolgs* or "bagmen," *Firdomnain* or "pitmen," and *Gaillians* or "archers."

"The Firbolgs," says Joyce, "divided themselves in their descent on Ireland into three bodies and landed at three several places. The men of one of these hordes were termed *Firdomnainn* (Firdownan), or men of the deep pits.

"The place where this section landed was for many ages afterwards called *Inver-Domnainn*, the river-mouth of the *Domnainns*, and it has been identified beyond all dispute with the little bay of Malahide; the present vulgar name, Muldowney, is merely a corruption of *Maeil-Domnainn*, in which the word *maeil*, 'a whirlpool,' is substituted for the *inbher* of the ancient name. Thus this fugitive-looking name, so little remarkable that it is not known beyond the immediate district, with apparently none of the marks of age, or permanency, can boast of an antiquity

> 'Beyond the misty space of twice a thousand years'."

To return. One of the Gallic chiefs mentioned by Cæsar is named Cativolcus, a term which signifies "the captain of the Firbolgs." It is compounded of *Cead* "first," *te* "a person" and *bolge* "the Firbolgs." He was chief of that portion of the army which consisted of Plebeians. To use the words of Anthon, "he was King of one-half of the Eburones, as Ambiorix was of the other. He was the associate of the latter chieftain in the defeat of the Roman force under Titurius and Cotta," etc. It seems evident

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from this that the Eburones were composed of two races, the Milesians or Knights and the Firbolgs or Plebeians. The Eburones were bivouacked on both sides of the Mosa or Meuse,[1] a circumstance which is expressed in their name. That name is compounded of three Irish words, *Ibh* "a tribe," *air* "upon," *abhan* (pronounced *owen*) "a river." Like the Eburones, the Carnutes are commanded by two chieftains, one of whom is termed Cotuatus, *Fear*, "a man," being understood. That is the *Fear-go-tuaithe*, "the man of the people," or "leader of the vulgar." In conjunction with Conetodunus, a warrior of the most daring and intrepid spirit, an utter stranger to fear, he seized upon Genabum and put to death all the Roman traders he found there. Elsewhere we meet with Maroboduus, whose name is evidently compounded of *maor* "a subordinate officer," and *bodach* "a churl." He was the "clown-chief," but not necessarily himself a plebeian. Indeed, we are expressly informed that he was a man of illustrious descent, but he nevertheless commanded that division of the forces which consisted of churls, somewhat as an English officer may command a regiment of Hindoos.

Again, in the second Book, twenty-third chapter, of Cæsar, we find Boduognatus commanding the Nervii with astonishing intrepidity in the terrible encounter in which that heroic people were almost annihilated. This intrepid warrior is evidently a plebeian. His name (if it be a name) is evidently compounded of the word *bodach* (pronounced *bodda*) "a clown," and *gnatt* "vulgar." But here he takes the very highest position in an encounter with the Romans, which was never surpassed, if even approached, in Gallic or any other warfare. The valor of his people is fully attested in the account which their enemy, Cæsar, gives of them. The name of this powerful and warlike clan is profoundly Irish, though sciolists, wholly unacquainted with their language, assure us that "their origin was German." It consists of three Irish words, *i. e.*, Na-fir-fiodh (pronounced *Nairfiu*)[2], meaning "the woodmen" or "foresters." They lived in the woods, which served them as a fortress, in which, far from being invaded, they could not even be seen. The young shrubs were partially cut down, laid on their sides and interwoven with the trunks of the massive giants of the forest. Then those skilful woodsmen filled the gaps or intervals with briers and thorns, so as to form an impervious hedge, which answered all the purposes of a regular fortification. *Hæ sepes*, says Cæsar, *munimenta præberent.*

With these people the Treviri are intimately connected, and, like

[1] The Mosa or Meuse derives its name from the word *Mus*, "agreeable."

[2] *Na* "the," *fir* "men," *fiodh* "forest." The first f is obliterated or silenced by the article. *D* in *fiodh* is likewise silent.

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them, bear a name which is perfectly Irish. *Treabhaire* (pronounced *Trevere*) signifies a "ploughman." It comes from the verb *Treabhaim*, "to plough"; *Treabhar*, "skilful, discreet"; *Treabhadh*, "ploughing or cultivating," etc. As a consequence, very possibly of their agricultural industry, their cavalry was said to be the best in Gaul.

Elsewhere we read of Bolgius, that is, the *Fear-Bolg*, one of the ablest commanders of his race. He marches into Macedonia; encounters the native army in a great pitched battle; overwhelms them with slaughter; captures their king, whose head he strikes off and hoists upon a lance as a terror to the Macedonians. All this seems to corroborate the statement of Cæsar that the Belgæ were the most warlike people in Gaul. But they were not only more warlike, but more barbarous. It is almost certain that it was the barbarous habits of the Firbolgs which gave rise to the calumny that the Irish were cannibals—a practice of which the early Christians were likewise accused. Moore, in his "History of Ireland," remarks that Ireland has always presented a double aspect. "There is not a single feature in Irish history," he asserts, "indicative of an advance in social refinement that is not counteracted by some other, stamped with the strongest impress of barbarism."[2]

The double aspect under which the national character gleams upon us through the mist of time, is owing to the existence of two races in Ireland, one of whom was barbarous. This charge of cannibalism might be brought against the inhabitants of the United States, for unquestionably the American Indians are savage enough, if urged by famine, to eat human flesh. The inhabitants of Australia, and, indeed, of all new countries, are liable to this accusation, which, however false of the recent settlers, may be perfectly true of the aborigines. So it was in Ireland. MacFirbis assures us that, in addition to the Firbolgs, there were two races of men in Ireland who were eminently civilized. Here are his words:

"Every one (in Erin) who is white (of skin), brown (of hair), bold, honorable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of property, wealth and rings (money), and who is not afraid of battle or combat; they are the descendants of the sons of Milesius in Erinn.

"Every one who is vengeful, fair-haired, large; every musical person; the professors of musical and entertaining performances; who are adepts in all Druidical and magic arts; they are the descendants of the Tuatha De Danann in Erinn."

Against these two classes the Firbolgs, about the middle of the

[1] The plural of *Bolg* is *Builg*. Hence the Belgæ of the Latins.

[2] History of Ireland, vol. i., p. 189.

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first century, entered into a conspiracy having for its object the utter extermination of their superiors. They were instigated to form this murderous plot, not only by their own wrongs, but by the intrigues of the Romans, whose efforts to subjugate Britain, in spite of Cæsar's invasion, had proved a total failure.

> "Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
> Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat."

The Romans were convinced that the massacre of the Milesian chiefs and the subversion of social order in Erin was an indispensable preliminary to a successful conquest of Britain by the legions of Rome. During the three years which the Firbolgs took to consider and mature their plans, not one of their intended victims received the slightest hint of the murderous scheme which was ripening for their destruction.

When that time had expired they prepared a colossal banquet, to which, as a pretended mark of respect and gratitude, they invited the monarch, the provincial chiefs and other distinguished personages of the nation, really for the purpose of destroying them during the festive excitement and unsuspecting confidence of a royal banquet in primitive times.

The feast was held at a place which was subsequently called *Magh Cru* (or Bloody Plain), in Connacht. Thither came the monarch, kings and chiefs in the full flow of unreserved security—a security, as it befell, of the falsest kind; for when the nobles were deep in their cups, and absorbed in the enjoyment of the strains of the harp, a host of armed men surrounded the banquet hall and fell upon the revellers, sword in hand, and slew, without pity or remorse, the monarch, the provincial kings and all the assembled chiefs, together with their servitors.

The insurrectionary Plebeians, having thus at one blow got rid of all their old superiors, but still wishing to live under a monarchal form of government, proceeded to select a king. Their choice fell upon Cairbré Cinn-Cait, an exiled son of a continental chief, who had taken a leading part in the plan and completion of the revolution.

Cairbre, however, died in the fifth year of an unprosperous reign, and *Fiacha Finnolaidh*, of the royal Eremonian race, succeeded to the sovereignty. Against *Fiacha*, however, another revolt of the provinces took place, and he was surprised and murdered at *Magh Bolg*, in Ulster, in the year of our Lord 56, and *Elim MacConrach*, King of Ulster (of the Rudrician race), was elected by the rebels in his place. The reign of Elim also proved unfortunate, for not only did discord and discontent prevail throughout the land, but the gifts of Heaven itself were denied and the

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soil seems to have been struck with sterility, and the air charged with pestilence and death during the reign of the rebels.

It will be found that the conquest of Britain by the Romans synchronizes with this servile war. Until Erin was distracted by rebellion the Romans never succeeded in permanently establishing their authority in Britain. Tacitus informs us that it was the policy of Augustus, and the injunction of Tiberius, to let the British Isles alone—*Concilium id divus Augustus vocabat, Tiberius præceptum.* They seem to have feared Britain.[1] That island, adds Tacitus, was exhibited to the Romans, not transmitted to posterity, by Julius Cæsar. He did not take permanent possession of any portion of the country, and after his departure the Britons continued as independent as ever. The Romans made no further attempts to conquer the island until the middle of the first century, when the Irish monarchy was overturned, the aristocracy massacred, and the whole kingdom wrapt in the flames of servile war by the Attacottic rebellion. Then, in the reign of Claudius, a hundred years after Julius Cæsar's abortive attempt, they again landed in Britain and subdued the country south of the Thames. The conquest of Southern Britain was finally completed by Agricola, who in seven campaigns (A.D. 78–84) subdued the whole of the island as far north as the Frith of Forth.

Meantime in Erin the old loyalists and friends of the Milesian dynasty took advantage at once of the confusion and general consternation which seized on the minds of the people, and proposed to them to recall, or rather to invite home, *Tuathal*, the son of the murdered monarch, whose mother had fled from the massacre to the house of her father, the king of Scotland, while Tuathal was yet unborn.

This proposal was very generally listened to, and a great number of the *Aithcach Tuatha* agreed in council to bring over the young prince, who was now in his twenty-fifth year.

Tuathal answered the call, and soon after landed in Bregia, where he unfurled his standard and was immediately joined by several native chiefs attended by their armed clansmen. From this he marched upon Tara, the capital of the kingdom, but was met by the reigning monarch Elim, at *Acaill* (now the hill of Screen), near Tara, where a sanguinary battle was fought, in which at length the reigning monarch Elim was slain. Thus the ancient dynasty was once more established, and continued substantially unbroken down to the final overthrow of the Irish monarchy in the twelfth century.[2]

The Firbolgs who concocted this conspiracy in Hibernia be-

[1] Agricolæ Vita, cap. xiii.

[2] "Manuscript Materials of Irish History," by O'Curry.

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longed to the same servile race as the Aduatuci whom Cæsar, in the second Book of his "Gallic War," has so powerfully described. In Ireland they were tillers of the soil, in Gaul they were military auxiliaries. The Attacotts, who were seen by St. Jerome eating human flesh (*Adv. Jovin.*, lib. ii.), were not the *Aitheach-Tuaithe* of their own native locality, but a detachment planted in Gaul. But whether at home or abroad, they exhibit the same marked traits of character, profound secrecy in conspiracy, treachery, duplicity, fickleness, and ferocity. They are

> "Calm thinking villains whom no faith can fix,
> Of crooked counsels and dark politics."

As a consequence they were exterminated by the Irish Milesians, or utterly swept out of the island. They received, on the continent, a refuge from the Romans whom they had served in their native land. This we infer from the *Notitia*, where we have the *Attacotti Honoriani Juniores*, and the *Attacotti Honoriani Seniores*, etc.,—the latter serving the Romans in Gaul, the former in Gaul and Italy. Indeed, they are found, at one time or another, in every part of the empire with a *mullet* emblazoned on their standard.

From all this it seems evident that Erin and Gaul were inhabited by the same race, speaking the same language and having like customs and manners. This is unquestionable. This conviction was forced upon the Welshman Lhwyd by a single word in the "Commentarii." He says: "Vergobretus signifies a chief magistrate in the language of the *Ædui*. Now, *Fear-go-brcith* signifies a judge; *Verbretem*, 'the man that judges.' It was by noticing this word that I first suspected the *Gwydelians* (Irish) to be ancient Gauls, a thing I see at present no reason to doubt about. Seeing, then, we find by the ancient language of the Celtæ and by a great number of Gwydelian words still extant in the French, that the Gwydelians came originally out of France," etc.

It seems perfectly certain that either the Irish came out of Gaul or the Gauls came out of Ireland. All English theory favors the former hypothesis, but all Irish tradition supports the latter. For instance, Geoffrey Keating say; "We learn from our ancient records that Gaul sent hostages to Niall;" the meaning of which is that Gaul in ancient times was subject to Erin.

At one time Europe was to Asia what America was, in after ages, to Europe. It was a mysterious and unexplored territory, foul with bogs and horrible with forests, *silvis horrida*, says Tacitus, *paludibus fœda*, repulsive in its appearance and stormy, rough and dismal in its climate. Mariners from Asia Minor discovered the western islands of Europe, as Columbus discovered the islands of the West Indies. They established settlements and worked

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mines in Erin, like the Spaniards in Hispaniola, for, like Hispaniola, Ireland produced gold. "It is remarkable," says Betham, "that among the articles made of the precious metals found in Ireland there are one hundred made of gold for one made of silver."[1] Adventurers from Asia Minor or Carthage were thus the first inhabitants of Ireland. We find evidence of this in a report sent in to the R. I. Academy by Richard Griffith in 1828, in which he says:

"If we may judge from the number of mine excavations which are still visible in almost every part of Ireland, an ardent spirit of mining must have animated this country at a very remote period. It is worthy of remark that many of our mining excavations exhibit appearances similar to the surface workings of the most ancient mines in Cornwall, which are generally attributed to the Phœnicians," etc. This harmonizes with the statement of Tacitus: "Nec terra olim sed classibus advehebantur qui mutare sedes quærebant." It was not by land, it was in ships that men in ancient times who sought to change their locality, passed from one country to another.

In direct opposition to this a writer in Appleton's Cyclopædia informs us that the Celts set out from their homes in Asia and crossed the continent of Europe in order to reach Ireland. That is to say, they did what was wholly impossible. Latham has shown in his "Germania" that no nation in the world in the early ages ever crossed a continent. An army may do so, he says, but a civilized people never; because a nation consists, in part at least, of delicate females, often in a state of pregnancy, new-born infants, the sick, the blind, the lame, the infirm and the dying, decrepit men and tottering women "crawling to the grave," who could never sustain the hardships involved in a "war on the wilderness," the most painful of all wars. They could never plod their difficult way through deep swamps and lofty forests, gloomy vales and shaking bogs, broad and rapid rivers, loud, deep and tumultuous, such as in primæval times disfigured the face of Europe.

Imagine, for a moment, what a train of vehicles would be necessary to carry provisions for this multitude. Conceive the difficulty of hewing down the forests and solidifying the swamps and constructing roads for the conveyance of those vehicles in which extreme age and tender infancy reposed. Those forests so repulsive to civilized man, so dismal, foul and horrible, were infested by gigantic oxen and ferocious carnivori, wolves, bears, hyenas and even lions, which men unfurnished with fire-arms must regard with consternation. The rivers very possibly swarmed with frightful saurians, while serpents of enormous magnitude and boa-constric-

[1] "Gael and Cymbri."

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tor species wound their slimy way through the dark and dismal thickets. Imagine for a moment the difficulty of constructing roads under these circumstances, without which the vehicles containing the old and infirm could not possibly proceed.

The English find it very difficult to cross the continent, as we may term it, of Australia. The interior is imperfectly known to the civilized inhabitants. A "wave of population" is a wave of nonsense. The dilatory rate at which our backwoodsmen hew their laborious way across the American continent has been described by De Tocqueville and seems amazingly tedious. There is nothing resembling a wave in it. We are all acquainted with the coasts, but know little of the centre of South America. As to Africa, "the dark continent" is a *terra incognita* to all civilized races. To pass from Asia to Ireland by sea was an easy task; it could be accomplished in canoes. "Water," says a distinguished writer, "ever a favorite highway, is especially the highway of uncivilized man; to those who have no axes the thick jungle is impervious. Canoes are older than wagons, and ships than chariots; a gulf, a stream, the sea intervening between islands, divide less than the matted forest. Even the civilized man emigrates by sea and by rivers, and he ascended two thousand miles above the mouth of the Missouri while tracts in New York and Ohio were still a wilderness. To the uncivilized man no path is free but the sea, the lake and the river." (Bancroft, vol. ii., p. 460.)

"The exact parallel of the Gaelic language," says Latham, "cannot be found in any part of the European continent," which could hardly be the case if the Gaels marched across it. Somewhere on their route stragglers, unable to keep up with the main body, would have been left behind as the Aduatuci were left by the Cimbri. But while there is no vestige of the Gaelic language to be found on the continent of Europe, Catherine of Russia affirmed that she discovered in her dominions a Tartar tribe who spoke a language almost identical with Irish.

It is admitted that the Basques migrated from Egypt to Spain, because their language is identical with Coptic. Now, Irish *Shanachies* affirm that the forefathers of their race migrated from Asia to the same country, and from Spain to Erin. After some time they sent out armies and emigrants towards the Continent on which they bestowed the name of Europe (from *oir* the East, and *ibh* a country). To use the words of Mitchel: "As early as the fifth century before Christ, Celts had subdued that part of Northern Italy, afterwards called from their later name Gallia (Cis-Alpina), and became firmly settled in the country; they had planted vigorous colonies (Vindilicians, etc.) in southern Germany near the east bank of the Rhine, and from these in turn they penetrated,

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under the names of Rhæti, Boii, Norici and Garni, into the western regions of modern Austria. Nearly all the territory included in Switzerland seems also to have belonged to them or been held by them. Celtic tribes, too, had crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, and settled in that country; and from them and the Iberians—the older residents of the Peninsula—spring the mixed race of Celtiberians, forming a famous nation in the centuries that followed. The Spanish branch of the race was the first to find mention under the name of the race in authentic written records, and Herodotus only notices this tribe briefly as living beyond the pillars of Hercules and bordering on the Cynesians, who dwell at the extreme west of Europe." (Book ii., 33.)

The Celts must have originated somewhere. According to Irish tradition, their cradle in Asia was Scythia, their cradle in Europe was Erin. They came to Ireland—as a nation—by sea. They went back to Asia—as an army—by land. St. Paul finds them in Galatia, where he describes them as overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Had he been an angel from heaven, he tells us, they could not have welcomed him with more cordiality, and if it were possible, he adds, they would have put out their eyes to bestow them on their visitor. (Chaps. iv., v., 14 and 15.)

The Galatians consist of three divisions, the singularitv of whose names fills Niebuhr with astonishment, viz.; The *Tectosages*, the *Trocmi* and the *Tolistobogii*. To an Irish scholar these names are perfectly intelligible. The *Tectosages* are the pioneers, vanguards or forerunners of the army. The term is compounded of *Teachda* "a messenger," and *Saithe* "a swarm." They might be regarded as the "forlorn hope" of the main body. The name of *Trocmi* breathes the very spirit of chivalry. It is compounded of *Troc*, signifying "short life," and *Maith* (pronounced *mi*), "a chief." *Tolistobogii* is compounded of two Irish words—*Tola*, "destruction," and *Tabogh*, "sudden." They inflicted sudden destruction on their enemies. This term perfectly corresponds with the character of the warlike Celts, as described by Justin: "Such was the terror excited by their name and the constant success of their undertakings," says this author, "that no king on his throne thought himself secure, and no fallen prince imagined himself able to recover his power, except with the help of the ever-ready Celts of those countries."

Arnold, speaking of the Celts, says, in his "History of Rome:"

"Diodorus tells us (v. xxxii.) that the Romans included under one common name two great divisions of people, the one consisting of the Celtic tribes of Central Gaul, Spain and Northern Italy, the other embracing those more remote tribes which lived on the shores of the ocean. These remoter people were the proper Gauls,

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while the others were to be called *Keltoi.* Niebuhr supposes that Diodorus learned this distinction from Posidonius, and it is undoubtedly well worth noticing. Diodorus further says, that to these more remote tribes belonged the Kimbri, whom some writers identified with the old Kimmerians, and that these Kimbri were the people who took Rome and sacked Delphos, and carried their conquests even into Asia."

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF VIENNA IN 1886.

IT was at the very hottest hour of a roasting-hot day in July that we left the cool shelter of the Hotel de Saxe in Prague for the Franz Josef station, *en route* for Vienna. South German railway stations are never abodes of peace, but on this day the heat had taken away all the bustle, and likewise all the porters, probably in search of liquid refreshment, for our shouts of "Träger" had to be supplemented by those of our coachman and the policeman on duty, before a couple of perspiring porters sleepily bore down upon us. They were soon roused from their torpor by the latter official, whose wrathful Czechish harangue was lost upon us, though we were able to catch certain references to powers human and divine which evidently had weight, for in a trice our belongings were carried in and committed to the safe keeping of the authorities of the Franz Josef Bahn.

Here, as is generally the case in Germany and always in the south, the traveller after taking his ticket may not seat himself in the train waiting for him, but is shut up in a waiting-room, whose glass doors giving on the platform are only thrown open at the last moment for a stampede of travellers.

We soon found that our eagerness was unnecessary, and that we were the only occupants of a compartment in one of those carriages generally used for long journeys in Germany, having a corridor along one side, from which compartments capable of holding six, though very rarely forced to do so, open at right angles, while at one end of the corridor is found complete lavatory accommodations. And here be it noted that, as Germany is groaning under the yoke of a monarchical government, the second-class passengers, though their carriages are a trifle less sumptuous, are provided with the same lavatory and other conveniences as the

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first, and so in many cases are even the humbler third, who in free and republican France fare very roughly indeed.

There are three roads by which Vienna may be reached from Prague, but we chose the Franz Josef line by Gmünd because it is the quickest, and, therefore, in the intense heat the most agreeable. At the junction station of Wessely excellent *café au lait* and a collection of those delicious little rolls only met with in Austria, are brought to us by a waiter, our wishes in the matter having been previously ascertained by the guard of the train, who attached two strips of paper to the window as a signal that two travellers within desired coffee. As the trays and cups are left with us, and collected by another waiter on reaching Gmünd, we have time to enjoy refreshment at leisure, with a passing thought of pity for our English travelling commissariat.

The scenery is not of great beauty, but a journey in Austria can never fail to interest; and here the great rolling hills, deep valleys and vast plains have a charm of their own. Later on some fine views are obtained as the train winds through the Maunhartsberg, a range of hills by which Lower Austria is divided into two provinces. The first glimpse of the "beautiful blue Danube" awakes interest and thoughts of Herr Strauss, soon to be listened to. Later on the train skirts the river bank, and soon we find ourselves beneath the vast abbey of Klosterneuburg. Though the traveller may have already seen something of the grandeur of monastic architecture in Austria, the sight of this majestic building cannot fail to impress him. It is the property of the Augustinians, and the wealthiest in the Empire, owning, it is said, as much as two-thirds of the environs of Vienna.

Vienna has an "octroi" system, but there is little fuss about luggage at railway stations. We were not even asked if we had anything to declare. It was, indeed, a lovely night. The moon was shining with that dazzling brilliancy only met with in southern latitudes, and in the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere every line and angle of the buildings on either side stood out against the sky. Only after a considerable sojourn does Vienna lose its impressiveness on such a night as this. In the course of our short ride it was not the magnificence of the surrounding architecture alone that impressed us. The furious pace at which we whirled along caused us instinctively to grasp tightly the sides of our little "Victoria," and it was only the marvellous skill of our Jehu, and his perfect command over the two little skinny Hungarian nags, that enabled us to hold on safely such a break-neck course along the narrow streets. At last a graceful spire, tapering into the moonlit sky, rises just before us over the house-tops, and we recognize the outlines of St. Stephen's Cathedral. In another

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instant we have dashed through the Stefan's Platz, and pulled up before the door of our hotel, a thoroughly old-fashioned Viennese house, at the door of which that all-important functionary, the porter, stands ready to receive us and present us to the proprietor as Herr *von* Mivart; for in polite Vienna plain John Smith always becomes Herr *von* Smith when his name is mentioned in his own presence.

Before entering upon any description it is necessary to have some idea of the general plan of the city. Down to 1863 Vienna was divided into an inner city and suburbs, and the limits of each were defined as late as 1809 by a double line of fortifications. The external circle, raised as a defence against Racoczy's Hungarians, still survives as the boundary of the city imposts, under the name of the "Lines." The internal circle, marking the boundary of the inner city, was very strong, consisting of rampart, fosse and glacis, and these stood on a site marked out as early as the thirteenth century. This ring of fortifications was abolished by decree in 1858 and replaced by the magnificent Ring Strasse. Of the old gates, the Burg Thor and the Franz Josef Thor alone survive. The streets of the old city are narrow but well paved with granite cubes, and the furious driving along them, which is the invariable custom, produces that deafening noise so characteristic of Vienna. The houses are lofty, generally of six stories and of enormous size, so that a great number of families dwell in the same building. The palaces of the nobility, which abound, are extremely imposing. The doorways and entrances are particularly striking, and the endless varieties of caryatides of colossal proportions give one an idea of the grandeur of the aristocratic inhabitants. A curious feature is the existence of footways, called "Durchhäuser," through the court-yards of many houses, by which the pedestrian may often make a bee-line in various directions. These by-ways are daily becoming fewer, but one of the most conspicuous examples is seen in the free footway through and under the Royal Palace. Locomotion is much assisted by the ingenious display of the names of streets, which in those leading to or from the centre of the city are painted upon tablets of rectangular form, and on round ones in those streets which take a circular direction. The central point of all is the Cathedral, and the square in which it stands is the centre of its busiest life. Here the omnibuses for the ten sections (Bezirke) of the city take their stand—rows of single and pair horse cabs, many deep, with their chattering drivers apparently always in a state of excitement. Here is the centre of the red-capped corps of commissionaires or Dienstmänner—courteous and trustworthy. Here are found some of the best shops—the fashionable tailor, the best linen store, whose window is

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always besieged, and various smart cafés crowded all day and far into the night with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. Above all rises the glorious Cathedral with its roof of variegated tiles glistening in the sun, its rich stained glass windows and venerable limestone walls. Round these are numerous reliefs and statues of the early mediæval period, many of which represent scenes from the Passion. Many of the figures have colored ornaments, paper crowns or artificial flowers and lamps burning before them, while in front are benches for the convenience of the pious and poor wayfarer who kneels down in the midst of the turmoil for a short prayer. The whole forms a busy scene, uniting ancient with modern, and thoughtless frivolity with simple piety, in a way not readily forgotten.

The Cathedral Church of St. Stephen is to a Catholic the most important building in Vienna. Almost the whole of it was erected gradually from the beginning of the fourteenth to the beginning of the fifteenth century, though the west façade shows some traces of Romanesque work of the twelfth century, the date of the original building. The choir was built first, and from designs by Meister Wentzla, of Klosterneuburg, from which spot were quarried the limestone blocks used for the walls. The Cathedral is in the form of a Latin cross. The nave is one hundred and eighteen yards long, and its richly groined vaulting is supported by eighteen massive pillars, adorned with a profusion of stone statues. Two architects who had a hand in the designs have left their portraits in stone for posterity. The south tower was constructed by Meister Pilgram, who also designed the stone pulpit of the nave, with its frogs, toads, lizards and Fathers of the Church all mixed up together with quaint mediæval humor, and his own figure standing beneath the stairs and peeping at the spectators through a window. This attitude was evidently a favorite one at that time, for on the north wall there is a sculptured portrait of another sixteenth century architect, Oechsel, holding his rule and compasses and looking through a window. The effect of this latter carving, foreshortened as the figure is when seen from below, is very striking. To describe in detail all the chapels and monuments would be impossible, but the Catholic eye recognizes with pleasure the number of those who come to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This is essentially the people's church, and in spite of musical attractions elsewhere they flock here in crowds. At the entrance before the large crucifix, before the "Dienstboten Mutter" and before the statue of the black Madonna in the nave, rich and poor are side by side kneeling on the flagstones. At Mass the behavior of the congregation, considering the size of the church, is more satisfactory than elsewhere. For it is no good

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disguising the fact that the behavior of the middle class in Vienna before the Blessed Sacrament is not in accordance with our ideas. To pass and repass before the Tabernacle without genuflection or notice of any kind, to talk freely and gaze around during Mass, to sit whenever a seat is to be had, and not to kneel at all except during the elevation and for an instant at the *Domine non sum dignus*, is not our idea of respect towards God. In the Tyrol it is otherwise, but in Austria generally, and especially in Vienna, one regrets to notice a want of reverence. And it is strange, for nowhere are the externals of religion more attractive and imposing. Nowhere such beautiful music, more splendid churches, and, it may be added, a more intellectual and refined clergy. It is to be feared that the Austrians are the spoiled children of the Catholic Church, and that there may yet be waiting for them the hand of the Liberal tyrant, which, in despoiling the religion they now treat with indifference, will, as has been the case in North Germany, reawake in their hearts the *zelus domus tuae* which now is dormant. Perhaps we may trace in this the evil influence of Josephism, which has left behind it so much to be deplored by the artist and historian, as well as by the sincere Catholic.

The marvellous view from the spire of St. Stephen's—450 feet high—will well repay the ascent. From the topmost platform the despairing Viennese watched the advance of the French upon the city, and followed all the movements of the battle of Essling. Here on September 18th, 1683, Count Starmberg watched the movements of the besieging Turkish host, and saw the advance of Sobieski's relieving army, so that he was able to deliver his attack at the moment the Turks were assailed in the rear and utterly routed. To the east are the spreading plains of Hungary, nearly as far as Pressburg, and from thence to the north the windings of the Danube may be traced. To the west are seen the snow-capped peaks of the Tyrol. The prospect is unequalled.

A few paces from the cathedral, at the corner of the Kärnthner Strasse and the "Graben" stands a very curious relic indeed. It consists of the trunk of a fir tree, built into the wall and secured by iron bands and a padlock, bearing the date of 1575. The surface of the wood is so thickly covered by the heads of nails driven into it that it seems encased in a sheet of iron, whence its name of "Stock im Eisen," or stick in iron. The legend of the unhappy locksmith's apprentice, Martin Mux, and his compact with the Evil One is too long for these pages, but the nails that give the Stock im Eisen its name have, it is said, been driven into it by countless journeymen locksmiths who have passed through Vienna and said a Pater and Ave for the repose of his soul. Passing down the "Graben"—site, as its name shows, of the old moat—one of the

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most attractive streets in the world, and turning to the left down "Kohlmarkt," another bustling thoroughfare, we see before us a mass of noble buildings. On the left we have the old Church of St. Michael with its curious arcade, a mixture of fourteenth-century Gothic and seventeenth-century Italianism. In front of us is the Palace or Hof Burg, with the Burg theatre, beside which we pass beneath an archway to find ourselves in the courtyard of the Palace. As it is just half-past twelve, we have the opportunity of witnessing the changing of the grand guard and the saluting of the colors, and afterwards hearing a selection of music played as only the band of a crack Austrian regiment can play. It is useless to attempt a description of the Burg, of which a full account is to be found in all tourist guide-books; but the vast irregular and rambling pile of buildings gives one above all the impression of simplicity, which is confirmed by a view of the interior. The furniture and decorations of the Royal apartments are not to be compared with those of the palaces of successful stock-jobbers, but are simply of a good, solid, old-fashioned kind. There is a thoroughfare through the courtyard in the centre of the Palace, and night and day its gateways echo with the tramp of all sorts and conditions of men. The emperor going for a drive or returning from a walk may be brought face to face with the humble artisan. In the centre of the court is a fine statue of Francis I. with an inscription recording his love for his people. The greater part of the vast building is occupied by collections of various kinds, including the Treasury, always crowded for a view of its priceless contents. The whole is watched over by the palace guard, a corps of tall, handsome men in a blue and black uniform, and whose dignified but most courteous bearing is worthy of their important trust. Opposite the entrance to the Treasury is the Burg Kapelle, or Court Chapel, only a remnant of the original building. There is a large attendance here on Sunday for the sake of the fine music, though perhaps of a quieter class than the congregation that fills the neighboring Augustinian Church. The latter is in practice the real Court Chapel, and it is the scene of many religious ceremonies at which the Court assists. A passage connects it with the Palace. The Augustinian Church is a Gothic building begun in the fourteenth century and with an unusually long nave and lofty choir. Here the hearts of many members of the Imperial family are preserved in silver urns. On entering, the eye is at once arrested by the monument, in pure white marble, of the Archduchess Maria Christina, daughter of Maria Theresa. It is the work of the sculptor Canova and justly considered his masterpiece. It consists of a pyramid of marble in the centre of which is seen the door of a vault into which is entering a group of allegorical personages. Virtue or the guardian angel of

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the Archduchess bearing an urn—Charity supporting an old man tottering with age and grief, followed by a weeping child. Above the door Happiness is bearing a medallion of the Archduchess, represented with a happy smile. It would require a long description to do justice to this marvellous work, but such is the beauty and simplicity of the whole, and such the wonderful life that breathes in the faces and attitudes of the figures, that it is impossible to gaze upon them without emotion, which is increased at every visit. There are other interesting monuments of historical personages in this church, chiefly of those who flourished in the reign of Maria Theresa.

On Sunday the church is seen in an unhappily characteristic guise, when a crowded and fashionable congregation is assembled at High Mass to enjoy the music for which the Church is renowned. The programme of this and several other churches is always published in the papers of the preceding day. Here assemble the *habitués* of the opera. The music is of the most florid kind, with solos, instrumental as well as vocal. The congregation—one might as well say audience—stand or sit as they please, turn their backs to the altar to gaze at the lady singers through opera glasses, beat time to the music, and criticise it in audible tones and murmur "bravo." In all these scandalous proceedings, it is painful to say that, as usual, English-speaking non-Catholics are conspicuous. Much the same scenes are witnessed at the Minoriten Church—the rallying point of the Italian colony; and Victor Tissot was the witness of an extraordinary ovation accorded to the celebrated songstress, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, after singing at this church. After Mass the congregation formed two long lines from the church door, and between these the lady had to pass amid shouts of enthusiasm. At other and less frequented services both here and elsewhere, one misses the hearty congregational singing of more northern climes.

Not far from the Augustinian church is the church of the Capuchins. This rococo edifice is extremely interesting, as being the "St. Denis" of the house of Austria. The church itself is simple, and at the time of our visit was under repair. We were admitted at a side door into a long passage leading into the monastery, where we were received by a remarkably stalwart friar, who conducted us down a flight of steps leading to the vault. Our good-natured conductor, bare-headed himself, was solicitous about our liability to a chill, and insisted on turning up our coat collar. The vault is extensive, and side by side along the walls and down the centres stand the massive but plain copper sarcophagi, wherein the warriors and monarchs of the house of Hapsburg lie in their last sleep. As one gazed upon this scene one could not help re-

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membering the striking fact of the extraordinary popularity of the family. It is a singular fact that, whether the emperors were happy or not in their reigns, with perhaps one exception they were all beloved by their people. In the worst days of 1848 the portraits of the Emperor were almost venerated, and were sometimes placed on the top of the barricades. "God preserve the Emperor," was the cry of the people, "but we will have the lives of his ministers, especially Metternich."

In an immense double sarcophagus in the centre lies Maria Theresa, and beside her her husband Francis I., who pre-deceased her, and to mourn and weep at whose tomb she daily descended into this vault, even when at last her increasing corpulence almost deprived her of power of motion. Here, too, is the tomb of the famous Joseph II., who desired as his epitaph, "Here lies Joseph II., who was unfortunate in his best enterprises"—a fact for which the pious Catholic may be thankful. Here, too, lies the young king of Rome, while further on one reaches the tomb of the brave and gentle Maximilian of Mexico, the unhappy victim of Napoleon's schemes. The sarcophagus is covered with wreaths of immortelles, and bears the inscription, "We have loved him in life, let us not forget him in death." The first member of the family buried here was the Emperor Matthias in 1619; the most recent coffin is that of the Emperor Ferdinand, who died in 1875. On leaving the vault a small donation is bestowed on one's guide, as the Friars live on the alms of the faithful.

Very handsome and interesting is the fourteenth century Gothic church of Maria Stiegen in the Salvator Gasse, and attended by a voluble Bohemian congregation. It consists of a lofty nave without aisles, and, no doubt owing to the peculiar shape of the ground at the architect's disposal, the nave is not in a direct line with the choir, but joins it at an obtuse angle. The ornaments, etc., on the altars are rather French in taste, and the groans and sighs frequently heard remind one of Ireland.

We are compelled to pass without mention a vast number of interesting churches and ecclesiastical buildings, but cannot omit to speak of the triumph of modern Gothic art, the Heilands Kirche, or Votive Church. It was commenced in 1856 to commemorate the escape of the Emperor from an assassin's dagger on the 18th of February, 1853, and was finished in 1879, from designs by Ferstel. Its position is admirable—in the centre of the large Maximilian square, on rising ground, and surrounded by palatial houses. The general effect is magnificent, and every detail infinitely pleasing. The interior is elaborately decorated, and there are no less than seventy-eight fine stained-glass windows. In a chapel near the south door is the tomb of Marshal Salm, the de-

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fender of Vienna against Suleiman II. His coffin was brought hither from Raitz, near Brünn, by the Vienna Society of Antiquaries. The clergy of the Church reside in an adjoining house, called the "Propstei," as their chief is also Propst or Provost of the Cathedral. His name has unfortunately been forgotten, but he is an energetic and zealous priest, beloved by the people. It was amusing to see the swarms of children always hovering about the door to waylay him going in or out, and to kiss his hand or cassock.

But we have exhausted our space as well as the patience of our readers. At the present moment Vienna is the centre of extraordinary interest and anxiety as regards the political future. Should a great war break out in which Austria must inevitably take an important part in defense of her existence, who can tell what changes may come upon the church in that country, now the only one wherein she retains a large share of wealth, social dignity and influence.

SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MONTANA.

WHEREVER the seed of the true faith has been planted, all the world over, the story of the planting has been tinged with a color of romance. Every region has its apostle or apostles, about whom quaint legends are told, and to whom marvellous acts are ascribed. Though Montana can boast of a distinct territorial existence of only a score or so of years, still she can trace in the history of her Catholicity the wonderful providence of God in the sowing of the faith among the then sole inhabitants, the Indians.

Far back in the seventeenth century French Jesuits had crossed the ocean to evangelize the savages of Canada. Among those heroic men was Father Isaac Jogues, who became the apostle of the Iroquois, and that even to the shedding of his blood. Little thought he, when laboring painfully on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, or in the picturesque valley of the Mohawk, that he was preparing apostles for unknown regions of the unexplored far West. Yet so it was; and the seed that he planted and enriched with his blood was destined to be borne across the Rocky Mountains by the very savages who treated him so despitefully.

In the struggle in the seventeenth century between the kings of England and France for possession of the country of the Five

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Nations in the State of New York, the Iroquois Indians were deprived of their spiritual guides, the Jesuit Fathers, although both the sovereigns at war were Catholics.

The result was that those members of the Iroquois tribes who preferred their faith to their lands emigrated to Canada, and there formed settlements where they could enjoy the privileges of their religion in the ministry of their priests. One of these missions was Caughnawaga or the Rapids, near the Sault St. Louis of the St. Lawrence River.

Now, about the year 1820, several Iroquois of this village, members, it is said, of that very family of the "Wolf" that had so cruelly treated their prisoner and slave, Father Jogues, became possessed with the desire to explore the vast region to the westward, and to stop only when they should reach the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Accordingly, they set out from the banks of the St. Lawrence, four, it would seem, in number, under the leadership of one called by them "le grand Ignace," great on account of both his moral and his physical superiority. They journeyed on through forests primeval, over rivers and lakes, across mountains and prairies, until they came to the country of the Flatheads, in the Bitter Root Valley, on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. There the wanderers met with a warm welcome and were persuaded to journey no further. Surely, though unconsciously, they were fulfilling the designs of Providence for the conversion of those who were to become their adopted nation. The ties of friendship were soon strengthened by intermarriage, and the Iroquois took their seat in the council of the Flatheads. Ignace easily acquired an ascendency, and wielded it not only for the temporal, but also spiritual welfare of the tribe. Frequently did he explain the mysteries of the Catholic religion, and expatiate upon the beauties of her ceremonies. His oft-repeated refrain was always the advantage of having Black-Robes to teach them the way to Heaven. His persevering advice finally determined the Flatheads to send a delegation to ask for these much praised guides. This involved a journey of some three thousand miles to St. Louis, Missouri, through regions infested with hostile tribes. Nevertheless, they resolved to undertake it, and in 1831 the first deputation set forth. It failed to accomplish its purpose, though the party arrived at St. Louis. Two Flatheads, out of the four that went, fell ill there, and by signs expressed their desire for the saving waters of baptism. As they gave proof of some knowledge of Christianity, which they had learned from the adopted Iroquois, their wish was granted. None of these deputies lived to return to their expectant nation.

In 1834, a second embassy, under Ignace himself, reached St.

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Louis after frightful privations and sufferings. Francis Xavier, a lad ten years of age, and his brother accompanied Ignace, their father, for the sole purpose of being baptized.

The party were kindly received by Bishop Rosati, and the lads were baptized and confirmed. But it was impossible for the Bishop to provide the longed-for missionaries. He promised, however, to send one as soon as he was able, and, encouraged by this promise, the survivors of the deputation turned their faces towards the Valley of the Bitter Root. Ignace and two or three others alone arrived in safety.

In 1837, nothing daunted by former failures, the brave Iroquois, with four companions, three Flatheads and one Nez Percé, once more set out for St. Louis. After accomplishing three-fourths of the journey, they all fell victims to the hostile Sioux through whose country they were passing. Ignace, as an Iroquois, was offered his life, but he chose to die with his friends and adopted brethren. Thus perished he who might justly be called the Apostle of the Flatheads, and through them of many of the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains. Not even this disaster prevented another legation being sent to St. Louis; and so, in the spring of 1839, two Iroquois—Pierre Gaucher and "petit Ignace," so called to distinguish him from "le grand Ignace"—undertook the perilous mission. In the autumn of the same year they reached their goal. This time success awaited them. Bishop Rosati referred the brave fellows to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, to whom the Bishops of the United States, assembled in the First Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1835, had confided the Indian Missions of the country. A favorable answer was given to the earnest request for "a Black-Robe to lead them to Heaven."[1]

Pierre hastened back to tell the good news. Ignace remained behind to act as guide to the long-expected missionary, who proved to be the now famous Father P. J. De Smet, S.J., then at the outset of his apostolic career.

We have dwelt at some length upon the part played by the Iroquois, because, as a venerable missionary among the Indians well says, "we, at the close of the nineteenth century in the West, are reaping from the seed sown by Father Jogues among the Iroquois in the seventeenth century in the East."

Father De Smet left St. Louis for his distant mission in the spring of 1840, and in July, after a long and tedious journey, he arrived among the Flathead tribe, then encamped near the Three Forks, on the Missouri River. Such was the eagerness of the Indians for

[1] Some writers mention only three deputations. We have followed F. De Smet's statement.

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instruction that the Black-Robe held his first class the very day of his arrival, and never were there more docile pupils.

After two months of constant missionary labor, Father De Smet returned to St. Louis, but not before he had given to his newly-begotten children of the mountains a solemn promise to come back in the following spring with other Black-Robes to establish permanently the mission of which he had now laid the foundation. The standard of the Cross had been planted in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, and Father De Smet thus became the pioneer priest of Christianity and civilization in what is now one of the most promising Territories of the West, and an aspirant for State rights. Faithful to his promise, in the spring of 1841 Father DeSmet started for the mountains accompanied by two youthful missioners as energetic and zealous as himself—Father Nicholas Point, a Vendean, and Father Gregory Mengarini, a Roman—together with three lay-brothers—Joseph Specht, Charles Huet, and William Claessens. They left Westport, Missouri, on the last day of April, and met on the Feast of the Assumption at Fort Hall a deputation of Flatheads that had come eight hundred miles to escort them, so confident were they that the Black-Robe would keep his word. Thus escorted, the missionaries advanced to meet the main body of the nation; and at length, on the 30th day of August, the camp was reached. What mutual joy filled the breasts of the Indians and their zealous apostles at the meeting! A site for a permanent mission was to be sought immediately. But it was only after wandering about for many days among the barren mountains that a suitable spot was found in the beautiful valley of the Bitter Root River, sheltered from the north winds by two high ridges of mountains. It was on the 24th of September, the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, that possession was taken of the valley in her name by the erection of a cross, and on Rosary Sunday the first Catholic Indian Mission in what is now Montana Territory was inaugurated. The site for the church was chosen and at once the work of building began. With such speed did the work advance, that in a few weeks a log church, capable of accommodating the whole tribe, was constructed.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the Indians at having the house of the Great Spirit—a house of prayer—on their soil. The church had been completed several days when an Indian suddenly exclaimed: "Why, this is the very spot on which little Mary said the church would be built!" It seemed that, during the absence of Father De Smet, one of the hunting bands had encamped in his valley, and that a young girl, about thirteen years old, had here fallen sick and died. But before her death she had earnestly asked for baptism. As several of the Indians had been instructed how

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to baptize in case of necessity, her desire was granted, and she received the regenerating waters from the hand of an Iroquois. Full of joy, she was fervently thanking God, when suddenly she cried out: "Oh, there is no happiness in this world; happiness is only to be found in Heaven! I see the heavens opened, and the Mother of Jesus Christ inviting me to go up to Heaven." Then turning to the astonished Indians, she added: "Listen to the Black-Robes when they come; they have the true prayer; do all they tell you; they will come; and *on this very spot* where I die they will build the house of prayer." After these words she died. The circumstance had been forgotten, and now it recurred to their minds. Thus had our Lady chosen the spot where the first church should be built in her honor in the Rocky Mountains of Montana. The news soon spread among the neighboring tribes that the Black-Robes had come into the land, and the missionaries wrote, as early as the month of October of the same year, that one single day had brought to their instructions the representatives of twenty-four different tribes!

Father De Smet's extraordinary zeal and labors among the Indians throughout the whole region then called Oregon are too well known by his writings to call for any lengthy mention. To this day, there is scarcely a tribe that cannot boast of some members who received the waters of regeneration from the hand of "the great Black-Robe," as they are wont to call him. Of his first two companions, a few words will not be out of place, as they were both men of great ability. Father Point, besides the ordinary qualities of an excellent missionary, had considerable talent and skill as an artist. He used this artistic gift to gain the good will of the savages by painting the portraits of their chiefs. He has left evidences of his skill in the illustrations of an interesting narrative of his labors, called "Recollections of the Rocky Mountains," which, however, has never been given to the public. Being a draughtsman, he drew the plan of the Flathead Mission village, and under his direction the church was built. In 1846 Father Point visited the country of the Black Feet, and spent the winter among this savage tribe, having for interpreter a child twelve years old. By his mildness and perseverance, and by becoming all to all, he accomplished wonders. He visited the chiefs of these ferocious bands of Indians, and, as we have said above, won their hearts by painting their likenesses. He put the sorcerers or medicine men to confusion, and baptized eight hundred children with the consent of their parents. Unfortunately for his neophytes he was summoned by his superior to the Missions of Upper Canada. It will give some idea of the difficulties of communication in those days and of his isolated position, when we state that it took *three*

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years for the order of recall to reach him, as it had been sent from France in 1844! The remainder of his life was spent in Canada, and he died in Quebec on the 4th of July, 1868. We cannot pass over Father Point's co-laborer in founding the first Montana Mission, Father Mengarini. For ten years he labored among the Flatheads, and mastered their language, the rich but difficult Kalispel. He composed a grammar of this tongue, which was published in New York in 1861, as one of a series of studies in Indian languages, edited by the distinguished historian, J. Gilmary Shea. He also prepared a Kalispel Dictionary, which we shall have occasion to mention later. In 1850 he was called by his superior to California. He died on the 23d of September, 1886, at Santa Clara College, where he had spent the latter years of his life. Though so far removed from the scene of his first missionary labors, his heart ever remained with the tribe which he helped to convert and to which he ever longed to return.

The Flatheads proved docile to these their apostolic teachers, who labored not only for their spiritual but also their temporal welfare. It was at St. Mary's Mission that the first attempt at agriculture was made in what is now Montana Territory. For here was raised, in 1842, from seed brought by Father De Smet, from Colville, Washington Territory, the first wheat and potato crop. Great was the surprise and delight of the natives, who now saw, for the first time, the way that the whites tilled the soil, and the advantage of sowing for crops. Though from this time on there was wheat at the Mission, there was no bread, except that which could be made by pounding the grain on a stone or in a mortar. It was reserved for the ingenuity and mechanical skill of a new missionary, Father Anthony Ravalli, S.J., who came to assist Father Mengarini, in 1845, to supply the deficiency. In a comparatively short time he had built, rigged up and running by water a miniature mill—the first flour mill in that part of the country. Bread was now for the Indians a tangible reality, as well as an idea associated with wheat and wheat-raising.

Father Ravalli built here also the first saw mill; four wagon tires welded together furnished the crank, and a fifth one, with plenty of filing and hammering, formed the saw.

The Fathers' manner of living was, in the main, like that of the Indians. Their ordinary fare consisted of roots, berries, dry buffalo meat with its tallow, and game when they could get it. Fish they had in abundance from the St. Mary's or Bitter Root River, on whose right bank the Mission stood, and whose clear waters were then alive with mountain trout. Food was not wanting, but isolation and continual dangers on every side rendered their life a trying one.

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Once a year only did they hear from the outside world, and that at the cost of a long and dangerous journey as far as Fort Vancouver in Oregon, whither they went with an escort of Indians and a few pack animals, to procure Mass wine and whatever provisions they absolutely needed. Nor were they always sure of getting these home in safety. For three years Father Ravalli received not a single letter, and twice in five years the Indians carrying the goods were attacked by hostile bands, wounded, and robbed of all they had. Not even the Mission itself was always secure, for frequently it was menaced by the enemies of the Flatheads, especially at the seasons when the men of the nation were known to be away on the great hunts.

But the Fathers kept on bravely and cheerfully in their good work of improving the condition of the Indian children, whose good will, docility and affection were, for the missionaries, the only compensation they sought here below. The result was that Governor Stevens, in his official report of 1855 to the President of the United States, to which Mr. Pierce referred in his annual message to Congress, speaking of the Flatheads says: "They are the best Indians of the Territory—honest, brave and docile." And again, in describing their manner of living, he states that "they are sincere and faithful, and strongly attached to their religious convictions." This testimony remains as true to-day as when it was first uttered. A proof was given during the invasion of the marauding Nez-Percés in 1877, when the firm and noble conduct of the Flatheads, in the opinion of the white settlers themselves, saved the Bitter Root Valley from pillage and bloodshed.

It is a sad but significant fact that, amid the good seed sown by the Fathers, an enemy scattered cockle, which seemed likely for a while to destroy the harvest of souls. In the winter trappers betook themselves to the Mission, under the pretence of practising their religion, and expected and even demanded to be supported by the missionaries. When they did not receive all they wanted, and when their immorality was rebuked and checked, they took their revenge by trying to poison the minds of the Indians against their benefactors. So successful were they in their dastardly attempts, that it was deemed prudent for the Mission to be abandoned temporarily, that the Flatheads might, by the loss of the Fathers, learn to appreciate the value of their presence.

Accordingly, after every effort had been made, but in vain, to undeceive the poor Indians, the Mission was closed, and the missionaries turned to other tribes. Scarcely had they left when the scales fell from the eyes of the deluded Flatheads, and they implored most humbly the return of their Fathers. This was impossible, although Father Mengarini, to his dying day, yearned to labor

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again for his first-born spiritual children. From 1850 till 1866, when the Mission of St. Mary was re-opened near Stevensville, the Flatheads had no permanent missionary, but they ever remained sincere and pious Catholics.

We now pass on to St. Ignatius, the second Catholic mission founded in Montana. It had been established as far back as 1844 among the Kalispel Indians, by Father De Smet and Father Adrian Hoecken, S.J. But the site then chosen proved unfavorable for two reasons: it was liable to inundations, and a more central position relative to other tribes would enable greater good to be accomplished. Consequently, at the request of the Indians themselves, the mission was removed to what is now a portion of the Jocko Reservation, and one of the prettiest spots in the Territory. This was the country of the Pend d'Oreilles, but a favorite resort of other tribes in winter and summer, as it abounded in game, fish, roots, and berries—the staple of Indian diet, besides affording fine pasture for horses—those indispensable companions of the Redmen. Here in 1854 Father Hoecken and Father Joseph Ménétrey established the new mission, which has since grown to be the largest in the Territory; and Kalispels, Pend d'Oreilles, Kootenais of the Tobacco Fields, and some Flatheads of the Reservation are all practical Catholics.

The church, a hundred feet long by forty-five wide, is built of wood, but is a solid structure, with a belfry fifty feet high.

There are at St. Ignatius two flourishing schools for Indian children; one for boys, conducted by members of the Society of Jesus; the other for girls, under the charge of the Sisters of Providence from Montreal. These good and noble Sisters have been at the Mission since 1864. They came all the way from Walla Walla, Washington Territory, on horseback, across the rugged Cœur d'Alène Mountains. They camped out like sturdy pioneers, and they bore without complaint all the hardships and inconveniences of the journey. They have devoted themselves ever since their establishment at the Mission to the improvement of the daughters of the forest. They train the hands not less than the heads of their pupils, adding to the branches of a plain English education practical gardening, varied manual labor, and all kinds of household industries. And while some of their scholars are skilful in all sorts of needle-work, and can handle a hoe or even an axe with dexterity, they can also write a letter that is a model of spelling, penmanship, and accuracy. The boys are not inferior to the girls in attainments appropriate to their sex. The following mechanical trades are taught: blacksmithing, carpentry, tailoring, harness and shoemaking, and printing. There are also a saw-mill and grist-mill on the school farm, the work being done by the Indian boys.

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Of the Mission printing-press they are justly proud, especially since they issued a large octavo volume of seven hundred pages. It is a complete Indian-English dictionary of the wonderful Kalispel language, spoken by the Flatheads and some fourteen other tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. The appearance of the book, if not perfect, is very creditable, considering that it is the work of Indian missionaries, published in an Indian country, and to a great extent by Indian labor. The dictionary was commenced some forty years ago by Father Mengarini, whose thorough knowledge of the Kalispel language so well fitted him for the task. The work was completed by Father Giorda. The dictionary was published for the use of missionaries, and only some fifty copies were reserved for such of the larger libraries of America and Europe as might wish to possess a book so rare and curious, and of such interest to linguists. Here also may be mentioned "Narratives from the Scripture," another work in Kalispel, published at St. Ignatius in 1876. It contains the Gospels for every Sunday in the year, and stories from the Old Testament. Though much smaller in bulk and size, in point of Indian scholarship it is, no less than the dictionary, a remarkable production.

Both the schools are supported partly by Government appropriations. The average attendance for the year 1886 was 164. The Mission is a monument of the success that has attended the self-sacrificing efforts of the missionaries and the Sisters to Christianize and civilize savages. Like the Flatheads, the Kalispels refused to take any part with the Nez Percés, who, stained with blood, rich in plunder, and breathing vengeance against the whites, sought first to tempt and then to intimidate them into becoming allies in iniquity. But all to no purpose; religion had instilled into the hearts of the Kalispels other principles of action. We might here speak of the very effectual part in founding and carrying on missions taken by the Coadjutor Brothers of the Society of Jesus, some of whom were skilled mechanics, carpenters and farmers, and were well-known characters in Montana. One veteran of Father De Smet's pioneer band still lives—Brother William Claessens, S.J., a Belgian, who has a record of forty-six years of missionary life among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. Two others, equally well known, were Brother Joseph Specht, an Alsatian, and a companion of Father De Smet in 1841, who labored forty-three years on the Mission; and Brother Vincent Magri, who came to St. Mary's Mission in 1844, and spent the remaining twenty-five years of his life for the good of the Redskins. An interesting fact is related of his death. An old Indian of St. Ignatius Mission, named Quiquilto, of great piety, and who would give the distance between two places by the number of rosaries he

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was in the habit of saying in going from one to the other, was fishing one day at Flathead Lake. All of a sudden he saw something that seemed, as he said, to take with his breath his very soul away from him. He dropped his line, and away he started for the Mission. On entering the room of Father Palladino he said abruptly: "I saw Sinze Chitass." This was the Indian name of good Brother Magri, a great favorite with the Indians at St. Ignatius Mission, where he had lived many years. At that time, however, the Brother was stationed among the Cœur d'Alènes in Idaho Territory. "I saw him," continued the old man, raising his eyes and pointing with his hand towards the sky, "riding in a most beautiful thing." The only description that he could give was that it resembled a chariot, and was exceedingly beautiful, the like of which he had never seen in his life. Several days later news came announcing the Brother's death, which had occurred four hundred miles away from St. Ignatius. By comparing dates the conclusion was evident that the Master of the Vineyard had been repaying his faithful servant's many and toilsome tramps over the mountains in His service by carrying the soul of good Brother Magri in glory up to heaven.

Passing on to the third Mission on our list, we come to St. Peter's among the Blackfeet. It was established by Father Adrian Hoecken and Father Camillus Imoda, S.J., in 1859, although its foundation may be said to have been laid by Father Nicholas Point, S.J., as early as 1846, as has been already mentioned. Its object was to save and civilize the Blackfeet nation, comprising the Blackfeet proper, Piegans, Bloods, and some other small tribes roaming in the northern part of Montana. In 1867 the site was changed for one more favorable for agriculture, as means of irrigation had been wanting in the lands first chosen. Unfortunately the rapid influx of white settlers has induced the Government to restrict the territory of these Indians, and the consequence is that the Mission is now sixty miles away from the Blackfeet Reservation. From the very first Father Imoda gave himself wholly to the work of converting these savages. He accompanied them on their hunting expeditions and shared all the hardships of their nomad life. He soon acquired a proficiency in their language, and knowing Blackfeet better than did any other missionary, he composed a small grammar and dictionary for the use of future laborers. Peculiar difficulties have beset this Mission. Not the least was the fact that the Reservation had been confided by the Government of the United States to the ministry of Protestants. The natural result was great opposition on their part to the Catholic missionaries. Moreover, these Indians were restless wanderers, and grossly addicted to polygamy, a grave obstacle to the reception of the true

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faith. Of late years a remarkable change has been taking place, as surprising as its beginning was sudden. It is hard to account for it by natural causes. Perhaps the true reason may be found in an event that occurred in the Milk River country, a few miles from Fort Belknap. Here, on the 7th of February, 1878, died a saintly priest, Philip Rappagliosi, S. J., the missionary of the Blackfeet. His death, though natural, was as mysterious to all appearances as it was untimely. He had frequently been advised not to expose his health as much as his zeal prompted him to do, especially as the Indians did not show themselves disposed for conversion on account of polygamy. But he would reply: "Some one must expose and even lose his life for the establishment of the mission." Before setting out on his last missionary tour among the half-breeds and Piegans on the Marias River, he embraced all his religious brethren, and said to one: "Dear Brother, should I return no more, pray for the peace of my soul." He never returned. He fell ill in a camp of half-breeds, but declined the assistance of a doctor, as he said his malady was chiefly in the heart. In a message to the Fathers of St. Peter's mission, he expressed his opinion that his grief, rather than disease, would bring about his death; grief that those for whose conversion and salvation he had devoted his life showed themselves so careless and indisposed. His life apparently had not availed to move their hearts; perhaps the sacrifice of that life might accomplish the change. He made the offering of it, and it was accepted. In the flower of his life, being only thirty-seven years old, he died. The noticeable change alluded to above dates from the very time that the saintly soul of Philip Rappagliosi passed to a better life.

Two schools are attached to St. Peter's Mission. One, for Indian and half-breed boys, is taught by members of the Society of Jesus. The other, for girls, is managed by the Ursuline nuns. Both schools are successful, considering the many difficulties which beset them, one of the chief being the distance of the Mission from the reservation, and another, the roving and restless disposition of Indian children, who at certain seasons of the year yearn for the freedom of the forest, and can ill brook the restraint of school discipline. This latter difficulty is, however, common to all Indian schools. At Benton, eighty miles distant from St. Peter's, there is a neat church, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, and a hospital is in course of erection. This station was formerly served from St. Peter's, but in 1885 Father Frederick Eberschweiler, S.J., took up his abode there. He found it, however, more advantageous, for greater good, to open a Mission among the Assiniboin Indians, who had for thirty years been claiming a resident missionary. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1885, he built a chapel

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and house combined on the Reservation of these Indians, and placed it under the patronage of St. Paul. He is succeeding admirably, and now has an assistant in Father Schuler, S.J.

Eight stations are attended by the Fathers, whose headquarters are at St. Peter's, and two churches have been built; one, St. Joseph's, at Sun River, the other, dedicated to the Holy Family, at Birch Creek, on the Indian Reservation. Fort Shaw is visited from St. Peter's.

In 1885, the Jesuit Fathers took charge of a Mission among the Cheyennes that had been founded by a secular priest and placed under the patronage of St. Labre. The Ursulines have a flourishing school for the Indian girls of this tribe, but as yet there is no school for the boys. The good that might be accomplished for these and other savages is greatly restricted, owing to the small number of missionaries; for it must be remembered that, though the Indians of Montana are estimated to be only about 22,500, still the majority are in a barbarous state and live in scattered camps. Their conversion and civilization cannot be effected unless missionaries live among them, to teach, not only by word, but also, and especially, by example.

In the last days of January, 1887, a Mission was opened on the Crow Reservation by Fathers Prando and P. Bandini, S.J. The site selected is in Custer county, and occupies the centre of a valley about thirty miles long, and about twenty miles away from the Big Horn Mountains, and nearly the same distance also between Fort Custer and the Crow Agency. For the present the Mission will be carried on in true Indian fashion in a tent, for want of means to build. Catholic missionaries, in this respect, are at a great disadvantage. Ministers of Protestant sects have but to state their needs, and they are sure of a ready response to their appeal. Catholic priests, on the contrary, often struggle on for years with patient and heroic devotion, but all the while conscious that they are accomplishing only a tithe of the good for souls because of the lack of money.

We now part with the Indians, and give a brief account of the Church's work among the whites of Montana. Its history covers a period of only twenty-three years. The reason is obvious. Until the year 1863 no settlement of white people existed in what, by Act of Congress of May 26th, 1864, became Montana Territory, and the first colony is coeval with the opening of the gold mines.

The first Catholic Church for whites was built in a place with the ominous name of Hell-Gate, by Father Urban Grassi, S.J., in 1863; but it was removed to Missoula City, and is under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier. Its present pastor is Father Joseph Ménétrey, S.J., who is well known throughout Montana and the

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adjacent Territories, as the founder of several Missions. He is a favorite with all classes, whites and Indians, and his cheery smile and kindly words have been the source of comfort to many a soul during his forty years of missionary life in the Rocky Mountain region. The Sisters of Charity of Providence have charge of St. Patrick's Hospital and of a boarding and day-school for girls at Missoula. In the same year Father Giorda, S. J., searching for souls whilst others sought for gold, twice visited Alder Gulch, now Virginia City, and there heard many confessions and baptized a goodly number of children. The Rev. V. Raverdy, a secular priest from Denver, Colorado, and after him Father Kuppens, S. J., visited the same place the following year. Father Giorda was there again in the winter of 1865, and remained until the spring of the following year, being succeeded by Fathers Vanzina, Van Gorp, and D'Aste, S. J. A frame building was turned into a church, and the Mission of Virginia, under the title of "All Saints," was established. In 1873 Rev. F. S. Kelleher, a secular priest, took charge of this post, and labored there with zeal and devotedness until within two years, when he returned to Europe. There are eleven stations attached to Virginia, and one church, St. Mary's, at Laurin, Madison county. Unfortunately there is no pastor at Virginia, owing to the scarcity of priests.

St. Joseph's Church, at Frenchtown, was built in 1864, and is at present served by Rev. L. G. Tremblay, a secular priest, and a zealous and active missionary. He also attends Belknap and Thompson's Falls.

Next in turn comes Helena, the capital of the Territory since 1875, when the seat of government was transferred from Virginia City. The Catholic Church here dates from 1865. The old frame church, built by the Hon. J. M. Sweeney, was opened and dedicated to the "Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary" on the feast of All Saints, 1866, by Father Kuppens, S.J., who is remembered, it is said, throughout Montana as one who understood equally well the management of wild bronchos and of rusty sinners. To accommodate the increasing Catholic population of Helena, a larger church of brick and stone was commenced in 1874 and completed in 1876. The edifice is one hundred and eight feet long by forty-three wide and thirty feet high, and its cost was $28,000. Attached to this church are the four counties of Lewis and Clarke, Meagher, Jefferson, and Gallatin, containing sixteen stations and four churches—St. John's, in Boulder Valley, St. Joseph's, in Missouri Valley, that of the Holy Family at Three Forks, and one at Bozeman. The Sisters of Charity from Leavenworth, Kansas, have charge of St. John's Hospital and Orphanage, and of St. Vincent's

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Academy, a flourishing boarding and day-school for girls, that was opened in 1868. There is also a day-school for boys.

We shall turn from Helena awhile, and cross the ridge of the Rocky Mountains to Deer Lodge. Here the Rev. R. De Ryckere, a secular priest, has been laboring devotedly since 1866. The Church of the Immaculate Conception, of which he is pastor, is a handsome stone structure. The Sisters of Charity manage St. Joseph's Hospital and a school for girls. Sixteen stations are visited from Deer Lodge.

Our next point is Butte City. Here is a fine brick Church dedicated to St. Patrick. Its pastor, Rev. J. J. Dols, is an energetic worker. Sisters of Charity direct St. Joseph's Hospital and an Academy.

The remaining stations to be mentioned are Livingston, a centre for seven other missions, attended to by the Rev. J. Halton; Fort Keogh, with St. George's chapel, served by the Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith, Chaplain U.S.A.; and Miles City, with The Church of the Sacred Heart, under the care of Father Guidi, S.J., and an Ursuline Convent school for girls.

Until the year 1883, when the Vicariate Apostolic of Montana was erected, with the Rt. Rev. John Baptist Brondel, D.D., Bishop of Vancouver's Island, as administrator, Montana had belonged to two Vicariates. The territory west of the Rocky Mountains, embracing two counties, was under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of Idaho, who was at the same time Archbishop of Oregon, and whose residence, consequently, was more than eleven hundred miles from this part of his charge. The eastern section, comprising nine counties, formed a part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Nebraska, and was more than twelve hundred miles from the Episcopal See.

In the spring of 1877, the first episcopal visitation to Eastern Montana was made by Rt. Rev. Bishop J. O'Connor, Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska. In this visit he confirmed over two hundred persons, children and adults. The impression made on the Bishop was most favorable and lasting. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Pastor of Helena, March 31st, 1879, Bishop O'Connor referring to the people of Montana, writes: "It may be that I saw only the bright side of their characters, but certain it is I never met a people with whom I was better pleased."

The Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, then coadjutor to the Archbishop of Oregon City, visited the western part of Montana in 1879, and was no less favorably impressed than Bishop O'Connor.

On April 7th 1883, the Vicariate Apostolic of Montana was erected, and, on March 7th, 1884, it became the Diocese of Helena,

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with the Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, its administrator, for its first Bishop. He had received episcopal consecration on December 14, 1879, at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, of which he became Bishop. When Helena was made the Episcopal See, the church and residence of the Jesuit Fathers became respectively the Bishop's Cathedral and Palace. The Fathers were not allowed, however, to withdraw, but two have constantly remained as assistants to the Bishop, together with a secular priest, the Rev. C. Pauwelyn. There, on the 18th of June, 1886, died Father Camillus Imoda, S.J., where he had been stationed since 1880. He had labored in Montana for twenty-seven years, chiefly among the Blackfeet, and to him St. Peter's Mission owes its existence. For the last three years of his life he acted as Vicar-General, and was highly esteemed and loved, both by the Bishop and by the faithful. He died suddenly of rheumatism of the heart as he slept at night. The news of his unexpected death cast a gloom over Helena. He was buried with all honor, and at the public expense, from the Cathedral, and his remains were placed in the crypt, where another Apostle of the Blackfeet, Father Rappagliosi, had been laid to rest eight years before—worthy sons, both, of Saint Ignatius Loyola, and worthy companions in arms of a De Smet, a Ravalli, a Giorda, a Gazzoli, and others of the same Society of Jesus, gone to their reward, but whose names and deeds live in Montana. Others still carry on the good work, some whose names are household words, the venerable Fathers Ménétrey and Joset, Fathers Grassi, Van Gorp, D'Aste, Palladino, and Father Cataldo, the present Superior-General of the Rocky Mountain Missions.

Nothing now remains except to sum up the state of the Church in Montana. As correctly as we can estimate, there are twenty-one priests, fourteen Jesuits, and seven seculars; twenty-three churches and chapels, five hospitals, seven academies, and six parochial schools: a fair showing for a diocese that has a canonical existence of only three years. She has been favored, it is true, in the chief pastors that have watched over her. The name of Archbishop Seghers calls up to our mind the saintly apostle who begged, as a favor from the Holy Father, the permission to lay aside the dignity of metropolitan of Oregon City to return to the humbler see he had before occupied, in order that he might devote himself to that vast but unexplored country, Alaska, attached to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Vancouver's Island. Leo XIII., struck with admiration for such zeal, consented, but bade him retain the title of archbishop, and sent him, as a special token of honor, the pallium, which he had given up with his archdiocese. And now the heroic archbishop is enduring the hardships of the Arctic clime in the cold region of the Yukon River,

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with a little band of missionaries, consisting of Fathers Tosi and Robaut and Brother Fuller, S.J., determined to establish missions in the very heart of Alaska.

Nor had the eastern section of Montana a less zealous vicar-apostolic in Bishop O'Connor, whose wise and energetic furtherance of the spread of the Faith is well known. Suffice it to say that Bishop Brondel is a worthy successor of those who before him ruled the church in Montana, on either side of the Rocky Mountains, for the same spirit animates them all. May we not, then, with reason, predict a bright future for the Catholic Church in Montana? She has, indeed, outstripped the territory in her already thoroughly established ecclesiastical government, whereas the Montanese are still only applicants for the admission of their territory into the National Union as a State. The population is increasing rapidly; in 1870 the census gave 20,595; in 1880 it had nearly doubled, being 39,157. In neither is any account taken of the Indians, whose number of 22,500 scarcely varies. Of the white population, the proportion of Catholics is reckoned at 5000. For the Catholic Indians it is difficult to give any figure. Certain it is, however, that all would have gladly embraced the true Faith had there been missionaries sufficient to teach them. The field is great and fertile, but the laborers for souls are few. May the zeal of the Lord raise up apostles to preach the saving truths in this western land. Men flock thither in search of gold and earthly treasures. May there not be wanting those to point out to them the only way to secure those true and never-failing treasures which can be garnered only in Heaven.

NOTE.—The material for this article has been taken chiefly from an interesting account of the "Church in Montana," by Father Palladino, S.J., and from his "Life of Father Ravalli, S.J." Private notes of missionaries have also been drawn upon, as well as the "Indian Sketches" of Father De Smet, and the "History of Catholic Missionaries," by Dr. J. Gilmary Shea.

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MARIE CLOTILDE OF FRANCE, QUEEN OF SARDINIA.—(1759–1802.)

Vita della Venerabile Serva di Dio Maria Clotilda di Francia, Regina di Sardegna. Luigi Bottiglia.
Les Princes de la Maison de Savoie. E. de Barthèlemy.
Storia Politica, Civile, e Militare. Milano, 1865.
Vie de la Dauphine Marie Josèphe de Saxe. Par C. P. Règnault.
Rohrbacher, *Histoire de l'Eglise*, t. 28.
General History of Modern Europe. Dr. Weathers.
Madame Elizabeth de France. M. de Beauchesne.

DELICATE flowers of God's own nurturing are wont to grow on the very edge of the precipice. Revolutions call forth and do not impede sanctity, that fairest flower of the Christian life. In the cold blasts which winnow and kill ordinary mortals, the holy ones stand all unshaken. Their virtues scent the moral atmosphere, aglow though it may be with the hot fire of excited human passions; or if the flowers do not smell, but are only seen by, it may be, one casual wayfarer on the very borders of the abyss, they have done their work; they have proved to man that God's tokens are everywhere, and that no soil is incapable of nurturing flowers for His paradise.

The blight of a double revolution threatened to root up the happiness of one whose existence, if we except the inspired mouth of the Church, has received a very small amount of notice from her contemporaries or posterity. Born on the steps of the first throne of Europe, the sister of a king, and herself in after years a queen, though a queen of tears, Marie Clotilde, of France, was one of the flowers of the precipice which, in the midst of a stern nature, fill the minds of men with softer thoughts, and, by the act of their blooming, exhale a perpetual *sursum corda.*

Marie Clotilde Adelaïde Xaverie, of France, was grand-daughter of Louis XV., being the eldest surviving daughter of Louis, the Dauphin, and Marie Josephe de Saxe, his second wife. Of their eight children, three, Marie Zephyrine, the Duc de Bourgogne, and the Duc d'Aquitaine, died in infancy. Marie Clotilde was born at Versailles on September 23d, 1759, whilst untroubled regal state and ceremonial surrounded her grandfather's court. By a practical working of Divine Providence men seem to be divided into two classes. Some sow; others reap. David brought together the stones, but another built the Temple therewith. The sowers

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put the seed into the ground with much pain and travail, and when the harvest comes they are not there to see and enjoy the fruits of their labor. Who shall say that their work is lost, or that God is not reserving to them the golden harvest of eternity? The same is true of those who sow for this world and the powers of darkness. When the evil weeds grow apace, others reap the fruit of their crimes.

Where in the long pages of history has the fact been better illustrated than in the closing act of two royal lives? Louis XV. had sinned away his life, if not his race, and yet at the last hour a special grace was sent to him who had all along been a reaper of good things. One of his daughters had made his conversion the prayer of her heart, and had offered herself a holocaust to God to obtain her father's soul; but more was required by the Divine Justice than Madame Louise's loving austerities. If Louis XV. departed with absolution fresh upon him, Louis XVI., all virtuous and all innocent, was to encounter the shameful death of the guillotine, and his sisters, Clotilde and Elizabeth, were to reap in suffering the seeds which the vices of others had sown.

Marie Clotilde had three brothers: Louis XVI., Louis, Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., and Charles, Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. Her only sister, Madame Elizabeth, perished by the guillotine, and the delicate odor of roses which pervaded the *Place Louis XV.* at the moment of her execution was typical of the sweetness of holiness of her life. Both sisters of Louis XVI. wished to enter religion, and both would willingly have joined their aunt, Madame Louise, in her Carmel at St. Denis. The Temple was Elizabeth's Carmel, and she was its angel of consolation. Clotilde's self-chosen lot would have been more peaceful far than the diadem which she was called to wear, though in those troubled times it is possible that no convent might have sheltered the king's sister. The princess was disagreeably characterized by her extreme corpulence. Her mother, Marie Josephe de Saxe, died in 1767, so that Clotilde's education was soon entirely in the hands of the Comtesse de Marsan, a woman of great piety and capacity. A pleasing anecdote is told of the princess in connection with a *sobriquet* which she had received. A lady about the court one day allowed herself to repeat it to Madame Clotilde herself, for which offence Madame de Marsan forbade her the princess's presence. The following day Madame Clotilde sought her out and said: "My governess did her duty yesterday; now I am going to do mine. I want you to come back and forget a little bit of giddiness which I forgive you from my heart."

Clotilde's very sweet natural disposition won her the preference of Madame de Marsan. Elizabeth, on the contrary, as a little

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child, was prone to temper and haughtiness, and, small as she was, jealousy of the *gouvernante's* affection for Clotilde entered into her heart. On one occasion, when the countess refused to give her something which she wanted, she said: "If my sister Clotilde had asked for it she would have got it."

Tradition ruled many things at the French Court; the marriage question in particular was determined by precedent and expediency, and royal brides or bridegrooms were chosen in a groove. Savoy had given two princesses to France under Louis XV., for both the Comtesse de Provence and the Comtesse d'Artois were Piedmontese, and so at the age of fifteen policy ruled the settlement of poor Marie Clotilde, whose tastes would have led her to put on the Carmelite habit at St. Denis. We have scarcely seen the king's two little sisters in their simple white muslin and blue ribbons, taking part in the national procession on the 15th of August, 1774, a few months after Louis XVI.'s accession, when we already hear of suitors and marriage contracts for the eldest of the two. It was in the sweet springtime of her life and promise that Clotilde was given to a bridegroom whom she had never seen. Her marriage to the Prince of Piedmont was declared as early as the 12th February, 1775, but the ceremony itself was delayed for a few months on account of the important event of the coronation, which had been fixed for June 11th. One May morning an envoy from the Pasha at Tripoli arrived at Versailles on official business. After his audience he was ushered into the gallery in order to compliment the queen. His appearance was somewhat grotesque, and it piqued the princesses' curiosity; but pity for his state of infidelity was their absorbing feeling. Elizabeth looked at him with compassionate eyes.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Clotilde.

"Of his soul," answered the princess of eleven.

"Oh, Elizabeth," rejoined Clotilde, "God's mercy is infinite; it is not for us to put limits to it. Let us pray for him, that will be a great deal better."

The marriage-contract between Charles Emmanuel, Prince of Piedmont, and Marie Clotilde Adelaïde Xaverie, of France, was duly signed at Versailles on August 16th, 1775. In his master's name the Comte de Viry presented the bride with a magnificent set of diamonds. On the 13th Madame Elizabeth had made her first communion, and a few days later her sister knelt before the altar in the chapel of Versailles, in all the pomp of a royal bridal. The Comte de Provence, or, as he was called, *Monsieur*, represented the bridegroom, for it was a marriage by proxy, the very last of its kind on which the regal sun of Versailles shone in full splendor. Both bride and bridegroom made a deep obeisance to the king before

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uttering the marriage-vows, which were received by the Grand Almoner, the Cardinal de la Roche Aymon. At Chambéry the Princess of Piedmont was received by King Vittorio Amadeo, and his Queen, Antonia Ferdinanda; and it seems that the bride's sweet and gentle ways took their hearts by storm. Charles Emmanuel, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards Charles Emmanuel IV., proved to be a husband not too unworthy of Princess Clotilde. The suffering he involuntarily inflicted upon her was that sort of constitutional ill-health which is productive of severe depression, and which at times would weary the patience and fortitude of the bravest. From the very beginning, she who had been thwarted in her desires after a convent, turned herself, with all the energy of nature perfected by grace, to the duties of her state. She did not belong to the class who are always sighing for what might have been. Of princes it might be said that they are scarcely allowed any childhood. The privileges of the age of freedom and absence of restraint are not long theirs. Here was a royal bride of fifteen settling down at once into the severe etiquette of her position, embracing its responsibilities and avoiding as much as possible its gala days. With Charles Emmanuel's weak health, opportunities for exercising her devotedness as sick-nurse were not wanting to the young wife. The Sardinian Court had a delightful country-seat near Turin, Veneria. There, a few years after their marriage, the Prince of Piedmont fell ill of fever. It was Clotilde who waited on him herself, and sat at his bedside ready for his slightest sign. Whilst she was taking a little rest the prince fell into a heavy sweat, and it was necessary to change even the bed-clothes. Great was Clotilde's distress when she found on awakening that her servants had not roused her as she had desired. She imputed it to herself as a fault, and was inconsolable.

At first Clotilde's extraordinary corpulence subjected her to all sorts of disagreeable remedies. The princess took her bitter medicines with the utmost sweetness, saying that it behooved her to be obedient without minding what it might cost her. She and her husband, having no children after six years of married life, entered into a sort of mutual compact, taking, however, no vow of any kind, that their love should from that time forth be of an entirely spiritual nature.

Every day the princess recited the Divine Office. She was careful not to allow her ardent devotion to interfere with any of her duties, and so she arose two hours before the rest of the household, no matter how late she had retired on the previous night. Her maids had orders to shake her if they could not succeed in otherwise rousing her. On one occasion, when she was very heavy

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with sleep, her *cameriera* smilingly said: "No one is awake at this moment but the angels, your royal highness, and I."

The atmosphere of peace and harmony produced by Clotilde's well-regulated and angelic piety, had its influence upon all those who had the privilege of waiting upon her. "This princess is an angel," they were wont to say amongst themselves. Her intense subservience to her royal father and mother-in-law knew no bounds, and she was specially drawn to Queen Antonia, in whom she saw the reflection of her own deep piety. The king frequently gave it as his opinion that Clotilde was, perhaps, too good, taking upon herself, as she would do, things which were not on her conscience in order to screen her husband.

A great reward is promised to fidelity in little things, and a holy life carries along with it an immense depth of fortitude. When the worst excesses of the French Revolution were perpetrated, and its most heinous crimes entered like a sword into Clotilde's soul, she stood without flinching at the foot of the cross.

Of all those she had loved, her sister Elizabeth was nearest and dearest to her. Charles Emmanuel broke the terrible news of her execution to his wife by showing her the crucifix and saying as he did so: "You have a great sacrifice to make." "I have made it," readily answered Clotilde; but from that day, except on occasions when her rank positively required it, Elizabeth's sister wore only a plain woollen dress, of the material called at Turin *votivo della consolata.*

On the death of King Amadeo III., in October, 1796, his son succeeded, under the title of Charles Emmanuel IV. "Heaven is sending me a crown of thorns," was the prince's remark on learning of his accession; and at that time sovereigns were singularly justified in so thinking. Far over the boundaries of France that fearful upheaving of society—the French Revolution—was bearing terror and desolation. A French lady who was at Turin soon after Charles Emmanuel ascended his tottering throne, describes the streets and squares of Turin as "crowded with men and women of all ages," who were arriving by thousands from France, and were perfectly destitute. One of them, the Duchesse de Villeroi, was entirely dependent on the kindness of her maid, who allowed her half a franc a day for her food. The same lady, who bore a letter from Mesdames de France to their niece, had occasion to see the king and queen, and was much struck by the thinness of the latter, who was wont to be so very stout. The first act of the new sovereigns was to place their kingdom under the protection of Our Lady, and to obtain from Pius VI. that the festival of the Dolors might be kept as a holyday in their dominions. Perhaps it was significant, for a larger share of those sorrows rarely falls to the

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lot of royalty. "You are quite right in calling this palace a real Calvary," wrote the queen on April 16th, 1798, to her confessor, "for that is just what it is; but so much the better, provided we make good use of it, and that from this Calvary, after having had the good fortune and the glory of carrying our cross with our good Jesus, and in His footsteps, we may pass one day to the eternal delights of Paradise. This is all my dear husband and I desire."

The same revolution which had crowded the Sardinian capital with helpless fugitives, uprooted the throne of Louis XVI., and massacred him and the sweet Princess Elizabeth, now swept over Marie Clotilde's crowned head. We do not read of any extraordinary austerities in her life; its penance was her unswerving resignation and cheerful acceptance of God's Will, awful as were its adorable manifestations with regard to her own destiny. In 1798 Charles Emmanuel had to submit to the indignity of a French garrison at Turin. It was, in fact, only the shadow of a monarchy to which he had succeeded, for the reason that the Revolution offered to small States what it offered to individuals, only one of two alternatives, death or destitution, to live in penury or to die in shame. When the whole face of a city is changed, its less important streets and alleys are levelled with the ground, and only the broadest and finest thoroughfares are left. Even these receive new names suggestive of the rebuilder's personal tastes or feats. This is something like that which Napoleon did for Europe. With the vast designs of genius he tended to unity and was a leveller of intricate bye-paths, but the plan was far from being disinterested. The European unity without Napoleon Bonaparte for its suzerain would have been to him an obnoxious possibility. He tore down or builded up for his own designs. Thus the little State which had been Piedmont was demolished and became merely five French departments. Only the great European States could hold their own against Napoleon; the smaller ones were stamped out by the ruthless imperial tyrant. On December 6th, 1799, Generals Clangel and Grouchy placed in Charles Emmanuel's hands a form of abdication of his states on the main land, which he was required to sign within fifteen hours. The Queen made her preparations peacefully and intelligently, as if it was a matter of perfect indifference to her whether or not she wore the crown which Providence had placed on her head. In all the anguish of departure she had a kind word for everybody and ready consolation to offer the members of the Royal Family. So keen, indeed, were her feelings for the sorrows of others that she went on her knees to the man who was charged to carry out Bonaparte's wishes, in order to obtain from him that the Duke of Aosta might be able to join his family, who were grieving him. Only one of her ladies could share her exile, and

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for her waiting maid she chose her *pettinatrice*, one Chiara Stuper, not because she saw in her the greatest usefulness, but because in those troubled times she happened to be a young unmarried lady and to be afflicted with deafness.

Winter in the north of Italy holds savage reign whilst it lasts. The roads were covered with ice, and snow was falling fast, as at the dim *Ave Maria* hour, on December 9th, 1799, the King and Queen of Sardinia were driven forth from their capital by the grace of the Revolution. Wanderers over the face of the earth, even though they may have sat upon thrones, may make piteous reflections upon the instability and general worthlessness of the regard of men. Rebuffs, instead of the former hosannas, greeted the royal party in some of the places through which they passed, and were the bitterest trial of a journey which was full of suffering and privation. At Alessandria they had to lodge in icy rooms and miserable beds, and at Voghera the crowds of curious and ill-mannered people that came to stare at them scarcely left the royal couple a quiet corner. Here Marie Clotilde's weak body could no longer hold out against her brave spirit. She fell ill, and would vainly have wanted a little coffee as a restorative had not her uncle, the Duke de Chablais, been able to procure her some. It was probably at Voghera that she contracted a cough which she kept till her dying day as a remembrance of that disastrous winter flight. At Piacenza, where they passed their Christmas, a certain number of faithful subjects, who had followed them on their journey, were taken away, and to Marie Clotilde, who lived for her husband, it seems to have been the keenest stroke of all. Thus it is with the saints. Besides sin they have no sorrow but that of compassion for the sufferings of others. Onward they went past Parma and Modena, till at Florence they were able to venerate another august exile, Pope Pius VI., who was at that time tarrying for a while at the Certosa. "Holy Father," said the Queen, "the consolation which I feel in seeing the Vicar of Christ and visible Head of our Holy Church fully compensates me for all my troubles."

Charles Emmanuel again fell ill at Florence, and on Marie Clotilde devolved the burden of determining their further journey across to Sardinia. The Revolution rendered it expedient, and the Queen once more gently acquiesced in circumstances as the outward manifestation of the Will of God. She had so disliked the sea that when some one had erroneously told her she would have to cross it for her crown, she had hesitated. They sailed from Livorno, after the Queen had bid farewell to her lady of honor and her confessor. Her deaf maid remained, and it was with a calm countenance and no sign of sadness that she said: '*Chiara mia*, of all the people who once served me only you and I are left, and we

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are happy together." But poor Chiara was quite prostrated by sea sickness, and it was the Queen who ministered to her hand-maid, discharging for her the most menial services.

It was *Lætare* Sunday, March 3d, 1800, when the King and Queen landed in Sardinia; and there the gripe of the Revolution was less severe, for we read of a *Te Deum* at the Cathedral of Cagliari, and the homage paid to them by the nobility. Whether it was a culpable want of forethought, however, or ignorance of the royal movements, the regal palace was totally unfit to receive the King and Queen. It was more like a den than a royal abode, and an expression of surprise escaped Marie Clotilde at the sight of the bare and wretched dwelling. Then she quickly reproached herself for her keen feelings. "Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "I seem not to be contented with that which Thou givest me, as if everything did not come from Thee! Yes, I am well contented!" And turning to the king, she said with a sweet smile: "See what a poor creature I am. This is what God wills, and yet it makes me unhappy."

In that abode, so ill-befitting their rank, Clotilde spent her days as joyfully given up to her usual exercises as if she had been still amidst all the luxury of Turin. At the end of six months a deceptive ray of light in the political horizon caused them to return to the main-land. They pitched their tent for a while at Florence, where the Queen especially loved and honored the nuns of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi. She was fond of going to Mass and Communion in their church, and would present herself last of all at the altar rails. A priest who was witness of this humility, remonstrated with the prioress, who replied that it was of no use trying to influence the Queen in the matter. Clotilde's invariable answer was that "before God a simple lay sister was of far more value than a queen, however great she might be."

It was after this second stay at Florence that Clotilde had the joy of seeing Pius the Sixth's successor, at Foligno. In later years Pius VII. could personally testify to the heroic virtues of the Queen who then prostrated herself at his feet in the faith and delight of her soul.

Rome and Naples divided between them the last days of Clotilde's exile. Writing on the 26th December, 1801, to her confessor, she says: "I have been trying, as much as my coldness would allow me, to follow the retreat which you told me about in your letter of the 22d, which I happened to receive on Christmas Eve, and to unite myself to the holy ones in the Grotto at Bethlehem. But if you only knew, dear Father, that instead of profiting by so many favors and graces of God, I grow daily more unrecollected and dissipated, prouder, more taken up with myself and with everything which concerns me personally, more ungrateful,—

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in short, worse and worse. Do pray for me, for I need it so much."

Rome, which is the resting-place of the homeless, would have seemed to offer a firm footing to the royal exiles, but even Rome's neutrality had been affected by the Revolution, and at that time a price was set on crowned heads. In the Queen's own words to her faithful lady in waiting, Badia, she looked upon herself as a "walking miracle," so manifestly had she been protected by Divine Providence. It mattered not to her in what place she passed her days, and no outward disturbance troubled her serenity. They left Rome for Naples, in May, 1801; it was Clotilde's last journey in this world.

The path of this Queen, who had been deprived of all her earthly possessions, and whose heart had been torn in its tenderest affections by the revolutionary hand, had not been strewn with those spiritual roses which soften the sharpest pain. The peace of fidelity to grace had always been hers since the days of her girlhood; but, according to the testimony of one of her confessors, she had not known the sensible delights of her intimate union with God. At the Carnival time, in 1802, there was the usual eager passion for enjoyment which specially characterizes Italians at this season. On Shrove Tuesday the Queen, after having received Holy Communion at Sta. Caterina, passed the rest of the day in prayer at various churches. "I am comforted," she said to the King, "to think I have given all my day to God, who is so much offended today in the world." They were her last hours of health that she had so consecrated. A few days later, being very ill and scarcely able to hold up at all, she sent for her confessor, Padre Mariano Postiglioni, apprised him of her state, and asked him to pray that she might still keep about till the King was in the habit of retiring, so as not to alarm him. In the night the illness declared itself, and ultimately proved to be typhus. The king gathered from his wife's heavy breathing that she was ill, and sent for the doctor without consulting her. The sufferings she endured in her head were most intense, yet she looked so cheerful and joyous that no one would have known it had she not been obliged to describe her symptoms to the doctor. One day she begged for a cushion to raise her up a little, and then, fearing she had failed to mortify herself, said to her confessor, who was present: "I am glad you are here, Father, to see how little I like suffering; my Jesus died on the hard wood of the cross, having nowhere to lay His head, and I cannot bear a tiny inconvenience. How imperfect I am! This will give you a proof of it, and so you may know what sort of daughter you have got." On the eve of her death the King called Padre Mariano and charged him with a message for the Queen, puporting that he was uniting himself with Our Lady's dispositions when she offered her Divine

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Son as a holocaust to His Eternal Father's Will, and that he was prepared to give her up in peace and resignation. The Father at first expressed himself loath to do the commission. "Go without fear," said Charles Emmanuel, "I know what my wife is."

The Queen's chief care, during her illness, was for those who nursed her. She was always thinking how she could relieve them, and as it became necessary to have a consultation, she fixed upon a time when her husband was at church, so as to spare him its painful details. On the day preceding her reception of the Holy Viaticum she was filled with the thought of Our Lord. "To-morrow," she kept repeating with her weak voice, "Jesus Christ will come, I shall receive Him *c'imbarchianio*, and there will be nothing more to fear from enemies." Clotilde had already lost her speech when by means of restoratives she momentarily recovered it to address her last loving word to the King. "*Tu mi hai chiamata mamma, e sempre saró tale per te, e dove io vado, io voglio, che tu venga con me.*" Her agony ended on the 7th of March, 1802. Few tears were shed round that deathbed, for holiness is powerful to combat the pain and dread of the last hour, and who could feel real sorrow at the Queen's departure out of exile? The celebrated Dr. Colugno, who had assisted at it, greeted the king with a certain joy instead of offering a condolence: "I rejoice with your majesty," he said, "that an angel has gone to heaven."

The military honors which are wont to be rendered to the mortal remains of princes were not given to Marie Clotilde; neither was she laid to rest in regal garments. Charles Emmanuel well knew his Queen's mind when he said: "My wife lived like a religious, and I wish her to be buried as a religious;" so her body was clothed in the lowly robes of her choice, in the woollen gown which had bespoken at once her mourning and her penance.

In the following June Charles Emmanuel abdicated in favor of his brother, the Duke of Aosta, who reigned later on as Victor Emmanuel V. He died in retirement at the Jesuit house in Rome, in 1819, a few years after the Treaty of Vienna had reinstated the fortunes of Piedmont. Six years had only passed over Queen Clotilde's tomb when the inspired mouth of the Church proclaimed her venerable by a rescript of the Congregation of Rites, on April 10th, 1808. The Revolution had, at least, made one saint; it had carved one royal heart for God with its bloody knife. It had been the outward means which enabled the queen on her throne to do what the princess in her maidenhood had been unable to accomplish, it had imposed on her poverty, humiliation, and homelessness, greater than that which fall to the lot of a nun in her cloister. The stern precipice had set off the sweet flower, which blossomed on its very edge, and softened angry passions by its fragrance.

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THE IMMEDIATE PROSPECT FOR IRELAND.[1]

IF we take account of the Irish situation for the last six months, there are many things that point to retrogression rather than to advance. When the session began there was strong hope that the split between the different sections of the Liberal party, which is the main guarantee of the existence of the present Ministry and the main obstacle to Home Rule, would soon have been healed. It was argued that it could not be agreeable to Liberals to always go into the same lobby as Tories; that however such a course might appear justifiable to men learned in the intricacies and casualties of Parliamentary tactics, it could not be understood by men outside who understand Liberal and Tory, but not a Liberal voting Tory; and the final and strongest ground for hope was that the Liberals as well, indeed, as the Tories, were so distinctly and solemnly pledged against Coercion and in favor of some form or other of Home Rule. The announcement that the Tories were about to bring in Coercion it was assumed would act at once as a disintegrating force upon the union between the two sections of the Unionist party, would drive the dissentient Liberals towards Mr. Gladstone with a view of finding some basis of compromise, and would eventuate either in a new Gladstone Government, free to deal with Home Rule on his lines, or in a Coalition Ministry in which the surrender of some details would lead to the general acceptance of the fundamental principles of Home Rule. The reader need scarcely be informed that these expectations have been entirely disappointed. The Unionists have voted as steadily with the Tories as if they were members of the Tory party; the division in the Liberals, instead of healing, has grown wider and deeper; and Coercion, instead of having acted as a solution, has acted as a cement of the alliance between Tories and the enemies of Mr. Gladstone. Nor is this the only way in which things appear to have gone back instead of forward. We have already alluded to the attitude of both the Tories and the Liberal Unionists at the election of 1886. During that election the two sections overflowed with expressions of love for Ireland and of hatred for

[1] This article having been written in the latter part of June, the signs of a change in English public opinion shown by the recent elections could not, of course, be noted by the author, who would now in all probability take a more cheerful view of the situation. But the accuracy of his estimate of the Liberal Unionists' future position will, for this reason, seem the more remarkable.—ED. A. C. Q. REVIEW.

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Coercion. The issue upon which the election of 1886 was fought was not whether Ireland should have Coercion or Home Rule, but whether she should have the Home Rule proposed by Mr. Gladstone or another and different kind of Home Rule. "To Coercion I object," said Colonel Nicholas Wood, one of the Tory members for a division of Durham, to give one example out of scores, "and my firm and hearty support will be given to a considerable extension and improvement of local government alike to the people of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, delegated by and under the supreme control of an Imperial Parliament in which they are fully represented." Thus, when the elections were over there was a reasonable prospect that the Irish question would enter upon what Mr. Gladstone has since called the reflective stage; and that the House of Commons would no longer be debating the principle, but the details, of Home Rule. Again, during the election of 1885 the Tories were on the most friendly terms with the Irish representatives; and, indeed, had, through some of their leading men, promised that they would bring in a Home Rule Bill. They had, as a result, obtained the Irish vote in the English constituencies. This coöperation at the election of 1885 was but the culmination of a long alliance through the entire Parliament from 1880 to 1885. At that period, accordingly, the character of the Irish members did not enter into debate. They were recognized as politicians whose aid both the one party and the other were justified in seeking and accepting. Everybody knows the extraordinary change which has come over the character of the struggle since that period. The *Times* has brought against the Irish members, and especially against the leader of the Irish party, a series of charges which for mendacity, cruelty and unscrupulousness are unprecedented since the days of Titus Oates. The Tory leaders, even the men who in former days were in the most intimate association with the Irish members, have not been ashamed to take up these charges and make them part of their stock-in-trade in political contests. The forged letter ascribed to Mr. Parnell has been reprinted and circulated in pamphlet and sometimes in placard form all over the country; and Mr. W. H. Smith, who is the great distributor of periodical literature throughout the country, has placed his hundreds of bookstalls at the disposal of the propagators of calumny. Americans may have been so amused or so disgusted by the attacks of the *Times*, by its clumsy forgery, by its huge, gross and childish misconception of the support of the Irish cause in America, as to attach little importance to these attacks; but they must make large allowance for the want of intelligence and information on the Irish question among large masses of the English

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people; and they must accept the fact, surprising though it may be, that these attacks have had their effect and have done a good deal to damage the cause of Ireland. The way the matter stands is this: The friends of Ireland, when Mr. Gladstone proposed his policy a year ago, were the best elements of the population—the men with keen instinct of right, furious hatred of wrong, the men of sympathy, charity and clear and bold conception of political problems. This section of every population is always the first to accept great reforms; but reforms have to be carried by majorities, and men of the type we describe do not form the majority for a considerable time. The timid, the half-hearted, the prejudiced, the watchers of the atmosphere—these are the men who in this world, alas! have the casting-vote in all humanity's struggles towards higher things. In England we have the bold and the manly with us still; we have lost no friends; but the timid and the wavering are still against us; we have kept, but we have not increased, our friends.

It is in London that one feels especially the want of progress, and that one is disposed to exaggerate it. London is the seat of the Parliament, and the Parliamentary situation is as bad as it can be. The metropolitan press is all against us. The *Daily News* speaks in our favor, but it has a difficult *clientèle* to manage, and there is often an absence of "go" and dash in its advocacy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is more vigorous and able, but it is a penny evening journal, and journals of that kind have but a limited circulation. There are nearly a million subscribers and probably five times as many readers of the other journals, who without doubt are bitterly opposed to the Irish cause, and exhaust every method of assailing it. When one wakes in the morning his ears are deafened with this tumultuous and unanimous chorus of vituperation; and it requires some reflection and some courage to think that there are people who are so strong for right as not to be influenced by these attacks.

The Parliamentary situation is, we repeat, as bad as it can be. The great reason of this is the unfortunate position of the Liberal Unionists. They sometimes boast that they are the masters of the situation; they would with much more truth be described as its slaves. There is scarcely one of them, with the exception of a few leaders, who would have the least chance of being returned if there were another appeal to the country. In some places Gladstonian Liberals would be returned; in more, perhaps, Tories would succeed; but somebody else would, in almost all cases, take the places of the Unionists. A dissolution, then, means to them the crack of doom, and accordingly the whole end and sum and aim of their

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policy for the moment must be the postponement of a dissolution. On the other hand, the Tories have it in their power to produce a dissolution at any moment; and often they have a sore temptation to do so. In the present divided state of the Liberal party it is more than probable that a dissolution would mean an overwhelming Tory majority; and the Tory party, though they have the advantage of the Liberal Unionist vote, would nevertheless prefer to be dependent entirely on their own friends. The Tory Ministers accordingly have the Unionists absolutely at their mercy. The Ministers make their proposals; the Unionists may object, and perhaps may menace, but that does not alter the situation. Now the Unionist has his choice between dissolution and the acceptance of the Ministerial measure—between immediate political death or the continuance of a shameful political life. It is clear that under these circumstances the whole object of the Liberal Unionists must be to prolong this Parliament and this Ministry; and so long as this Parliament and this Ministry continue, so long, of course, will Home Rule be prevented.

As we have now drawn in colors not distorted by optimism, but rather the reverse, the present aspect of the situation, let us proceed to see if there be anything which can be put forth for the other side. We have said that the Parliamentary situation is as bad as it could be, and we have given strong reasons in support of the feeling that it is not going to improve immediately. But, then, there is nothing so changeable as a Parliamentary situation, and especially in a country like England. The present Ministry have been singularly lucky so far in being allowed to concentrate the attention of Parliament and the country upon the affairs of Ireland. For the moment the world seems buried in the stillness and the tranquillity of a Sabbath—as if absorbed in the great conflict going on in the nations of England and Ireland, and unwilling to distract its own attention or the attention of the combatants from that mighty and dramatic struggle. But this kind of thing cannot go on forever. Great battles have had to be fought in the world's history on the Lord's day; and while the world generally has been on its knees before a God of Justice and Peace and Love, men have been engaged in the murderous, bloody and horrible work of war. So also with the British Empire. Its lands touch almost every country of the world, and its world-wide interests bring it into possible collision, in a thousand and one ways, with nearly every other people. Russia advances towards its Indian frontier; France resents its presence in Egypt; Germany is fighting against its universal mastery of the still uncivilized parts of the world; through Canada and its fisheries and other questions the British Empire

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is in a state of constant irritation against the United States. The day may come at any moment when at some one of these other points the Ministers of the British Empire may have to make their choice between a war or the acceptance of national dishonor; and the acceptance of either alternative means an enormous advance in favor of Home Rule. War would mean the immediate necessity of settling a question which keeps locked up in Ireland a considerable portion of the not very large army of England; and the acceptance of a national humiliation would equally mean the occurrence of the reflection that a state of things can no longer be allowed to go on in Ireland which leads to a result so disastrous and so shameful.

A still more hopeful chance, however, is the state of the Liberal Unionists themselves. An unnatural combination does not and cannot have powers of endurance. Liberal Ministers have over and over again found it hard, and indeed impossible, to hold together a solid and united Liberal Party. In both 1868 and 1880 Mr. Gladstone began his Parliament with a majority of a hundred over his opponents; and long before the time had come for the dissolution of the Parliament the majority had gradually dwindled away, and finally turned into a minority. If that be true of a homogeneous majority, it is obviously still more true of a majority so heterogeneous as that by which the Tory Ministry is at present supported. The Liberal Unionists at the present moment are fresh from one general election, and very far removed from another. They have the insolence of a near victory; all the bitterness of a new conflict; all the reckless courage of men far removed from danger. We have had abundant experience of the difference made in men's temper and spirits by the date at which a general election may take place. In the Parliament of 1880 to 1885 there were the nominal Home Rulers, and it will be remembered how these gentlemen supported the Ministry in all the shameful acts of injustice towards Ireland. But in the midst of one's rage and despair at the fact that these men could betray with impunity the interests of their constituents, there was some satisfaction in seeing their abject looks of terror whenever there seemed a chance of an appeal to the people. Mr. Mitchell Henry and the rest of the crowd of sycophants and traitors and slaves who had deserted the Irish people in their hour of need, would gather together, frightened, with pale faces and distorted features, and ask the Ministerial whips whether they were really to be sent out to execution on the altars of their constituencies. The time will come when the Unionists will be placed in a similar plight. A general election occurs, on the average, every five years. Already a year has passed of the

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precious five which mark the allotted term of the Parliamentary life of these gentlemen. Every day that passes brings nearer the hour of inevitable death, and at the same time brings nearer the desire of death-bed repentance. The Unionists may be divided into three classes. There are those who have no desire to enter Parliament again, and who, of course, will stand by the Ministry to the bitter end. Of those who desire to be Members of Parliament again, some may be quite ready to become members as Tories; but a large number must desire to become members as Liberals. By their past pledges and careers, by their social position, their religious persuasion, their whole instincts, a certain number of these gentlemen can never become members of a Tory party; and as they cannot be Tories, they must be Liberals. If these gentlemen, then, desire to be returned to Parliament again, it must be as Liberals; and if they want to be returned as Liberals they must come back to their allegiance to Mr. Gladstone. Already the pressure of their constituencies has brought conviction to more than one shaky Liberal member. Mr. Hingley, member for one of the divisions of Worcestershire, threatened by his constituents with opposition at the next election, has cried "*Peccavi*," and has declared that in future he will be a loyal supporter of Mr. Gladstone. There is the case of Mr. Winterbotham, which, though not quite similar, suggests what may occur in other instances. He was returned as a Unionist, but when coercion was proposed he deserted the Unionist party and has spoken and voted steadily against coercion. Finally, there is the case of Sir George Trevelyan. He has just written a strong letter in favor of Mr. Halley Stewart, the Liberal candidate for the Spalding division of Lincolnshire, and may now be said to have definitely parted company with the Unionists. His action is not due to the pressure of a constituency, for he represents no constituency at this moment. It is due to his feeling that many of the Unionists are not to be won by any concessions Mr. Gladstone may make, but are resolved forever to keep him out of power. Of course these things seem trifling enough at the present moment—especially in view of the steady support which the main body of the Unionist party is giving to the Government and to coercion in Parliament, but it must always be remembered that the Liberal Unionist army is one which can very easily break up. A few desertions mean a severe defeat. It would not require more than twenty desertions from the Liberal Unionist side to make the parties in the House of Commons so even as to render a further continuance of the Ministry impossible. A Ministry of coercion can only survive when it can command a large majority. A Ministry working coercion, on the other hand, with a majority of twenty in the House of Commons

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would be so flagrantly impotent as to be destined to almost immediate extinction. As time goes on, the disintegrating forces, for reasons we have set forth, in the Liberal Unionist party will largely increase. The central point which ought always to be remembered in reference to the present situation, is to give due form to assumptions as to the conduct of the Unionist party in the future drawn from its conduct at the present moment. It is now in the full flush of its triumph, in the full strength of its union, at the height of its spirits. The moment the tide begins to turn, all this must pass away; and with the departure of their courage and the prospect of a general election, many Liberal Unionists will begin those searchings of heart which will drive them once more into the ranks of Mr. Gladstone's supporters.

Against this argument there are shrewd politicians who declare that the Liberal Unionists cannot, under any circumstances, get back into Parliament. Their view is that the politicians in Westminster, who are accustomed to compromise, and who use disreputable tools for the hard necessities of political life, may be disposed to view with favor the death-bed repentance of those with whom their constituencies will have nothing to do for the future. The facts that these men have been supported by Tory votes, that they have controlled the Liberal associations which contain the most earnest and energetic local leaders, and that they have persisted in their course in spite of all remonstrances, have raised up against them a harvest, a host, and a crop of enemies who will not be satisfied with anything short of their political extinction. A great change has come over political life in England within the last few years. The time was when the candidates for the constituencies were chosen either by the whips of parties, or by a select little clique in the Reform or Carlton Club. That time has passed away with the extension of the franchise and the consequent increase in number of voters. There is a little assimilation towards the political machinery in America by which the selection of candidates is taken away from small bodies and given to largely representative organizations. Nearly all the constituencies in England now have their Liberal associations, made up of from 200 to 600 of the most active workers in the constituency. These men have a final voice in the selection of the candidate. In many constituencies they have already proclaimed their determination not to allow back the old Liberal Unionist representatives, and have gone the length of selecting candidates in their stead. It may be that some of these associations might be amenable to party discipline and to the mandate of the central body of the Liberal party. But a good many others will undoubtedly hold out and will refuse under any circumstances to be again represented by

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men who have voted for coercion. This, of course, places a considerable difficulty in the way of gaining Liberal Unionist converts. The Liberal Unionist who does not desire to become a Conservative, and who knows that he cannot be returned as a Liberal, will naturally hold his seat in Parliament to the very utmost length he can; and for this reason there are frigid and pessimist critics who think we must look for the existence of the present Parliament to the very end of its legal term.

This prospect is discouraging enough, because in that period Ireland will have to go through a large amount of suffering. The emigration which once more is flowing in full tide will seriously diminish the strength of the population, and the landlords will be able, by eviction and by a refusal to reduce their rents, to further impoverish an impoverished tenantry. On the other hand, it must be said that the longer the Irish question is studied the more chance there is of producing that universality of opinion and that depth of conviction by which such a great reform as Home Rule can only be carried. Besides, it is rarely that a party which has held power for such a lengthened period as six or seven years is returned to office. The English people in their way are quite as desirous of political changes as other nations for whose levity they so frequently express contempt. It is almost the universal rule of English politics that parties go up and down; that the victor to-day is the vanquished on to-morrow, and that every day of its life is also a day nearer to the death of every Ministry that exists. The Ministry of Mr. Gladstone of 1868 was, perhaps, the best, in many respects, that England has ever had. In the short space of less than six years he produced, we think, the mightiest reforms ever contemplated of England's political history; he abolished purchase in the army; he gave the voter the first freedom from intimidation and corruption by means of the Ballot Act, and throughout the whole period he managed to maintain the peace of the Empire. Yet at the end of that period, when he appealed once more to the constituencies, the answer was a defeat as disastrous as almost any in English history. His Ministry of '80 to '85 was not quite so successful or beneficent as the Ministry of the first epoch, and if it did not receive as disastrous a defeat at the polls, it was not due to any want of that Conservative reaction which always follows a Liberal tenure of office. In most constituencies where the voting power remained the same as at the election of 1880, Mr. Gladstone's candidates were defeated; the boroughs went largely, and in some parts of the country almost unanimously, against him. The reason why his Ministry was saved from defeat was that the reduction of the franchise

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had admitted for the first time into Parlimentary life the agricultural laborer.

The laborer naturally voted for the man who had given him the franchise, and so the victories in the counties won through the new voters compensated for the defeats in the boroughs through the old electors. Similarly, according to precedents in English history, if the present Ministry should survive for the full term of seven years, the result will be a great Tory defeat, and a great reaction in favor of the Liberal party. In fact, in some respects, the longer the Ministry survives, the better for the cause and the greater the chance of that revulsion of feeling by which a long tenure of power is nearly always followed.

The future of English parties, however, is largely dependent upon the state of Ireland. On this point it is as yet impossible to speak with any definiteness. The policy which must be pursued when the Coercion Act is passed has still to be decided. It cannot be denied that there are some differences of opinion, even among intelligent and honest Irishmen, as to what that policy should be. On the one hand, there is the school which says that the situation has been so entirely revolutionized by the adoption of Home Rule by the Liberal party as to require an entirely new treatment of affairs in Ireland. This school of thought is of opinion that the more quiet Ireland is, the better chance she has of obtaining a speedy termination of her troubles. Riots, disorder, crime, passive resistance—all these things are represented as driving away from her side in England that shifting ballast of timid and wavering men whose votes are required for her final victory. Gentlemen of this way of thinking would be inclined to ask that Ireland should go on quietly in her usual course and accept the Coercion Act as a necessary evil to be borne patiently for a short period in the certainty that its time would soon expire, and that by such a course of self-restraint the mind of the English people would be in a mood more fit to accept the doctrines of Irish self-government. On the other hand, there are those who think that the more fiercely and rapidly things are driven to extremes, the better. They declare that if Ireland were to remain tranquil under Coercion, it would be regarded as a triumph for the policy of the Government, and that the Government would thereby be justified in adopting such methods of rule, and that the opinion of England, lazy and ill-informed, might be in favor of viewing the policy of the Government as the final word upon the Irish question. On the other hand, they point out that if things are driven fast, the Government would be constrained to put all the forces of the Coercion Act into operation, and that this means that they will be compelled to arrest men by wholesale, to send to evictions large forces of mili-

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tary and police, and, in fact, to proclaim civil war in Ireland. It is argued that if this state of things should come about, the Irish question would soon be settled. After all, the people of England are accustomed to free institutions, and cannot tolerate in any other country, and will not be disposed to tolerate in Ireland, the destruction of all forms of public liberty. They have always revolted against wholesale arrests, and they have done so in days much darker in Ireland than those through which we are now passing. In 1881 and 1882 the Liberal Ministry had the full support of the Opposition; there was no English party and no section of any English party that had a word to say in favor of the Irish people or of the Irish nation, and yet, unquestionably, the wholesale arrests carried out under Mr. Forster's Act had the effect of creating a tremendous revulsion of feeling. So strong was this revulsion that even a Tory member gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion of censure upon Mr. Forster's administration of the Coercion Act; and Mr. W. H. Smith proposed a scheme of peasant proprietorship so as to escape from the intolerable perils of the situation in Ireland. It was the wholesale arrests in Ireland that led to the overthrow of Mr. Forster, apparently in the very plentitude of his power. And if all this could happen in the days when the Liberal party was united with the Tories against Ireland, assuredly it may happen again when Ireland has such a potentate as Mr. Gladstone, such strong friends as the Radical members, and such enormous support as is to be found among the working classes of England. Again, evictions submitted to in silence might be said to suffocate the voice of Ireland. Whatever misery, whatever injustice, whatever wrong may be done at evictions, patiently borne, the world knows nothing of it. Evictions, on the other hand, resisted with firmness, as at Bodyke, focus the opinion of the world upon the state of the Irish question, and bring out in lurid light the misery of the tenant on the one hand, and the wicked injustice of the landlord on the other, and in that way elicit a sympathy which would otherwise lie dormant or dead. The English people, after all, have a strong hatred of injustice, a keen sympathy with the victims of oppression; and the resistance to eviction is the best manner in which these feelings are brought out. The whole contention of this school of thought is, to the writer, the situation as made for the Government in Ireland; the more they are driven to extremities—the more they are obliged to put the Coercion Act into operation, the shorter will be the period of Ireland's agony—the sooner the day of Ireland's resurrection. Between these two opposing schools of thought there are many who suggest a middle course. A wholesale movement against rent is out of the question. It would take away from Ireland the

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moral sympathy of the world, which at present she so largely enjoys; it would involve on the part of the people a degree of sacrifice which it would be reckless and criminal to ask and impossible to obtain. But there are many cases where the people have an unanswerable claim for protection against evictions. Such was the case, for instance, with the Bodyke tenants, with the result that even so fierce an advocate of landlords' rights as Lord Worthington was moved the other day to denounce those evictions as harsh and unjust. For the tenants on estates where rack-renting is undeniable, where injustice can be more clear and palpable to the world, where, in spite of their misery, they retain a manly spirit—if tenants such as these were to offer passive resistance to evictions, there could be little doubt that the results would be good. However, all these things are in the future. The first move remains with the Government. If they proceed at once, as it is suggested they will, to use the powers of this Act, the power of choosing their course will be largely taken from the Irish people. They cannot submit patiently to provocation, and the responsibility for any resistance to coercion must be with the Government.

What must be taken most into consideration in the Irish question is the temper of the Irish people themselves. Everybody who has been among the people has agreed in the statement that never has their spirit been higher and more determined. Even observers in every part of the country are quite prepared for the worst that may come. A good many of them have already made their business arrangements in connection with their imprisonment. Ireland at the present moment has the enormous advantage of having at her back all classes of society except those who are exclusively the enemies of the people. The shopkeeper has thrown in his lot loyally with the farmer in very many parts of the country. The shopkeeper is the trusted local leader. Behind the shopkeeper stands the still greater power of the priesthood, and behind the priesthood stand the inspiring forms of the prelates of the Church. In the Land League days, unfortunately, there was a certain division of opinion in some parts of the country between the priests and the public leaders, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that under the then Episcopate the priests were not allowed to take that active and prominent part on the side of the people to which their inclinations and their convictions would have led them. This, of course, has entirely passed away. Unquestionably, the appointment of Archbishop Walsh to the See of Dublin has created a most remarkable revolution in the Irish Church and among the Irish people. With the strong influence of Archbishop Croke at his back, he succeeded in rallying into one united and solid body all the bishops of the Church on the side of

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the people and against the side of their oppressors. The other day, perhaps for the first time in Irish history, there was an absolutely unanimous resolution in favor of self-government and against coercion. Encouraged by this example in high quarters, the priests have been able to follow their natural inclinations, and have thrown themselves heart and soul into the movement for the protection of the tenants, have been the leaders of the strongest movement of self-defence, and have already given in the case of Father Keller and in the case of Father Ryan proof of their readiness to courageously bear the worst. As to the farmers themselves, their position, unfortunately, leaves them no choice, even in case of their being ready to yield. The enormous depreciation of values has left many of them without any resource whatever, and General Hunger and General Poverty are fighting on the side of the people against the Government. I am told by those who put the question to the people that the prospect of a few months' imprisonment, even with the addition of hard labor, under the Coercion Act, is laughed to scorn. Inured to hardship, trained in suffering, educated in the history of self-sacrifice, these poor creatures regard imprisonment with an amount of equanimity which could not be found in men whose lot has been less hard. All the probabilities, then, are, that if the Government should proceed to extremities, the people will be quite ready to meet and to resist them. The great difficulty of the situation will be that of keeping the movement full of courage and free from crime. Happily, all the indications are that the people have made up their minds to abandon and distrust the old brutal methods of crime, that they appreciate fully not merely the moral infamy, but the political disadvantage of such offences, and that they will seriously set their faces against any repetition of the horrors and crimes of the dark and hopeless past.

After all, the question in Ireland is not a question of the number of men who are ready and willing to go to prison. Ireland has always been able to supply a sufficient number of this masculine mould and character. What men fear in Ireland is not imprisonment, but the ruin of their families. If the National League is able to assure the people that while they are in jail their wives and children will not be allowed to starve, and that their business will not be allowed to go to ruin, there will be plenty of men in all parts of the country who will regard the day that sends them to be confined within prison walls as the happiest and most glorious day of their lives. In other words, it is a question of money, and of money only. The same observation applies to the resistance which will be given by the tenants. What the National League ought to be able to do is to tell every tenant who makes a manful defence of his home against un-

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just eviction, that he will not be allowed to suffer; that if his house be levelled with the ground, the League will supply him with a temporary dwelling place instead; that if his crops, his cattle and his means of livelihood be taken away from him, he and his children will receive such an allowance as will keep them above starvation until the battle is over. All these things mean war and expenditure up to the scale of war. Once more it is the Irish race in America that have largely the decision of this question in their hands. Coercion cannot reach, Coercion cannot intimidate them. Living under a flag of a free country in those prominent and lucrative positions to which the talent of their race entitles them at home and abroad, it is they who are most feared by the enemies of their country and of their race. Three-fourths of the calumnies heaped upon the heads of the Irish nation and of the Irish leaders, are the shrieks of impotent rage against the Irish in America. It is felt that there can be no longer, even with coercion in its worst forms, even if the present Irish party should pass away—it is felt that there can be no longer that dreary interval in Irish history in which the voice of righteous and indignant commands will give place to the silence of the cowed slave or the whimper of the wretched beggar. The fall of O'Connell, the famine, the *régime* of corrupt representation in the Imperial Parliament, gave Ireland an interval of nearly a quarter of a century, the darkest in her history. But those were days before Ireland in America stood behind Ireland at home. To the Irish in America, therefore, does the Irish nation look with eager and confident hopes in the present hour of her struggle; and in the very generous and noble response of America in the past lies a sufficient guarantee of generous support and noble action in the present hour.

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XAVIER THIRIAT—A NATURALIST OF THE VOSGES.

AMONG the many admirable instances of men who have attained to considerable eminence in letters or some branch of science, may be mentioned M. Xavier Thiriat, a peasant of the Vosges, who became a paralytic in his tenth year, but who, notwithstanding his helpless condition and limited means, has, through sheer force of character and great natural intelligence, acquired so thorough a knowledge of the natural history of his native valley and the mountains that encompass it, as to publish an account of the insects and flora of that region, as well as many statistics of atmospheric phenomena, which have won for him a place in several learned societies of France. Imbedded in his works are interesting descriptions of the manners and customs of his province, and sonnets full of grace and sweetness, though deeply tinged with melancholy.

But his chief work, perhaps, is a diary into which he has woven an account of his early life, published under the title of "Journal d' un Solitaire," so called in allusion to his sad physical condition, which necessarily isolates him in a great measure from his kind. This "Journal" is full of freshness of feeling and the poetical simplicity of pastoral life; and though sometimes a little morbid, as might be expected, is worthy of its place among the introspective literature so popular in these days. It reveals a cultivation of the heart and a sensibility and delicacy of feeling that are surprising in a person of his lowly condition and lack of early education. It gives an insight into the secret struggles with his lot and the means he took to overome frequent temptations to despondency, and even despair, and to attain to a peaceful serenity of mind and a rational degree of happiness through the influence of his religious principles, his intense love of nature, and his perseverance in studies that have given a healthy tone to his mind.

Although M. Thiriat belongs to the peasantry, he is of an old and respectable family. His father, Jean Nicholas Thiriat, was for sixteen years mayor of the *Syndicat* of St. Amé. A brother of Jean Nicholas was vicar of Mirecourt, and one of the most learned priests of that region. Another brother served under Napoleon I., took part in the campaigns of Italy and Germany, and was at the battle of Waterloo. In view of his services, he was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and he died with the rank of captain in 1825.

For one hundred and fifty years the Thiriat family has been in

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possession of a small farmstead at Xatis-Amet,[1] one of the oldest places in the valley of Cleurie. This valley is in the Hautes Vosges, between Remiremont and Gerardmer, shut in by two high ranges of mountains, which separate it on one side from the valley of the Moselle, and on the other from that of the Moselotte. In one direction are Chèvre-Roche, St. Arnoud, Gris-Mouton, and St. Mont; in the other the Grand Bélier, Rochotte, Solem and Houé, all of which are between two and three thousand feet in height and remarkable for the wild, romantic character of their scenery and the numberless glens and valleys they enclose—beautiful with verdure and winding streams, numerous beech-woods and orchards, and scattered villages and hamlets. All the beauty of the Vosges is in this region—a region at once smiling and severe. In every direction are those beautifully rounded heights called *ballons*, with their moorlands and forests of pine, affording admirable points of view over countless valleys watered by a net-work of silvery streams.

The valley of Cleurie is so called from a rivulet of that name, otherwise Clair-rupt,[2] a name indicative of the usual purity of its waters, though it becomes turbid and swollen in the rainy season, and roars along its rocky bed so as to be heard half a league off, emptying at last into the Moselotte, a tributary of the blue Moselle. At the entrance to the valley is a lovely cascade called the Saut de la Cuve, the central feature of a glorious landscape, but greatly marred by an unsightly factory recently erected.

It was in this charming valley that Xavier Thiriat was born on Christmas day, 1835. His father cultivated the small farm of Pré-Tonnerre,[3] which barely enabled him to support his family of nine children in the most frugal manner. The shortness of the warm season and the nature of the soil render the farmer's life here one of arduous labor; and his chief means of support are derived from the butter and cheese (the cheeses of the Vosges, *façon Géromé*, are famous), and the overplus of his flocks and herds. Winter lasts nearly six months of the year. Snow often falls in the middle of November, and the cattle are not sent to pasture till the end of April. Forty years ago all the herds of the commune were pastured in the common lands on the mountains, and the youngest boys were sent to guard them; but since the progress of agriculture

[1] *Xatis*, derived from *essart*, a name formerly given to the common lands brought under cultivation and rented.

[2] *Rupt* signifies a stream.

[3] Pré-Tonnerre does not derive its name, as might be supposed, from the frequency of thunder-storms in this valley, but from *tonard*, of the *patois* vocabulary, signifying a turner of wood—doubtless a reminiscence of the ancient carvers and turners who were numerous when this valley was more densely wooded with the oak and the beech.

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permanent enclosures have been generally adopted, and only a few cattle are now to be seen in the uplands.

Xavier Thiriat was only seven years of age when sent to guard his father's cattle on the mountains. He was then an active, sprightly lad, who liked nothing better than to climb the steep mountain sides and take part in all kinds of boyish sports. He gives us in his "Journal" many pleasing glimpses of this part of his boyhood, on which he has reason to look back with so much regret.

There was great rejoicing when the day came for the herds to be sent to the mountains. The cow-bells were brought forth, the straps oiled, new lashes put on the whip-handles, and long flexible rods cut from the nearest hedge. As soon as the dew had evaporated, the cattle were set at liberty, and went off bounding, and gamboling, and contending for precedency and suitable companionship. Then what cracking of whips, what tinkling of bells, what laughing and shouting, as the boys brandished their long sticks till they brought the herds into proper order! The cows had all distinctive names, which could be heard resounding in every direction —such poetical names as Fieurie, Fanfan, Blanquette, Grivelle, Jançatte, Rogeate, Pommatte, Brûnatte, etc., which they always seemed to recognize.

The boys were generally ordered to seek out the hollows and grassy nooks on the mountains; but those of the same neighborhood always took care to keep their herds in the same quarter, that they themselves might not be separated. In the winter they could only meet on Sundays or at school, their houses being so far apart; but, now that summer had arrived, they would be months together on the mountain and could indulge in unlimited sports. Their life was hard, to be sure, with constant exposure to all kinds of weather and the necessity of vigilance, day and night, over their cattle; but there was the wild, unrestrained freedom of life in the open air, and their hardships only gave the more zest to their sports. They had games of all kinds. They danced in gay rounds, whistling as they danced, or playing on the flutes and fifes which they made out of the willow and birch, from which the bark could easily be pealed in spring time. They wove helmets for their martial exercises out of tall green reeds, and instead of plumes adorned them with huge red bunches of St. Anthony's laurel or other bright flowers. They braided rush baskets for strawberries and raspberries, to send home to their mothers and sisters, who, day by day, prepared for them "the scrip, the needments, for the mountain air"; and they wove garlands out of wild flowers, such as the splendid purple digitalis, the glory of their woods; the scarlet lychnis, radiant as a flame, of which the ancient Greeks, too, made garlands; the *clochette de*

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brebis or campanula; the sept-foil, or St. Catherine's herb; the modest blue-eyed periwinkle, or *fleur de la Vierge;* and many other flowers to which the peasants have given religious and poetic names.

When hungry they ate their hard black bread and gathered wild berries, and quenched their thirst at the cool mountain springs by means of syphons they made out of the long, hollow stalks of the digitalis, which did not require them to stoop to the ground. How delightful was this free, untrammeled life in the woods and pastures! What boisterous games, what roaring songs, what skirmishes and races on the mountain sides, what peltings of each other with "silvery oak-apples and fir-cones brown"!—"I can still see all these things," exclaimed the crippled solitaire years after. "If I were not chained to the ground, how soon would I be again foremost in the wildest of such rustic gayety! How I love those towering cliffs, those gigantic pines with their mysterious shades, their wildness of aspect, and the gentle whisperings of their boughs! I can still hear the bells of the cattle sounding the same notes as at my earliest remembrance."

The herds-boys had a shady bower in a thicket, where, on a leafy altar, they set up a rude cross fashioned with their own knives. Here they gathered morning and evening to say their prayers at the sound of the *Angelus* bells coming up from the valley. It was near this verdant oratory the cattle were inclosed when the Fête-Dieu approached, and the lads busied themselves in preparations for this beautiful festival. They gathered vines and green branches to deck the fronts of the houses, and wild flowers for the altars and to carpet the highway. They strewed the golden broom, and petals of the rose and the peony before the doorways in form of crosses, monstrances, and sacred monograms, with fresh green leaves for the groundwork. They made altars and *reposoirs* along the cliffs set with branches of spruce and "the prickly furze with buds that lavish gold," and decked them with mosses and the choicest flowers of wood and field. It was a time of universal rejoicing, and the faith and piety of the valley were expressed after the manner of a pastoral people.

Another festival especially dear to boyhood, but less religiously celebrated, was that of St. John the Baptist, which was here kept on the Sunday nearest Midsummer Day. Then the foremost cow of every herd that wore the bell had her head proudly decked with garlands of the *fleur de St. Jean*, as the large daisy of the meadows is called. Then, too, the fires of St. John were lighted. For days previous the boys were gathering juniper bushes, pine branches, and tufts of broom and the heather, which they piled into an immense heap on the highest point of the mountain. A

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little before sunset all the young people of the valley, their parents generally with them, assembled around this pile, which was lighted as soon as it was dusk. The flames rose up like an immense column of fire, the juniper bushes giving out a white, undulating cloud that was particularly effective. A countless number of these fires could be seen in every direction all along the mountains of the upper Moselle, blazing along the horizon like so many stars in the firmament. Joyful shouts could be heard echoing through the mountains as the boys heaped on more brush, trying to make their fire outshine that of their neighbors. And there was the bellowing of the startled cattle, the loud tinkling of bells, and the shrill songs of the *bergères*, as the people, old and young, danced in great circles, only separating when the flush on the mountain tops reminded them that the hour of labor was approaching.

But as soon as the mountaineers began to lose their ancient simplicity of manners, abuses crept into such gayeties. The clergy frowned on them—perhaps always did. The civil authorities finally denounced them, and now the old joyous pastoral festival has lost its chief display, and the *Feus de St. Jean* are extinct forever.

But in the month of September came the greatest time of rejoicing. Then is the Nativity of our Lady—the pastoral feast of the valley—which is celebrated by each village in turn, Sunday after Sunday, from the last of August till some time in October, with peals of trumpets and *clarinettes*, and songs of joy. This is the time of family gatherings, when the very poorest make merry to the extent of their power. Then fine wheaten bread is served to all the household, as well as meat, and sometimes wine—at least the sour, detestable wine which, since the days of the Italian adventurer, the peasants sarcastically call the *vin de Garibaldi.*

M. Thiriat tells with what interest he and the other children looked forward to this day, when, instead of black barley bread and potatoes, they could sit down to *pain blanc* (and in many families this was the only day in the year when such a luxury was indulged in), and meat, and tarts—not every-day tarts, by any means, but rich, juicy tarts, baked in the great oven, made of eggs, butter, and cheese; or, what was far better, with plums, cherries, or apples, instead of the cheese. Then, indeed, was there cause for rejoicing!

In his parish this festival was kept on the Sunday nearest the 8th of September. In the morning every one put on his best clothes to attend High Mass, except the grandmother, whose part it was to remain at home to make ready the dinner and receive the family at the door on their return. Before dinner they put on gayer, more festive garments. There were always a few guests—

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uncles, aunts, and some friend of the family who was fond of the children and gave them a few *sous* to spend at the booths. Every family in easy circumstances had soup, vegetables, meat (at least sausage), and white bread; but, however delicious all these varieties might be, every one looked forward to the crowning delicacy of the feast—the still more savory tart. The dinner and the religious offices of the day over, there was dancing in the open air—Arcadian dances, as innocent and spontaneous as the gamboling of the joyous herds on the mountains, with music and inspiriting songs. There were booths, too, on the *Place*, with wares to tempt the eye, and dainties to suit the palate of old and young. In the evening they sang ballads and legendary songs handed down by past generations, and popular *complaintes* touching to the heart. The gayety and feasting continued through the second day. The harvesting nearly over, the peasants found it good to rest and rejoice. The hours only passed too quickly away. "On such days," they say, "the sun seems to fly as if lashed on by long sticks; but the rest of the year it creeps slowly along as if walking on eggs."

As soon as the aftermath was gathered in, the cows were brought down to graze in the meadows. The boys again rejoiced, as children do at every change. Then they could lay snares along the hedges, baited with the seeds of the arbutus. And there were filberts and beech-nuts to gather, and an abundance of fruit to eat. And they could have honey from the hives to spread on their black bread—honey as delicious to them as that of Mt. Hybla, made from the flowers of the wild thyme and the sweet mountain honeysuckle. By the middle of October the meadows began to grow yellow and parched, and strewn with dead leaves from the beeches, blown down by the winds. The autumn flowers were killed by the white frosts, and the cows were put into their stalls for the next six months. Schools were now opened in every hamlet, and on Sundays the children went to Julienrupt to receive instructions in the catechism. But this happy, active boyhood soon came to an end with Xavier Thiriat. In the latter part of December, 1845, he was on his way to Julienrupt with other children to attend the catechism class, and in passing through a meadow was obliged to traverse a plank laid across a canal then swollen by the winter rains. One of his companions fell into the stream when part way across, overthrowing the plank as she fell. Xavier sprang in to help her out, and while standing in the water replaced the plank and helped the other children over. The weather was cold, but, wet and chilled as he was, he hurried on with the rest. School had already commenced when they arrived, and no one seems to have observed his condition. There was no

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opening near the stove where he could warm and dry himself, and by the time he reached home again it was nightfall. Two days later he was seized with excruciating pains that caused him to utter frightful cries day and night for a month, and threw him into such convulsions that he crushed out five of his teeth. He was then ten years old, and he was confined to his bed for more than a year. But his mind was still active. He was fond of reading, and as soon as he had strength enough to hold a book he was happy. There were in the house a few books of his grandfather's —the "Psalms of David," the "Lives of the Saints," in twelve volumes, the "History of Tobias," the "Synodal Statutes of the Diocese of Toul," an ancient geography, "Télémaque," and the "Histoire Prestigieuse du Maroc." And in the day-time his couch was drawn before the windows where he could hear the birds sing, and see the blue heavens and the verdure of the green hillsides.

When at length he was able to leave his bed, it was with limbs so contracted and paralyzed that he could only crawl about on his hands—a terrible misfortune in any condition in life, but doubly so for a poor peasant dependant for a livelihood on his capacity for active labor. His sad condition excited universal compassion, and as he grew older the parish priest and village schoolmaster placed their books at his disposal. The latter gave him lessons out of school gratuitously, and he rapidly advanced in his studies. He also learned to knit, sew, and embroider, that he might not be wholly a burden to his father; and this enabled him now and then to buy a new book. Nor are such occupations uncommon among men in the Vosges. From 1850 to 1860, when embroidered muslins were in fashion, the men, women, and chil-children of those mountains all had recourse to their needle in winter, and for several years this proved a great resource in a time of unusual destitution. The small farmers could not support their families without some other source of income than agriculture. Hence they nearly all have some trade which they pursue in winter and other times of leisure, such as shoemaking, weaving, tanning, stonecutting, etc.

Religion, too, brought her consolations. In the second year of his misfortune young Thiriat made his first communion, which filled his soul, as he says, with "a sweet, ineffaceable emotion," and his fervor so reacted on his physical system that for a moment he even thought he was healed. He had not yet lost all hope of recovery. This helped to sustain him, and formed the daily burden of his prayer. "Oh, that the good God would only restore the use of my limbs!" cried the poor lad. "If I could some day rise up from the ground where I am condemned to crawl on my hands, the swallows on the wing would not be happier than I! I long for

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movement, air, space, a higher flight, a wider field. Alas! I cannot even drag myself to church. But God, who is everywhere, hears my prayer. It is not possible that better days will never dawn for me."

The parish church was at some distance, and the way hilly; but his father at last made him a small wagon, in which his brothers occasionally drew him thither. But he was so sensitive to observation that these were often only days of fresh suffering. The very sight of the young people flocking in from the mountains, fresh, active, and gay, filled him with envy. The least glance of curiosity, or even pity, pierced his soul like an arrow. He felt cut off from the world, and tried to hide himself from observation. "What have I done," he exclaimed, "that I should be shut out from the place I might have had among mankind?" It was natural that he should grow morbid, but he never became bitter. Like the Psalmist, he watered his couch with his tears. But in the night-watches, when sleep, like the world, seemed to abandon him, the portions of the Gospel read by the priest at the altar would recur to his mind with consoling effect, and he would fall into repose, pillowed on the only stay in time of irremediable calamity. "Shut out from every pleasure of life," he murmured, "my future prospects dark, I lift my heart, my hopes, to the everlasting Comforter!"

But he was not yet resigned. And as he grew older he felt his condition still more deeply. He began to realize that he was hopelessly incurable and forever debarred from any active pursuit. With what envy he gazed at the peasants at their arduous labors is thus recorded in his journal: "Every one around me is at his task—a task rude indeed, but which would seem delightful to me if I could accomplish it. I see all these good people ascend and descend the steep heights, bending under their load. They dig, they plough, they hoe. Sweat streams down their faces. They repair the roads. They make stone walls to sustain the terraces. They sow, plant, and reap their harvests. And I, powerless, I embroider, I read, I write. It is with difficulty I can take any part in the labors of the house. To feel the energy of manhood, and to be nothing!"

The death of M. Thiriat's mother, who had been his nurse and constant sympathizer, was another great affliction. He thus refers to this irreparable loss:

"A sombre, foggy day; the wind rising on the hills, driving before it low clouds above the beeches half stript of their foliage; the flowers shedding their petals, and the burrs of the hazel-nuts covering my forsaken bench in the garden. Such was the day when, three years ago, my mother was placed in her coffin and borne away from us forever. There were nine children of us, the youngest in the arms of my poor father, weeping around her bier—the

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bier which contained all that was left on earth of her who was the best of mothers. I alone could not follow her dear remains to their last dwelling-place. Motionless and prostrate I remained at home, weeping my eyes out. It seemed to me I was abandoned by the whole world. No one could realize the extent of my grief. Infirm, helpless, with no prospects in the future, I had lost more than a mother; I had lost the treasure of my life, the dearest object of my affections. To-day I placed in the window some daisies and pansies, such as she arranged the day previous to her death. I wish I could have placed them before the humble cross at the head of the mound where she lies."

M. Thiriat relates many peculiar customs in the Vosges concerning the dead. No one in the family must have anything to do with the burial. The coffin must be made by a stranger. The winding-sheet must have the right side next the body. The dead are borne to the church on a rustic hearse, sometimes drawn by oxen, or an ass, or even by a cow, though generally by a horse. It is a touching spectacle to see the funeral procession coming down the steep mountain paths, preceded by a boy carrying a vase of holy water and an "*aspergesse*" of box, juniper, or laurel, to sprinkle with. When they come to a cross set up where some disaster had occurred, they stop to sign themselves and make an aspersion. After the office for the dead a frugal repast, without meat, is given the attendants at the village inn, rather than at home, as formerly. Then they return to the churchyard to sprinkle the grave once more with holy water and pray for the departed. The following Sunday the nearest relatives go to holy communion, and after Mass assemble at the grave. In fact, it is the usual custom here on Sunday for the people to stop after the services are over to pray at the graves of their relatives.

In former times the deepest mourning was white, and even till very recently the nearest female mourners wore a large white cambric *fichu* at the funeral, or else a linen cloth on the head, folded after the Italian fashion. This was also done at the *quarantaine*, or service for the dead at the end of forty days, as well as at the anniversary service.

All the neighbors unite in having a Mass said, in token of their Christian fellowship with the deceased, whether he was rich or poor, friend or enemy. The faults, even of the most *mauvais sujet*, are for the time forgotten, and every one brings an offering for the Mass as if he had been the most upright of men.

But it is especially the first week in November that they show their tender remembrance of the departed. The afternoon of All Saints is always a gloomy one here, All Souls' day casting its shadow before. The season is melancholy. The country is dreary.

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Funeral bells from ten villages around may be heard filling the valley with their mournful symphony. Not a cheerful voice or sound is to be heard. Everyone is listening to voices from beyond the tomb. People visit the graves of their friends and attend the office of the Church. At supper a dish of hulled millet, boiled in milk, used to be served, but rice has been substituted since that grain ceased to be cultivated. The next day, at least one out of every household attends the parish Mass, and all day long the graveyards are crowded.

M. Thiriat thus writes in his "Journal" on the eve of All Souls: "The evening shades are gathering across the plain. The sky is sombre. A light mist is floating on the bare hills in every direction, looking like white phantoms. Seated on the bench of my hermitage among the dead leaves and withered flowers, I feel my eyes wet with tears. The only sounds that reach my ear are those of sadness; I hear the vague harmony of the bells, tolling in the distance, as if bewailing those who are no more—a vibrating, penetrating voice from beyond the grave, which resounds to-night throughout the Christian world to remind us of the shortness of life and of the expiations of the future state, and to solicit a prayer for the loved ones who have preceded us into eternity.

"It is the memory of my mother I seem to behold floating among the clouds along the horizon, whose voice I hear in the pealing bells, whose fate I see in the withered leaf falling from the deserted copse. To-day the Church has celebrated the choir of All Saints. To-morrow—nay, this evening, she grows sorrowful, she is bathed in tears though full of hope, she prays for the happiness of those who are gone, and consoles him who is cast down by the trials of this life by pointing out to him the radiant sphere beyond—the glorious abode of eternal beatitude."

M. Thiriat at an early age was unusually observant of the aspects of nature, especially of the principal changes in the atmosphere, like all shepherds and herdsmen and those who live much in the open air; and he was constitutionally sensitive to such changes. He always grew sombre and depressed at the gathering of the clouds and the rising of the wind, but was at once restored to cheerfulness by a blue sky and a golden sun. Then he was enchanted. He laughed. He sang. He mingled his jests with those of his brothers. Even his inward gloom was for a time abated. His interest in the phenomena of nature was deepened by finding an old musty book of his grandfather's, called "An Abridgment of all the Sciences," part of which was devoted to natural history, but full of ancient theories which would now be considered very absurd. In the spring of 1847, when he was in his twelfth year, he began to note down the variations of the atmosphere which had

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so long interested him. These changes are somewhat remarkable in the Vosges. Each season here has its peculiar form of clouds, mists, and other phenomena. Showers are frequent, owing to the wooded heights, and great clouds of mist rise up from the gorges and lowlands and gather among the dark pines, often assuming fantastic shapes which the peasants call *femmes blanches.*

The morning and evening lights, in particular, produce splendid effects on the mountain tops, which are still greater when mists are floating in the air, refracting every gorgeous hue. And almost daily in summer the "*couronne de St. Luna*" is to be seen shortly after sunrise, or before sunset—a rainbow of great beauty, sometimes double, and even triple, spanning the narrow valley from one enclosing mountain to the other.

Many of these phenomena are attributed by the peasants to some preternatural cause, derived from old superstitions of Roman and Celtic times. Whirlwinds, which are not uncommon in the Vosges on calm, hot days—a kind of cyclone, moving spirally—they call a *fouye-to*, that is, a lay-about wind, and say they are caused by the *sotré*, a spirit of the air, taking his diversion. And to the same cause they ascribe the strange, mysterious rolling in the air, frequent in summer time, like the far off sound of a cascade, which they call the *R'molair.* Meteors rapidly traversing the heavens, attended by explosions, they call "dragons," and regard them as of ill omen. Shooting stars, too, they look upon with awe, as souls just delivered from the flames of purgatory, making their way to realms of eternal bliss. Superstitions or not, such beliefs show a faith in a higher agency, which is certainly far better than materialism.

But the imagination of the peasants is specially impressed by the thunderstorms so frequent and appalling in these mountains, and often followed by destructive hail. They always avoid the pines in such storms, believing them to attract the lightening more than any other tree, and generally take refuge under the leafy domes of the beech, which they say the lightening never strikes. Impressed as they are with the pealing thunder, echoed and reëchoed by every mountain crag, they seldom inquire into the cause, many of them believing it wrong to admit the scientific explanation of things which God alone has the secret of. For did not St. John pray for the space of seven years in order to obtain this knowledge, and when at last his prayer was granted, did he not, in his terror at being admitted into one of the divine mysteries, pray yet seven years more that the knowledge might be blotted out of his remembrance forever?

M. Thiriat, alluding to the early memoranda he kept of the principal changes in the atmosphere, exclaims: "But what notes! What French! What orthography! Having no teacher or instru-

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ments, I knew nothing of the density of the air or the degree of temperature, but I noted down the fair and cloudy days, and my impressions concerning the beauty of spring and the horrors of storm and tempest. A friend finally gave me a thermometer in December, 1851, and I obtained an old barometer which had no scale till I prepared one myself. Another friend lent me a treatise on natural philosophy, which I read and re-read with a kind of passion, and at last I began to understand the atmospheric phenomena of clouds and the cause of rain, thunder, snow, and frost. My intellectual horizon enlarged. In the course of a year I learned a great deal, but I was still confined within the same limits, to the same physical horizon."

He was now able to take more intelligent observations of the meteorology of his valley, and at the age of fifteen he began to publish them every month in the *Echo des Vosges*. And in connection with the change of seasons and the fluctuations of the weather, he noted down the time of the leafage of trees and the migration and incubation of birds. This was done at the instigation of the Sous-Préfet of Remiremont, and proved to be a great source of enjoyment to the poor paralytic. It stimulated him to the closer observation of the natural world, and opened the possibility of some real object in life.

But it was only in the summer time that young Thiriat could crawl out of doors and fully indulge in his love of nature. He had a bower of wild hops in the garden, where he kept a table. His bench stood against a cliff, where, high up in a tuft of foliage growing out of a crevice, was a nest of linnets. The alley was covered with fine sand and bordered with roses, pinks, monkshood, and all those flowers so dear to the cottager. Not far off was a fine beechwood, where sang the chaffinch and redbreast, and beyond were the swelling *ballons* of the Vosges, beautifully rounded against the sky. Sometimes he even crawled to the top of the neighboring height, where he could look down into the valley and trace the windings of the road along the clear, sparkling waters of the Cleurie. At the right were the village of Tholy and the mountains of Liézy; at the left the indulating forests; and far off, beyond the wheat-fields and green pastures, was the Moselotte, winding in and out among the hills, dazzling in the sun. There was a blaze of red and gold, amethyst and orange, and a deepening of the blue sky, as the sun went down behind the mountains. And he could hear the songs of the returning laborers, the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep, the far-off barking of the house-dogs, the plaintive voice of the cuckoo, the twitter of the linnet as it pruned its feathers near the nest of its young; the last notes of the thrush, as the sun went down, and all the vague sounds of the valley below,

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mingled and softened by the distance. "Ought not happiness to be found in this peaceful, lovely valley?" he mournfully writes; "under these lowly roofs and among the good, simple people who dwell beneath? Alas! the poets who sing of the happiness of rural life have seen little but its surface. There are the same trials here as in cities and palaces. Life is everywhere a terrible struggle, and the longing for happiness is like grasping at a shadow. I cling to the thought of the eternal recompense that awaits all who have suffered, loved, and hoped in God.

"Beneath the budding foliage where I thus moralize I have been interrupted in my musings by the song of a wren which has just alighted above my head on a newly opened bud. Charming bird, thou singest, and I only sigh. Spring time, with its delightful weather, enlivens thy nest with family joys. Dawn and twilight find thee fluttering among the trees, or on the wall, the roof, the mossy cliff. In the evening, when skimming rapidly and noiselessly along on a beam of the sun, thy bill full of moss for the nest of thy young, thou seemest still happier. Thy mate awaits thee, singing on the wall, and the last rays of departing day glorify your mutual happiness."

M. Thiriat had a younger brother named Constant, whom he inspired with his taste for study and love of nature. This brother was his usual intermediary with people he wished to consult. One day Constant said to him: "What a pity we are not rich; we might become learned. We live on the earth without knowing anything of what is before our very eyes, not even the names of the plants that grow everywhere around us, or of the myriads of insects that walk, creep, or fly in the air. I wish to know how these valleys have been formed, and these cliffs, and the soil I am digging up all day long. How many things there are in nature whose origin, names, history, and uses we are totally ignorant of. We are young and eager for instruction. Are we to remain as ignorant as the peasants of our neighborhood, or is there any way of attaining to a knowledge of all these things?"

They decided to begin the study of botany, but they had no teacher or books. Hearing of the Abbé Perrin of Crémanvillers, who had made a collection of plants, Constant proposed to consult him as to the means they should take. After hesitating a week, he finally went, taking with him such flowers as were then in bloom —the euphrasia, the parnassia, the lysimachus, etc. M. Perrin received him kindly, encouraged him, told him the common and botanical names of the flowers he had brought, showed him his herbarium, and gave him directions for gathering and drying suitable specimens. He lent him, moreover, the "Flora of Lorraine" till he could buy a copy, and afterwards came to see the two

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brothers, and gave them a hundred specimens correctly labeled. A copy of the "Flora" cost ten francs, but they soon found means to collect this sum. Constant obtained eight francs by selling some rabbits, and Xavier, by means of his embroidery, paid the remainder, and bought paper for their plants and other things necessary.

They were likewise encouraged by other priests of this region, several of whom have distinguished themselves as botanists. The Abbé Jacquel, curé of Liézy, was the first to explore the valley of Cleurie for plants. The Abbé Boulay, who rendered M. Thiriat great service in botany and geology, was specially versed in the flora of Chèvre-Roche. Another friendly botanist was the Abbé Gauvain.

A new field of interest was now opened to the crippled *solitaire*. Constant, of course, was his forager in the woods for plants and insects, but in everything else Xavier took the lead. They were now doubly brothers. Every day some new flower was discovered, and they went from one surprise, one enjoyment, to another. In a short time they became familiar with the entire flora, not only of their own valley, but of the neighboring mountains.

Meanwhile they began the study of entomology, in which they were encouraged by the Abbé Tenette, curé of St. Amé, who came to see them and taught them how to prepare their insect cases. He made them acquainted with Dr. Puton, of Remiremont, who gave them insect pins, strips of cork, instruments, and books. In view of all these new sources of interest, M. Thiriat exclaims: "No more sadness for me! The future, once so dark, now appears under smiling colors. I have friends and protectors. My God! I should never have believed it possible to become so happy!"

It was while studying the natural productions of his native district that the idea first occurred to him of writing the history of the valley of Cleurie, which he accomplished several years after—a work crowned by the *Société d' Emulation des Vosges*.

As M. Thiriat's mind expanded he felt the need of giving adequate expression to his thoughts, and more especially to the emotions of his heart, so full of natural sensibility. What he had learned in suffering he longed to breathe forth in song. The curés of Julienrupt and St. Amé had given him instructions in history and general literature, and the village schoolmaster now gave him lessons in the rules of versification. He was sowing some flower-seeds one April day around the spot he called his hermitage when he found under a hazel-nut bush part of a newspaper containing some lines that first awoke the power of poetic expression. He began to study the poets, and committed to memory all the passages that portrayed what is melancholy in nature or the human soul. Little by little his mind awoke to a whole world of ideas

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and sentiments he had never dreamed of. All that the heart feels which loves and suffers he found expressed in Lamartine's "Harmonies" and "Méditations," and the prose works of Châteaubriand and Bernardin de St. Pierre, which developed his imagination and charmed the leisure hours of his solitary life.

It was at this time the little romance of his life occurred—a genuine idyl as related in his graceful poetic style. He was of an affectionate, impressionable nature, and when about eighteen years of age he formed a romantic friendship with the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who, out of compassion, often came with her embroidery to sit with him and converse, or listen as he read from his favorite books. And when they could not meet they wrote each other letters full of innocent affection, with news of their sheep and goats, the discovery of new plants and insects, the school of the *chères sœurs*, which Lilie, as M. Thiriat calls her, attended, and the books they read. But Lilie's parents prudently put an end to such frequent intercourse with a poor cripple whose condition was hopeless. This excited fresh struggles with his lot. He felt more keenly than ever that he was debarred from ever having a home of his own. He fostered for a time a tendency to indulge in his natural sensibility, but soon found this so enervating and pernicious that he turned his attention more resolutely to the study of nature, and found therein not only a great safeguard, but a pleasure infinitely superior to the idle, dangerous reveries of the imagination. To what degree he surmounted this attachment is to be seen in his journal.

"While embroidering the long summer days, seated on the bench of my hermitage beneath a nut tree, almost always alone, my thoughts fly away into space and build many a castle in the air. Here have I often listened to the linnet and the redbreast, singing in the foliage of the thicket. Here from morning till night have I watched with admiration the natural world putting forth its freshness at the approach of spring and witnessed the splendors of summer and the decay of autumn. And here, too, and alone, have I often wept over the misfortune that has deprived me of the joys, the hopes, of the young. I dream, while pursuing my work, of a thousand things in the past, especially of the boyish love that suddenly expanded my heart like a flower by infusing therein all the enchantments of a poesy hitherto unknown. The purity, the *naïveté*, of this first expansion of youthful affection, have left no bitterness in my soul. The remembrance which I once shrank from as from opening a recent wound, still pursues me, but without troubling me, because it brings no remorse, and I now feel I am master of myself."

In contrast with this romantic episode is M. Thiriat's account of

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the usual manner of wooing in the Vosges. On Sunday afternoons the young men go around, not singly, but in troops, from house to house, where there are girls of a marriageable age. This is a somewhat singular custom, but it is a good way of forming acquaintances where families live far apart, and no one is compromised. When a choice has been made and consent obtained, the parents of the suitor make a ceremonious visit to the father and mother of the intended bride in order to arrange all financial matters, which are never lost sight of. This is called the *marché* or bargain, and a grand dinner terminates the affair.

The bride's dress on her wedding-day is generally black, as might be supposed in a region where the mourning is white. But it is otherwise rich. The attending maiden who puts the first pin in the bridal toilet will, it is pretended, be married in the course of a year. One of the bride's slippers is often hidden by the envious swains, as if to put off the moment of her being lost to them forever. When all is ready the bridegroom's father formally presents himself to ask her hand anew for his son, and after consent is granted and a short prayer said by the whole party kneeling, he gives his blessing to the young couple. They then proceed to the parish church to attend the nuptial Mass, and after the *Pater Noster* the bride is led beneath a canopy and the two rings that have been blessed by the priest are placed on the fingers of the pair, and a wreath of flowers is placed on the bride's head. According to popular belief, the one who rises first after the nuptial benediction will be master of the house.

On leaving the church the cortége is formed, and a gay sight it is; like a bridal procession out of one of Jasmin's poems—the young girls brilliant with flowers and bright ribbons, and the young men with streamers two yards or more in length, fastened to their buttonholes. Even the trumpets of the musicians are decked, and the horses, too, if there are any. If the bride is to leave the parish, a barrier of ribbons is stretched here and there across the way, with a table of cake and wine at hand. The cortége stops. The bridegroom cheerfully pays a toll in order to pass, which is always in proportion to his wealth and generosity. At the next barrier he pays less. Then the ribbons are removed and cake and wine offered, which are never refused. The trumpets sound a joyful peal, and they proceed on their way.

Arrived at their new home, the young couple, with all the married guests, take seats at one table, and the unmarried at another. At the dessert the young men send a deputation to the other table to beg leave for the bride to join them for the last time, which leads to much dispute and display of wit before permission is granted. Then she is led in triumph to the seat of honor, where

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her husband soon joins her, and there are gay songs and laughter to crown the feast.

If any older brother or sister is left unmarried, by way of indemnification for being passed over the slighted one claims a white goat from the happy pair on their wedding-day, and this claim becomes a great source of pleasantry, especially in these days, when, instead of the genuine live animal, a wooden goat, decked with ribbons, is brought in at the marriage-feast, giving rise to a thousand jokes and gibes, which the unfortunate claimant wards off with gay excuses for not being the first to marry. The second day the bride and bridegroom, together with the whole party, attend a Mass, celebrated for the souls of their deceased relatives, that the dead may not be forgotten in the midst of their joy. This tempers somewhat the exuberant gayety, but the songs, dances, and feasting are at last resumed and sometimes kept up for days.

M. Thiriat, as soon as he was old enough, became his father's secretary while the latter was Mayor of the Syndicat[1] of St. Amé. He now began to read codes of law and study everything relating to municipal legislation; not out of pleasure, but solely from a sense of duty, in order to aid his father. The members of the syndical council were all respectable men, but some of them did not know how to read, and were utterly ignorant of the elementary principles of administration. But they were not the less tenacious of their opinion for all that. Young Thiriat, of course, became very useful, but he had less time for his favorite pursuits. Sunday, in particular, was his busiest day, for then the peasants were at leisure and came to consult him on a thousand points. This brought him into relations with the public, however; diverted him from his morbid fancies, and enlarged his horizon. He now began to attract attention and acquire some moral ascendancy. Instead of being hailed by his Christian name, or passed by with a mere nod of pity or indifference, he was respectfully saluted as "*Monsieur le Greffier*," and people even began to take off their hats to him! And he was invited into company. But not the less did he feel the value of solitude, silence, and leisure for studying the mysteries of nature. His great pleasure was still in his books and flowers, occasional excursions in his wagon, or "walks," as he called them, and the companionship of his brothers and sisters, who seem to have been devoted to him.

M. Thiriat, while secretary, collected from the public registers many interesting facts concerning the people of his native valley. Among other things, he tells us that previous to 1830 all the male children received at their baptism one of the following names: Amé, Baptiste, Blaise, Claude, Dominic, Francis, Joseph, Lawrence,

[1] A Syndicat comprises several communes.

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Mark, Peter, or Sebastian. John was usually prefixed to these names, as Mary to the names of the girls. Sometimes there would be three or four in one family named Nicholas, which produced a confusion that was only obviated by such diminutives as *Colas*, *Colon*, *Colin*, and *Coliche*. The equally popular name of Joseph was varied as *Joson*, *Jousa*, *Dodè*, and *Doudè*. Sebastian became *Bastien*, *Bation*, *Batiè*, and *Boahtiè*. Claude, *Diauda*, *Diaude*, *Diaudin*, and *Diaudiaudc*. Amé, *Aimoa*, *Mimin*, *Mamin*, and *Mamion*. Dominic, *Minique*, etc. The shorter the name given, the better; for the signing of one's name often exhausted the owner's knowledge of orthography.

To cite a person in this region it is still frequently necessary to give his genealogical descent in order to identify him. For example, *Baptis di p'tis*[1] *Diauda*, *Diaude*, *Jean Joseph Villemin*, signifies: John Baptist, son of Claude, grandson of Claude, great-grandson of John Joseph Villemin. *Jean Nicholas*, *Coliche*, *Colas*, *Michel*, signifies Jean Nicholas, son of Nicholas, grandson of Nicholas, great-grandson of Michael. This enumeration rarely extends beyond the fourth generation, and being confined to long-established families, it is regarded as a mark of distinction, like a title of nobility, and is a great source of pride.

But how little M. Thiriat's heart was absorbed in his official duties is evident from his journal:

"April 13th.—To-day, while writing for the mayor at my open window, I took pleasure in listening to the cadenced song of a bird perched on one of the highest branches of an oak at one end of the Pré Tonnerre. It was a thrush. The powerful voice of this bird, the grand tenor of our woodland orchestra, renders it the nightingale of this cold region. Its songs begin and end with its loves. They are full of variety and feeling, especially at sunset, when poured forth in the borders of the echoing woods that skirt our mountains. There are strains, cadences, trills, and quavers, in the melody of this songster, which it knows how to modulate into numberless shades of expression. I have just assured myself that it can vary its notes for a quarter of an hour without any repetition. Listening attentively, one can form an idea of the motions experienced by this rural *virtuoso*. The melancholy cooing of the turtle-dove, the short notes of the chaffinch, the tender melody of the redbreast, are all to be found in the song of the thrush. There are plaintive outbursts, flights of passion, joyful refrains, grave and piercing accents, which by turns express love, joy, contentment, sadness, and depth of feeling. It would be impossible to express all the pleasure the songs of the thrush have given me in my life.

[1] A son of the same name is always styled *le petit* (*p'tis*), even when he is half a head taller than his father.

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At the return of every spring since my boyhood I have spent long, dreamy hours in listening to them. All my poetic reveries have, in a measure, been identified with the notes of this bird and those of the redbreast. The nightingale would, no doubt, charm me still more, but it is never heard in this cold mountain valley where I am destined to end my days."

"April 19th.—Spring recalls me every year to the study of nature, and it is in the open air, and on the ground, that I can study the best. I have already collected many plants of which I now know the names, and have dried them for the herbarium I am preparing. Attention to the most simple phenomena suffices to render me happy. The study of nature is enlarging the sphere of my knowledge and elevating my mind, and detaching me from the passing charm of youthful fancies. I love especially the woods, where I find I know not what ideal, intangible but enthralling, which penetrates me and speaks through every sense, through every faculty. The songs of the birds, varied, clear, cadenced, plaintive, and joyous, are like so many musical instruments, to which the wind, like the far-off roar of the waves, is the bass. I see the long-branched trees whose tops seem to bear up the heavens, spreading out like a beautiful canopy over their peaceful, solitary nests—trees whose partly leaved-out branches are covered with long gray moss, giving them the hoary aspect of some old druidical forest filled with terror. How often in this majestic retreat have I found myself envying such hermits as Arsenius, Paul, and Bruno, whose lives flowed on in similar solitudes, with no other witness but the forest and the wild beasts, no other shelter but a rude cabin built against a cliff or umbrageous tree, no other care but for their salvation, no other hope but that of eternal life!"

"May 7th.—What a harmonious concert springs from this verdant bower and the white-blossomed cherry trees. On all sides I hear the songs of linnets, finches, and larks, and breathe the exhalations of fresh vegetation. A thousand insects are sporting in the luxuriant verdure of the meadows, hovering over the flowers, or floating in the golden rays of the sun. Everywhere are life and happiness in the smiles of nature. Delightful month of May, how I rejoice to see thee again crowned with verdure and adorned with flowers. The whole creation blesses its Almighty Benefactor in an endless hymn of love and gratitude, singing his wonders. And I, too, in the depths of my solitude, a witness to so much beauty, harmony, and grandeur, diffused throughout the universe, join my voice to the immense concert of love which ascends from earth to heaven. 'This morning I gathered some of the flowers in bloom and applied myself to classifying them. Each day brings me new flowers, new plants. The immense book of nature is

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spread open before me. It shall be my principal study. In my hermitage, surrounded by birds and flowers, there is no longer any room for melancholy. To-day I feel a charm I never knew before.' "

" May 10th.—The calmest, happiest hours I spend are in the observation of nature. This is my favorite occupation. Plants, birds, insects, the changes of the atmosphere, are so many sources of enjoyment, and make me forget my misfortune by withdrawing me from the world of human beings. The discovery of a flower hitherto unknown to me, of a new species of coleoptera, fills me with delight. It seems to me I have gained a fortune. Solitude is no longer a desert, but peopled with creatures I love, and with whom I hold converse. There is a poetry in everything, of which I have hitherto been unconscious—I feel a child-like joy at the sight of the earliest anemones beneath the hedge, the first marigold beside the spring, and the leafing out of the beeches and sycamores. The same birds as of old are singing in the copses amid which I was born, and which perhaps will see me die. Everything around me has witnessed my life from my earliest days—my dreams, my smiles, my tears!"

A kind uncle at length gave M. Thiriat a poor old donkey he had bought of a huckster, covered with scars of laborious service, its hair nearly worn off, and wasted to a skeleton. Its pitiful aspect excited the laughter of the whole household; but the crippled *solitaire* welcomed it with tears of gratitude, and it soon became to him, to use Titania's expression to Bottom, his "gentle joy." "How happy I am in the possession of such a companion—such a friend!" he exclaims, "I can now get beyond the limits of our valley and be brought into closer relations with my fellow-men. I can visit places hitherto inaccessible. What a happy old age my donkey shall have. He shall want for nothing. He will go very well in the little wagon my father made for me. To-morrow he shall be harnessed."

The following evening he gives the result. "Admirable! The good Coco, as I call him, seemed tired of doing nothing, and went off at a lively trot. Nevertheless, there were trying moments; but they could easily be accounted for. He kicks up behind. That is his great fault. But he only has his heels with which to defend himself against the owners who have tortured him. A course of good treatment will, I think, somewhat diminish the habit. My father met his recent owner to-day and learned his history. It would be very interesting could all the details be obtained. He sprang from an Alsatian mother, and was first sold to some gypsies who drove him with whacks, and wished to accustom him to abstinence. He then fell into the hands of a mountebank,

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who, in the course of time, sold him to a rag-picker, who afterwards turned him over to a peddler. When the poor beast was drawing near his twelfth winter, the peddler, having neither hay nor oats to feed him with, sold him to the huckster from whom my uncle bought him. All this time he had gained nothing by changing masters. They were all brutes, who tortured him with blows, and wore him out with labor and privations.

"Coco seemed perfectly familiar with the country around. As he approached certain inns, he slackened his pace and stopped at the door. He even wished to turn off towards a *cabaret* of low repute—the result of a bad habit, perhaps. My brother roughly checked him by a blow of the stick, to which the animal retorted by flinging up his heels, but hitting no one. I was so vexed that I was on the point of exclaiming: 'The greatest ass is not the one you may suppose!'"

M. Thiriat was now able to explore the entire valley of the Cleurie, and even make a journey through the Hautes Vosges, an interesting account of which he addresses to his brother Louis, then in the French army.[1] The effect of a complete change of scene upon his spirits may be imagined. With friends acquired by his scientific pursuits, and the prospect of a career in life, he could no longer be unhappy. In fact, he speedily attained to such peacefulness and serenity of mind under all these influences, and especially by his favorite studies, so conducive to physical and mental vigor, that he was soon able to write as follows in the last pages of his journal.

"I once believed in absolute happiness, but the misfortunes of others, as well as my own, have taught me that what is called happiness in this poor world is a kind of mosaic formed of little precious stones, often of no real value in themselves. . . . .

"As to the things which constitute the happiness of my life, I have not sought them. They have come to me. They have sprung up and blossomed at my feet, like the daisies in the meadows. I have not always perceived them at the first glance. Often, indeed, I mistook them. But it was excusable not to be always able to see clearly through my tears. . . . .

"A few years ago, when I knew nothing of society, I said to myself that happiness was liberty, health, riches. I thought myself alone disinherited of the rights to which every human effort tends. I thought every one around me happy, and saw nothing in my own lot but a state of isolation. Without friends, consideration, independence, property, or any solace in life. Bitter, bitter tears would flow from my eyes in these sad meditations. But

[1] Louis Thiriat died at the siege of Paris, December 4, 1870, just after his promotion to a captaincy in the 28th regiment of the *Gardes Mobiles*.

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now, though my lot be the same, though paralyzed, solitary, without the hope of acquiring even a modest competence, I would not change my condition with many of my neighbors, who regard me as the most unfortunate of mortals.

"I have found happiness in the few journeys I have made since my childhood; in the first opening of my heart to friendship and innocent affection; in my rambles along the hedges, meadows, and mountain pastures; in observing the flowers, mosses, and birds; in the reveries and poetic rapture in which sounds, colors, and perfumes were blended in celestial harmony; in reading my favorite poets beneath the shade of the beech, while the chaffinch sang on the highest bough, and the cool winds rustled the leaves, and the 'Virgin's Thread' floated softly in the air, suspended from tree to tree, and all that poets have sung I could see in nature spread out before my very eyes.

"I have found happiness, too, in the few festivals of the church which I have been able to attend—the perfume of the incense, the tapers, the solemn chants, the melody of the organ which raised my soul above the world, as upon wings, and made me dream of seraphic harmonies. I have found it, too, in the hospitality of the *presbytère*, where our aged *curé* welcomes me to his table, never failing to add an extra dish, '*pour me fêter*,' as he says. I find it, too, in the fulfilment of my duty, in mutual family affection, in the home where reigns peace and where each one contributes to the happiness of the rest."

In the evening of December 31st, 1860, he writes:

"This journal marks the boundaries between two epochs of my life—my early youth tormented with dreams and regrets, wild, passionate, and despairing; and a second youth ripened by study and companionship. In the study of my own nature it seems to me I have become a new creature. The transformation has been slow, painful and crossed by many seasons of discouragement. But these passing moments of depression only serve to develop my strength, and I have triumphed over them.

"For me, as for every one else, the future remains obscure, uncertain, unknown; but a tide of hope has risen in my soul, and I shall enter upon the coming year with gayety and contentment of heart."

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Scientific Chronicle.

A VERY interesting and learned paper was read on April 19th before the National Academy of Science at Washington, D.C. It was an abstract of the results of the investigation regarding the great Charleston earthquake. We are indebted for it to Messrs. C. E. Dutton and Everett Hayden, of the Geological Survey. An original and very ingenious method is described in it of determining the position of the real centre of disturbance. Recommending a perusal of the paper itself to those of our readers who may desire to study the subject more in detail, we append a brief statement of these results, without entering into the mathematical processes by which they were developed. We consider that this will be an appropriate sequel to the few remarks we made on the subject of the earthquake in the October number.

The disturbed area, as far as can be ascertained, was comprised within a circle of about 1000 miles radius, extending to northern Wisconsin, western Mississippi, Cuba, and the Bermuda Islands. As usually happens when an earthquake affects a wide surface, there were districts within the limits of this vast area in which the violence of the shock was scarcely, if at all, perceptible, while places in the neighborhood of these districts enjoyed no such immunity. Within 600 miles from Charleston, the long swaying motion due to waves of disturbance having considerable length and intensity was distinctly noticeable. The energy of these undulations increased almost regularly as the distance from Charleston, or rather from Summerville, in the vicinity of Charleston, diminished.

In great earthquakes, the region near the epicentrum presents phenomena very different from those which occur in regions more distant from it. In the present case, the phenomena connected with the epicentric area extended over an almost elliptical surface, having a minor axis of about 18 miles, and a somewhat curved major axis of about 26 miles. Along this latter axis there seemed to be three surface-centres of disturbance. The two extreme centres were twelve miles apart. The disturbance radiating from these was far more energetic than that from the middle centre, the greatest energy being manifested in the region of the most northerly one. Each of these surface-centres had its own focus at a certain depth beneath the surface. By a series of mathematical considerations, which we cannot give here, the authors determined the depth of each of these foci with more or less approximation. They arrived at the conclusion that the real centre of the Charleston earthquake shocks was at least 12 miles beneath the surface, a depth greater than that calculated for the centre of any notable earthquake occurring within the last century and a half.

Happily, Charleston was about eight miles outside the epicentric

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region. Had it been within the limits of this region, the loss of property and life would have been much more serious, for in the epicentric area, the motion is of a *subsultory* character, viz., an up and down motion, accompanied by a lesser horizontal movement. This sort of motion, with the great intensity of the force in the vicinity of the centres, would produce much more grievous damage than when the force is weaker and the movement mostly in a horizontal direction, as happens outside the epicentric region. Even without entering deeply into mathematical considerations, what we have said may be easily understood; for the motion being propagated in the form of an ellipsoid, it must manifest itself on the surface in the manner we have described, since the surface is a tangential section of the ellipsoid, and, consequently, the vertical component must have its maximum effect immediately above the axis, becoming less and less as the distance from the axis increases. Another circumstance tending to render the violence of the shocks less effective at Charleston was that Charleston lies on an extensive stratum of gravel and other loosely aggregated material, and the energy of the shock acting through this was more rapidly dissipated than it would be in solid rock of the same extent, owing to the much smaller elasticity of the gravel.

The data from which the extent of the disturbed area was calculated, though unsatisfactory in many respects, were more reliable than the reports regarding the relative intensity and time of occurrence of the shocks in various districts. Taking the observations as they are, we must infer that the waves had on an average the hitherto unsuspected velocity of 5000 metres, or over three miles per second.

In concluding their paper the authors with reason remark that by far the most interesting study of the Charleston earthquake remains yet to be undertaken—a study of the phenomena with the view of obtaining light that may lead to the discovery of the origin of such terrible occurrences. They purpose to resume their investigations in this direction, and for the present decline to advance any opinion as to the causes that led to the disturbance.

From the whole paper, however, as well as from other data, we may safely affirm that the opinion advanced in our previous notice is confirmed, namely, that it was not due to volcanic action. It seems very probable that it was owing to the contraction of the interior crust of the earth; but we shall look forward with interest to the results of the investigation which Messrs. Dutton and Hayden promise to resume.

THE PARIS ASTRONOMICAL CONGRESS OF APRIL, 1887.

THE International Congress of Astronomers, called together at the suggestion of Admiral Mouchez, Director of the National Observatory of Paris, met in that city about the middle of last April. At its opening, besides all the astronomical members of the Paris Institute, and several private astronomers and physicists, there were present twenty-five direc-

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tors of observatories. The French, of course, were most numerous. Each of the large European observatories sent at least one of its members, and Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro, La Plata, Sydney, and San Fernando were similarly represented. If we mistake not, there were but three Americans, Prof. Elkin of Yale, Prof. Peters of Clinton, N.Y., and Mr. Winterhalter of Washington. The Catholic clergy had a representative in the person of Father Perry, S.J., of Stonyhurst College.

The object of the assembly was not only to secure the coöperation of the leading observatories in both hemispheres to aid in photographing the heavens, but also to adopt such a plan of action that the charts taken in the different observatories might make one perfect whole.

Having spoken on another occasion of the great progress made of late in celestial photography, it would be beside our present purpose to dwell on this subject, and we shall, therefore, in this matter but briefly allude to a few points connected with the resolutions of the Congress; and first, with regard to the instrument to be used. When stellar photographs are to be taken, some prefer reflecting telescopes, to which the photographic apparatus is attached, and think they should be selected when greatly enlarged photographs are desired. Others use refracting telescopes, which, for photographs of a moderate size, have certainly been very successful, and are in many ways more suitable. In the latter case, however, the telescope cannot be used in the same way as for direct-view observations.

For visual purposes the object-glasses are corrected for achromatism only, while for photography the correction must regard especially the actinic rays. When refractors are to be employed for photography they should be modified, either by using specially corrected object-glasses, as was done by Rutherford of New York, in 1864, Dr. Gould in Cordova, South America, and the Henry brothers in Paris; or by placing an extra lens in front of the ordinary object-glass. This latter method will be adopted, it is said, in the Lick Observatory of Mount Hamilton, California, where the largest refractor yet constructed will be used.

The Committee appointed by the Congress decided that refractors should be used for the International Charts, and that the aplanatism and achromatism of the object-glasses should be calculated for the wave-lengths near Fraunhofer's G.

The kind of plates to be used was the next point agreed upon by the Congress. We need not remark that astronomy owes a great deal to photography. In fact, in less than a year after the publication of the daguerreotype, Dr Draper of New York took the first picture of the moon. In 1851, the introduction of the collodion process gave a new impetus to the study of the heavens, but it is since the discovery of the gelatine dry plates that astronomical photography has made its greatest progress. These plates are extremely sensitive; they can be prepared beforehand, and do not need to be developed immediately after exposure, which can be more or less prolonged, even for hours, according to the faintness of the object. These properties make them an invaluable

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assistant to the astronomer, and enable him to put to profit every precious moment left at his disposal, which formerly would be spent in preparing his apparatus, when he had less perfect means at his command.

For our present purpose it is sufficient to say that the exposure of these gelatine plates, varying from a very small fraction of a second for bright objects, to several hours for faint ones, has given very satisfactory results; and a great advance has been made in our knowledge of the positions of the heavenly bodies. Special mechanical difficulties, however, attend both the short and the long exposure. In the first case there is the necessity of having a perfect drop-shutter; in the second, since the displacement of the plate by one thousandth part of an inch would entirely spoil it, very exact clock-work is required in order that the telescopes may move in perfect accordance with the apparent motion of the heavens.

How valuable these plates are may be seen from the fact that nebulæ hitherto unknown have been discovered by means of them. Though the light of these nebulæ, according to Dr. Huggins of London, does not exceed the $\frac{1}{10.000}$ part of that received from an ordinary candle shining at a distance of one quarter of a mile, still they picture themselves on the plate; and the best stellar photographs mark stars even of the fourteenth and fifteenth magnitude in their proper relative positions. The progress made in this last point is partially due to the efforts of the Henry brothers of Paris, who suggested the idea of a general chart of the heavens, drawn up on a uniform scale and plan. For saving time and doing better work, the advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. For instance, one of our best astronomers, Prof. Peters, of Clinton, N. Y., has lately published twenty maps, including stars of the eleventh magnitude, and each about five degrees square. This was a work of many years, and in the course of it he had occasion to discover the many asteroids, the knowledge of which science owes to him.

By photography, however, the same charts could have been made in as many hours as he took years, and nature itself would have done the work, to say the least, as well. Photography might also have led him to the same discoveries, since photographs taken at short intervals, by showing the changes in their positions, would have made known the planets which he had the good fortune to detect by studying his charts.

The Committee of the Congress has decided that gelatine plates prepared according to an identical formula should be employed in their great undertaking, and also that a permanent control of these plates, from a point of view of their relative sensibility to the different radiations, should be instituted.

The Congress next took into consideration the field of the photographs. As far as we can judge from the reports that have reached us, the extent of the photographic field adopted seems to be two degrees square, marking stars of the fourteenth magnitude. If this account be correct, the number of plates covering the whole of the heavenly vault will be between 10,000 and 11,000, and the surface of the negatives will

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extend over nearly 2000 square feet. This certainly is a gigantic task, but it has been proposed to double or even treble it.

There was a unanimous sentiment that although more than 10,000 plates would be required if four square degrees of surface were agreed upon for the field, two series of negatives ought to be obtained for the whole heavens; the plates being so arranged that the star at the corner of one plate shall be at the centre of another.

Moreover, in the Committee, a resolution to the following effect was carried by twenty-five votes to six: "Besides the negatives giving the stars down to the fourteenth magnitude, another series should be made with shorter exposures, to assure a greater precision in the micrometrical measurement of the fundamental stars, and render possible the construction of a catalogue."

Owing to the great amount of work and the considerable outlay required, about $20,000 for each observatory, the undertaking is much more difficult than it at first seemed. At the end of the Congress the representatives of only six observatories were able to give an absolute assent to the proposal, though nine others agreed to do so on the condition that the requisite funds should be granted. Of these, ten belong to the Northern and five to the Southern Hemisphere.

USE OF OIL IN STORMS AT SEA.

SOME years since, when a serious scientific discussion first arose concerning the use of oil for calming troubled waters, or smoothing breaking waves, some leading authorities seemed to hesitate about embracing any decided opinion. A few appeared skeptical as to the truth of the facts alleged; others, admitting the facts on the testimony of trustworthy and experienced seamen, were at a loss for a satisfactory scientific explanation. At present, however, both points are well ascertained.

As to the truth of the facts, no reasonable doubt can now exist after the many experiments made expressly to prove the efficacy of oil in smoothing boisterous waves. In nearly every case the results were most satisfactory and gratifying, as is evident from the official reports, and from the directions given, both by our own and the English Government, regarding the use of oil in case of danger at sea. Under the supervision of Commander John R. Bartlett valuable statistics have been published from the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy Department. In the Pilot Chart, issued for the use of mariners of the United States, Colonel George L. Dyer gives some remarkable and very interesting facts, showing the beneficial effects of the use of oil in case of severe weather at sea. Space prevents us from citing in detail some of the cases given; we content ourselves with giving a brief summary of an extract from the report lately printed and circulated by the English Admiralty. The statement was drawn up after frequent practical tests, and "calls attention to the fact that a very small quantity of oil,

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skilfully applied, may prevent much damage both to ships (especially of the smaller classes) and boats."

Briefly stated, the principal facts are the following: On free waves, that is, waves in deep water, the effect is greatest and most marked; in shallow waters it is rather uncertain.

The heaviest and thickest oils are the most effectual; refined kerosene is of little or no avail. The oil should be so applied as to spread to windward, and its effect will be more speedily produced when the temperature is sufficiently high to cause it to spread easily over the surface of the sea.

The best method of application appears to be that of hanging in the water small canvas-bags filled with oil, and pricking them with a sail-needle to facilitate the leakage of the oil. The position of these bags will, of course, vary with circumstances, so as to have the oil as far as possible windward; for example, when running before the wind, the bags should be suspended from each side of the bow, and allowed to tow in the water.

The scientific explanation of the effects thus produced may be easily gathered from the following remarks:

In the first place, even if the oil could not diminish the waves, its presence would still be very useful. For oil, especially vegetable oil, is a lubricant, and so a layer of it would lessen the friction of the waves, and thereby help a vessel to ride over them without experiencing the full force of their fury.

But, furthermore, the oil really diminishes the waves, which are formed, especially in deep water, by the action of the wind on a rough water-surface. The oil gives a smooth surface, which is very little disturbed by the action of the wind.

The last, and as we think the most important, influence exerted by the oil over a stormy sea comes from the "surface-resistance" or "surface tension," as it is called. Suppose a large carpet were spread over the water, it is evident that the formation of waves would, in great part, be prevented. The oil does exactly the same thing. In fact, by its cohesion, which is much greater than that of water, it strongly resists any commotion or change on its surface. Thus it happens that the "surface-resistance" of the oil prevents the water from being easily raised into waves or broken into caps.

A NEW AURIPHONE.

It is a gratifying fact that the science of medicine, in most of its special complications, has made wonderful progress during the past few years, as the methods of treating hydrophobia, phthisis, scarlatina, and the many new appliances in surgery, etc., abundantly testify.

Attention has lately been called to a new apparatus, styled by its inventor, Mr. J. A. Maloney, of Washington, D. C., the "Auriphone,"

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which promises great relief, in some cases permanent cures, to such as are afflicted with deafness. The instruments hitherto employed in such cases can all be referred to the "ear-trumpet," or tapering-tube, which received the sound and conducted it to the organ enfeebled, either by relaxation of the *membrana tympani* or by the anchylosed condition of the ossicles.

The new auriphone, based on another principle of acoustics, differs widely from all these contrivances. Its main feature is an india-rubber membrane—an artificial *membrana tympani*, so to say—on which the sound may be received, either directly from the surrounding air, or through a tube applied to the mouth of the speaker. The rubber-membrane can be made very sensitive, adapted to the reception of only *high* notes, or *low* notes, as patients are not all equally affected with regard to all sounds. The membrane is stretched and compressed between two rings, and thus, according to the inventor, has the power of transmitting equally well all sounds of the class desired.

The membrane is supported and held in position in front of the auditory canal; the position can be determined according to the need of the patient. Once so applied the auriphone effectually communicates the sound waves to the *membrana tympani* and to the *middle ear*. Hence the importance and value of the instrument. According to the use for which the apparatus is intended, its external shape, etc., will vary. Some auriphones are to be employed for practice or exercise when the trouble comes only from inactivity of the natural membrane; others are intended for patients who hear, though with difficulty, all ordinary sounds.

Excellent authorities in acoustics pronounce the new auriphone far superior to all other inventions for facilitating the perception of sound. At a meeting of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, held in Philadelphia on the 27th of April, 1887, and reported in the *Medical News*, a description of the auriphone was given by Dr. Charles H. Burnett, the well-known specialist in diseases of the ear. Mr. Maloney took part in the discussion that followed the remarks of Dr. Burnett. According to the latter, the auriphone succeeds where other instruments utterly fail; it has the advantage of not *entering* the *meatus auditorius*, an arrangement which obviates all danger of bruising the passage—a cause of much of the inconvenience experienced in using other instruments. Dr. Burnett remarked further that, though all the auriphones had been devised in a thoroughly scientific manner, still the most successful, because the most powerful, instrument is the "silent" auriphone intended for the very deaf, who are, perhaps, the only persons really willing to employ an instrument of this kind.

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ELECTRIC AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

THE care manifested by many of our citizens in regulating their watches according to "time ball" or the "standard clock" promises great success to an ingenious device of Mr. Delany, the inventor of the synchronous multiplex telegraph. He has patented a contrivance by which the electric lights coming from central stations may be made to pulsate at certain intervals, according to preconcerted signals; these fluctuations will furnish an exact and easy means by which to regulate clocks and watches. The invention, if we mistake not, is somewhat in use at present, and will doubtless be adopted wherever electric lighting is employed.

——The advance of electric lights in the past few years is certainly very remarkable. In 1880, lighting by electricity was so little in use that statistics on the subject were not deemed interesting, even in our very comprehensive Census. Six years later, according to the *Electrical Review*, there were, in the United States alone, about 130,000 arc lights, and over 700,000 incandescent lamps, supplied by nearly seven hundred local companies representing a capital of over $100,000,000. Both in Europe and in this country the arc system is employed in lighting many large public institutions, and for illuminating large areas.

Our attention was lately attracted by a strange paragraph which appeared in the London *Times*, in which it was proposed to utilize convict labor in England for moving machines whose revolutions would supply electricity for illuminating the prisons!

——In our last "Chronicle" we spoke of the scientific principles involved in the use of electric motors, and of various purposes for which these motors had been or might be found serviceable. Late statistics show that at present in this country there are over seventy "electric railways" either in working order or nearly completed; but nearly all extend only for short distances. The Edison Electric Company, Boston, furnishes small power for many industrial purposes, and it is stated that for "elevators" electricity proves perfectly successful. In cases where a special steam engine had previously been employed for working the elevator, it has been found that electricity, while more satisfactory, has proved far less expensive than steam-power.

——It is with pleasure that we note the advance which is being made in the practical application of *storage-batteries*. When first introduced, competent authorities made no hesitation in saying that the future of practical electricity depended on these batteries. Yet these scientific anticipations proved false, owing to the fact that the batteries were soon exhausted. But energy and skill have been steadily devoted to remedy this defect, and at last the hopes of science bid fair to be realized. Storage-batteries are now in use on some railways (as the N. Y. Central R. R.), for illuminating the cars or for headlights, while in some street-car lines they supply the necessary motive force, etc., etc.

——Notwithstanding the unsightly poles with their loads of wires which so sadly disfigure the great thoroughfares of our large cities, the

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underground system for electric wires seems to meet with considerable opposition in this country. In Europe the system is more favorably received. In Germany and France it has been adopted, though at an enormous expense, in the case of wires connecting cities and stations far removed from one another. In the large cities of these countries the system is now in general use. The work was begun in Germany in 1875, and there are now about six thousand kilometres of underground cable, containing nearly ten thousand kilometres of wire, uniting over two hundred and thirty towns and military centres. In 1880 France began to use the system for connecting only the larger towns and important military stations. Among the advantages of the system may be noted less liability to interruption of currents by storms, accidents, etc., and less danger of having communications cut off by flying columns of hostile troops in case of war. Still these advantages are somewhat offset by the immense outlay required for manufacturing and laying the cables. Repairs are more costly, and terrestrial induction diminishes considerably the speed of transmission of messages.

——Last year we spoke of Pasteur's method of preventing the fatal effects of hydrophobia. Since then, notwithstanding the attacks of some of his opponents, notably those of Dr. Peters of the French Academy, his method has received very general support from the medical world, and in several places institutions have been established on the model of Pasteur's Institute in Paris. The subscriptions for the enlargement of the laboratory in Rue d'Ulm have reached a handsome figure. According to the late Dr. Vulpian, at a meeting of the French Academy, "before the introduction of the new method (Pasteur's) the death rate from bites of dogs averaged sixteen per cent. of persons bitten, while eighty-eight per cent. of those bitten by wolves died from the wounds; while, since its adoption the death rate has become twelve or fourteen times smaller."

——Readers of Catholic papers may have noticed the steps taken relative to the proposed meeting of the Catholic Scientific Congress in Paris. This body has received a most cordial welcome from many eminent men, among whom are some distinguished members of the French Institute, and others no less well-known for their scientific attainments. All goes to show that the hopes conceived about this Congress will be fulfilled, and that once again will be shown how fully in accord are true science and true religion. The organizing committee met in Paris on the 13th of April. M. l'Abbé d'Hulst, the eminent President of the Catholic University of Paris, who gave the first suggestion concerning the projected Congress, addressed the many members present at the meeting, among whom was Fr. Klein of Dublin. After stating what had been done at the previous meeting in October, 1886, he said that on his last visit to Rome he had declared to the Holy Father the nature of the proposed Congress. His Holiness, after a careful consideration of the subject, had given his full assent and encouragement, promising to prepare a Brief relating to the matter.

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Book Notices.

LIFE OF LEO XIII. From an Authentic Memoir Furnished by his Order. Written with the Encouragement, Approbation and Blessing of His Holiness the Pope, by Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D. (Laval). New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1887.

This book was written, as its title page declares, with the approbation and blessing of His Holiness Leo XIII., and is issued as a souvenir of the Golden Jubilee year of his ordination to the priesthood, 1887. It is also simultaneously published in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Holland, having been translated into the respective languages of those countries. The American edition has been dedicated to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, whose graceful letter of acceptance and approval, together with highly commendatory letters from the Cardinals Parocchi and Simeoni, and the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, is given in the pages that precede the author's brief and admirably conceived preface.

The book will be read with great interest by Catholics, and ought to deeply interest all, whether Catholics or non-Catholics, who appreciate and admire distinguished intellectual ability and profound learning conjoined with pre-eminent sanctity. For, next to the divine interests of souls, the life of Leo XIII. has been devoted to the cultivation and promotion of letters and of science; and even those who have no belief in Catholicity nor in the divine constitution of the Church of which he is the head, must acknowledge that no other teacher in modern times has given utterance to such needful, pregnant, far-reaching words of wisdom. Christian society and Christian civilization are subjected now to hostile influences such as they have never before had to endure. If they are to continue to subsist, it can only be on the basis laid down by Leo XIII. in his Encyclical *Immortale Dei*. And all Christian men and women who look, in this age of luxury, lawlessness, and sensuality, to the religion of Christ for safety to themselves and to society, must regard the expositions of these subjects by Leo XIII. as invaluable.

Upon Pope Leo's services to education it is impossible to place too high an estimate. He is not only personally an erudite scholar and a profound thinker, but an ardent advocate and promoter of education in its truest sense, for the people, as well as for those who occupy the higher ranks of society.

Then, too, with marvellous patience, moderation and skill he has labored, and marvellous success has attended his efforts, to restore friendly relations between the Holy See and hostile non-Catholic powers. Public opinion correctly attributes to him marvellous diplomatic sagacity and prudence, and ascribes to him the highest rank as a statesman.

The life of a man such as this, who has occupied such various and responsible positions, and the functions of all of which he has discharged with such distinguished success, a life of constant activity respecting subjects of highest importance and most varied character, extending over the period of eighty-seven years, cannot but be fraught with the highest interest.

Dr. O'Reilly, who has undertaken to place it before the public, brings to the performance of his difficult and highly responsible task rare and exceptional advantages. In addition to his eminent ability, and long and

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wide experience as a writer, he has had the fullest opportunity to examine and consult documents and papers, personal as well as official, and also free access to and personal conferences with Leo XIII. himself, and others who were intimately acquainted with his character, actions and life. Dr. O'Reilly writes, therefore, with full knowledge of his subject as also with the deep interest in it which such knowledge inspires.

The plan of the work is very judicious, and it is consistently and faithfully adhered to from the commencement of the volume to its close. It is divided into four parts, each part being subdivided into convenient chapters corresponding to the subjects which are treated in detail.

Part first describes the birth-place of Joachim Vincent Pecci, now Leo XIII., his ancestry, his father and mother and their Christian virtues, the social and religious condition of Italy when he was a child, his early education under the Jesuits, at Viterbo and at Rome, his extraordinary youthful promise, his early taste for and proficiency in the Latin language and literature, his distinguished success at the end of his undergraduate course, his study of philosophy and the sciences. His career as a divinity student in the Roman College is then sketched, and his subsequent studies in the Academy or College of Nobles and the University of the *Sapienza*, and thence onward till his ordination to the sacred office of the priesthood, December 31st, 1837.

Part II. treats of the administrative and diplomatic career of Monsignor Pecci, extending from 1838 to 1846. It describes the peculiar difficulties which he had to encounter when, at the age of twenty-eight, he was appointed Governor of Benevento, his dangerous illness, and the people praying for his recovery, his energetic and successful administration, his manner of dealing with smugglers, brigands and guilty nobles, and how he developed the resources of the province.

Thence he was recalled to Rome and appointed Delegate or Governor of Umbria. Perugia, the capital of Umbria, was one of the most active centres of the anti-religious and anti-social movement which aimed at the destruction both of the Church and of the State. He promptly and firmly suppressed the organizations which propagated these pernicious ideas, and not satisfied with repression, he left nothing undone to take away from the conspirators the very reason for their existence by diminishing the burdens of the people, by fostering agriculture and trade, by making the administration of justice impartial, inexpensive and prompt, and by inexorable firmness in punishing lawlessness and disturbance of the public peace. To encourage thrift among the laboring classes, and to provide funds at a low rate of interest for industrious farmers and tradesmen, he established savings banks. In this way he succeeded so well in removing causes of public discontent and in repressing wrong-doing that at one time *the prisons of Perugia did not contain a single criminal.*

But even then, at the very outset of his public career, the young statesman clearly discerned that there could be for the people of Italy neither true political unity nor real social progress and prosperity without a thorough moral renovation accomplished by true religion. For all the springs of true greatness in private and public life had been destroyed in some and weakened in others of the Italian people by the terrible influences of French infidelity, of revolutionary Jacobinism, and of secret societies. And at the period of Monsignor Pecci's administration of Umbria (1841–1842) the most active and energetic men in public life in Italy were those in whose souls the one absorbing passion was to overthrow religion and utterly discredit among the masses regard even for natural morality.

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Monsignor Pecci, therefore, at once set himself to work to promote true education both among the leading classes and the masses of the people. For he believed that one of the most potent means of regenerating Italy was by giving to the former a thoroughly religious as well as intellectual training. From them he thought that salutary ideas would descend downwards into the minds of the lower and middle classes, helping the clergy and the members of teaching orders to educate them. Accordingly, he vigorously employed his influence to open schools where there were none, and to improve them where they were already in existence. He specially exerted himself to give new life to the college at Spello. He placed its finances on a prosperous and firmer basis, formed a new staff of able professors, thoroughly reorganized the course of study and provided for the maintenance of strict discipline. Under these measures the industrial, social and religious condition of Umbria rapidly advanced. Monsignor Pecci was busily engaged in planning other improvements when he was called to Rome in order that his abilities might be employed in a higher and more important sphere.

The position which Monsignor Pecci was now chosen to fill, though only in his thirty-third year, was that of Apostolic Nuncio at the Court of Brussels. He was raised at the same time to the dignity of titular Archbishop of Damietta. This was in 1843, and, perhaps, in all the countries of Europe there was none in which the office of Nuncio was surrounded with greater difficulties than in Belgium, or required more tact and skill to surmount them. Only about a dozen years before Belgium separated from Holland in order to obtain the freedom which the rulers of Holland obstinately refused to grant. But from the very birth of constitutional government in Belgium, it became a hot-bed of secret associations. All political exiles, all socialistic and anarchical dreamers, all revolutionary conspirators found refuge there. Belgium became the centre, the very paradise of this "*occult force*," consisting of bodies of conspirators organized into secret societies of the most desperate character, banded together for the destruction of all religion and of society. For, without religion civil order and society are impossible. To Belgium the leaders of atheistic anarchical secret societies resorted and plotted, and thence they sent their orders to their co-conspirators and followers in other European countries.

The anarchists and revolutionists were thoroughly organized, and kept their designs hidden; the Catholics were unorganized, and had nothing to conceal. The result was that though numerically in the minority, the atheists elected a majority of the members to the Belgian Parliament, and used their power to suppress religious education and to oppress the Catholic Church. Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who had been appointed King of Belgium by the action of the Great Powers of Europe, because he was a Liberal in politics and a nominal Protestant in religion, was a member of these secret associations, and threw the weight of his influence against religious education and the Catholic Church.

The Catholics, of course, became alarmed, and, under the leadership of their priests, bishops and archbishops, strove to obtain and maintain their civil and religious rights. The struggle is still going on to-day, between religion on the one hand and irreligion on the other, for the possession of *education*, the mightiest means ever devised for the moral elevation or the utter destruction of the human race. Such was the situation and such was the battle that was fiercely waged from the beginning of constitutional government in Belgium, and was at its height when Monsignor Pecci presented his credentials to Leopold, king of the Belgians. And the struggle still goes on there and elsewhere.

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On his first appearance at Court the new Ambassador made a most favorable impression. It was evident to all that he was an accomplished scholar, a well-bred and courteous gentleman. His learning, his education in the capital of Christendom, the historic centre of art, culture, science and letters, enabled him to speak on all topics with equal ease and authority. He was possessed, too, of not a little of Roman wit. But it was tempered with prudence and courtesy, and none felt its edge except those who ventured to attack religion or trespass upon propriety. His youth, his modest and dignified presence, his courtly and reserved address, his pure and unblemished life won for him golden opinions. He knew well that Leopold, as a constitutional king, could only govern through his ministers, and that the ministry was only the instrument of the dominant party. Yet, though both the king and his ministers were opposed to the principles and the cause he represented, he succeeded in securing their confidence and personal good opinions. In this way he was enabled to prevent much evil, and to prepare the way for better times to come. He encouraged the bishops of Belgium in their labors to promote Christian education and guard the rights and liberties of the Church in Belgium. At the same time, by his moderation and prudence he acquired such influence with the king and his ministers as enabled him to dissuade them from many contemplated measures, which, if they had been consummated, would have been very injurious to the interests of religion.

While Monsignor Pecci was thus discharging the duties of his office as Nuncio at the court of Brussels he had exceptional opportunities for studying the political and social problems which the condition not only of Belgium, but of several other European countries involved. For though Belgium, both as respects its territorial extent and the number of its population, is one of the smallest European powers, it stands in very close relation to the Great Powers of Europe, particularly to France, Germany and England. Moreover, King Leopold was the uncle of Queen Victoria, the son-in-law-of Louis Philippe, and closely related to a number of the German princes. Baron Stockmar, too, who had not a little to do with placing Leopold upon the throne, and was instrumental in bringing about the marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, was a warm friend of Monsignor Pecci. Thus Monsignor Pecci had better opportunities for learning what was going on in different European countries than had many of their leading politicians and statesmen. He visited both London and Paris, meeting with a warm reception from Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, as well as from Louis Philippe. In London he was the guest of Cardinal Wiseman, and through him and other English and Irish clergy and bishops was enabled to obtain accurate information as to the industrial, social, political and religious condition both of Ireland and of England. He is the only Pope who for a number of centuries has ever set foot upon English soil.

The narration of these events, and kindred events, and the statement of topics connected with them make up the second part of Dr. O'Reilly's volume. Part third is occupied with Joachim Pecci's "Glorious Episcopate in Perugia." For this his previous training had well prepared him, as did both it and the fuller experience gained and work performed by him at Perugia prepare him for his glorious Pontificate.

His recall from Brussels by Gregory XVI. to be made Bishop of Perugia removed him from the great scene of high diplomatic service, and might have seemed a degradation rather than a promotion, though not thus intended. Nor was it so in reality. For though Perugia was only an Episcopal See, yet the importance of positions is not always

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measured by their official dignity, nor by the external honors that attend them. Gregory XVI. foresaw the fearful storms that were about to burst upon the Pontifical States. He knew that Perugia was one of the centres of revolutionary activity, and both he and his sagacious Secretary of State, Cardinal Lambruschini, felt that just such a man as Monsignor Pecci was needed there.

The people of Perugia, too, had not forgotten how, during his brief sojourn among them as Governor, he had won golden opinions from all classes by advancing their interests, and by the shining example of his private life. Accordingly, through the Protector of Perugia, Cardinal Mattei, they laid their wishes (the city magistrates and the most distinguished of the nobility taking the lead) before the Sovereign Pontiff, who declared himself ready to accede to their prayers, provided they could obtain the consent of Monsignor Pecci, Apostolic Nuncio in Belgium. He gave his consent, and was preconized Bishop of Perugia in the consistory of January 19th, 1846.

But Monsignor Pecci was not the man to enter rashly upon his new and highly responsible and extremely difficult and perilous position. He knew that not by human strength, but only with divine help could he maintain himself and achieve success. How diligently and devoutly he spiritually prepared himself and sought divine assistance at the shrine of St. Francis of Assisi, the great patron saint of Umbria, the author of the work before us describes; also how he strove to create and organize a Christian, conservative opinion capable of counteracting the wicked passions and hatred of religion which the secret societies had been fomenting in Umbria as well as elsewhere; and how indefatigably he endeavored, by teaching and example, to call into action the mighty moral forces which alone were able to confront these powers of evil and save Christendom and society from the chaos of anarchy towards which it was being driven. He lost no time in educating and preparing his flock to withstand the perils which beset their consciences, their homes, and their country. Throughout his long and laborious episcopate of thirty-two years he was to be seen instructing his people diligently and solidly; erecting churches and schools wherever most needed; promoting piety and education in every parish; raising the standard of education in the seminaries for clerical students; renovating the schools for higher education; and lifting his eloquent voice in pastoral letters, to protest against the outrages done to religion and the Church, and to point out the real basis and safeguards of true civilization and solid social prosperity.

The fourth part, after narrating the proceedings in the Conclave which elected Cardinal Pecci, henceforth to be known as Leo XIII., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Pius IX., treats of his Pontificate.

We have dwelt at such length upon the previous parts of the book that we must dismiss this last, and in some respects most interesting part in a few words.

It is less than ten years since Leo XIII. became Supreme Pontiff of the Church. Yet into those few years he has crowded the labors of a lifetime; and how fruitful have not those labors been? The re-establishment in Scotland of the Catholic hierarchy; the luminous expositions of the pernicious errors and destructive tendencies of modern Socialism; the establishing of the Academia of St. Thomas Aquinas, and urging the bishops to make his philosophy the basis of philosophic studies in seminaries and colleges; his successful efforts to ameliorate the condition of Catholics in Russia, Poland and Turkey, and to win back into communion with the Church Oriental sectarians and schis-

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matics; his establishing cordial relations with the governments of Turkey and Persia, and with the Emperor of Germany; his successful settlement of the dispute between Spain and Germany, his influence in promoting the growth and consolidation of the Church in India, Africa, England and North America, are only some of the things which the truly great and glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII., has done during the last nine years or is still engaged in doing. They are well described in the fourth part of Dr. O'Reilly's admirable work.

The typographical execution of the volume well corresponds with the interest and importance of its contents—solid white paper; clear and distinct letter press; and highly ornamental binding.

Thirty-six full-page engravings add to the value of the work. It is said that none of them have ever before appeared in print. They were executed by the best American engravers from original photographs sent from Rome expressly for this book.

LIFE OF REV. MOTHER ST. JOHN FONTBONNE, Foundress and First Superior-General of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Lyons. Translated from the French of the Abbé Rivaux. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1887.

The person who commences to read this volume will not easily lay it down until he has finished it. It is a beautifully written story of a very beautiful life. It is also more than this; for the Life of Rev. Mother St. John is so inseparately interlinked with the history of the Congregation of which she was the foundress and for so many years the Superior-General, that in writing a biography of her it would have been impossible to abstain (even if it had been desirable) from referring to the origin, the first foundations, the purpose and mission, the wonderful growth and fruitful labors of that Congregation. This, however, as may be easily supposed, adds to the interest and value of the work.

The introductory chapter of itself is worth the whole price of the volume. It is a brief but admirable statement of the reasons for the religious and monastic life, and of the inestimable services which monks and religious have rendered to society and still are rendering to it. Nor is this exposition superfluous. Times have changed since the Thebaid was peopled with monks who withdrew from a society enervated by luxury and the abuse of all material pleasures, and retired into the desert to pray and labor, to fast and practise frightful austerities, and since the Western monks subdued the wilds and forests of Germany, Belgium, France, and England, rekindled the extinguished torch of human learning, and civilized the peoples of those countries; and with these changes have also come certain changes in the monastic and religious life. Yet these changes, after all, are but slight. At most they only affect the outward form and direction of its practical action as regards the world, but they do not touch its substance nor the truths upon which it rests.

Religious cœlebites, it is true, are not needed now in Europe to teach its people, or those of the United States, how to catch and cure fish, to cultivate the soil, to bridge rivers, to construct mills and other machinery, spin and weave and sew (though in barbarous and semi-barbarous countries they are still, as they were in past ages, most effective promoters of material progress), but they are needed now as much as ever to check the swelling tide of vice, to alleviate the miseries which afflict mankind, to fight against and subdue all the various evils which have

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their roots in the three great concupiscences of pride, and avarice, and lust, to which fallen humanity is subject. And it is just in the fact that the religious life is diametrically opposed to these three concupiscences that both the reason for its being and the source of its power are found. To pride, or an inordinate love of honors and high station, it opposes the practice of humility and obedience; to avarice, or the inordinate love of riches, it opposes disinterestedness, poverty, and self-denial; to lust and the ill-regulated love of sensual pleasures, it opposes chastity and perpetual virginity.

By his vow of obedience the religious mortifies his pride and self-love, and with them the vices and evils of which they are so fruitful a source. By his vow of poverty and voluntary practice of it he is preserved from the disorders, the excesses, the injustices which in all ages have resulted from avarice and the love of wealth, causing our Divine Lord and Saviour to pronounce the terrible anathema, "Woe to the rich!" By the vow and practice of absolute chastity and virginity the religious rises above what is merely natural, and becomes angelic. "Some sages and philosophers," exclaims St. John Chrysostom, "have indeed vanquished anger or despised riches; but as to virginity, it has never bloomed with them. On this point they grant us the victory, acknowledging it as something superior to nature."

The religious life, too, is a complete refutation of the false objection to Christianity, that perfect obedience of its precepts, and especially of its evangelical counsels, is impossible. The lives of the religious of the Church shine forth through the darkness of error and sin for the guidance and encouragement of those who strive to abstain from sin and to practise the Christian virtues, proving to them by practical examples that it is possible to accomplish this.

And in no age has society needed these lessons and purifying influences more than now. In spite of the rapid progress of our age in the physical sciences and their application to various industrial pursuits, if not indeed because of that very progress, a subtle skepticism, engendered by intellectual pride and self-will, is striving to destroy all belief in Christianity, in supernatural powers, in a future state of existence, in the meritoriousness of virtue, and in the existence of an All-Wise and All-Mighty God.

Along with this, and one of its evil fruits, is the inordinate desire for high station, official honors, prominence, and extensive influence, which disbelief in God, and human pride and self-will ever produce.

Equally active and equally prolific of attendant evils is the inordinate desire which characterizes our age to quickly heap up riches, regardless of the obligations of divine and human law, of justice, of mercy and of charity. We need not enlarge upon this. The columns of our newspapers are constantly crowded with instances and examples.

Then, too, equally characteristic of our age is lust, or the inordinate indulgence in sensual delights. Upon this we dare not dilate in plain English, nor is it necessary. The records of our courts, the columns of our newspapers narrating the elopements of young girls with persons who marry and desert them, or who, without marrying them, ruin them; the numerous accounts of conjugal infidelity, of scandals and seductions, the low public estimate placed upon personal purity and chastity, characterizing the scandalous careers of courtesans and harlots as "romantic," the degradation of the Sacrament of marriage to a mere civil contract whose legal observances, even under the civil law, are constantly evaded, contemned, or defied, the constant applications to our civil courts for legal divorces, and the adulterous marriages of men and

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women whilst their first, real, wives or husbands are still living—these and like facts of constant daily recurrence furnish more than sufficient evidence of what we have just said. To these evils the religious life opposes itself, and thus responds to the most intimate requirements of the human soul and of society.

Among the religious societies in which this life has embodied itself in modern times, the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph deservedly holds a high place. In its plan and purpose it closely follows the ideas of St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul, by uniting works of charity towards their neighbors with prayer and other devout exercises; thus combining the duties of Martha and Mary, the exterior works of charity with the repose of contemplation. "My design," says St. Francis de Sales, "has always been to unite these two states in so just a proportion that, instead of destroying each other, they should aid each other; that one should sustain the other, and that the Sisters, while laboring for their own sanctification, should at the same time contribute to the comfort and salvation of their neighbor.

And to such a work the patronage of St. Joseph is exactly suitable. The interior life and manual labor were equally sanctified by the foster-father of our Blessed Redeemer. It was St. Joseph who guarded, protected, cared for and clothed the Sacred Humanity of our Saviour, and those who devote themselves to caring for and waiting upon His representatives on earth—the sick, hungry and naked, and homeless poor—are imitating St. Joseph, and may well place themselves under his patronage.

Mother St. John was not, strictly speaking, the founder of the Order of Sisters of St. Joseph in its original form. It took rise about the middle of the 17th century, its regular canonical erection dating from March 10, 1651. But the revolutionary cyclone of 1789 assailed it along with many other holy institutions, and in 1793 it was suppressed and dispersed. It was not until 1807 that it was permitted her to gather together the surviving dispersed members of the Order and recommence its holy work. Thus she was the restorer and refounder of the Order.

In another respect to Mother St. John the title of founder may be justly ascribed. Before 1807 the different convents of the Sisters were entirely independent of each other. But after the resumption by the Sisters of community life, they were erected into a Congregation, and a central Mother House was established at Lyons under Mother St. John as Superior-General, to which all the other convents were affiliated.

The volume gives in a simple but very interesting manner the history of the marvellous usefulness and successful labors of this most prudent, energetic, and useful woman, and in so doing also gives the history of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. For during a period of nearly sixty-five years the life of Mother St. John and the growth and progress of the Order were inseparably intertwined.

Parts of several chapters are occupied with accounts of the growth and spread of the Order. Its communities are to be found in England, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, France, Africa, Madagascar, India, Japan, Brazil, the United States and Canada. On the Eastern Continent and in South America, the number of members in 1886 was 11,576. In North America there were 2543, having 64,075 pupils in the schools which they conducted.

Very properly the growth of the Order in the United States, and the history of its establishment in the diocese of Philadelphia are dwelt upon with considerable detail, and add both to the interest and the value of the work.

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THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and Arranged by *Henry F. Brownson*. Volume XX. Containing Explanatory and Miscellaneous Writings. Detroit: H. F. Brownson. 1887.

This is the final volume of the republication of Dr. Brownson's writings, collected and arranged by his son, H. F. Brownson. Without this volume the series would be incomplete. For, apart from able and important articles on a number of other subjects, it contains papers which are of exceedingly great value because of the light they throw upon Dr. Brownson's interior purposes and character, his humility and obedience, his willingness to keep silence, even when his silence was misconstrued, his personal intentions and reasons, his explanations of points on which he was misunderstood, and his answers to objections made from time to time by personal friends and fellow-Catholics to some of his philosophical or theological positions, or to his methods of argumentation. In addition to this there are very full and complete indexes both of the titles of articles and of the subjects discussed.

The different volumes of the series have been noticed by the writer of this in the AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW as they successively appeared. It is not necessary here again to commend them. We conclude this notice by quoting a few sentences from the eulogium pronounced by the Chief Editor of the REVIEW, the Right Rev. Monsignor James A. Corcoran, D.D., upon Dr. Brownson's works on hearing of his death:

"His *Review* is a rich mine which will never lose its value for the student of controversial theology, of Christian philosophy and Christian politics. His style, based on the best English models, gives an additional charm to all he wrote. He stands out certainly unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled by any of our countrymen, in his masterly handling of the mother tongue. But the beautiful workmanship is as nothing compared to the glorious material which it adorns. It is like the mantle of gold which enwrapped the matchless Olympian Jove of Phidias. His logical power is simply wonderful; no sophistry, no specious reasoning of error or unbelief can stand before it. And coupled with this is the gift so rare among profound thinkers and subtle dialecticians, of bringing home his triumphant process of reasoning to the minds even of ordinary readers with clearness and precision. . . . .

". . . . Even those who do not assent to all his philosophical and political views, must allow that they were as conscientiously held as they were ably defended. Here, too, his great love of truth was manifest; for he retracted without shame or hesitation whatever he afterwards discovered to be false or unsound. . . . .

"If Dr. Brownson, like the holiest of his predecessors, was not ashamed of the Gospel (Rom. I. 16), if he ever had its fearless profession on his lips, we should be led to expect, from his characteristic earnestness and love of truth, that in his case deeds kept pace with words, and that his religious faith was realized in his daily life and actions. And that such was the fact we have from the testimony of all who knew him."

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. By *Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.* New York: James Pott & Co., Publishers. 1887. 8vo., pp. xxiv.-414.

The purpose of the author in writing this book is to apply the laws of natural science to the spiritual man or human soul in all its relations and vicissitudes of moral and religious life. Something like this, but within the due limits of analogy, has been often done before now by Catholic theologians, philosophers and ascetical writers, in order to illustrate by

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natural life and its adjuncts the spiritual life and whatever conduces to its growth and perfection, or disease and decay. In this they but follow the Holy Fathers, who, in spite of the imperfect condition of natural science in their day, have used the knowledge they possessed wisely, happily, and with deeper insight into the manifold resemblances between the Natural and the Supernatural than could be imagined by the proud scholars of our day and generation, to whom, generally speaking, the Fathers are a sealed book. This also, according to St. Thomas, is one of the chief aims of Theology in its primitive and technical sense, to search through material creation for analogies which may shed light upon revealed Truth, and so commend it to the unbeliever. In the minds of those who believe it serves to glorify God's wisdom, by disclosing in part the wonderful unity of His creative plan. All this, however, as we have said before, we say with the becoming limitations, which are called for by the essential difference between the natural and spiritual being.

Our author differs widely from them in this: that he will not hear of any limits. He positively rejects them. In his theory the laws that rule the spiritual and natural order are not merely analogous; they are one and the same. "The position we have been led to take up is not that the Spiritual Laws are analogous to the Natural Laws, but that *they are the same Laws*. It is not a question of analogy but of *identity*." (Introduction, p. 11.) This extension of natural law into the realm of spirit is "new," as he himself acknowledges. (Preface, p. 16.) But this acknowledgment arises from no misgiving; it merely breathes the self-complacency of one who has discovered a truth that lay hidden from the rest of mankind. It is his own discovery, and he caresses and fondles it accordingly. Forgetful of the Prophet's warning, "*non magnificabis os tuum*," he extols again and again its grandeur and importance. He claims the glory of an ethical Newton, but he lacks the modesty of that old philosopher. Before his lucky discovery the spiritual world "was the old chaotic world of Pythagoras;" since then it has become "the symmetrical, harmonious universe of Newton." (Preface, p. x.) In the future it is destined to work wonders. It will, in the first place, give mankind "a truly scientific theology. And the Reign of Law will transform the whole Spiritual World, as it has already transformed the Natural World." (Preface, p. ix.) Moreover, Mr. Drummond's discovery will be of great benefit to theology, by furnishing it with new proofs and stripping it of old errors.

THE TEACHING OF ST. BENEDICT. By the *Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B.*, Canon of Newport and Menevia. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns & Oates.

The object of this volume is to make known the wealth of ascetical, liturgical, disciplinary and administrative lore which is locked up in the pages of the world-famed code of the great Patriarch of the West. To prepare himself the better for performing this important task, the learned author of the volume before us has studiously consulted the works of the most celebrated commentators on the Rule of St. Benedict, and carefully compared and collected their opinions. An account of the more eminent of these commentators is given in the preface, and the reader is informed that "no views are advanced in the work which cannot be defended on the authority of scholars whose learning and ability are so well known that their judgment is accepted with unwavering faith."

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After a brief and very concise sketch of the life of St. Benedict, the author refers to the two guiding principles of the Rule—obedience and labor—and shows their special applicability as a remedy against the evils of the day in which St. Benedict's lot was cast; a remedy, too, which remains efficacious up to our own times. For it is the principle of obedience which cements together the elements of human society and prevents its disintegration into chaos, and it is by the law of labor that man accomplishes the task marked out for him by God, both as a punishment of his rebellion and as a remedy of the ills which sprang from that trivial revolt against authority. A rough division of the Rule may be made into statutes and precepts and counsels. The Rule binds under penalty of mortal sin in all grave transgressions of the three vows. With regard to all its statutes and precepts it binds under the penalty of venial sin, in the opinion of the writer of the work before us, which opinion is supported by the opinions of a number of other learned commentators. The counsels of the Rule do not bind under penalty of even venial sin.

After thus setting forth the general character of St. Benedict's Code the author explains it in detail under its several heads and subjects. In doing this he abstains from technicalities and lengthy disquisitions and from the discussion of side issues and collateral questions. He thus has succeeded in bringing together, and presenting in a way that will be interesting to laymen as well as to priests and religious, a large amount of antiquarian, ascetical and practical administrative and disciplinary information.

LIFE AND SPIRIT OF J. B. CHAMPAGNAT, Priest and Founder of the Society of the Little Brothers of Mary. By One of his First Disciples. Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

With respect to no other subject were the Acts and Decrees of the Council of Trent more evidently under the guidance of the Holy Ghost than those which refer to teaching Catechism to children. One of the effects of those decrees has been the foundation of a great number of Societies whose aim is the instruction of youth. These societies have been most numerously established in France, particularly those that were formed during the last one or two hundred years. Nor is it hard to discover the reason of this. Where instrumentalities are most needed, there God provides them. And that the people of France are not as a body infidel to-day is to be chiefly attributed, under God, to the co-operation of these societies with the French clergy and bishops in carrying on the work of Christian education.

One of these societies was that of the "Little Brothers of Mary," of which the Rev. Father Champagnat was the founder; and this volume before us, while it clearly depicts the character of Father Champagnat, is also a history of the origin, formation, growth and spirit of the society.

Father Champagnat was a priest of apostolic sanctity and zeal. He had St. Francis of Assissi's love for holy poverty and detachment from the world, united with the zeal of Sts. Francis de Sales and Vincent de Paul for instructing children in Christian doctrine.

The Society of the Little Brothers of Mary was founded on the 2d of January, 1817. It started at Laval, in a little house which, with a small garden attached to it, was purchased with borrowed money for 1600 francs. The stamp of poverty was everywhere visible in the humble habitation; but so, too, it was in the stable at Bethlehem and the house

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at Nazareth. It was fitting that the children of Mary should resemble their Mother and bear from their very birth the zeal of her poverty and humility.

The society has grown and prospered. Its members are now found carrying on Christian schools not only in France, but in Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, the British Australian colonies, Canada, and at one point (Portland) in the United States.

The book before us describes this growth and the spirit which animates it. The accounts given of Father Champagnat's ideas on methods of instruction and discipline and his own manner of teaching are suggestive, and furnish many valuable hints to persons who are charged with the management of schools.

POPE LEO XIII. By *John Oldcastle*. With Chapters Contributed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G., the Rev. W. H. Anderson, S.J., and Alice Meynell. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The writer of this biography—Mr. Meynell, we think, his real name is—has done his work well as a literary effort and as a brief biographical sketch; indeed, we would not be surprised to see this notice used generally by the Catholic and secular papers in case the Holy Father should die. Accordingly, newspaper men ought to be very thankful to "John Oldcastle" for having thus given them a work of ready reference, saving them the trouble of consulting, studying and condensing larger biographies, such, for instance, as that of Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, noticed in this issue of the REVIEW. The publishers, too, have helped to make it useful in this respect, though unwittingly, we suppose, by having it printed in a fastidious style, and selling it at a price that makes it practically a sealed book to the masses of the people. It is really an *edition de luxe* of a comparatively small work,—only a couple of hours' cursory reading. As such we cannot praise it too highly, as well for the general get-up as for the writer's superior literary style. It is, of course, illustrated, six of the pictures being likenesses of the Pope in different positions and at different ages. There is also a likeness of his brother, Cardinal Joseph Pecci, and views of St. Peter's, exterior and interior, the Vatican library, the Pope's windows, and Rome as seen from the Pincian.

The biographer's work is divided into chapters on "What Manner of Man?" "From Boyhood to Priesthood," "Peacemaker in the Provinces," "Nuncio at Brussels and Visitor to England," "Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia," "Elected Pope," and "At the Vatican." These chapters fill fifty-four spacious pages, all except a few long quotations printed in large type. Occupying about fifty pages more are an essay by Cardinal Manning entitled, "Thou are Peter;" one by Mr. Allies on "The Teacher and Peacemaker;" Father Anderdon on "The Pope's Muse," and Mrs. Meynell on "The Pope's City." They are all very pleasant, instructive and edifying reading.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. Translated from the Italian of *Rev. Francis Da Perinaldo, O.S.F.*, by a Member of the same Order. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1887.

The Saints and Doctors of the Church all agree that there is no more profitable spiritual exercise than meditating on the Passion of our Lord and Saviour. St. Augustine declared that a tear shed in memory of the sufferings of Christ is more meritorious than a life-long fast. "As for me," says the same holy Saint, "in all my adversities I have not found a

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more powerful remedy than meditation on the sacred wounds of my holy Redeemer; in those wounds I repose calmly. When some foul thought disturbs my mind I have recourse to the wounds of my Jesus; when my flesh rebels against me, I remain victorious with the memory of the wounds of my Saviour; when the common enemy lays snares against me, I have recourse to the mercy of my Holy Reedemer, and the infernal enemy flies from me; when the ardor of concupiscence goads and excites my passions, I remember the Passion of Jesus, and they return to their former calm. In a word, there is nothing in the world, though bitter as death itself, which, with the memory of the sufferings of Jesus, will not become sweetened."

In like spirit St. Isadore declares that if we consider the Passion of our Redeemer, there is no suffering which we may not only bear with patience and resignation, but also with exquisite pleasure and joy. And St. Bernard says: "Thy Passion, O Lord, is the last refuge of a miserable sinner; it is a powerful remedy for all the infirmities of the soul; it supplies wisdom, justice and sanctity. When virtue fails me, when my feeble strength abandons me, I am not disturbed. I do not distrust, but I have recourse to the wholesome chalice of Thy Passion."

The Passion of our Blessed Redeemer is so powerful and so meritorious that no human mind can fully comprehend it; God, alone, can explain its excellence. But we may experience the efficacy of its merits by daily meditating upon it, and such a practice is a powerful means of sanctifying our souls. It is suitable and profitable for all persons and in all states of life. It will recall the sinner from his evil course; will raise the falling from the pit of vice; strengthen the feeble in the path of virtue; quicken the persevering in the way of perfection, and stimulate love for God in the devout.

The volume before us is well calculated to promote this excellent spiritual exercise. It is not intended for the use of the clergy, but of the laity.

IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: Glimpes of their Labors on the Continent of Europe. By *Rev. William P. Treacy.* New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Most of these essays are already familiar to readers of leading American Catholic papers, and those who admired them when they first appeared will be glad to know that their talented and industrious author has undertaken to collect and issue them in permanent form. They are in this shape an unusually valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland, one that no future historian, treating the subject generally, can ignore. The style is strong, animated and colored, lacking no element calculated to awaken interest. Besides a modest, yet pointed introduction, there are over twenty essays, giving accounts of various Irish colleges and monasteries in Rome and various parts of France, the Netherlands, Spain and Portugal, during the period of the Penal Laws in Ireland, together with sketches of the Penal days, the patriotism of Irish priests in those times, accounts of Irish professors, chaplains of the Irish Brigade and Irish chaplains in European courts, Irish hagiology, Irish authors and genius, the graves of exiles, etc., besides a humorous interview with a Protestant critic on Catholic countries.

To many readers by no means the least attractive feature of the book will be Father Treacy's poems, nearly a hundred of which are collected in this volume. They are all of high merit, and the majority of them give evidence of true poetic genius. The prevailing feeling is either that

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of Irish patriotism or religious devotion. Some are happily attached to the essays, bearing directly on the same subject. This is a beautiful idea, and in practice helps to enhance the interest and draw more closely the attention of the readers.

The mechanical features of the book are also very commendable, both the topography and the binding being equal to anything of the kind that we have seen, even in much more costly works.

L'ALLEMAGNE A LA FIN DU MOYEN AGE. Par *Jean Janssen*. Traduit de l'Allemand sur la quatorzième édition. Avec une Préface de M. G. A. Heinrich, Doyen Honoraire de la Faculté des Lettres de Lyon. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1887.

Of this work, or rather the original work of the first volume of which this is a translation, we need say but little here, as it is the basis of the longest article in the present number of the REVIEW. It marks an epoch in historical writing, the beginning of a revolution in the method of presenting history, particularly as it affects the Catholic Church, to the minds of thinking and honest readers.

We would like to see an English translation of it equal in merit to the French, and issued in similar style, for a moderate price yet of handsome appearance, brought out in America. Readers enough would soon be found to make it a paying venture for some enterprising but honest publisher; and it would be well worth while to undertake it if only to give the general reader an opportunity of studying the true causes, methods and results of the mis-called Reformation.

A special and important feature of the French version is Professor Heinrich's introduction, in which he institutes a most interesting comparison between Rev. Professor Janssen and M. Taine as historians. Few can fail to be satisfied with his conclusion that there is a striking resemblance as to treatment of subject-matter between the German priest and the honest French free-thinker.

THE HISTORY OF ST. CUTHBERT; Or an Account of his Life, Decease and Miracles; of the Wanderings with his Body at Intervals During One Hundred and Twenty-Four Years; of the State of his Body from his Decease until A.D. 1542; and of the Various Monuments Erected to his Memory. By *Charles, Archbishop of Glasgow*, Member of the Archæological Institute. Third Edition. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

This is a most learned and profoundly interesting production. Its author is an erudite antiquarian scholar and treats with exhaustive thoroughness the various subjects comprised in his book. It is replete with the fruits of careful archæological research, and throws a great amount of light upon many disputed questions respecting St. Cuthbert's birth, parentage, the religious order of which he was a member, the frequent translation of his remains, the evidence that they were whole and incorrupt as late as 1542, and the place where they are at present deposited.

Maps of ancient Northumbria, of Holy Island and several other places, and drawings and descriptions of a number of shrines and churches dedicated to St. Cuthbert, add to the interest and value of the volume.

RECORDS OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA. Vol. I. 1884–1886. Published by the Society. 1887.

If the American Catholic Historical Society continue their researches and the publication of their results in the spirit in which they have

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commenced, their work will be of inestimable importance. The volume before us—the first and only one published since the formation of the Society in July, 1884,—abounds in matters of great historical value. In addition to other interesting papers there are a brief historical account of the society called "Sisters of Mary and Jesus," a paper defending William Penn from aspersions upon his character as a friend of religious toleration, an account of the French Refugee Trappists in the United States, a narrative of the planting of the Church in Delaware, a memoir of Very Rev. Michael Hurley, D.D., O.S.A., with a sketch of the history of St. Augustine's church in Philadelphia, a historical paper on the "Ursuline Nuns in America, etc."

In addition to these papers are copies of ancient registers of baptisms, etc., of several of the oldest churches in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE. With Sketches of the Great Catholic Scientists. By *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M.*, Rector of the Church of St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Louis, Mo.; Author of "Electricity and its Discoverers." New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1887.

This is an unpretentious but very timely and useful book. Its purpose, as stated by its author, is to refute two wide-spread notions. One of these is, that when a man devotes himself to science he must necessarily cease to be a Christian; the other is, that the Catholic Church is hostile to scientific progress. In carrying out this purpose the writer has adopted an excellent method. His book is not argumentative, but explanatory and illustrative. It is a lucid and comprehensive glance into the great domain of the secular sciences. The growth and progress of almost every one of them is sketched concisely, yet lucidly, and it is clearly shown that the children of the Church were not only the pioneers of most of them, but that the greatest names in the history of astronomy, geographical discovery, mathematics, mechanics, electricity, galvanism, chemistry, optics, mineralogy and botany are Catholic ones.

The author is evidently perfectly familiar with the various subjects, and in laying down his book the reader will regret that it is not larger, not because of any incompleteness in it, but because of its interest.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE IRON TOMB. By *Hendrick Conscience.* Translated from the Original Flemish. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1887.

THE LOST GLOVE. By *Hendrick Conscience.* Translated from the Original Flemish. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1887.

CONTEMPLATIONS AND MEDITATIONS ON THE HEARTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND THE SAINTS, ACCORDING TO THE METHOD OF ST. IGNATIUS. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by Rev. W. H Eyre, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns & Oates. 1887.

VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT AND TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH. By *St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. (Centenary Edition.) New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

FREDERICK FRANCIS XAVIER DE MERODE, MINISTER AND ALMONER OF PIUS IX., ARCHBISHOP OF MELITINENSIS. His Life and his Works. By Monseigneur Besson, Bishop of Nîmes, Uzés and Olais. Translated into English by Lady Herbert. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1887.

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Leo P.P. XIII

(*Translation.*)

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HAS PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S MISSION BEEN A FAILURE?

THE closing words of Professor Huxley's article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* must have been a source of pain to his many admirers. The renowned scientist says:

"My career is at an end. . . . .

'I have warmed both hands at the fire of life,'

and nothing is left me before I depart but to help, or, at any rate, to abstain from hindering, the younger generation of men of science in doing better service to the cause we have at heart than I have been able to render."

These be sad words, indeed; and, even though Mr. Huxley may not have intended them as his valedictory to literature, it is quite evident that the learned professor regards them as final and leavetaking in the pursuits of science—at least in the sense that he has abandoned all hope of rendering further or better service to the cause he has so much at heart.

There are few sights more saddening than the failure of a career of great promise. Few men have ever pledged themselves to the achievement of greater results than Mr. Huxley; and hence the sadness of his leavetaking is deepened by the still more melancholy sadness which rings out with such pathos in his tones of conscious failure. Were Professor Huxley a modest man, his

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readers might feel inclined to believe that, in handing over the cause he has at heart to men of a younger generation, he had couched his testament in such terms as to conceal the superiority of his overshadowing merits. But modesty is not, in his opinion, one of the cardinal virtues. From his attitude towards it, it would be quite just to conclude that he regards it as the deadliest of sins. And no one who is at all acquainted with his writings would for a moment hesitate to say that Professor Huxley would be the last man living to depreciate his own merits. But his own views, as to his success or failure, important though they be, are in reality of little moment. The great scientist's noble aim and its success are before the world, and open to debate.

For over a quarter of a century Professor Huxley has been a prominent figure in the scientific world. But he has been something more than a scientist, pure and simple. He has been the Hercules of modern thought, and the stern and implacable foe of "orthodoxy." On the plains of science, indeed, his tents were pitched, and biology and physiology were his favorite pastimes; but as he sat by the door of his tent his wary eyes traveled around the whole world of thought, over which he exercised an ever-wakeful vigilance. Seldom, indeed, has a half-hour's perusal of Professor Huxley's writings failed to recall to our mind the description of the scene in the valley of Terebinth: and the mighty Goliath of Geth, with his helmet of brass and his coat of mail with scales; with his greaves and his buckler, and the staff of his spear like a weaver's beam, seemed hardly less formidable than the redoubtable "man of science." Even the language of both sounded strangely alike in tone, in message, in challenge, in menace. It was difficult to suppress a shudder as he significantly pointed to the vanquished superstitions and "extinguished theologians" which he told you lie around the cradle of every science, or as he waxed wroth over the evils of "orthodoxy" or the wickedness of "ultramontane Catholicism." Even the horrors of the guillotine were made to pass before your eyes; for Professor Huxley would tell you to-day that "orthodoxy was the Bourbon of the world of thought," and significantly remind you to-morrow that he and the leaders of scientific thought were the Carnots who organize victory for truth. What wonder that orthodoxy should be in mortal terror! What wonder that "ultramontane Catholicism" should have clung to the giant's knees and begged for quarter! Such was the impression of himself which Professor Huxley thought his writings imprinted on the minds of the reader; and the task which he undertook was worthy of the courage and ability of him who undertook it. That task was nothing more or less than the utter demolition of Christianity—"to throw down the triumphant fal-

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lacy;" "to lend a helping hand to Providence, to knock this imposture on the head;" "to remove Christianity, this incubus of the philosophers;" to make fossil "dogmas that ought to be fossil but are not;" to guillotine "the Bourbon of the world of thought." These were the labors which, with a glow of enthusiasm, he told you were "meet for the strength and the courage of the Hercules of mitigated scepticism." These were the lofty and praiseworthy aims which Professor Huxley proposed to himself as the reward of his scientific labors, the crowning effort of his career. And to Professor Huxley, orthodoxy in its most odious form was synonymous with the Catholic Church. For, after all, it was dogmatic Christianity, as embodied in Catholicity, which was the central point of his hatred. Protestantism was not worthy of his anger. "Ultramontane Catholicism" it was which "was antagonistic to the very essence of science." To strip the Church of her preposterous pretensions, to unmask the hollow superstition, to tear away the veil from the face of a gigantic hypocrisy, to level to its foundation a false and festering civilization based upon Christian dogma, and establish upon its ruins a pure, healthful, scientific constitution; to withdraw from this myth and Moloch of Christian superstition the love, the homage, the veneration, the mysterious and hallowed awe and affection which cling to it, and instead to persuade the nations of the earth to worship at the temple of science and bend in homage before her altars, where Professor Huxley was sovereign pontiff and infallible guide,—this was the lofty and sacred task to which he devoted his energies, dedicated his studies and consecrated his life. If he made no secret of his purpose, he had little doubt of his success. He began his work much as Solomon began his reign, full of high hopes and pious intentions. And even quite late in his career,—now, alas! at an end,—his hopes of success seemed to run high, nay, even to reach their flood-tide. To show that the sanguine hopes of Professor Huxley have not been overstated, or his mission overrated, we will let the philosopher speak for himself. In his first article on the "Origin of Species" he told the world:

"The myths of Paganism are as dead as Osiris or Zeus, and the man who should revive them in opposition to the knowledge of our time would be justly laughed to scorn. *But the coeval imaginations current among the rude inhabitants of Palestine, recorded by writers whose very names and age are admitted by every scholar to be unknown, have unfortunately not yet shared the same fate. . . . . In this nineteenth century,* as at the dawn of modern physical science, *the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrew is the incubus of the philosopher* and the opprobrium of the orthodox. . . . . And history records that whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, *bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated; scotched, if not slain. But orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought.* It learns not, neither can it forget."

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In 1869, at an after-dinner speech in the city of Liverpool, when the soul of the man of science, softened, presumably, by the good cheer, was clement even to his hated adversaries, in comparing "the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church" with "the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and Dissent," and with the balance of compliment in favor of the former, he spoke of Catholicity as

"our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science—the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist, and which must as a matter of life and death resist, the progress of science and modern civilization."

In his inaugural address as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, in 1874, he is even more explicit:

"The act," he tells his hearers, "which commenced with the Protestant Reformation is nearly played out, and a wider and a deeper change than that effected three centuries ago—a reformation, or rather a revolution, of thought, the extremes of which are represented by the intellectual heirs of John of Leyden and Ignatius of Loyola, rather than by those of Luther and Leo—is waiting to come on. . . . . Change is in the air. . . . . It insists on reopening all questions, *and asking all institutions, however venerable, by what right they exist.*"

In his address on Joseph Priestley, at Birmingham, in the same year, he is seized with the same aggressive spirit, and significantly tells his audience, concerning such men as Joseph Priestley and himself:

"There are men to whom the satisfaction of *throwing down a triumphant fallacy* is as great as that which attends the discovery of a new truth; *who feel better satisfied with the government of the world when they have been helping Providence by knocking an imposture on the head.* . . . . . These men *are the Carnots who organize victory* for truth, and they are at least as important as the generals who visibly fight her battles in the field."

Professor Huxley is, however, not satisfied with simply organizing victory in the cabinet or council. In his "Life of Hume," he seems to think the hour for decisive action has come, and, with a zeal that is contagious and an enthusiasm that is inspiring, he proclaims that time has struck the hour when he should step boldly and defiantly into the arena, and take up the cause, languishing since the death of David Hume. Of all the warriors who fought nobly against superstition, the warfare and weapons of David Hume are the most acceptable to the soul of Prof. Huxley. If Hume be the Achilles of the long siege, Mr. Huxley is at least the Telamonian Ajax, and although he is accredited heir to the arms of the departed Achilles, the ardor of his spirit is by no means satisfied until he forges new weapons before which many a Christian Hector will fall back in despair. His pen records in glowing terms the prowess of the brave warrior. His heart swells with noble admiration as he gazes upon the figure of Hume intrenching himself

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upon the impregnable fortress of the *Fyrrhonian doubt.* His soul is fired with a noble emulation and is kindled into confidence, courage and enthusiasm by turns, until the spirit of his daring at last outstrips even the advances of the great "protagonist of agnosticism," and his zeal impels him to say:

"But, further, it is the business of criticism not only to keep watch over the vagaries of philosophy, but to do the duty of police in the whole world of thought. *Wherever it espies sophistry and superstition, they are to be bidden to stand; nay, they are to be followed to their very dens and there apprehended and exterminated, as Othello smothered Desdemona 'else she'll betray more men.'*"

With an ineffable admiration which in a man of his powers it is charming to behold, he exultingly quotes these words of Hume against superstition and religion, in them outlining his war policy:

"'Chased from the open country, these robbers fly into the forest and lie in wait to break in upon every unguarded avenue of the mind and overwhelm it with religious fears and prejudices. The stoutest antagonist, if he remits his watch a moment, is oppressed; and many, through cowardice and folly, open the gates to the enemies, and willingly receive them with reverence as their legal sovereigns.

"'But is this a reason why philosophers should desist from such [metaphysical] researches, and leave superstition still in possession of her retreat? Is it not proper to draw an opposite conclusion, and perceive the necessity of carrying the war into the most secret recesses of the enemy?'" etc., etc.

And Mr. Huxley follows up the quotation with this enthusiastic comment:

"Near a century and a half has elapsed since *these brave words were shaped by David Hume's pen;* and the business of carrying *the war into the enemy's camp* has gone on but slowly. Like other campaigns, it long languished for want of a good base of operations." [Rather a *naïve* admission!] "But," he adds (with that exquisite refinement of sentiment, and gentlemanly grace and elegance of language of which Professor Huxley is, betimes, so easily a master), "since *physical science, in the course of the last fifty years, has brought to the front an inexhaustible supply of heavy artillery of a new pattern, warranted to drive solid bolts of fact through the thickest skulls, things are looking better;* though hardly more than the first faint flutterings of the dawn of the happy day *when superstition and false metaphysics shall be no more* and reasonable folks may live at ease, are as yet discernible by the *enfants perdus* of the outposts."

In these and similar words did Professor Huxley record his hopes and forecast the results of his mission, the importance of which, but for his own testimony, which we have given freely, we might be suspected of exaggerating. His career is at an end, as he says, and inquiry about its results can hardly be considered premature. Quite naturally we look for immense results from such magnificent promises. We expected to see the field of Revelation strewn with "apprehended" sophistries and "exterminated" superstitions.

Has Professor Huxley redeemed his word or fulfilled his

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promise? How many superstitions or sophistries has science strangled in their very dens? What particular dogmas of Christianity have been bidden to halt? Indeed, it is to be feared that the "skulls" of orthodoxy are even thicker than Professor Huxley has made allowance for, since we are acquainted with many that are yet uncracked. Mr. Huxley should have great results to show at the close of his career after such outspoken promises. We shall see how great they are. He has vigorously and resolutely applied himself to his chosen work and invoked the help of all agnostics and all physical science. He girds on his good sword for the mighty work which he has sworn to prosecute, and summons laboratories to his aid. With unanimous accord scientists are resolved that one last, united, desperate effort must be made to sweep the superstition of Christianity from the face of the world, at once and forever. To this end all forces must join. For this object all powers must strive. Every field of science is explored, every region of thought is drained of its supplies, every form of philosophy is laid under contribution to furnish the resources for the accomplishment of this mighty work. All the intellectual wealth of the past and present must be poured into one common treasury to furnish the means to carry on the work to a successful completion: Embryology with its hardenings and section-makings; biology with its protoplasmic investigations and recorded observations; physiology and anatomy with their modifications and differentiations; geology with its fauna and flora; paleontology with its lacustrine and fluviatile beds, its trilobites, megalosauri and cephalopods; astronomy with its nebulæ, its meteors, and interstellar spaces—all must unite in one gigantic conspiracy for the overthrow of the Christian religion. To descend from the barbarous jargon of scientific nomenclature, Professor Huxley and his colleagues have anxiously searched the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the waters that are under the earth; they have scrutinized every branch of science; they have examined closely every department of knowledge; they have brought together the most antagonistic philosophies; they have rehabilitated the defunct religions of barbarous and extinct tribes; they have summoned to their aid the atheism and infidelity of the eighteenth century; they plant their standard on the scientific discoveries and inventions of the last fifty years, and march forward in the name of scientific truth, in all the pomp and magnificence of our nineteenth century enlightenment, moving with measured and majestic tread, terrible as an army in battle array. The superstition is to be dethroned; the hideous deformity is to be unmasked.

But at the very moment we look for the onslaught, suddenly a change comes over the scene. The army, rushing on to what it

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believes to be certain victory, in the very moment of expected attack, is suddenly called to a halt, an apparent flag of truce is raised in the ranks of the threatening legions—"a banner with a strange device," the three simple words: "*I don't know!*" which in this instance carry the strangest meaning, namely, that in these words we are to look for the full measure and extent, the length and breadth and height and depth of the real power of all concentrated and combined forces of that formidable array. It is the concentrated essence of all the forces of scientific infidelity against religion.

Not a single sophistry apprehended, not a single superstition bidden to halt! The puerile tactics of feeble dialectics in opposition to the Church have often been amusing enough, but it was reserved for science in the nineteenth century, in the full pride and plentitude of its glory, to choose an argument which sophistry would scorn. Science hiding its head beneath the invincible strength of the argument, "*I don't know*," is an absurdity which discounts all the inventions of fiction. Indeed, taken in connection with the pompous manifesto of Prof. Huxley already quoted, there can be no more candid confession of the utter impotency of science against Christianity. It is the frank avowal that not science, not criticism, not infidelity, not scepticism, not atheism, nor all of them combined have been able to invent a single argument against even a single dogma of Christianity.

And this, then, is the outcome of all our nineteenth century wisdom, philosophy and science. This is the result of that warfare waged by means of the "heavy artillery of a new pattern" scientifically "warranted to drive solid bolts of fact into the thickest skulls." This is all our self-appointed "police in the world of thought" have to show after patrolling round and round in search of sophistry and superstition.

The agnosticism of Professor Huxley is, then, an avowed failure as an argument against Christianity and as a philosophical invention—as a camping ground for scientists who affect a *penchant* for philosophy, the position is in the highest degree ludicrous. We might smile at the simpering simpleton who to every question put him stupidly answers: "*I don't know*"; but we would be apt to lose patience if, when we turned away, he winked and snivelled and made strange grimaces, and dogmatically asserted and denied as though endowed with the attribute of omniscience. But patience would be apt to reach the limit of endurance if, on pursuing our honest inquiries elsewhere, he followed close at our heels, keeping up a senseless babble and clatter because we would not insist upon asking of him the knowledge which he declared himself unable through ignorance to give. We ask Professor Huxley: "Has science dis-

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proved Christianity?" "Yes." "In what points?" "I don't know!" "Does the soul live after death?" "I don't know." "Has man a soul at all?" "I don't know." "Is evolution a true theory?" "Yes." "What are the proofs?" "I don't know." "Is there a heaven or a hell?" "I don't know." These things are unintelligible. "What has science really proved against Christianity?" "I don't know." Christianity is unintelligible. And so on through all the questions which lie near men's souls, and which give a meaning to life, agnosticism has the simple answer, *I don't know.* It doubts. It shakes its head with a sorrowful smile. And Professor Huxley mournfully tells the world: "The problem of ultimate existence seems to be hopelessly beyond the reach of my poor powers." In the catechism of agnosticism the only answer to any question of importance is, *I don't know.* People cease to wonder as they hear Carlyle in characteristic comment bluntly muttering: "Wonderful as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind." The monotonous drivel might pass muster as the musings of dotage or a song of poor Poll; but that science should deliberately adopt it as a cognomen, make it the last word of knowledge on subjects of most solemn import, and for whose solution scientists themselves are most anxiously looking—that its invention should be regarded as the acme of intellectual greatness, that it should be accepted as the end of hypothesis and fact, physics and metaphysics, invention and discovery, analogy and syllogism, all the irrefragable arguments of philosophy and all the experiments of laboratories, together with what Professor Huxley himself would call the weary clatter of an endless logomachy, at first sight seems hardly credible. And all this in the nineteenth century! And all this in the name of science! And all this by men aspiring to intellectual leadership in the world of thought! And above all by Professor Huxley, who all but styles himself "the Hercules of mitigated scepticism." It is indeed an age of paradox, and the Elysian fields of science seem to be its paradise. Ignorance has often before been made a matter of boast and set up as a platform from which to rail at knowledge; but the apotheosis of ignorance has awaited the age of science, when, with beat of drum and blare of trumpet, with much show of many words and great pomp of ceremony, it should be raised triumphantly to its proper place. This was the first and most potent of all the pieces of Professor Huxley's "heavy artillery of a new pattern warranted to drive solid bolts into the thickest skulls"; and its position, which was its strength, has been discovered to be rather an unsafe and ignominious one. Evidently the grand first principle of agnosticism, *I don't know*, was originally designed as a battering ram of tremendous crushing force and power, but, being found ineffectual, it has been retired to serve as a stalking-horse under

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cover of which the light infantry might maintain a fire of shot and musket ball upon the enemy. Or, to use the phrase of Touchstone, it was mistakenly invented as the "lie direct" to Christianity, but, failing in that, it has fallen back to the rank of the "quip modest." The agnosticism under which Professor Huxley hides himself is about as destructive to Christianity as is the sand in which the ostrich hides his head to the pursuer.

Professor Huxley's arsenal possessed just two other weapons. One was a theory deduced from scientific observations, or, to speak more correctly, a hypothesis in corroboration of which the facts of science were adroitly manipulated. The other was forged from the true Damascus steel of pure science. The former was the Darwinian hypothesis of evolution against Christianity in general. The latter was the geological record against the Genesiac cosmogony. Far from the writer of this article be the worse than summer madness of presuming to contend with the vast and varied wisdom of Professor Huxley; and more especially to dare to measure swords with him on grounds so exclusively, nay, even jealously, his own. Ours, here, is the far more humble task of one who, during the last decade of years, has listened at a distance to the loud reverberating echoes of Mr. Huxley's "heavy artillery of a new pattern" as under his leadership it thundered pitilessly upon its victims, and who now, upon the announcement that the campaign is ended, has a curiosity to review the field, number the "annihilated and slain," and, as a warning lesson, mayhap, to gaze upon the gaping wounds of the "crushed and bleeding," or turn with a shudder from the hideous appearance of the "scotched" victims.

But upon examination Mr. Huxley's fire, here too, seems to have proved ineffectual. And what is more, the choice of weapons seems to have been again a mistaken one. Indeed, it is highly probable that within due limitations the doctrine of evolution would be not only acceptable, but highly useful, to the Church. It would solve many difficulties and shed light upon obscurities which at present are perplexing to Biblical exegetes; and it is worthy of remark that it is only in this friendly sense that the theory of evolution is ever likely to become an accepted conclusion either in science or philosophy. The doctrine of a Divine Providence would hardly be looked upon as novel by theologians, and the sustained *act of creation* which prevails "even till now," by which the universe is conserved, and without which it would revert to its original chaos, does not sound strange to the ears of orthodoxy. And yet between these "fossils" of theologians and the promised evolution there seems to exist a close relation and kinship which endows the former with a new beauty, and gives a promise that Professor Huxley's lion, when properly tamed and subdued, will lie

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down gently and peacefully with the lamb of theology. This is probably what Mr. Gladstone means when he tells Mr. Huxley that he feels only too much biassed in favor of evolution by what he conceives "to be its relation to the great argument of design." But for the theory of evolution, even in a much modified sense, the proofs seem to be singularly hesitant and faltering; and, while theology will welcome as an ally the demonstration when it comes, at present it feels compelled to play the agnostic doubter to the science of the agnostics and "suspend judgment" until science furnish proofs which will compel assent; or, to use Mr. Huxley's elegant phrases, until its "thick skulls" have been "pierced" by the "bolts" of scientific fact. But while the demonstration of modified evolution is singularly tardy, the evidence in favor of the Darwinian hypothesis (which is the theory so strenuously advocated by Prof. Huxley) would seem to break down altogether. Mr. Gladstone would seem to be justified when he says of those who are committed to the theory that "their pace and method seem rather too much like a steeple-chase." In the vast chaos of this hypothesis, deep yet lies under deep, and abyss calls to abyss. The unspanned chasm yawning between inorganic matter and living matter will, it seems, ever remain unbridged. "Spontaneous generation" was a delusion long fondly cherished by scientists as a cable which could with safety be flung across the great gulf; but one of the greatest services of M. Pasteur was to rid the world of this piece of scientific quackery. It is one of the exploded myths of science which takes its place with the anthropoidal ape supposed to connect *homo sapiens* with the animal world. Around these two mysteries scientific dogma fondly clusters, and while reviling religious faith, demands an unbounded, implicit and unfounded faith in these things neither seen nor proved.

The world had heard so much about the gospel of evolution, the wonder of its workings, the unity of its scope, the grandeur of its results; how it was to rise and triumph by its own inherent power as oil rises to the top of the water, as the kite rises against the wind, or as Christianity arose above paganism by the force and efficacy of its own intrinsic worth, that it was not surprising if mankind yielded to a natural curiosity to examine, and now experiences a feeling of disappointment.

It was to be a ringing out of the old as well as a ringing in of the new. There was a flourish of trumpets, a rush as of a mighty wind. The old sovereign was to be dethroned and degraded before the eyes of all mankind. The world was invited to come and sit by the windows of the laboratory, and watch the system by which the new heavens and the new earth were evolved; how a fossil oyster overthrew the idea of creation, and rendered it effete and im-

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possible; how the superfluous teeth of the fœtal Balæna destroyed all belief in God's Providence, how the habits of plants and lower animals showed the story of man's fall to be a myth of a superstitious age. The dry bones of the plesiosaurus, the chalks of the tertiary period, the trilobite, belemnite, and even fossil horses that gloried in five toes, were arrayed in conclusive evidence against it. The dry bones of countless ages were decked in all the glory and grandeur of our modern arts and inventions, they were tricked out in all the tinsel of a lustrous sophistry and galvanized into new life until they wriggled in menacing attitudes, ominous to religion and death-dealing to superstition. The grotesque picture was a fitting companion to that which Carlyle has so vividly sketched for us of Maximilien Robespierre "in his new nankeen trousers, with bouquet in hand, in front of the Tuileries pronouncing the scraggiest of prophetic discourses on the *Etre Supreme* and setting fire to much emblematic paste-board." And wo to the world if it tittered at the reasoning, or if an incredulous smile was detected on the countenance, for Professor Huxley and some of his colleagues possessed the art of showing the world that even if their science was imperfect and their logic defective, they could amply atone for these shortcomings by deftly and dexterously handling the weapons of sarcasm, and could prove themselves to be perfect masters in the logic of ridicule. To dissent from their conclusions was to proclaim yourself an enemy of progress and a victim of superstition. To doubt the value of their hypothesis was to demonstrate your incapacity for the science of the laboratory. To speak disparagingly of fossil molluscs or crustacea of the Middle Cambrian or Upper Silurian epoch showed distinctly that you belonged to the class from which the "circle-squarers, perpetual-motioners and flat-earth men are recruited." To convince them of sophistry was "to revel in the luxury of unqualified assurance." If Professor Huxley could not prove that you were "wrong, but only that you were absurd," the awful chastisement which the "man of science" dealt out to you was "to let you alone"—unless, sometimes, indeed, impelled by unusual provocation, in a moment of infinite disgust Professor Huxley was constrained to summarily consign all obstinate orthodoxy "to the fauna and flora of a past age."

However, the old was not yet rung out nor the new yet rung in. The world comes to Professor Huxley and congratulates him on his success in filling up the gaps in the geological record, and to inquire how it fares with the new god of science. It comes with the best of intentions, in the best of faith, nothing doubting, to behold the miracle of the nineteenth century, the statue unveiled, the thing of beauty arisen out of the earth as Venus rose from the

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sea. It asks to behold the grand tree of evolution, this spinal column running through all nature, connecting the loftiest intellect with the lowest form of matter, this noble Igdrasil of the ancient Scandinavian, with its roots in the earth, its trunk heaven-high, and its branches covering the whole earth; this new discovery of "matter through all her special forms ascending." It expresses a desire to see the transitions, the forms, the various stages and processes, the links that have been lost and found again, and is somewhat surprised to find that the voice which was bold and defiant on the housetop becomes weak and diffident in the laboratory; that faltering hesitancy, vacillating language, and uncertain results meet it when the inquiry comes to particulars.

The scientific harangues derided religion for its faith and credulity. Miracle and mystery and dogma and doctrine formed the constant themes of endless revilings. Over such abominations every orator grew eloquent, and every scientist became an orator. What was, then, the amazement of the world when it beheld the scientist, with the ruddy glow of his eloquence and indignation yet mantling his cheek, turn to his own god to lavish upon it in unlimited measure that faith which had just been the object of his eloquent abhorrence? It is only religious faith that is deserving of censure, it would appear; and scientific faith is deserving of all praise. And the beliefs of science are founded, not on the strength of reason or revelation, but on the slender grounds of mere conjecture. Demands unlimited are made upon our credulity at every step. Indeed, it will hardly be denied that the most extravagant of religious creeds has hardly taxed the faith of men to the extent that science tests their powers of belief. A Brahminical creed of Hindoo mysteries and superstitions would not draw upon our credibility more than the creed of evolution. What could be, what might be, what would be, under certain hypothetical conditions; what, in the opinion of the "man of science," should be and ought to be, are the dogmas of speculative science. It has tried to rid the world of supernatural mysteries and religious faith, but it has amply compensated for this by supplying us with a full measure of natural mysteries which science does not solve; and we are asked to accept them, not on Divine authority, or on the authority of human reason, or on the demonstrations of science, but on the mere conjecture and hap-hazard hypothesis of the "man of science." Indeed, the wealth of faith which science lavishes on its conceits and groundless assumptions would justify a Catholic in maintaining every episode in the *Divine Comedy* as an article of faith, or the devout Puritan in maintaining the stages in the "Pilgrim's Progress," through which Christian passes from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, as actual physical existences.

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The Darwinian hypothesis has been, as it appears, twenty-eight years before the world, and to-day the strongest proof in its favor would seem to be that *homo sapiens* is no longer the last term in the evolutional series, but from him has been evolved, either by "natural selection" or a survival of the fittest, "a new species," which Professor Huxley designates the "man of science." Even with such proof, however, it yet remains what Professor Huxley himself has pronounced it, "but still a hypothesis, and not yet a theory of species."

But even with the failure of these two positions—agnosticism and evolution—there yet remained a hope for Professor Huxley. Agnosticism was a philosophical, or contra-philosophical, or sophistical position, if you will, and a taint of the same serpent was upon evolution; but there yet remained the geological record, pure and undefiled by metaphysics or logic. It was the pure metal of science, bright and shining, and unadulterated with even the smallest alloy of philosophy—swift, sharp, and death-bearing as a bullet of steel. It was—the facts of paleontology in conflict with the first chapter of Genesis. And upon this Mr. Huxley naturally staked all his remaining hope. But, as it would seem, in vain. The scientific huntsman, to borrow the figure of Hume, with an acknowledged "love for the chase," and who, like Professor Huxley, candidly avows that liking for the sport "is mingled with a little human weakness to be thought a good shot," may well feel chagrined and vexed when, at the close of his day spent in the midst of game with little success, he loads his gun with his last and choicest cartridge, and under the impression that he has at last come upon game worthy of the marksman's skill and which will compensate for the day's disappointments, on firing, with fair and steady aim, he discovers that his rifle of unerring aim has been discharged at a mere decoy or too deceptive likeness. The general who sits down for weeks in siege of a fortress, and who has consumed all his provisions, wasted all his ammunition, and ruined his heavy artillery in levelling its walls, may well feel mortified when, at last, on carrying it by assault, he discovers that it was but an unfinished fort, neither gunned nor manned, and that the real fortress stood unharmed many leagues distant. And this seems to have been Professor Huxley's fate in opposing his geological record to the Mosaic cosmogony. A truly skilful general would make himself acquainted with the strong and weak positions of the enemy, would become familiar with the vital points, and would never be guilty of the folly of wasting his time and his resources upon a point unessential and unguarded. So renowned a biologist as Professor Huxley seems strangely unacquainted with the ecclesiastical anatomy. There are many points of most vital im-

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portance in the Church's structure, well known even to babes and sucklings; but the point of Mr. Huxley's attack is not of the number. Regarding the Genesiac cosmogony, the Church has listened in her time to a great many opinions of scientists and philosophers, but has never seen fit to express her own. This may be owing to what a keen observer and unbeliever has styled "her supernatural rejection," or to the fact that her mission among men is not to teach physical science, but to save immortal souls. But to whatever cause it may be due, Mr. Huxley is strangely insensible to it, and arrays all the strength of his "heavy artillery" before it only to discover that he has been firing in the air. If he choose to demolish the Church, her "dogmas, which," he tells us, "ought to be fossil but are not," would seem to be the points to invite attack. They are not only important, but vital, spots in her anatomy. They are many in number, stretching from the Divinity of her Founder to the Infallibility of her Visible Head. They are bulwarks upon her ramparts, whose safety is essential to her very existence. They are not only golden clasps upon her girdle, but under each flows an artery through which her very life-blood courses. The thrust of Professor Huxley's sword-blade, destroying even a single one of them, will be fatal to her. Every drop of her life-blood will gush from the wound with a force which will defy every effort to stanch its flow. Rend one of her clasps in twain, and the girdle about her loins supporting her strength is irreparably broken. Shatter one of her bulwarks, and all her dogmas, her discipline, her liturgy, her ceremonies, will fall through the breach; but, instead of assailing any one of these points, Professor Huxley steps aside to quarrel with the *Hexahemeron* of Genesis, which he vainly imagines to be the key to all her kingdoms, and works himself into unnecessary anger because no one will dispute with him the position he has attacked. He seems not to be aware that if, in the field of physical science, he will determine the true meaning of the first chapter of Genesis, and fix it beyond mere peradventure, the Church will look upon him, not as an enemy, but as a most useful colleague.

The Church has no scientific doctrine regarding the cosmogony of Genesis to reconcile with the guesses of our present science. And with all due deference to the masterly effort of the ex-premier[1] to harmonize the accepted facts of our present science with the Proem to Genesis, all such attempts would seem to be works of supererogation. And if it be true of the "reconcilers," it is equally

[1] Mr. Gladstone may hold some private views upon the subject, and so may feel bound to effect a reconciliation, although such does not appear to be the case from his extremely lucid and able controversy with Mr. Huxley. He does not seem to be committed to any particular interpretation of the work of these six days.

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true that those who oppose the geological record to the Mosaic cosmogony are engaged in the mere task of Sisyphus. It were a hopeless task to contrast or compare, to oppose or to harmonize, to antagonize or to reconcile two indeterminate objects; and never were two points less determined than those which the opposers seek to oppose and the reconcilers try to reconcile. The proposition to disprove the source of the Nile by the appearance of the North Pole, or *vice versa*, would be just as intelligible. An opposition or a reconciliation will have a meaning when it is clearly understood what the two points are which are to be opposed or reconciled. As has been said, the Church has never assigned any final meaning to the facts of physical science included in the work of the six days of the Mosaic narrative. Hence, from the side of the interpreters of Genesis there is no point of opposition. Indeed, Professor Huxley would be surprised to learn what diversity of opinion and latitude of interpretation may be found amongst Catholic exegetes regarding the cosmogonical or purely scientific part of the narrative. Simultaneity of creation; succession of creation; succession in the order of time, in the order of nature, in the order of cognition; the time of the six days, as we understand the term day, as signifying indefinite periods of time, as referring to one day with distinctions of six days, conformable with the presentation of the objects in the narrative; the terms morning and evening in the sense of beginning and end of work, in the sense in which we use the terms, in the sense of beginning and end of indefinite periods of time; all these have had their advocates within the very bosom of the Church, and as it was a question concerning physical science, with no especial bearing on men's eternal salvation, the Church, instead of interfering, looked placidly on. And it might be well for Professor Huxley to remember that these various opinions were held by exegetes long before the geological record existed, even in protoplasmic condition, or paleontology held the high rank with which it is now honored, and hence, are by no means a recent invention of theologians to offset the sophistry of scientists. The age of Augustine was long anterior to the age of Professor Huxley, and St. Thomas lived and died in total ignorance of the great antiquity of the Belemnite; yet the opinion of the former, sanctioned by the opinion of the latter, will give ample room to Professor Huxley for all sound deductions from his geological record when completed, without danger of the slightest conflict or opposition. And Augustine and Thomas Aquinas are names which the Church loves to revere, and to whose laurel crowns of learning she has superadded the aureola of the saint. It is, then, difficult to see precisely the point of Christianity which Professor

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Huxley, with the open geological record in his hands, feels forced to anathematize.

And it may be added that it is quite difficult also to see how, from his imperfect record, he is justified in at all pronouncing anathema against anything of any consequence whatever. The geological record, according to it all the honor which belongs to it, is far from complete, and, it would seem, in the true sense of the word, will never be complete. The geological record of 1887 is by no means the geological record of 1837, and is little likely to be the geological record of 1937; and a harmony or discordance between any dogma of faith and the record, at any one of these dates, would be slight warrant that a like harmony or discordance would exist at any later date.

At the same time, however, it must be admitted that it is a sore trial to Professor Huxley, and almost more than human nature can be expected patiently to bear, to find that all the force of his "heavy artillery" has been spent even here on empty vacancy. Yet it is not quite so plain why the Church should be to blame for Professor Huxley's mistake. If in the height of his "enthusiasm" over his "heavy artillery of a new pattern" so highly "warranted," he chose to marshal all its strength in front of a position which he erroneously supposed belonged to the Church's dominion and to whose defence she was bound, it was evidently the mistake of overweening confidence and unreflecting enthusiasm. It is not surprising, however, in his chagrin and disappointment, to find him pertinaciously clinging to the hope of a conflict and begging orthodoxy to quarrel with his cosmogony on any ground, even for sake of the fight. "There must," he says in his despair, "be some position from which the reconcilers of science and Genesis will not retreat." It does seem cruel to disappoint Mr. Huxley, but, candidly, there seems to be not even a plausible pretext for a fight. And, indeed, were there a *casus belli* at all, of even the smallest dimensions, and were the Church committed even in the most indirect manner to the defence of even the weakest hostile position, it would be the height of cowardice to retreat when the strongest argument, put in Mr. Huxley's strongest language, sounds no more formidable than "*Undoubtedly*, it is in the highest degree *probable*." "It is testified by all the evidence we *possess*," "our *present* evidence," etc. And this, too, from a science in which undoubted facts and indubitable proofs should be the backers of certainty, and where the realm of probability should be entirely unknown. But even thus there seems hardly cause for a quarrel, and Mr. Huxley can box the compass of "water-population," "air-population," "land-population," in any order he pleases without the slightest violence to any doctrine, and

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with little fear that his right to do so will be challenged in the name of religion by any orthodox theologian.

These, then, constituted the "heavy artillery of a new pattern warranted to drive solid bolts of fact into the thickest skulls," upon which Professor Huxley based his hopes of success; and it must be admitted that he worked industriously in the discharge of his artillery, that the crash was sometimes terrific, and the din and uproar was usually deafening. The world stood still on occasions to listen to the re-echoing thunder of his scientific explosions; but when we come to examine the number of killed and wounded, and the amount of real damage done to the enemy, the effect seems to be no more disastrous than if Mr. Huxley's artillery had discharged volleys of soap-bubbles.

In point of fact, not a single objection worthy of a moment's consideration has been brought against Christianity since the days of Hume,[1] notwithstanding the incessant tattoo of the drum scientific for the last half century.

And yet it would seem cruel to censure Professor Huxley too severely for his blind, precipitant rashness. It is a mere truism to say that all men are more or less swayed by some bias or other. But no stronger bias sways men's judgments than that of the specialty which lies in the line of their tastes and studies. The poet sees most things in life through the bias of poetry. The painter views the world with the eye of an artist. The broker views everything through the medium of the stock-exchange. Students of casuistic theology are sometimes harassed with scruples concerning the subject matter of their text-books. Medical students often imagine themselves the victims of the ailments included in the curriculum of their studies. Lawyers who make a specialty of criminal cases are said to regard the practice of law as the most degrading of the learned professions. And so of all others. Sensibly or insensibly, the favorite study or specialty, or pursuit or pastime, is apt to become the lens through which we view the

[1] In addition to the foregoing Mr. H. Spencer has within the last eighteen months given the world a catalogue of objections to Christianity, but they are remarkable only for their venerable antiquity. They are to be found in his controversy with Mr. Fred. Harrison, and their refutation can be drawn from any handbook of theology. The resuscitation of these objections by Mr. Spencer, however, tends to show that it is not alone in physical nature that the law of evolution is slow in its workings. Its processes seem quite as slow in the formation of objections to religion. For if, according to Mr. Spencer's original definition, *evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations*, we look in vain at the objections to revealed religion for symptoms of the *heterogeneity* to set in, and although these old objections have been so frequently buried beneath the overwhelming evidences of religion that they might now be justly classed as fossils of paleontology, there is not yet the faintest indication that the original *homogeneity* is likely to show the remotest sign of the desired *differentiation*.

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objects we meet with, just as the air was filled with daggers for Fouché. The bias easily passes into a prejudice, and the prejudice is strong in proportion to our predilection or enthusiasm, and also in proportion to the absorbent nature of the subjects to which we have surrendered our powers. Few writers have taken pains to point out this so clearly as Mr. Herbert Spencer in his "Study of Sociology." He has called attention to the fact that men's fears and hopes betray into false estimates, that beliefs are distorted by sympathy or antipathy, that unjust condemnations arise from impatience, that the bias of class, the bias of education, the bias of country, the bias of theology, the bias of politics originate a predisposition to the acceptance or rejection of opinion and theories; but what he has failed to show is that the most tyrannical bias of all is that of physical science. There are few more subtle or more potent influences than that of matter over mind. It is hardly necessary to remind the physicist that his study gradually acquires an all but absolute dominion over his mind, and that it requires a desperate effort to relax what Emerson calls "the despotism of the senses." His facts and experiments are apt to enslave the mind and enthral its faculties. His "functions" and "processes" are apt to become part and parcel of his very existence. His dissecting knife, his weights and measures, his laws and classifications become a part of himself. He cannot see beyond his experiments. The world is narrowed down to the dimensions of his laboratory, and there is nothing in nature which cannot be reached by his appliances. Everything existing is merely matter with its molecules and modes of motion. Professor Huxley himself admits that "an exclusively scientific training will bring about a mental twist as surely as an exclusively literary training." And Emerson only uttered a great truth when he said that "empirical science is apt to cloud the mind, and the very knowledge of functions and processes to bereave the student of the manly contemplation of the whole. The best read naturalist, who lends an entire and devoted attention to truth, will see that there is much to learn of his relation to the world, and that it is not to be learned by the addition or subtraction of known quantities." And the mental equilibrium necessary for a sound judgment is obtained only by what the same writer has felicitously styled "self-recovery."

It were asking the impossible, then, to expect that the views of life held by scientific men would not be colored with their science, or that their philosophy would not be tinctured with the researches of the laboratory. But when has the study of physics failed to tempt its devotees to theory and speculation? As well hope to live in Wall street or in the Exchange and escape the contagion. The waysides of science are strewn with the corpses of defunct theories.

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The world is filled with wrecked philosophies at one time or other stoutly defended and hotly argued by men of science in the first flush of their bewitching dreams. Professor Huxley admits that "mere insanities and inanities have before now swollen to portentous size." And it would seem that, amid all its multitudinous discoveries, science has not yet come upon the amulet which will ensure the wearer against the deceptions of physical nature, or teach him the folly of theorizing. Even now, when the Puck scientific, or the Puck philosophic, or the Puck agnostic undertakes to bewilder poor mortals, the mischievous sprite seems to copy with success the pranks of Robin Goodfellow, and sing, as he leads,

> "I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around,
> Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier."

It is, then, the science that is at fault, and to expect of Prof. Huxley and his colleagues that they would pass through the laboratory without its leaving any trace upon their minds, to suppose that they could divest themselves of the prejudice which it creates, and prove superior to the bias which it engenders, that they would rise superior to all speculation and theorizing—the inevitable outcome of laboratories—would be to regard them as superior to all human weakness, and far superior to human nature in firmness of mind and rigid beatitude of reason.

And, even though it might be expected that they could rise above all the petty tricks of human weakness in the ordinary studies of physics, such a hope would be setting far too high a platform, and asking too much of the heroism of unbending self-denial, when we come to consider the special studies which engaged their minds and the nature of the sciences which asserted their undisputed sway over the empire of their intellects. A study already sufficiently absorbing in its nature to engross the powers of the human mind, and hold the intellect in willing captivity, is suddenly clothed with a new beauty and arrayed in a new light. Matter, with its astounding variety of forms, with its ever-varying regions of interest, with its multiplicity of wonders, with its multitudinous possibilities of analyzation, its cohesions and repulsions, had opened up countless fields of endless variety. Mechanics and hydraulics, the statics and dynamics of the universe, the vast field of chemical analysis, mineralogy, botany, the natural history of birds and beasts and fishes, were already captivating enough to hold numbers of willing slaves in a species of intellectual thraldom. But here were new fields of enchantment to be added to the old—fields of which poet had not dreamed or prophet foretold. The wayside mosses and lichens had furnished food for the poet's fancy. Water, air, earth, sky, were teeming with living wonders;

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but who would have dreamed that beneath our feet lay the greatest wonder of all, that in stones and rocks were to be found not merely sermons, but a history, traced in indelible characters by the hand of nature herself—a history, too, which gave a new meaning to antiquitv, and compared with which the earliest beginnings of recorded history were but of yesterday? A perpendicular section of a fossil bed had disclosed to the wondering eyes of scientific beholders marvels surpassing credibility. There, in a few feet of earth, were stored museums of anatomy rich in historical wealth and physiological interest. There lay an animal, a vegetable, and a mineral world, hidden beneath our feet, just as the new world lay beyond the ocean, or the trackless and countless worlds of the astronomer hid themselves in space. There were nature's catacombs, with its vaults and crypts filled with specimens of its own embalming and preserving—awaiting the hands of the scientific Schliemann or De Rossi. There were birds and beasts and shells and plants older than the pyramids, older than Chaldean legends, older than the Nile or the Euphrates. The historian might love to follow history into tradition, and tradition into legend and fable, until even fable is lost in conjecture; but here was history neither legendary nor fabulous, and yet older than Sirius or the Pleiades. It was history, but it was something more. It was a subterranean museum of an antiquity inconceivable, with specimens of birds, of beasts, of fishes, of shells, of fauna and flora more rich in variety than the llanos and pampas of Brazil, more strange and novel than those which greeted the astonished eyes of Banks and Solander when they gazed upon the strange trees and shrubs and plants and animals that lived and died beneath the Southern Cross. There the naturalist might feast his soul upon ever-varying species in plants, in animals, in birds, in reptiles, in fishes; here, he might compare and discover likeness and unlikeness, form and development, and all of a race upon which man's eye had never looked, and of which a single living specimen, at the present time, would be one of the world's greatest wonders. And all this crowded into a fossil-bed a few feet in extent hidden away by nature in forgotten places, as the squirrel hoards nuts or the miser forgets where he has hidden his gold. Galleries of storied wonders were opened to the naturalist at every step. New avenues lined with marvels stretched away beyond the confines of time, beyond what the mind could conceive, into ages so remote that the brain reeled at the mere contemplation of the changes which our planet must have undergone since their existence. To find a world as real as that in which we live, to behold it teeming with relics of life now extinct, to trace that life in all its departments, to study a strange anatomy, to discover a new species, to classify, to compare, to con-

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struct a skeleton from the mouldering bones, to find a tusk or a claw or a single bone, and search with the industry and pertinacity of a ragpicker until the whole was constructed; to trace the history of this extinct race of animals, to count the rolling ages, and calculate the endless years during which the filtering of rains and the crumbling of rocks had dismembered their skeletons, or since those creatures strode the wastes of land and water. To conceive the strange conditions under which they lived, so different from the present; the herds of megalosauri roaming through vast plains; the strange monsters of the water, and the water equally strange; the strange surface of earth, the strange vegetation, the pleiocene forests beneath whose trees the pleiocene mammals suckled their young and preyed upon their kind; the meiocene rocks over which the ancestors of our modern chamois browsed and skipped; the strange birds with their strange notes, which laid their eggs and built their nests in fauna and flora of countless æons; the strange skies, the strange aspect of the heavens; the novelty of discovery and the sacredness of antiquity, the strangeness of species, and the familiar physiology of genus;—little wonder that the imagination should usurp the seat of judgment and lord it over all the powers of reason! To ask the scientist to keep his mind from theory, and keep his judgment clear and cold, was simply to ask the impossible. Milton in paradise, Dante in heaven, hell, or purgatory, had not beheld such visions; and the ground from which their imaginations soared were intangible and appealed not to the sense of feeling or sight. Rider Haggard, with not even the pretext of a history to build upon, expands his imagination. But here were living realities, real to the eye, to the touch, as true as nature herself; as real as the plants that grow in the field, or the flocks that graze on the hillside. There is no alternative; the devout scientist must be either a block of granite or an ardent enthusiast, and to ask him to make a covenant with his imagination that it might not run off into reckless speculation, were to ask the absurd or impossible. To expect of him that, under the fire of this all-consuming study, he should possess a coolness of judgment which was proof against all hallucination and delusion, would be to endow him with qualities which might have belonged to a fossil race of men, but not to the present. It was little wonder that the student who completely surrenders his mind to the new and absorbing study should become the child of enthusiasm, that his imagination should run riot, that endless fields of speculation should fill his mind, that he should grow giddy and intoxicated, revel in the highest flights of fancy, and place no limit whatsoever to his unfolding hopes. What wonder that Mr. Spencer should grow sceptical, that Professor Tyndall should grow overbearing and arrogant,

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that Professor Haeckel should grow rash and insolent, and the "Hercules of mitigated scepticism"—Professor Huxley himself—should assume all these qualities together. No one who has the slightest sympathy with enthusiasm would be heartless enough to condemn or censure them.

It is by no means surprising that, with such incentives to enthusiasm, we should find Professor Huxley donning his war-paint, dancing his war-dance, and obstreperously calling for the blood of his enemies. It excites little wonder to see the "policeman of the world of thought" indiscriminating in his arrests and summary in his vengeance; or the "Hercules of mitigated scepticism" so reckless in the use of his weapons, and never stopping to question the unyielding temper of his "bolts." Indeed, few things have encouraged Professor Huxley in the indulgence of his folly more than the habit into which the world had fallen of regarding his "divagations" as symptoms of a mild mania, which meant nothing more serious than an attack of scientific enthusiasm which could hurt no one.

It may be due to this indulgent reception of Professor Huxley's humor that we have had, especially on this side of the Atlantic, so many weak imitations of Professor Huxley's method by men who have neither his industry to plead in excuse nor his ability to offer as an offset to their insolence; and the recent meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, in New York City, shows that we have yet with us some ambitious imitators of Professor Huxley whose aims are as high as they are harmless.

However, lest there might happen to be some who should be unacquainted with Professor Huxley's methods, and hence mistake, his voice for that of a lion, so perfect is the simulation, let it be hoped that science will, in future, spare the nerves of orthodoxy, and save us from what Professor Huxley calls a "bogus scare." And since, in the language of honest Nick Bottom, "there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living," in order to preclude all danger of a panic when next again into its *Midsummer Night's Dream* scientific agnosticism is pleased to introduce the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe, we trust it will insist that Bottom's judicious caution be enforced,—that he who personates the *lion* must follow the example of Snug the Joiner, and hence that he "must name his name and show half his face through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, and tell them plainly he is" not a real, living lion at all, but only Snug the Joiner, or Professor Huxley, the "man of science"—as the case may be.

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PEACE, THE SWORD, AND ARBITRATION.

A PARLIAMENTARY "Motion," which was more amiable than practical, was hazarded last July in the British Parliament. Lord Bristol wanted it to be set down for a principle that the time had come when International Arbitration ought to take the place of flashing swords and booming guns. We have now passed, said Lord Bristol, beyond the ages of barbarism, and are in full sail on the calm seas of civilization; therefore, let the huge armies which now suck the strength of Europe, and which menace every neighbor with destruction, be exchanged for a simple Court of International Arbitration, which shall peacefully settle the rights or wrongs of every quarrel. A very Christian and a very beautiful sentiment! Unhappily the Powers, which possess the big armies, are like big school boys who hold smaller boys in fear, and who have no thought of abrogating the superior position in the world's school which superior muscle or mighty stature may insure. The world is as little disposed, in these days of "civilization,"—which is only a barbarism tempered by experience,—to forego the sweet luxury of cutting throats or smashing skulls, as it was in the days of Julius Cæsar. True, the motives have somewhat changed in the last few centuries, but the passions and the sentiments are the same. The three millions of soldiers who now constitute the peace-footing of the armies of civilized Europe—a number which can be increased to eleven millions, should the dogs of war be let slip from the leash—are not kept in preserve for the purpose of conquest so much as with the object of self-protection. Thus, Austria may be said to "want" a big army, because the diverse nature of her aggregated peoples requires material force for unification. Russia,—which is principally inhabited by three classes: (1) those who worship the rule of the Russian Czar; (2) those who desire the union of Slavonic races; (3) those who hate the Czar and the whole rule of effete Absolutism,—has a very strong motive for keeping up a big army, which may be wanted more at home than abroad. France wants a big army for revenge; and Germany wants one for consolidation. The smaller powers, such as Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, or even Portugal, want only a sufficient army for self-protection. But whatever the motive, that motive is beyond the influence of any kind of International Arbitration—unless it be backed up by allied powers. Doubtless a peaceful court of equity might be accepted, at least in principle, for the settlement

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of merely ephemeral misunderstandings—just as the Maine Boundary, the Alabama Damages, the San Juan dispute, were settled by commissioners or by referees—but on points which are *worth* fighting about, no nation which is powerful will submit to the arbitrament of a weaker nation. To suppose that a power, with half a million of men in the field, will sit down gently and wait for a lecture or for advice from a few highly respectable members of a debating club,—be it in Paris, London, Berlin, or New York,—is to suppose what all the lessons of modern history demonstrate to be contrary to modern nature. We no more expect a strong country to take advice as to its possessions, its boundaries, its self-aggrandizement, or its national status, than we expect a man who has a hundred thousand a year to be advised to part with his property to a poor man. A burglar has only one precept of morality, and that is to get off without being caught. Nations—that is, their governments—are only burglars *plus* an army which can enforce the burglarious views that are most convenient, and *minus* a penal code which, though applied to individuals, has no place in the lofty ethics of annexation.

Lord Salisbury, when replying to the motion of Lord Bristol, dismissed it as too visionary, too utopian to be ingrafted into practical legislation. Yet might he not have utilized the opportunity by suggesting that, at least in one instance, an International Arbitration might be practicable? It may happen, from time to time, that between the two great English-speaking races—the inhabitants of the United States and of Great Britain—ephemeral misunderstandings may arise, which need nothing but a little talk for their *solatium*. Though it be absolutely impossible that the sword should ever be drawn between the two divided countries which are as one country, yet a friendly court of arbitration might be antecedently set up, ready to "sit" on any dispute which might arise. Next to a defensive and offensive alliance between the sea-divided members of one family [an alliance which could not fail to be an assurance of peace not only to themselves but to half the world], a permanent court of arbitration might be helpful to a security against even a superficial irritation.

To enter, however, on a broader view of a subject which necessarily embodies many points: Catholics will have read with interest the June letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Cardinal Mariano Rampolla, in which His Holiness sets forth certain principles of Catholic wisdom which should dominate the world's conduct in regard to strifes. "We have sought every means to reconcile them" (princes and peoples) "with the Church by renewing and drawing closer the family ties of the Holy See with various nations, and by everywhere re-establishing religious peace." His Holiness

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shows that the great bond of the peace of the nations ought to be their obedient union with the Holy See; that it is the enemies of all religion who have stirred up the misapprehension which now exists as to the papal prerogatives; and that merely national convenience, or unity, or consolidation is as nothing in value compared with that true stability which "alone constitutes real progress for man, by leading to his intellectual and moral perfection." It is well to allude briefly to such points, in connection with the present aspect of the fighting world. There cannot be a question to any Catholic that the highest Court of Appeal is the Holy See—in regard to the moral side of national quarrels. This fact is, however, practically ignored; and from the same disregard has sprung the almost total indifference to the whole question of morality in national strifes. Indeed, governments care no more for Christian justice, when they set their hearts on what they are pleased to call Annexation [but what, in blunt English, and when practised by individuals, is called theft, or appropriation, or swindling], than they care for the number of souls whom they may send into eternity by the brute force with which they carry out their arguments. Manifestly a court of equity is as much *needed* for all the nations as it is *despised* as being impracticable or utopian. Governments are so well aware that, in international quarrels, politics will take precedence of principles, that they feel it would be affectation to discuss the question of morals, when the foregone purpose is to remove their neighbor's landmark.

If, however, we are to consider earnestly and religiously the *idea* of International Arbitration, it is necessary, antecedently, that we should apprehend the first principles on which governments ought to make war or to preserve peace. It is not too much to say that the morals of Modern Europe, in regard to the right or wrong of the use of force, are the weakest—nay, the most wicked—which have ever been known in the world's history since the time when the book of Genesis was written. Almost every condition of a just war has been violated in almost every war of Modern Europe. The conditions of a just war are as clear as they are absolute—as obvious in nature's Religion as in the Christian Religion. Before considering further the question of Arbitration, let us glance at the primary conditions of a just war, since those conditions seem to have passed out of the memory of the "Christian" governments which now wage war *without* conditions, *without* justice.

It might seem presumptuous to remind statesmen, in the year 1887, of the elementary principles of right and wrong, were it not patent to the world's eye that, in the matter of making war, not one statesman in a score remembers justice. Well, take a few of the more recent of military conflicts, and see whether this accusa-

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tion be too strong. As to Afghanistan, the refusal of Shere Ali to receive an armed, military embassy was the pretext for the second invasion of his kingdom; the pretext for the first invasion having been an entry in a Parliamentary Blue Book, which entry was afterwards proved to be fictitious. An English Minister ordered the invasion of the Afghan territory with all possible slaughter and devastation; and this, not upon one, but upon two occasions, with the sublime, the Christian apology that "a scientific frontier" was desirable for English protection in the East. And next, take the case of the recent war in Egypt, conducted against a people struggling for their liberties, and under a tyranny that neither Americans nor Englishmen would have meekly endured in their own lands, and conducted, really and truly,—all affectation put aside,—in the interests of the bondholders of Egyptian stock. Thirdly, take that hideous war of the Russians, levied against the (nationally) innocent Turks, on the plea that certain "atrocities"—astutely fomented by Russian agents—had been committed in a certain district against Russian Christians. Hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed in a few months in revenge for the cruel slaughter of a few Bulgarians; which slaughter (as every one who is behind the scenes in Eastern diplomacy knows too well to require to be informed) was stimulated for the sake of creating a sufficient pretext for waging a religious war against Turkey. Lastly, take that horrible Franco-German war, waged because of the supposed choice of a king of Spain by a power which was rapidly becoming too military; a choice of a king of Spain which had *not* been made, which never has been made, and which probably never was meant to be made.

Now in every one of these instances there was the almost absolute ignoring of every one of the primary conditions of honest war. Let us glance at those primary conditions so ignored, so despised, yet at the very root of national honor, national safety.

Briefly, no one nation may make war on another nation, save for injuries committed, and not atoned for. Nor may any nation declare war until the people to be attacked have had full time to offer recompense, or to ask for pardon. Nor may any government declare war until the cause, the justification, has been fully set before the minds of all its subjects, and those subjects have fully approved the (apparent) justice. Nor may any nation *make* war without *declaring* war, and doing this with amplest advertisement to the whole world of a just cause, just processes, just monitions. No nation may make war for the sake of conquest, nor for the detestable gain of "removing its neighbor's landmark." Nor may any soldier take part in an unjust war,—in any war which he himself believes to be an unjust war,—for in so doing he is guilty of

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homicide or of murder, and is no better than a hired assassin of innocent people.

"A Christian ought to let himself be killed rather than shed blood without cause," said Pius the Ninth, in a brief addressed to Monsieur Brun, and to several members of the French National Assembly. The same principle was held sacred by the virtuous Pagans, by every one of the sublime worthies of the Old Testament, and by all Catholic saints, doctors, and philosophers. He who invaded another's territory, in the days of the civilized Pagans, was called a robber, a pirate, a madman. Not only such great writers as Aristotle taught that war could not be made without just cause; or that, as Cicero said, "justice being wanting, war is not courage but ferocity"; but every one of the Pagan moralists assented to the doctrine that wars of pride or conquest were but brigandage. In the Old Testament, before and after the Deluge, we find the perpetual re-assertion of the same doctrine. The crime of Cain was the crime of vengeance in one person; it was an unjustifiable war upon one man. We know how it was punished by God. "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed, for man was made in the image of God," was a command which applied in the plural number quite as much as it applied in the singular number. And so as to the laws on theft (which we, in these days, call by the polite word annexation). Abraham, when he had vanquished unjust armies, swore that he would take nothing, "from the woof of thread to the shoe latchet." The "honorableness" of such warfare sounds poetically just in these days of military fame and State-rapine, when "*natural* frontiers" are esteemed to be those which we should like to have, and "*scientific* frontiers" are esteemed to be those which we can manage to make; and when nations levy "indemnities" for the expenses they have been put to in murdering their innocent neighbors in an unjust war, after having first stirred up such wars from politic motives. The Christian races have sunk far below the Pagan races—below the (civilized) Greeks, Romans, Chinese, or Turks—in that they make war without any just reason, and then rob the vanquished to pay for the expenses of wholesale and diabolical murder.

It will be observed in the instances given of modern turpitude, such as the Afghan, Egyptian, Russian, and French wars, that scarcely one of the preliminary conditions was observed before fighting an enemy who was *not* an enemy. As to Afghanistan, Lord Grey said in his place in Parliament, when alluding to the trumpery pretexts urged by Englishmen: "No one has attempted to prove that the Sovereign of Afghanistan had not the right to refuse to receive our armed embassy." But the *Times* newspaper remarked in a leading article that "an uncivilized State has never been held to have a

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right to what we may term the full comity of nations." Mark here the imputation, "uncivilized." Who had decided that the Emir of Afghanistan was uncivilized, or who had decided that to refuse to receive an armed embassy was in itself a demonstration of uncivilizedness? "Uncivilized!" How can England lay any claim to be civilized? Why, in the last Russian war against Turkey, England did not lift a little finger to prevent the spoliation of the Turkish Empire, but actually hounded on Russia, till she reached Plevna; and then, afterwards, when the Turks were defeated,—prostrate before the huge army of Russia,—England calmly helped herself to the Island of Cyprus, under the pretense of aiding the Turks to defend themselves in the future, though she had just left them to be eaten up by Russia. And so, too, in the Afghan war; Russia promised *not* to send an embassy to Cabul. She sent one. And then the English proceeded to kill the Afghan people, but called the Czar of all the Russias their ally. What would Socrates, or Cicero, or Quintus Curtius (whom probably the *Times* newspaper would have called uncivilized) have had to say about a brigandage which had every element of cowardice, but not one of Christian chivalry or natural honor?

The Catholic teaching, as set forth in the Roman Catechism, is explicit in the defining of unjust wars. It both says what may be done and what may not be done. After saying what may be done, it adds: "with these exceptions all other is prohibited, whether as regards the person who kills, him who is killed, or the manner of killing. . . . No one is excepted; not the rich, not the powerful, not masters, not parents; but to all, without distinction or difference, it is forbidden to kill." "Oh, no," say modern statesmen; "in the interest of bondholders you may kill a whole nation which is *not* your enemy, and which is only struggling for its liberties against tyranny. For the sake of gratifying your vanity, or gaining your natural frontiers, you may send half a million men to be shot at by a neighboring nation, which has had the presumption to express an opinion as to the filling up of a vacant throne, without first asking *your* advice or direction. You may stir up local enmities in Bulgaria, as a pretext for marching your troops to Constantinople; or you may appropriate the temporal power of the Holy See to complete the picture of geographical Italian unity, or to please the people who have a strong objection to the Catholic faith. In short, in making war, you have never to consider justice, nor to conform to any of the requirements of the natural law as revered by Pagans, Chinese, Jews, and primitive Christians, but only to 'annex' what does not belong to you in the interest of your Stock Exchange, or for the gratification of the vulgar vanity of prestige."

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There is a modern practice in Great Britain in regard to the making of war, which is thoroughly unconstitutional and illegal, yet which, strangely, hardly attracts any notice. Every one has heard of what is called "The Cabinet" in the English government, but no one has a correct idea of what it is, for the simple reason that it is as undefined as it is secret. It is not even recognized as constitutional; so that Macaulay could write of it: "It still continues to be altogether unknown to the law. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it are never officially announced to the public. No record is kept of its meetings and resolutions, nor has its existence ever been recognized by any Act of Parliament." Strange to say, this utterly anomalous and indefinable machine of State is, almost always, solely responsible for declaring war. During a recess, when members of Parliament are away in the country, the Cabinet will decide to commence an expensive war—possibly an unjust and barbarous war; and when the members return to town, and are preparing to pass minor acts for the economizing of the expenditure of the country, they are met by a set speech from some high official in the Government, informing them of what *has* been done and cannot be undone, and bidding them to grant the supplies without a murmur. The first Afghan war, the war with Persia in 1857, the first invasion of China, were all decreed in secret by that mysterious committee, "The Cabinet," and were "communicated," when too late, to the House of Commons. Thus the nation is kept in the dark as to the most important of its operations, and such as most involve its honor and safety. If Parliament happen to disapprove what has been done, possibly a vote of want of confidence may be passed; but this, at the most, can only produce a change of parties; it cannot undo the evil which has been begun; it cannot sheathe the sword which has been drawn.

Here, then, we have a violation of one of the conditions of a just war: that the whole nation ought to be consulted as to whether it is satisfied as to the natural justice of a war in which *the whole nation is to engage.* The modern idea is that two or three Ministers can make war, and that the whole nation is to be bound by their decision. Was there ever a more absolute dictatorship? Not the Crown, not the Parliament, not the nation, not even the Privy Council, is to decide upon what is the whole nation's business; but only a secret committee, of which Macaulay justly said that not even the men who compose it are known to the public, nor is any record kept of its meetings or its resolutions, nor has its existence ever been recognized by the Parliament.

That such an anomaly should be firmly rooted in a "Christian" country is sufficient proof of the low ideas of "Christian" morality

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which now prevail in England in regard to war. Indeed, war has come to be looked upon—by almost every Christian government—as an unfortunate accident of such "politics" as have been intellectually worsted by more or less villainous diplomacy. Neither the Divine law nor the natural law is assumed to have a right of hearing, when vulgar greed, vulgar ambition, points to war. Yet, if we accept the teachings of the Catholic doctors on this subject, there is perfect accord and unanimity in what they say. In an excellent and most valuable little work on the guilt of bloodshedding, by the late Mr. Monteith, of Carstairs,[1] the testimonies of Catholic authorities are arrayed, from the earliest down to quite recent times. St. Thomas Aquinas is largely quoted; so is St. Bernard; and so are many of the mediæval Popes and saints. It will suffice here to note the doctrine common to all: that (1) subjects are not bound to obey their civil rulers in all things, the right of the civil ruler, as also of the military ruler, being limited by the moral, which is the Divine law; so that if the civil or military ruler command an immoral war, subjects and soldiers are not bound to obey, for in doing so they would commit homicide or murder. "When the Emperor commands one thing and God another, the Emperor must be condemned, for God we must obey." (2). Superiors can be "in injustice" in two ways: if they exercise an authority which is usurped, if they command that which is unjust. (3). There are three obediences, or kinds of obedience: First, to obey in that which is of obligation, and this will suffice for our salvation. Secondly, to obey even in those things in which we are free, and this is what is called aiming at perfection. Thirdly, to obey commands which are unlawful, and this is blind obedience, and is criminal. Thus, St. Sylvanus said: "We despise the laws of Rome that we may keep the laws of God." Tertullian said: "We are obliged to be under subjection in all obedience, according to the precepts of the Apostle, to magistrates, to princes, and to powers; but always within the limits of Christian discipline." And, finally, to join together the old and the new—Pope Leo XIII., while teaching obedience to authorities, even under the most trying humiliations and persecutions, "draws the line" at obeying criminal commands. "It is never allowable to obey the will of legislators or rulers when they command things contrary to the natural or the Divine laws." These few fragments will suffice to show the spirit of theologians, which is in perfect harmony with the spirit of the New Testament, as it is with the spirit of the (civilized) Pagans, but which is in direct contrast with the spirit of modern statesmen, and, indeed, with the whole temper of modern thought.

[1] Published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. London.

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And now, if we return to the question with which this paper was opened: Would "International Arbitration," in Lord Bristol's sense of the words, avail to the putting an end to unjust wars? the answer, perhaps, is twofold: the institution would be impracticable; and, even if it could exist, would be ineffectual.

It would be impracticable, because wars are not now made in the cause of justice, but in the cause of wounded pride or vulgar greed. Passion, not principle, makes war. We may remember how, when the King of Prussia was supposed to have insulted a French envoy, M. Emile de Girardin wrote to a friend: "If we tolerate this, no lady in Europe will ever again take a Frenchman's arm." The inference was a good deal bigger than the premise! Unless there had existed an *a priori* ground of jealousy, it is certain that a mere breach of etiquette might have been atoned for by an invitation to dinner. It was jealousy—military and national vanity—which was on the lookout for a pretext for rushing with fixed bayonets "to Berlin," and which was punished by the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. The same category of sentiments might operate to-morrow in hurling the same two big nations at each other. Arbitration would be of no more use than a dinner party. Just as when two men fight a duel, they do so, not to settle who is in the right, but to relieve themselves of the imputation of cowardice, so two nations make war for the gratification of such sentiments as lie outside justice and truth. Fifty years ago Frenchmen hated Englishmen. To-day they hate the Germans—and for a similar reason. Twenty years ago the Southern States hated the Northern States; and how small, how insignificant, was the first little fan of flame which led to one of the most terrible of civil wars! Of religious wars, dynastic wars, conquest-wars, it may be said that their promptings have been human *feelings*, much more than the love of justice and truth. In the last three centuries has there been one "Christian war," fulfilling all requirements of Christian conditions? And is there to-day any promise of a higher standard? Is there to-day any promise of "Christian" nations becoming disposed to submit their every quarrel to an Arbitrator? *Whom* would an angry nation accept as an arbitrator if its *feelings* were more pronounced than its *ethics?* Especially now that European feelings are backed by a practical argument in the form of about eleven million soldiers, it is evident that the nation which had the biggest portion of this practical argument would consider that it had also the stoutest ethics. *Whom*, then, let it be asked, would the nations accept as an arbitrator in a quarrel which was one of feelings, not one of ethics, but which might receive its quick solution by a simple sum in arithmetic: "How much stronger is my big army than your small army?" Take the exceptional case

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of Russia's influence in the Balkans. Russia has no real quarrel with the Bulgarians, but she has interests which the Bulgarian government might gravely thwart, but which Russia would never permit to be thwarted. Is it likely that, if Russia came into collision, say, with Austria, through the indirect influence of the Bulgarian question, Russia would submit to a ruling which might throw her back in the aspirations which she has been cherishing for about a century and a half? Or again, if Russia knows that a big war, at a given moment, is the only diversion from internal strifes and revolutions, will Russia care a pin for all the arbitrators in the world, any more than she will care for Catholic morals? Germany, too, which is military through and through,—military in even her private domestic life,—is not likely to want any arbitrator but her own nation of soldiers, whom she keeps always "up to drill," ready to "arbitrate." England, which has just been amusing itself with a mimic warfare, in the way of attacking its own coasts with its own fleet, would refer first, if not solely, to its armor-plated arbitrators, assisted by the judicial wisdom of its red-coats and of some hundred and twenty thousand volunteers. We cannot find any nation in the civilized world [civilization, as has been said, is only a barbarism tempered by experience and complacency] which would put ethics before feelings, honesty before gain, or canon law before that delightful fraud, annexation.

That question, "Whom?" is the really difficult one to answer. Catholics know well that, on the ethical side of a quarrel, the Supreme Pontiff is the proper arbitrator for the nations. But then the nations do not care for the ethical side. This is the primary hitch in the inquiry. All nations might say at once: "Yes, if wars were to be determined solely by the interpretation of the Divine law, we should concede to you that the Supreme Pontiff ought to be the arbitrator in every quarrel whence war might be, sooner or later, developed. But since, in these days, while you are conducting a grave inquiry,—submitting your *pros* and *cons* to the Holy See,—your enemy will have marched his army across your frontier, and will be knocking your capital to pieces while you are intellectually occupied in discussing the beautiful philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; we must have material arbitrators to keep our enemy at a respectful distance *before* we discuss principles or lofty ethics." There is much truth in this irony of the armed nations. The rapidity of military movements outstrips the delicate consciences of Christian nations, Christian governments, Christian soldiers. Facts have to be dealt with as soon as principles. A man need not say his prayers when he sees a burglar in his bedroom, if he happen to have a poker ready to resist the burglar.

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It is perfectly obvious that, in our own times, when the railway and the telegraph bring the future into such close proximity with the present, and when the *fact* of standing armies, ready to seize on momentary pretexts, has to be reckoned with as an irrefutable argument, nations cannot resolve themselves into councils of moralists, who will not stir till they have referred their quarrels to arbitration. Yet, true as all this is, it does not affect the principle that in the *first* incitements to all wars the Divine law has to be considered *before* conquest, national pride, or annexation. In almost every one of those modern wars which have been referred to, there was ample time beforehand for the consideration of justice; so that those wars were mainly murders and robberies, in the gravest possible violation of the Divine law. There was ample time for Russia to know that to destroy Bulgaria—a peaceful province disturbed by Russian intrigues—was a cowardly and unjustifiable brigandage. There was ample time for Catholic France to have made up its mind that it had no right to kill a quarter of a million soldiers to revenge a supposed affront on a French envoy. Principles are not created by circumstances, but should control them, and be superior to wounded vanity. So thought the Catholic Knights,—the primitive armies,—whose definition of their duties was thus stated: "The office of the Knight is to maintain the Catholic faith, to protect women, widows and orphans, to defend men who are oppressed and feeble." The office of a modern army is to crush down the feeble, or those who are slightly feebler than itself. And the reason is that modern principles (which are no principles at all) exclude all consideration of the Divine law, and thus, in real sense, destroy liberty. In England, where "obedience to Rome" has long been ridiculed as having in it something degrading, if not immoral, the state is accepted as though it were infallible—in the sense that the national obedience is rendered to a Cabinet Council, which secretly decrees an unjust war: an inversion of the true principle of obedience, as well as a complete surrender of national liberties. Nations have come to abrogate their dignity in losing their national right to judicial estimates; suffering themselves to be led into criminal excesses, under cover of their complete ignorance of secret intrigues; or through indifference to the Divine and the national law, as to the conditions on which alone war can be justified. Nations of brigands, of professional assassins, who are *without* judicial decrees, without even an outward form of judicial process, hurl themselves against other nations without so much as "declaring" war, but immediately upon a "proclamation" that they mean to fight. Barbarism, in its worst ages, did the same thing. But the Attilas of barbarous

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days, and their hordes, did these things *without* boasting of civilization. Nor did they call themselves Christians.

That question, "Whom?" still waits for an answer amid the embarrassment of the various suggestions for arbitration. What if we adopt the proposal of Henry IV. of France, that the Christian nations should constitute a National Council at Rome, under the presidency of the Pope for the time being, to judge of causes of war and of its equity, and to report to all nations their judgments? Pope Sixtus V. approved of this idea, and was not unwilling that even Queen Elizabeth should take part in it. If no other good came from such an institution, at least a knowledge of common law would be widely spread, and this could not fail to be beneficial. Other and similar proposals have been initiated, with a view to rendering practical a law of nations. Thus a proposal was made, not long since, by Mr. Urquhart, which, though it was only a little more than academical, was in recognition of the grave wants of our time. This proposal was the formation at Rome of a college which should be exclusively diplomatic, in which the rules and principles of the law of nations and their application to international affairs should be taught in scholastic method and exactness. Though the idea was not brought to any practical result, it was discussed at the time and with favor. Certainly in no branch of the higher studies,—and in no branch even of purely legal study,—does the general student show less care or critical interest than in that branch which treats of making nations and unmaking them.

Yet apart from what may be called statutable considerations, does not common sense suffice to show that, in *national* quarrels, there should be the same observance of common decencies as in *personal* quarrels? Two "gentlemen" do not fly at each other's throats without some little preliminary of conciliation. Still less does any gentleman proceed to "annex" his neighbor's property,—his fields, or his houses, or his silver-plate,—without at least considering that there is an old idea which is called honesty; that there are commandments which disapprove of picking and stealing; and that there is a criminal code which is positively harsh upon theft. If, then, in personal relations, what is called honor is highly esteemed, by what strange kind of reasoning can the plural number enjoy immunity from responsibilities which are absolutely imperious to the singular number? The late Father Frederick W. Faber said truly, and in his caustic way, that governments do things for which any gentleman or respectable person would be kicked out of every club and every drawing-room. "I want your territory," says one government to another; "it will give me a

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scientific frontier." "But I would rather not part with it," replies the interrogated. "Very well," says the other, "then I will narrowly watch your conduct, and the moment you give me an excuse for picking a quarrel, I will be down on you and will take what you will not give." This standard of sense of honor, if it prevailed in private life, would lead to inconvenience—and to prison. Why should governments be guiltless of theft because they call it annexation, be guiltless of murder because they call it "military casualties," or be guiltless of lying because they call it diplomacy?

Some time ago a smart youth, who was indicted for stealing a dollar, pleaded admirably that, as his master stole thousands,—by adulterating almost everything which he sold,—he was only doing his little best to imitate his master's "politics," though unfortunately, "without the protection of the law." There lay the whole *gravamen* of the offence: "without the protection of the law," which *does* palliate certain crimes, when they are committed in the name of "business" or of "diplomacy." A government, like many a tradesman, will commit fraud systematically, and finally proceed onward to wholesale murder, under the "protection" of that conventional law which calls robbery annexation, and assassination the glorious onslaught of a disciplined army.

To suppose that arbitration will be accepted as a substitute for the easier method of appropriating Naboth's vineyard,—so long as governments can find pretexts for affirming that Naboth has rendered himself a bad neighbor,—is to suppose that modern Christendom will become suddenly regenerate, and care for justice more than for bondholders or frontiers.

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PROTESTANTISM IN SPAIN.

PROTESTANTISM in Spain and the Spanish countries of America has been and is, like an exotic plant, incapable of becoming acclimatized, and doomed to fade away and die and disappear as soon as any sign of its purely artificial life begins to be perceived. It seems that there is in the inward spirit of the "Reformation," and in the principles and tenets of the various sects which owe to it their existence, something that prevents Protestantism from taking any fast hold upon Spanish soil, or making a deep impression on Spanish minds.

The spectacle, it is true, has been now and then given of a Spaniard by race, whether belonging to the mother country between the Pyrenees and the Straits of Gibraltar, or to any one of the Spanish republics and provinces of the New World, publicly abjuring his native faith and joining more or less actively and efficiently some one of the Protestant denominations. Sometimes it has been seen that a Spaniard, whether man or woman, impatient of the discipline of the Church, unwilling, for instance, to go to confession, or to submit to other rules, even less essential,—or when anxious to contract a marriage which the law forbids, or moved by the belief that occasionally has obtained great favor among political leaders, that the Catholic Church is antagonistic to civil constitutional liberty,—has become a member, more or less tepid and inactive, of the Episcopalian Church. It has been seen also, both in the past and in the present times, that a Spaniard or Hispano-American has placed himself at the head of some Episcopalian, and more rarely Methodist or Baptist, chapel, become a preacher, and tried to make proselytes. It has been seen, in fine, especially in our own times, that unscrupulous politicians, anxious to break down the barriers which the conservative elements of the Catholic Church oppose to their schemes, besides promoting infidelity in the name of science, and practising oppression and confiscation in the name of liberty, have opened their countries in the name of freedom of worship to all kinds of missions, Mormonism included, encouraged Protestantism, and provided it with buildings and with resources, which they took from the Catholics; nay, even in some cases made use of sheer force to drive into the new churches and chapels, at the point of the bayonet, the people who were destined to form their congregations.

But always and in all cases, the sectarian effort has proved to be

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fruitless. Either it was isolated, and had only the most ephemeral result, or even when organized, and somewhat rooted, it ended only in the publication of one or more books, which few read, and which soon passed away from the memory of men, or in the establishment of religious associations, with no real vitality, and in not a few instances without any respectability. The individuals became indifferent, the congregations thinned out and dispersed; and the whole thing, becoming unsupported and discredited, fell to the ground, and passed away, leaving behind it scarcely any sign of its existence.

And this result, which may appear to many both singular and inexplicable, does not depend at all upon any special gift of the Spanish people which causes them to relish discipline and obedience. True it is that at the bottom of the Spanish heart there is always something inimical to changes and innovations, and that no mind can ever appreciate better than the Spanish whatever truth exists in the maxim, *omnis innovatio plus novitate perturbat quam utilitate prodest.* But it is also true that no people, unfortunately, is perhaps more apt than the Spanish to proceed by impulse; that no one is more restless, and resistive, and rebellious to all yokes; that no one is more prompt to risk all things, and go blindly even to the last extremities, when his pride is wounded, or when some principle cherished by him is endangered, and that no one has given such stupendous proofs of almost incredible perseverance in all his works and undertakings.

On the other hand, as far as religious matters are concerned, whatever may be said to the contrary notwithstanding, the Spanish people have not shown any exceptional amount of stanch, unflinching adhesion to the Catholic truth. History shows that, both in ancient times and in our own, Spain has always been a vast and fruitful field for heresy and infidelity. A book has recently been published in Madrid, written by a most competent person, with the approval of the ecclesiastical authorities there, giving, in three large volumes, a detailed account of the wanderings of the Spanish mind in religious matters. The "History of the Heterodox Spaniards,"[1] as the book is entitled, shows how early and how often, and how deeply sometimes, Spain has been afflicted in this respect. Before the year 254 of our Lord, Spain could claim already, with great reason, the doubtful glory of having had two heretical bishops and a heretical sect of no little importance, at least numerically. Those bishops were Basilides, the Bishop of Astorga, and Marcial, the Bishop of Merida; and they and their followers, who were called *libelaticos*, from *libellum*, the letter, or writ of immunity, which they

[1] "Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles," par Don Marcelino Menendez Pelayo. Madrid, 1880–1881.

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succeeded in obtaining from the Roman authorities to escape persecution as Christians, gave the Church considerable trouble. In 276 there were also heretical errors widely spread in Spain on the Incarnation of the Divine Word. A Spanish Council, in the beginning of the fourth century, condemned some heresies which were then in vogue in that country. Spain has contributed to the world of error a large share of Arians and Donatists and Antitrinitarians. She has allowed herself to be agitated by women, as for instance Lucila, *potens et factiosa mulier*, as the contemporary writers call her, who founded a sect, believing, among other things, in rebaptizing the people, and Agape, another woman, rich and influential, who gave her name to the sect of the *Agapetas*. There have been on her soil, and at different periods, Gnostics, and Luciferians, and Priscilianists, and Origenists, and Manicheans, and Iconoclasts, and Albigenses, and Waldenses, and Averroists, and Deists, and Materialists, and Atheists, and Infidels. But by the side of all these, and other sects and creeds, and shades of creeds, there were always for centuries, in spite of the rigors of the Inquisition, which had to do with them more than with anything else, the two most hated Spanish dissidents, who respectively were called *Judaizantes* and *Mahometizantes*. The former were the Jews who had been converted to the Christian religion, and showed by their action that their conversion was not sincere, or adhered, more or less openly, to the Judaic doctrines; and the latter were the always hated and distrusted Moors, who, having embraced Christianity, still retained Mahometan practices or showed some tendency towards Mahometan ideas. Against both classes the Inquisition was specially directed, and the stubbornness of their resistance might furnish the good lesson, that nothing lasting or complete is accomplished through violence.

If to the host of heterodox Spaniards of all kinds and descriptions just alluded to, we add the Spanish Jansenists, the Molinists, the Regalists or Schismatists, and the other innumerable dissenters who have swarmed in Spain, it will be easy to understand that the true reason why Protestantism has not flourished in Spanish countries, and cannot flourish, is not because of any natural, inborn disposition of the Spanish mind which renders it repulsive to heresy; nor because, as stated by a Spanish enthusiast, the Spanish language is one not calculated to be the vehicle for heretical doctrines.

This conclusion will be strengthened by considering that neither the Spanish kings nor the Spanish people have ever shown any unusual disposition to submissiveness, respect, or even deference towards the Holy See. The Spanish kings have been surnamed, since the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, "their Cath-

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olic Majesties," perhaps on the same principle as the kings of England are still called "defenders of the faith"; but neither Ferdinand and Isabella themselves, nor any others among their successors, have ever hesitated, for a single moment, in opposing the Pope, and even in using against him material force, when their personal and political interests were at stake. Familiar to all are the angry controversies between the Court of Rome and Ferdinand the Catholic, and the blunt, unceremonious, and thoroughly disrespectful way in which the Spanish Ambassador at Rome, Garcilasso de la Vega, dealt with the Pope, under express written instructions, which have been found and published. No less familiar are also the serious and repeated troubles and annoyances by which the Holy See was made to suffer under Charles V. and Philip II., even when it was filled by such great figures as Leo X. and Clement VII. The siege and sack of Rome, the captivity of the Pope, and many other incidents of great gravity, leave far behind them whatever other kings, not Catholic, might ever have done or attempted.

The contentions of the Spanish kings concerning what is called in Spanish *regalias de la Corona*, or crown privileges in Church matters, are too well known. They have led very often to the very verge of schism. Not long ago the struggle between Spain and the Holy See was still graver and based on larger and more serious grounds. Between 1833 and 1844 Spain remained all the time in open rebellion against the Church. The massacres of priests and monks, which took place in 1834, the abolition of the religious orders, the confiscation of the property belonging to them, the laws passed for the so-called "reformation and reorganization of worship and of the clergy," the dismissal of the Papal Nuncio, who on December 29th, 1840, was ordered to leave Spain and was carried by the Government agents to the Spanish frontier, the allocution of Pope Gregory XVI., of March 1st, 1841, and the government proclamation against it, and the encyclical letters which the Pope wrote in consequence of all these troubles, directing prayers to be said for the fate of the Spanish Church,—are all well-known events, which do not speak very well for the "filial piety" of the Spanish kings and people towards the Pope. For the whole of that time two-thirds of the episcopal sees of Spain remained vacant.

Another theory which has been suggested of late, in explanation of the fact of the total failure of Protestantism in Spain and Spanish America, which gives as its reason that persecution killed the movement and that the severity of the Inquisition nipped it in the bud, scarcely deserves consideration. It is neither complimentary to Spanish Protestant faith, if such a thing exists, nor is it ration-

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ally and historically acceptable. It would be, indeed, most singular, astonishing in the extreme, especially among Spaniards, with whom stubbornness and tenacity of purpose constitute a second nature, that persecution by itself, unaccompanied by other circumstances, and unaided, could have accomplished that triumph. The severity of the Inquisition was not greater or sterner with Lutherans and Calvinists than it had been since its establishment, and was afterwards, with infidels, and sorcerers, and magicians, and heretics of other denominations, and baptized Jews and Moors falling back to their former religions. And, nevertheless, while the latter, with genuine Spanish perseverance and endurance, faced all dangers, and succeeded, in spite of all persecution, in keeping themselves alive and retaining their hold upon the Spanish soil, the former fell and disappeared.

It is well known, moreover, that the severity of the Inquisition has not been felt in Spain for many years, and that in Spanish America, even in the worst days, the power of that tribunal was scarcely felt.[1] But, nevertheless, neither in modern Spain nor in the Spanish Republics of America, nor in Cuba, nor in Porto Rico, have the fruits of Protestantism been better or more abundant. It has been given toleration and liberty, it has been encouraged and protected in every way, but it has not been fruitful. In Mexico, the police have even forced the poor people to get inside the new "Evangelical churches," and the poor Indians and natives, new forced adepts of free examination, have entered the buildings reciting a "Hail Mary" and making upon their breasts and foreheads the sign of the cross. In the island of Cuba, where, for almost inexplicable reasons, the Baptist form seems to have received some favor, there were in March, 1886, one "church" and five "missions" in the city of Havana, and three more "missions" in the cities of Matanzas, Cienfuegos and Peurto Principe respectively, all of them as weak and doomed to be as short-lived as possible.

On the other hand, if this argument of terror, not very complimentary to the strength of conviction and zeal of the Spanish Protestants, especially if compared with the stubbornness shown by all other heretics and dissenters, could in any way be taken into consideration, it would fall to the ground as soon as we turned our eyes to Italy, or, more properly speaking, to Rome, where the Inquisition existed also as an organized tribunal, zealous, of course, in inquiring into all kinds of errors and heterodox doctrines, and condemning them, but where no record exists of its having caused

[1] "On the other side of the seas, in the American regions," says Menendez Pelayo, "some little sparks of Protestantism were carried by foreign merchants and pirates. But they did not bring forth any noticeable result." "Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles," vol. ii., page 453.

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any one to suffer capital punishment or to undergo the trials, terrible for various reasons, which were common in Spain. There was no terror there, there was no blood, there were no tortures; Protestantism could not meet there any opposition of this kind; and, nevertheless, it was and it remained as utterly incapable of rooting itself in the Italian soil as in the Spanish. All efforts made, the same in former times as now in our days, to implant Protestantism in Italy, have invariably proved abortive.

The key to the problem is to be found, we think, in the undeniable fact that both Spain and Italy are the lands of art, of poetry, of imagination; that pomp and display and luxury in words, in musical sounds, in works of art of all kinds, are congenial to them; that they delight in tradition; that they glory in their past. Where such a disposition exists, where it grows and flourishes naturally, spontaneously, luxuriously, wildly, we might say, Protestantism in whatever form becomes an impossibility. It is the antithesis of imagination and art, it is the counterpart of tradition, it is the outcome of a desire to demolish the past and build upon its ruins a different structure. Spaniards and Italians may be, and often are, and have been schismatics, and skeptics, and rationalists, and atheists, and infidels, and indifferent to all religions; but seldom are they Protestants, and more seldom yet, and perhaps never, Protestants properly so-called and deserving of the name.

"The Reformation," Chateaubriand says,[1] "deeply imbued with the spirit of its founder, a coarse and jealous monk, declared itself, from its very first days, the enemy of the fine arts. It ignored imagination as a power of the human soul, and by forbidding its exercise it clipped the wings of genius and caused it to march on foot. It broke out on account of certain alms being asked to raise for the use of the Christian world the basilica of Saint Peter. Would the Greeks have refused the assistance solicited from their piety for the building of a temple to Minerva? Had the Reformation been completely successful from the beginning, it would have established for a time, at least, another species of barbarism; viewing as superstition the pomp of divine worship, as idolatry the masterpieces of sculpture, of architecture and of painting, its tendency was to annihilate lofty eloquence and sublime poetry, to degrade taste by repudiating its models, to introduce a dry, cold and captious formality into the operations of the mind. . . . . In England, where an ecclesiastical hierarchy has been retained, literature has had its classic era. Lutheranism preserves some sparks of imagination, but Calvinism aims at utterly extinguishing

[1] "Historical Studies on the Fall of the Roman Empire, and the Rise and Progress of Christianity."

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them, and so on until we come to Quakerism, which would reduce social life to unpolished manners and the practice of trades."

To the natural antagonism between the Spanish and the Protestant natures, if such language be permitted, the circumstance must be added that Protestantism attempted to implant itself in Spain under the Calvinistic form, and that form was the worst, or the least aptly devised to make an impression on the Spanish mind. The Spanish people, gay, frank, open-hearted, imaginative in the extreme, not by education or training, but by nature, could never look without a certain amusement on the stiffness of the Puritan, while his inconsistent intolerance and tyranny provoked their indignation. The execution of Miguel Servedo (Michael Servetus, or Servet, as his name was translated and has been transmitted to history), one of the very first Spaniards who embraced Protestantism, and who was burned alive in Geneva on the 27th of October, 1553, at the instigation of Calvin, who caused him to be arrested and who publicly boasted of his share in that tragedy, was a good lesson for the Spaniards. It is neither to the Inquisition nor to any Catholic power or authority that the responsibility for the taking of that life belongs. It rests entirely upon Calvin, who had proclaimed the emancipation of thought and free examination in matters of religion, and upon secular judges who had endorsed these doctrines.

Pure patriotism, and even national pride, would have also prevented at all times Calvinism, in any form, from acquiring domicile in Spain. A member of the Parliament summoned by Cromwell seriously discussed the proposition that all the records of the Tower be burned, that all memory of things past should be effaced, and that the whole system of life should commence anew. Who could persuade a Spaniard, who always lives in the past, to obliterate his history and to forget his glory?

On the other hand, the constant, the supreme aim of the Spanish people has always been the unification of their country. Step by step, inch by inch, we might say, the Spanish nation, divided and subdivided into many kingdoms and principalities and independent governments, extended its limits until it became consolidated in that powerful, centralized unity which aspired to be the universal monarchy (the dream of Phillip II., on whose dominions the sun never set). This aspiration towards unity, which was at the bottom of all the Spanish enterprises which astounded the world, was utterly and essentially inconsistent with the spirit of Protestantism, especially under the Calvinistic form, which was without hierarchy, without centralization. When Butler wrote his celebrated poem of "Hudibras" there were already, as remarked by the learned author of the biography of that poet, printed along

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with his works, more than two hundred sects or shades of sects of Protestants, especially of the Calvinistic type; and, as the same author further says, with reason, "it is scarcely possible, in the regularity and composure of the present age, to imagine the tumult of absurdity and clamor of contradiction which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet in that age, when subordination was broken and awe was hissed away, when any unsettled innovator, who could hatch a half formed notion, produced it to the public, when every one, man or woman, might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a congregation."

Even if the hierarchy were to be preserved, and something in the shape of the Church of England were to be attempted in Spain, it never would meet the popular favor. The Spanish people would never have assented to give their kings any spiritual superiority over them. When monarchy in Spain was elective, the established form of giving the one chosen notice of his election, amply illustrates the Spanish character. "We," they said, "who are each one of us as good as you are, and who collectively are better than you, have made you our king." People of this temperament cannot acknowledge any spiritual allegiance to their temporal rulers.

Another consideration of paramount importance, in our judgment, which prevented Protestantism from rooting itself in the Spanish mind and heart, was its opposition to the honoring of, or devotion to, the Blessed Virgin. This devotion, intimately connected with the most heroic acts of the Spaniards in their long protracted struggles with the Moors, thoroughly interwoven with all that is Spanish, literature, art, legislation, the source of inspiration both for the masterpieces of Murillo and for the noble deeds of Spanish chivalry; spoken of and praised, and regulated by the oldest laws of Spain[1] preserved without alteration both in the statute books of Spain and in the Spanish hearts down to our own days;[2] witnessed by the very language of the people who utter the

[1] King Alphonso the Wise (1250) took pains to provide that all Saturdays in the year be consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, in recognition of the fact that she was the only one who preserved the faith in the promises of her divine Son, in the trying moments between His death and His resurrection. Friday, the day on which He died, was set apart as a day of sorrow, of fasting, of painful recollections and penance. Sunday, on the contrary, the day of resurrection, is all gayety, and rejoicing. On Saturday, between the two, the Apostles, disheartened, full of fear, sorrow, and consternation, hidden from the Jews, did not know what would become of them. The Blessed Virgin alone kept her faith and was confident that He would rise again from the dead. For this reason the king says "a festival should be made every Saturday in honor of St. Mary."

[2] King Charles III., otherwise memorable for his expulsion of the Jesuits, and the zeal with which he defended the "regalias," recognized by law, dated January 16th,

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exclamation, "Ave Maria purissima," whenever an occasion of surprise, or joy, or sorrow, or any other emotion, presents itself to their souls, cannot by any means be eradicated, or dimmed, or obliterated, or even spoken of disrespectfully, in any Spanish country. It was under the banner of Our Lady of Covadonga that the Spaniards reconquered their country from the hated Moors. It was under the flag of Our Lady of Guadalupe that the Mexicans secured their independence. The glories of Lepanto are inseparable from the name of Our Lady of the Rosary. And the Spanish victory over Napoleon, and the recovery of Spanish independence, can never be remembered without uniting with them heroic Zaragoza and its most revered palladium, the Virgin of the Pillar.

Against the rock of this devotion all Protestant attempts will end in failure.[1]

The observance of the "Sabbath Day," as the Protestants say, is to be counted also among the obstacles which prevent Protestantism from ever becoming popular in Spain. He will be gifted, indeed, with almost supernatural power who can persuade a Spaniard that Sunday is not a day of rejoicing and gayety, or that it is sinful to play cards on that day, or attend a dancing party, or go to the theatre or to the bull-fight. The Spanish religious festivals are always connected, in some way or another, with civil festivities. And if there is anything to which a Spaniard cannot get accustomed, and which he does not look at without astonishment, not unmingled with amusement, however well disposed he may be to respect others' opinions and customs, and to recognize the abuses to which those of his own country may give occasion, it is certainly the way in which Sunday is observed in England, or elsewhere, by Protestants of the old school.

Of course no one can attempt to justify the fact, almost universal in Spain, against which the author of the best Spanish Catechism of Christian doctrine[2] loudly protests, of celebrating, for instance, the festival of the patron saint of a town with "High Mass,

1761, "the universal patronage of Our Lady, in the mystery of her Immaculate Conception, over all the kingdoms of Spain and the Indies." At his petition, also, and in remembrance of this fact, the verse, "Mater immaculata," was added to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, immediately after the verse, "Mater intemerata." He was also the founder of the Knights of Charles III., whose badge is a medallion with an image of the Blessed Virgin.

[1] The writer of this paper has had occasion to hear from the mouth of a Cuban lady who had fallen into the habit of attending the services of an Episcopal Church, and even taking communion in it, and did not believe in confession, or in many other things of our Church, the loud proclamation of her tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whose name she could not pronounce without tears coming to her eyes. That lady was a model of Christian virtues, and soon returned to her Church.

[2] "Catecismo explicado," by Don Santiago Garcia Mazo, canon in the Cathedral of Valladolid.

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sermon, and procession, followed by dancing parties, and dinners, and bull-fights in some cases, or dramatic performances in others," the costumes of the comedians and all other paraphernalia of the performances being carefully preserved and stored for such occasions in the sacristy of the parish church; but no one can be persuaded, in Spain or in the Spanish countries, that it is wrong to indulge on Sundays in social gayety, or to receive friends and give parties, or innumerable other things which under Puritan rule might be crimes, and are of constant occurrence among them, in all classes of society.

To a certain extent, this Spanish feeling in regard to Sundays and holydays might be considered universal in Catholic countries. It prevails in France, in Italy, in Catholic Germany; and there, as in Spain, the thing is carried to excess.

The argument which sometimes has been heard from the mouth of disappointed missionaries, that Protestantism cannot flourish in Spain or the Spanish countries, owing to the bigotry or the ignorance of the Spanish people, needs no refutation. The most uneducated classes in Andalusia and other provinces of Spain leave far behind them in perspicuity of intelligence, and acuteness, and sharpness, the classes of the same kind in England and other nations where Protestantism has prospered; while the educated classes rank as high as the highest, as shown by their literature, their art, their science, at all times grand and monumental.

The "Reformation" penetrated into Spain in the very first days of its appearance in Germany. The way had been paved for it, had it been in any manner congenial to the Spanish people, by the almost constant and sometimes angry discussions between the Catholic kings and the Holy See, about the appointments of bishops and many other questions of great political importance. The popular agitation which these discussions stirred up was not calculated to increase the feelings of adhesion and respect to the Supreme Pontiff, which are essential among Catholics; and when the people saw such figures as Isabella and Ferdinand stubbornly clinging to what they deemed to be their royal prerogatives, they sided with their kings, and the ties of submission to the Holy See were severely shaken.

The situation became worse some years later, when the sceptre of Spain fell into the hands of the young Flemish Prince who was afterwards the powerful Emperor Charles V. Well known to all are the troubles which he caused the Church in the early part of his reign, as is his decided hostility against Leo X., before this great Pope, who hesitated a long time between assisting the Emperor or his rival, Francis I. of France, or keeping neutral, concluded to ally himself with the Emperor to eject the French from

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Italy. There was even a moment in which the cunningness of Spanish diplomacy, alert and nearly all-powerful at all times, attempted to use Luther as a weapon against the Pope. Don Juan Manuel, the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Leo X., suggested to the Emperor to take advantage of "a certain Fray Martin Luther, who preaches and publishes a great many things against the Pontifical power, and who is said to be a great scholar, and certainly has given much trouble to the Pope, and harasses him much more than he desires."[1] It was not necessary, however, to resort to such means, and the idea was abandoned.

Independent of the facilities which political agitation against Rome afforded for the spread of Lutheranism, there was also the excitement which the writings of Erasmus, reprinted both in Latin and in Spanish, created in Spain. Those writings, the spirit which they caused to prevail for some time at least, and even the very same controversy to which they gave origin, paved the way for the introduction of the new doctrines, and prepared for their acceptance the minds of the people.

Spanish Protestantism, nevertheless, was not born in Spain. The first Spaniards who became Protestants embraced the new faith while abroad, and abroad they remained until the end. They were all men of note, scholars of distinction, students in the universities of Louvain or in France, or others, who became contaminated and wrote against the Church while away from Spain.

The first one to be mentioned among the Spanish Protestants is the famous and elegant writer, Juan de Valdes, who died in Italy in 1541, and who had been in correspondence with Erasmus since 1528. Valdes began by writing humorously and sarcastically against Rome and the Roman Church, the principal of his works of this kind being a "Dialogue Between Mercury and Caro." He adopted afterwards many of the tenets of Luther, and ended by starting a kind of mysticism of his own, more or less antitrinitarian. His followers, called *Valdesianos*, after his own name, formed a kind of secret society, which lasted a short time in Italy, and which Lutherans themselves looked upon with no favor. He was the first who translated directly from the Greek into the Spanish language a portion of the New Testament.

The second place in the list belongs to Juan Diaz, born in Cuença, but a student in the University of Paris, who became a Lutheran in 1539 or 1540, and whose principal work, written in Latin, was the "Christianæ Religionis Summa," a kind of catechism strictly Lutheran. He was killed in Germany by one of his brother's servants, who split his skull with an axe.

[1] Dispatch of 1520 preserved in the Salazar collection (Academy of History), cited by Menendez Pelayo.

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Immediately after these two "Reformers," the two brothers, Jaime and Francisco de Encinas, must be mentioned. Both of them were born in Burgos, and studied in Paris and in the Netherlands. Jaime de Encinas published in Antwerp, in the Spanish language, in 1541, a Spanish Catechism, and died in Italy under circumstances which are scarcely known. Some say that he was tried and condemned to death in Rome, but the fact is denied by others, the truth being that almost nothing is known about him or his trial and condemnation.[1] The other brother, Francisco de Encinas, born in 1520, was a man of much more prominence on account of his learning and superior scholarship. He went to Wittenberg for the purpose of becoming personally acquainted with Melanchthon, by whose advice he translated from the Greek into the Spanish the New Testament, which he printed in Antwerp in 1543.[2] He wrote his "Memoirs," and many other books, among them one in Spanish entitled "Antithesis Between Paul the Apostle, of Tarsis, and the Modern Paul (Paul III.), a Roman Pirate." He was imprisoned for a time in Brussels, but succeeded in escaping from the jail. He died in Geneva in 1552, a victim of an epidemic then prevailing in that city.

Francisco de San Roman, also a native of Burgos, who also became a Protestant while in the Netherlands, began his career as a propagandist of the new doctrines in 1540. He was soon noticed by the violence of his language and by the furious and blind fanaticism which he displayed. He went so far as to present himself at Ratisbonne; and there before the Diet, and in the presence of the Emperor, he made a long speech to prove that true religion was

[1] Balmez, among many others, is positive about the fact that the Roman Inquisition never caused any one to be put to death. (See "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared," etc., chapter xxxvi.) "It is a remarkable thing," he says, "that the Roman Inquisition was never known to pronounce the execution of capital punishment." The references in regard to Jaime de Encinas come from Protestant writers.

[2] Encinas, being anxious to dedicate his book to Charles V., appeared before him and set forth his request. "What book do you wish to dedicate to me?" asked the Emperor. "Sire," answered Encinas, "that part of the Holy Scripture which we call the New Testament, faithfully translated by me into Spanish. Specially is to be found in it the Evangelic History and the Letters of the Apostles. I have desired that Your Majesty, as defender of religion, should examine and judge this work; and I humbly pray that after it is approved, the work should be recommended by your Imperial authority to the Christian world." "Are you," the Emperor replied, "the author of that work?" "The author is the Holy Ghost; inspired by Him, some holy men wrote in Greek, for common information, these oracles of salvation and redemption. I am only His faithful servant and feeble organ, who translated the work into Spanish." "In Spanish?" inquired the Emperor. "Yes, Sire, in our Spanish language; and I pray Your Majesty to be its patron and defender, according to your mercy." "Be it as you say," answered the Emperor, "provided there is nothing suspicious in the book." The translation was then referred to the proper authorities for examination. (Menendez Pelayo, "Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles," vol. ii., p. 230.)

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only to be found among Protestants, and that the Emperor would do right in ordering Protestantism to be the religion of all his dominions, or at least leaving the Germans in peace, and allowing them to embrace the "Reformation." Francisco de Encinas had made strenuous efforts to prevent him from "preaching without legitimate authority," but San Roman did not pay any attention to this good advice of his countryman. It is said that Charles V. listened to him with patience, and even found some amusement in his sermon; and that he dismissed the "Reformer" with the promise that due consideration should be given to all he had said. Twice more he appeared before the Emperor and urged the same suggestion, that Protestantism should be made the religion of the empire and also of Spain; but the fourth time that he attempted to get into the Emperor's rooms and address him he was arrested by the guards. These, who happened to be Spaniards, wanted to dispose summarily of the preacher by throwing him into the Danube, but they were persuaded to allow him to be taken to Spain to be tried. He denied free will and the merits of good works; he spoke bitterly against confession and indulgences, purgatory, the adoration of the Cross, the invocation of saints, and the veneration of images. He was condemned to death and was burned alive in Valladolid, then the capital of Spain.

Pedro Nuñez de Vela, a native of Avila, who was Professor of Greek in Lausanne, became a Protestant and published several books in Latin, among them one entitled "De Ratione Interpretandi Aliorum Scripta." He enjoyed a great reputation as a Greek scholar, and seems never to have been disturbed or persecuted in any way, either for his religious ideas or anything else.

Here comes the place for Miguel Servedo, born in 1511 in the city of Tudela in Navarre, a great physician and a writer of considerable ability and information. His quarrel with Calvin, of whom he had been at first a great friend, or with whom, at least, he had been almost always, is too well known to be repeated here. The fact is that Calvin caused him to be arrested in Geneva on the 13th of August, 1553, and that he was condemned to death and burned alive on the 26th of October of the same year. The sentence pronounced by the "Syndics and judges for criminal cases in the city of Geneva," reads: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we, by this our final sentence, given now by us in writing, do condemn you, Miguel Servedo, to be bound and taken from here to Champel, where you will be tied to a stake and burned alive, together with your books, both printed and manuscript, until your body is completely reduced to ashes; and so you will end your life to be an example for all those who should attempt to commit your crime."

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Alfonso Lingurio, a disciple of Miguel Servedo, wrote a book, or, we should rather say, five books, against "the commonly admitted doctrine of the Trinity." This book is known only by references made to it by bibliographical writers. No further mention can be made of this "reformer," whom some suppose to have been a Pole instead of a Spaniard.

The first Spanish Protestant who became such in Spain was Doctor Don Agustin Cazalla, a Canon in the Cathedral of Valladolid. He was born in 1510, and his aspiration was to do in Spain what Luther had done in Germany. He was a man of great eloquence, and had been appointed "preacher to the Emperor"; but he was disappointed at not having been treated or rewarded as he thought he deserved. He succeeded, with the aid of some women, among whom there were five or six Carmelite nuns, in establishing what was called the "Lutheran *Conciliabulo*," which was the first Spanish Protestant congregation ever seen in Spain.

Whether their tenets were truly Protestant, and not wild doctrines that Protestants themselves would not have failed to visit with severe punishment, is a matter which has never been clearly elucidated. The author of the "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth," certainly not an impartial writer when referring to the Catholic Church, the learned William Stirling, says that the opinions of these *so-called Spanish Protestants* "can hardly be made clear to us, since they were not clear to themselves," and that "Protestant divines have assumed that these tenets were Protestant on account of the vengeance with which they were pursued."[1]

The *Conciliabulo* was discovered, and those of its members who could be found and arrested were handed over to the Inquisition. The first person imprisoned was Doctor Cazalla, who was soon followed by a nobleman named Don Carlos de Seso, Fray Domingo de Rojas, of the order of St. Dominic, several priests and nuns, and other persons. Their trial ended by the two *autos da fe* which took place on the 21st of May and the 8th of October, 1559, and has been a fruitful theme for the enemies of the Church when abusing her doctrines. Only three persons, however, so it must be said in honor of the truth, perished then by the flames. They were the Licenciate Herrezuelo, burned alive on the first; and Don Carlos de Seso and Juan Sanchez, who suffered the same death on the second. And the chroniclers of the times, as well as the official records, agree that those unfortunate men showed themselves so defiant and abusive in their language that it was necessary to gag them in order to stop their blasphemies.

Stirling calls them "recruits of reform, raw, wavering, doubting,

[1] Stirling, "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth," chapter viii.

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without any clear common principle or habits of combination;"[1] and the fact is that they excited no sympathy among the people and accomplished nothing.

Certain writers have mentioned in this place, to which he belongs chronologically, among the Spanish Protestants, the famous and most learned, as well as virtuous, Fray Bartolomé de Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, whose celebrated trial, which lasted seventeen years, gave occasion also to so many criticisms of all kinds. But this unfortunate prelate cannot properly be included in the list. True it is that Pope Gregory XIII., by his decision rendered on the 14th of April, 1576, condemned sixteen propositions picked out from his writings, and declared that said propositions raised *vehement suspicions;* that he had "absorbed bad doctrine from several condemned heretics, as Martin Luther, Œcolampadius, and Philip Melanchthon;" but it is true also that he abjured and took back whatever was contained or meant in the sixteen objectionable propositions; and, above all, that subsequently to that abjuration, and on the very day on which he died, previous to his receiving the last sacraments, freely and spontaneously, in the presence of several persons, whom he summoned to his death-bed, he made in Latin a solemn protestation of his Catholic faith.

Lutheranism, which completely disappeared from Valladolid, sprang up in Seville in 1540. A nobleman of that city named Rodrigo de Valer, who had succeeded in learning by heart almost the whole of the Bible, ended by believing himself to be inspired by the spirit of God, and to have been sent to the world as a messenger of Christ for dispelling the darkness of error and correcting the sinful and adulterous generation of his time. The Inquisition, into whose hands he fell, treated him at first as insane, and allowed him to go free; but he, having persisted in his "mission," and continuing to interrupt the sermons and contradict the preachers while in the pulpit, causing considerable scandal, was arrested again and locked up in the monastery of Our Lady at San Lúcar de Barrameda, where he died of disease.

Don Juan Gil, *Egidius*, as he called himself, Latinizing his name, was also a native of Seville, in whose celebrated Cathedral he was a canon. His standing in the Church was high enough to cause Charles V. to nominate him in 1550 for the episcopal see of Tortosa. Twenty-five propositions maintained by him in his writings and in his sermons were adjudged to be heretical, and out of them he abjured ten, retracted eight, and satisfactorily explained seven. After one year of imprisonment he was set free, and continued to reside in Seville, where he died.

[1] Stirling, "Cloister Life," etc., chapter viii.

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Don Constantino Ponce de la Fuente, a Doctor of Theology and a celebrated preacher in Seville, for a certain time the chaplain of Charles V., with whom he traveled through Germany and the Netherlands, and the author of several books which in his age excited considerable attention, must be given the next place in the Spanish Protestant catalogue. One of his books, never published, "On the State of the Church," etc., always refers to the Pope as Antichrist, and speaks of Purgatory as being a "scare-crow invented by the friars to get a living." His trial ended with a sentence of imprisonment in the fortress at Triana, where, after two years of confinement, he died. Some writers have said that he killed himself by swallowing some pieces of glass, but most of them believe that he died broken down by sadness and disease. The Emperor used to say: "If Constantino is a heretic, he must be a very great one."

Julian Hernandez, whom the Protestant writers mention in this place, was more a book-smuggler than a Protestant. His principal work was to introduce into Seville Protestant printed copies in Spanish of the New Testament, and aid in this respect the Protestant propaganda.

Strange to say, the stronghold of Lutheran doctrines in Seville was found to be the Convent of San Isidro, whose friars belonged to the order of St. Jerome, and occupied a picturesque location near the ruins of ancient Italica. Besides those friars, one of whom became more conspicuous than the others for his denial of the virginity of Our Blessed Lady, there was also a lady, Doña Isabel Baena, in whose home, in the city of Seville, "the faithful met to hear the word of God."

The writers of the time called this "the Lutheran *conspiracy;*" and it was discovered by a woman who attended the meetings and became informer. The whole thing was then broken up, and after the display of severity which the Inquisition made with six of the friars and with some other persons,[1] on September 24th, 1559, and December 22d, 1560, nothing more was heard in Seville about Luther or Lutheranism.

Outside these two "Churches" (Valladolid and Seville), no Spanish Protestant can be found in Spain in the sixteenth century. Those found occasionally in Aragon and other provinces either were foreigners temporarily residing in Spanish territory, or were not Protestants in the proper sense of the word. Not one of them was able to leave behind him any lasting trace of his existence.

The sixteenth century passed away and carried with it to the grave the two men whom the Protestant movement always deemed to be its most decided opponents. Charles V. and Philip II. dis-

[1] Menendez Pelayo, "Historia," etc., vol. ii., p. 447, *et seq.*

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appeared from the stage of life, and Protestantism in Spain could have breathed with more freedom if it ever had had there any chance of existence. In the seventeenth century, says Menendez Pelayo, a Protestant in Spain was a *rara avis in terra.* In reality only one of this time can be remembered, and he more for the fanaticism of his zeal than for his doctrines or his writings. He was an ex-Franciscan friar named Ferrer, who embraced Calvinism and allowed himself to be carried to the greatest excesses. On one occasion, for instance, he, having entered a church at the time that a priest was saying Mass and pronouncing the words of consecration, rushed to the altar, and, tearing through the kneeling people, snatched from the celebrant's hands the consecrated Host and broke it to pieces. He was burned alive in Madrid on the 21st of January, 1624.

Spanish Protestantism in this period did show, however, some signs of existence outside of Spain. The names of Juan Perez de Pineda, Casiodoro de Reina, Reinaldo Gonzalez Montano, Antonio del Corro, Cipriano de Valera, Adrian Saravia, Juan Nicolas Sacharles, Fernando de Tejera, and a few others, among them an ex-member of the Society of Jesus named Mena, can be mentioned with those who endeavored from abroad, by their writings, to propagate Protestant doctrines in their native country.

Perez de Pineda, who translated the New Testament and the Psalms, and wrote a Catechism and other works, lived in Geneva and died in Paris.

Casiodoro de Reina, who had been a friar, became in London one of the spies of Queen Elizabeth (1563), from whom he received a pension of sixty pounds. He tried to establish a Protestant Spanish Chapel in London, and was given a home, where he preached in Spanish three times a week; but the attempt was a failure. He translated the Bible into the Spanish language, and caused 2600 copies of this translation to be printed at Basilea. He died in Antwerp.

Gonzalez Montano wrote in Latin a curious book, which was printed at Heidelberg, whose first part contains severe criticisms against the Spanish Inquisition, while the second is an encomiastic history of the Lutheran congregation of Seville. Nothing is known about this writer, and the opinion prevails that the name Gonzalez Montano is only a *nom de plume.*

Antonio del Corro, an ex-friar of the order of St. Jerome, who had fled from Seville with eleven of his companions in 1557, was first a zealous Calvinist and then a member of the Church of England. He wrote in French a "Letter to the King of Spain," which was printed in 1567. When last heard of he was residing in Oxford.

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Cipriano de Valera, called by way of eminence "the heretical Spaniard," was one of the Sevillian fugitive monks who went to London. There he married, and published in Spanish a "Treatise on the Pope and the Mass," which is said to remind one of the writings of Voltaire. He also translated and published in 1597, in Spanish, the Catechism, or "Institutes," of Calvin, and a book of William Perkin, entitled "The Reformed Catholic." He made also a new edition of the Bible in Spanish, with annotations, and was the author of a great many controversial pamphlets or tracts. When last heard of, in 1602, he was in Amsterdam with his wife.

Saravia, who was probably a Belgian, the son of Spanish parents, became "a clergyman of the Anglican Church," and the author of several books. Most of his time he lived in England, where he was a champion of the royal authority.

Juan Nicolas Sacharles was the author of a book entitled "The Reformed Spaniard," printed simultaneously in English and in Latin. In it he explained why he had left his church. It is thought that the name Juan Nicolas Sacharles is not a real one, but a pseudonym.

Fernando de Tejera was another friar, who went to England, where he married and had two daughters. In one of his works he explained the reasons which induced him to apostatize. Another book of his, called "El Carrascon," is a satirical work against several religious subjects.

Melchior Roman, an ex-Dominican friar, who publicly abjured his religion in 1600, resided the greatest part of his life in France.

Fray Gabriel de Montealegre, a friar of the Carthusian community, wrote a book entitled "Martinus Lutherus Vindicatus," which has not been printed. He usually resided in Wurtemberg.

Jaime Salgredo, another apostate friar, who had fled to France, abjured there the Catholic religion in 1666, and published several small books and translations of minor importance.

The ex-Jesuit, Mena, is said to have joined in Geneva a Protestant congregation.[1]

When the eighteenth century came, with all its work of demolition and anti-Christian doctrines, not less prevalent in Spain than elsewhere, Protestantism continued to make there the poorest show. The religious atmosphere of the Spanish peninsula, infested as it was by Judaism, and Jansenism, and regalism, and rationalism, and indifferentism, did not allow, however, any recognized form of Protestantism to develop itself into anything like a lasting manifestation of human thought. As Menendez Pelayo remarks: "Only as bibliographical curiosities can we cite the

[1] Menendez Pelayo, "Historia," etc., vol. ii., p. 513.

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works of the few very far from conspicuous Spaniards who during this period embraced the doctrines of the Reformation."

These few Spaniards, in most cases, had been driven from Spain by political convulsions, and had emigrated either to England or to Germany, where they gave expression to their religious views. At such a distance from Spain, and lacking genius, or any extraordinary powers, it was impossible for them to revolutionize their country.

The first one to be named was Don Antonio Gavin, a clergyman, born in Aragon, who, on the third of January, 1716, publicly abjured in London the Catholic faith, and joined the Church of England, from which he received the necessary authority to preach, and conduct the services at a chapel which had been established in that metropolis by a small congregation of Spanish refugees, most of them belonging to the army, and thrown there by "the war of the succession." Shortly afterwards he preached at the Queen's Chapel at Westminster, and then he was appointed to be the chaplain of a British man-of-war named "The Preston." Subsequently to this, he was made pastor of a church at Gowran, in Ireland, whence he was removed to another church in Cork. While in the latter place he wrote, in English, a voluminous book (three volumes), to which he gave the title of "A Master-key to Popery," printed in 1725 (this is the date of the second edition), and which he dedicated to the Prince of Wales and to Lord Carteret.

This work is a collection of criticisms, written in most undignified and disgusting language, with innumerable anecdotes of bad taste, generally obscene, against auricular confession, indulgences, the Mass, the veneration of images and relics, and kindred subjects, to which are added the "Lives of the Popes," and also the "Lives and Abominable Intrigues of many Clergymen and Friars of the Roman Church."

It is related that five thousand copies of this work were sold at once, and that a French translation of the same, made in 1727 by one Mr. Janson, was also exhausted.

The book, however, had no influence in Spain.

The second Spanish Protestant of the eighteenth century was Don Sebastian de la Encina, of whom nothing remains except a nice edition, made by him, in Amsterdam, Holland, of the New Testament. The title-page of this book, printed in Spanish, informs us that Encina was a minister of the Church of England, and preacher for a congregation of Dutch merchants having business in Spain. This book, printed in 1718, is preceded by a preface and an index or explanatory note, setting forth the contents of the book, and the order in which its different parts should be placed or considered.

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The third and last Spanish Protestant, worthy to be remembered at all, among those belonging to this age, was Don Felix Antonio de Alvarado, who emigrated from Spain and went to London, where he settled. He called himself a "Presbyter of the Anglican Church and the Chaplain of the Honorable English merchants doing business with Spain." All that he wrote was written in Spanish, and it seems that, besides his religious duties, he was engaged in the teaching of his own language, for which purpose he wrote and published a "Method," and also a collection of dialogues. He translated into Spanish the English "Book of Common Prayer," and also the "Apology of the True Christian Theology" of Robert Barclay.

The nineteenth century, constantly spoken of and recognized as the century of light, of liberty, of civilization in every respect, has not proved, however, to be more favorable than the preceding ones for the propagation of Protestant ideas in Spain. The fruits it has given are neither better nor more abundant than those formerly obtained.

The first place among the Spanish Protestants of this century belongs, by right, both chronologically and otherwise, to Don José Maria Blanco, a secular priest of Seville, ordained in 1800, who emigrated from Spain to England, and settled in London in 1809. He there, little by little, became estranged from the Catholic faith, and ended in 1826 by joining the Church of England, in whose service he remained for some time. In 1833 he left that church and became a Unitarian, and, according to the common opinion, he was merely a Deist in the last days of his existence. He died near Liverpool in 1841.

This Spaniard, better known in the world of letters under the name of "Blanco White," and also "Leocadio Doblado," or twice white, which he adopted to sign his writings, was the author of a considerable number of works, from letters and magazine articles to serious books, which excited in his time great attention. He may be said to have been, in reality, the only Spaniard who, outside of the Catholic Church, has exercised any influence at all in the religious movement of the world.

Next to him, although of exceedingly less importance, the name must be mentioned of Don José Muñoz de Sotomayor, also a secular priest, who emigrated from Spain to France, where he became a Protestant and got married. His principal works, if not the only ones, were translations made by him into the Spanish. He called himself "a Presbyter of the Anglican Church, a Doctor of Theology, and a member of several academies of Europe." His best known translations are the one of the "Real Perspective of Prac-

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tical Christianity," by Wilberforce, and the one of the "Essay on the Divine Authority of the New Testament," by Bogue.

Then comes Don Juan Calderon, an ex-friar of the Order of Saint Francis, who emigrated from Spain in 1823, and after passing through different vicissitudes, became a Protestant, and succeeded in gathering a Spanish congregation in London, in 1829 and 1830. He got married, traveled a good deal as an agent of the "London Continental Society," and wrote several books, some of them on ecclesiastical subjects, and others merely grammatical. From 1849 to 1854 he was the editor of two periodicals, one succeeding the other, both of them published in London, and in Spanish, under the titles of *El Catolicismo neto* (Pure Catholicism), and *El Examen Libre* (Free Examination).

Ramon Montsalvage, whose life has been published by the London Religious Tract Society, is thought by many to have been a fictitious individual who never existed. His biographer says, however, that he was born in Catalonia in 1819, and was a Capuchin friar at the time of the suppression of the religious orders in 1835; that he went to France, and that there, at Besançon, he became a Protestant; that he traveled as an agent of the Geneva Evangelical Society; that, in 1842, he was in Madrid, engaged in missionary work, and that from there he came to America; and nothing more has been heard about him.

Don Lorenzo de Lucena, a secular priest, who had been the President of the Seminary of Cordova, went away from that city, first to Gibraltar, where he became a Protestant and married, and then to England, where he placed himself at the service of the London Biblical Society, and made and published several translations from English into Spanish.

Don Luis de Usoz was a Quaker, the only Spanish Quaker on record; but he devoted his fortune and almost his whole life to promote Protestantism in Spain. He was born in 1806 and was a great scholar and antiquarian. He furnished money abundantly for the printing of almost all the Protestant books which appeared in his time in Spanish, and he himself made a translation directly from the Hebrew of the Prophecy of Isaiah. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a history of the "Reformation" in Spain, of which he left one chapter already finished, and the materials for the others more or less ready and arranged for immediate use.

Here, properly, it might be said, that the end is reached of the Protestant movement in Spain. Ferdinand VII. died, and his daughter Isabella II. was called to the throne. The convulsions of all kinds through which Spain has passed, are known to all. The most disgusting spectacles have been witnessed, and license and anarchy,

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revolution and schism have prevailed on occasions. Mention has been made of the massacres of priests in 1834,[1] of the suppression of the religious orders, of the confiscation of their property, of the so-called reforms of worship and the clergy, the rejection of the *Syllabus*, the protracted quarrels with the Holy See on matters exclusively ecclesiastical, the constitutional provisions in relation to the freedom of worship. These and many other things of the same kind are only specimens picked out here and there, from which it may be inferred what kind of agitation has been carried on. During the last Republic, from 1873 to 1875, many other things still more wonderful have been witnessed. Don Emilio Castelar, of whom it has become fashionable to speak with praise in this country, probably because his speeches cannot well be translated, has declared that liberty and faith were incompatible with each other, and that he has decided to adhere to liberty. And Don Leandro Suñer de Capdevila, who was Secretary of State, and a physician by profession, declared that he had three enemies, whom he was constantly fighting, these enemies being "monarchy, consumption, and God." With these elements Protestantism might have found some chance to penetrate into Spain, and bring forth some fruit. The attempt has been made; but up to date it has proved to be abortive.

There have been, and there are now, here and there in Spain and the Spanish countries, a few foreign missionaries and propagandists, and occasionally an extremely rare Spaniard by birth or by race, attempting to build up either a Methodist, or a Baptist, or an Episcopal congregation. Sometimes their efforts have been helped by foreign diplomatic action whenever popular demonstrations against their preachers, or custom house troubles in regard to the introduction of the bibles, hymn-books and tracts, afforded some opportunity for its interposition. Sometimes the foreign intervention has been more indirect, but not less conducive to the same ultimate result.[2] But no success of any account has as yet been accomplished.

[1] On the 17th of July, 1834, sixteen Jesuit Fathers were assassinated in Madrid, and their bodies dragged through the streets with great noise and rejoicing. Sixty more Jesuits who had sheltered themselves in their own chapel, and were there in prayer preparing themselves for departing this life, were found there by an armed band, the leader of which penetrated, sword in hand, into the sacred place. Fortunately, one of those sixty priests was Father Muñoz, a brother of the Duke of Rianzares, the husband of Queen Christina (whom she had married secretly); he refused to accept the life which was offered him on that account, and insisted on following the same fate as the others. This saved the whole number. The leader did not allow any one to touch Father Muñoz, nor any other of his fifty-nine companions, and left a guard for their protection. Dominicans, Franciscans and Fathers of Our Lady of Mercy were murdered in great numbers.

[2] See, for instance, "Papers relating to the foreign affairs of the United States," in 1873, page 667, note of Mr. Nelson to Mr. Fish, April 26, 1873, and the inclosures

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The attempt in that direction which in modern times has been accompanied with results of sufficient importance to seriously attract the attention of the Church authorities, was the one made at Gibraltar between 1832 and 1835; and that, properly, did not take place in Spain. A large portion of the population of Gibraltar is Catholic, and the London Wesleyan Society undertook to convert it and make it Methodist. A man of great ability, of the name of Dr. William N. Rule, who in a short time succeeded in mastering the Spanish language, was sent there by that society; and he, besides his preaching, and prayer-meetings, and revivals, and other missionary efforts, established a school where children of all classes were educated gratuitously. He gained thereby great popularity. When the Vicar-General became acquainted with the movement and saw what it would lead to, he took a step which broke it up at once. He established in 1835, under the auspices of the Congregation of the Propaganda, and the assistance of some prominent Catholics of the locality, public orthodox gratuitous schools which were crowded by children, and the work of Dr. Rule fell to the ground.

Perhaps, after all, the failure of Protestantism in Spain and the Spanish countries is much less to be wondered at than its success in other countries. The wonder is in reality that a doctrine like Protestantism, whose fundamental principle has been recognized at all times as a sure germ of destruction,[1] could succeed, nevertheless, in keeping itself alive for nearly four centuries, and resisting the slow but unfailing work of disintegration which undermines its existence. That is the thing to be admired, and the curious problem to be studied. Even writers as full of prejudice against Catholics as Stirling, have to acknowledge that nowhere in the world has the triumph of Protestantism been complete, and that the Catholic germs left there are unceasingly coming up and gaining ground and strength. "The Protestant must confess," Stirling says, "that the new religion never succeeded in eradicating the old, even amongst the freest and the boldest of the Teutonic peoples."[2]

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relative to the presentation to the President of Mexico by the Minister of the United States of "six Protestant missionaries," and the "earnest and energetic reply which was completely satisfactory to the gentlemen in question," assuring them protection.

See, also, in the same official "Papers" for 1874, the congratulations sent by Mr. Fish to the Mexican Government on October 22d, 1873, for "the great step in advance" taken by Mexico in declaring marriage to be merely a civil contract, in forbidding religious institutions to acquire real estate, in abolishing religious oaths, etc., page 715.

[1] Cicero had recognized among many other religious truths which do honor to his great, noble mind, that if in matters of religion permission should be given to each man to pass opinions and to interpret the Commandments, the confusion of chaos would soon be the consequence.

[2] Stirling, "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," chapter viii.

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The interesting investigation, if ever made, into the causes which enabled Protestantism to smother, for the time being, the Catholic elements, always living and imperishable, which at the time of its appearance prevailed everywhere without opposition, and which constantly and uninterruptedly are coming back to the surface and disrupting the new faith, may be helped considerably by looking with attention to the United States. In Europe, where emperors, and kings, and princes, calling themselves "protectors" of the Church, and "the arm of Rome," and "the sword of heretics," engaged themselves in persecution, and mingled religious tenets with political ideas, and combined with each other in "Holy Alliances," Protestantism, in some form or other, has been taken in general as a sign of emancipation, and has established itself upon grounds of apparent permanency. While here, in the United States, where there are no kings or princes, where religion does not enter into politics, except to purify their purposes and their means of action, and where liberty allows everything to be tried on its merits, the fate of Protestantism seems to be sealed.

One hundred years ago (1775) the Puritans of Massachusetts expelled from their territory a Catholic colony. Now, in 1887, the capital of that territory has within its limits a greater number of Catholic churches than of any other denomination. One hundred years ago, in 1776, there was not one Bishop in the United States and no more than twenty-five priests for a Catholic population of 25,000 souls. And last year we had seventy-five dioceses and 7658 priests for a Catholic population of 7,000,000 of souls. One hundred years ago there was scarcely a Catholic, except in certain localities, who was not a foreigner and belonging to the less favored classes of society; and now "there is scarcely an American family distinguished either by its ancestry, or by its social position, or by its wealth, which has not one or more representatives among the converts to the Catholic Church."[1]

As Father Hecker says, the person who sees the hand of Divine Providence leading the acts of man through history, does not fail to see in the same way that the Catholic Church is the body organized by Our Lord to guard and teach the truth, "will recognize that the Republic and the Catholic Church, under the same divine guidance, are working together in the United States, forming the various races of men and nationalities into a homogeneous people, and by their united action giving a bright promise of a higher development of men than has been heretofore accomplished."[2]

Thanks to liberty, the United States of the future will be as grand

[1] "The Catholic Church in the United States," by Rev. I. T. Hecker.

[2] Ibid.

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in art, in science and in literature, as now it is grand in wealth, and in inventive powers, and in business enterprise; and in the same way as now in our days the Episcopalian and the Unitarian, the nearest to the Church and the farthest from it, both of them exceedingly enlightened and intellectual, furnish to our Church the largest contingent of converts, so, with the grace of God, the near future will witness the unification of religious creeds and the proclamation, under the flag of liberty, of no other faith than the Catholic.

"The future of the United States," Father Hecker says again, "belongs under God to that religion which by its conscious possession of truth and by the indwelling spirit of Divine love shall succeed in bringing the American people to unity in their religious belief and action, as they are actually one in the political sense."

Here Protestantism is doomed to die, and will die sooner than in Europe. But in Spain and the Spanish countries it cannot live for a day, and as soon as it appears it fades away with discredit.

SCIENCE OR BUMBLEPUPPY?

THERE appeared some years ago a clever little book entitled "Whist or Bumblepuppy?" which is at once an excellent guide for the study of whist, and an admirable satire on much that passes for it. The author defines Bumblepuppy as "persisting to play whist, either in utter ignorance of all its known principles, or in defiance of them, or both." He adds that Hudibras has given another definition:

> "A liberal art, that cost no pains
> Of study, industry, or brains."

A few illustrations may make the point clearer. The whist player begins his education in the craft by learning the leads and the usual way of playing the important cards for each hand. He learns the principles of the game, and at play endeavors to put them into practice. He begins by remembering his own hand, and, keeping his eyes on the table, watches the fall of the cards, noting who has played each. The professor of bumblepuppy troubles himself about none of these things. He is an agnostic as to whether there is a principle of the game or not. In the course of years he gets a misty idea of rules he should have learned in two

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hours' study. He never remembers his own hand because he can always look at it, and because he looks at it he never knows who has played any particular card. It will be readily conceived that the species and varieties of the great genus of bumblepuppists can hardly be counted. We shall allude to only one or two of them. There is the player who is so taken with some particular "coup" that he thinks the game well lost if he can only make it come off. To play so as to deceive some one is to many a *summum bonum*, and if the one happens to be the partner they look on it as the chance of war. To these an obscure play is almost the same as a good one. That we may not be too severe on the players of bumblepuppy, we will add that there are some who could easily become masters of the game, and, that, on the other hand, there are conscientious whist players whose minds are too limited to know when to disregard rule. As our author observes, "between the worst whist and the best bumblepuppy it is almost impossible to draw the line."

We are convinced that there is a vast deal of bumblepuppy in the world, pervading wider and loftier spheres than the card room, but, *mutatis mutandis*, its characteristics are the same. Chief among these is the contempt of first principles which are not acquired without study, and which do not add to, but may even interfere with, the brilliancy of the game. Another very common one is a predilection for pyrotechnics. Strict reasoning is conspicuous by its absence; for, besides being difficult, it destroys many pleasing effects and unexpected transformations.

We forbear to allude to the spread of bumblepuppy in the various walks of life. The subject is too vast. We shall confine ourselves to its invasion of the realms of sciences. Here, as in whist, there is no difficulty in recognizing a typical specimen, but it occasionally happens that the bumblepuppist resembles the man of science so closely that for a time he escapes detection. Thus there are many whose powers of observation are so excellent and well-trained that till they leave facts and take up theories, their bumblepuppy is unsuspected. Again there are those of rare gifts who bow before a prevailing fashion, pretending a belief they do not have in the theories of the day, and leave the paths of sound thought for the pleasant mazes of so-called popular science. These, also, have their representative at the card table. We can imagine a whist player away from his peers who finds a grim amusement in adapting his game to the prevailing bumblepuppy; but, we think, his self-respect must suffer by the operation.

The following is not a bad specimen of bumblepuppy taken from a newspaper. "Stage fright has from the dawn of experience among actors been looked upon as an affliction common to men

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and women of finer mould. It has nothing to do with the moral qualities, but is caused by the reflected magnetism of a multitude of spirits thrown suddenly upon one person, who is already in an excited mental condition." Here is quite a mine of information. In the first place, we see that the moral qualities have no connection with the fineness of the mould, which is a little surprising. But the gem is in the second sentence. Stage fright is caused by "the reflected magnetism of a multitude of spirits," etc. Now, if it were only magnetism it would be sufficiently peculiar, for it is generally taught that magnetism is in matter, and not in spirit; but what makes it more complicated is that it is reflected magnetism. That is to say, it does not strike directly, but rebounds on to the devoted actor from something or somebody else. But why is it magnetism at all? The magnet attracts, but in stage fright there is rather a tendency to run away. Above all, where did the spirits get the magnetism to be reflected?

We may be asked, why take so much trouble to demolish this little piece of harmless absurdity? Is it not "breaking a butterfly upon the wheel?" We do so for two reasons; first to give an example of twaddle which, transparent as it is, would, we fear, not be recognized as such by a multitude of readers; and secondly to show that, however weak and silly it may be, it is not worse than that which appears, in two very pretentious papers, in a leading English review, the *Fortnightly*. The June number consists almost wholly of papers written in honor of the Queen's Jubilee. The two to which we refer are "The Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886," by Grant Allen, and "The Progress of Thought in Our Time," by J. Addington Symonds. Two better examples of the most offensively arrogant bumblepuppy would not easily be found.

Mr. Grant Allen begins with a shout of triumph. "Fifty years ago science was still inchoate. Much had been done by early pioneers. The ground had been cleared, the building materials had been in part provided, the foundations had been duly and ably laid, but the superstructure as yet had hardly been raised a poor foot or two above the original level." After this gratifying tribute to the labors of our predecessors, he points out that the building of a compact harmonious whole has been reserved for the last fifty years. "Ours has been an age of firm grasp and wide vision." We presume that the next sentence, announcing the "downfall of anthropocentric fallacy" is meant as a confirmation of this statement. But what is this fallacy? According to Catholic science God, not man, is the centre of all things. Moreover, though Mr. Allen may not know it, it is against this very idea that his system of so-called science is directed. After a glance at geology we come, as might be expected, to evolution, and rush *in medias res* at

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once. Evolution is "the acknowledged mainspring of all living and active contemporaneous science." Evolution is here used in its widest sense. That it has had an immense influence on nearly every science, and has profoundly modified the thought of the century, is beyond question. It is, we think, none the less unjustifiable to speak of it as the mainspring which implies, or should imply, something beyond question. Mr. Allen says truly that "evolution is not synonymous with Darwinism. The whole immensely exceeds the part. Darwinism forms but a small chapter in the history of a far vaster and more comprehensive movement of the human mind." But it is a great and gratuitous assumption to speak of Darwinism as synonymous with the theory of the evolution of plants and animals. There are two great evolutionary theories, to say nothing of numerous modifications of them, which differ very widely from each other. One of these is Darwinism proper, of which essential parts are a tendency to variation, gradual changes from external causes, sexual selection, and the inheritance of acquired peculiarities. This is the more popular theory, but it is most inaccurate to pretend that it is the only one, or it has the support of all the strongest evolutionists. Eminent anatomists, such as Mivart[1] in England, and Kölliker in Germany, believe in evolution by sudden leaps due to internal causes. The latter, in a recent address at Leipsic, before the German Anatomical Society, admitted frankly that neither theory is established. Anatomists hesitate, but Mr. Allen is certain.

The following passage supports our statement that Mr. Allen's evolution is distinctly atheistic: "As in the cosmos, so in the solar system itself, evolutionism has taught us to regard our sun, with its attendant planets, and their ancillary satellites, all in their several orbits, as owing their shape, size, relations and movements, not to external design and deliberate creation, but to the slow and regular working out of physical laws, in accordance with which each has assumed its existing weight and bulk, and path and position." This is what makes this kind of writing so offensive. No Catholic need have any quarrel with evolution, as seen in the light of a sound philosophy. Probably a large proportion of Catholics of science believe in it to a greater or less extent. We ask why in the name of common sense is the slow and regular working out of physical laws in opposition to external design and deliberate creation? To return to Darwinism: "With the appearance of the "Origin of Species," in 1859, the departure began. In twenty years the whole world was converted *en bloc*." If this means that the

[1] It is needless to mention that Professor Mivart believes in the evolution of the body only.

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scientific world has accepted Darwin's theory as he propounded it, we can only reply by repeating a flat contradiction.[1]

We now come to the *piece de resistance*, the triumph of bumblepuppy. "Life thus falls into its proper place in the scheme of things as due essentially to the secondary action of radiated solar energy, intercepted on the moist outer crust of a cooling and evolving planet." Life is due essentially to solar energy! It is as simple as that! No, on second thoughts it is not perfectly simple. It is due to the secondary action of this energy. Why to the secondary, and not to the primary? And, after all, why to solar energy at all? Why is not solar energy producing life now? There are still several moist parts of the crust of the earth. Or is it, perhaps, that the planet is no longer "cooling and evolving?" But the most disappointing part of it is, that only four lines later the author returns to the question as if he had not exhausted it. "How the first organisms came to exist at all we can as yet only conjecture; to feeble and unimaginative minds, the difficulty of such a conjecture seems grotesquely exaggerated." Although a brilliant imagination is of great assistance to reason, it does not follow that what is known as an unimaginative mind is necessarily a weak one. Indeed, in scientific work the imagination needs to be held well in check. To understand this passage we must recall the definition of bumblepuppy. It consists in playing the game "either in utter ignorance of all its known principles, or in defiance of them, or both." It is clear, then, that in bumblepuppy the imagination is to have full play. Under these circumstances the idea of an act of creation becomes, no doubt, very grotesque. The subject, however, is not pursued and the author goes on as follows: "But granting the existence of a prime organism or group of organisms *plus* the fact of reproduction with heredity and variations, and the tendency of such reproduction to beget increase in a geometrical ratio, we can deduce from these simple elementary factors the necessary corollary of survival of the fittest, with all its far-reaching and marvellous implications." Why we are to admit these premises we are left to conjecture. The request strikes us as rather a cool one from the spokesman of those who claim to believe only on evidence. "The gorilla," we are told, "appeared on the scene at the critical moment for the 'Descent of Man.'" It is possible enough that the discovery of this animal may have had its effect on the ignorant, but anato-

[1] As an example of our author's recklessness of statement we would refer to another part of this paper, in which, treating of the progress of science in particular departments, he writes as follows of anæsthesia: "Chloroform was first employed by Simpson in 1847, and the use of other similar agents is still more recent." The fact is ether was used for surgical operations at the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1846. Its success induced Simpson to try chloroform.

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mists do not consider the gorilla as notably higher than the chimpanzee. The late Professor Jeffries Wyman held that the latter approached nearer to man than the former. Without discussing this question we may say that each approaches more nearly to the structure of man in some respects than the other, but what is certain is that the gorilla does not in the least serve as a link or make the break between man's body, even, and that of the apes practically smaller. But let us return to the pantomime. "Just on the stroke when they were most needed, connecting links, both fossil and living, turned up in abundance between fish and amphibians, amphibians and reptiles, reptiles and birds, birds and mammals, and all of these together in a perfect network of curious cross-relationship." That many intermediate forms have been recently discovered is true; but the reader who would gather from this that a system of easy gradations has been brought to light would be greatly in error, and, moreover, this curious network of cross-relationship is particularly difficult to account for by Darwinism.

Psychology is not left unnoticed. "Instinct has been clearly separated from reason, the working of intelligence and of moral feeling has been recognized in horse and dog, in elephant and parrot, in bee and ant, in snail and spider." Surely all but the most gullible must know that this is simply absurd. The separation of reason and instinct is no recent achievement. The tendency of evolutionary thought has certainly not been to separate but to confound them; a statement of which the above passage gives ample evidence. We cannot stop, however, to discuss the "morals" of snails and spiders, nor to inquire how far they may be guilty of gluttony, envy and sloth. Many other amusing extracts might be made, but it is time to reach the peroration. We should state, however, that the chief point of the paper, besides evolution, is the doctrine of the conservation and correlation of forces. In conclusion Mr. Allen dwells on the unity of nature. This is the monistic philosophy. There is no antithesis of mind and matter. This wonderful science of his "exhibits to us the animal organism as essentially a food-engine in whose recess solar energy stored as potential by the plant, is once more let loose by slow combustion in the kinetic form as heat and motion." It is evident that even if this theory could account for an automaton-like life of movement, it fails utterly to explain the phenomena of free will, of sensation, of growth in certain definite directions and the marvels of reproduction. "It (science) unifies and organizes all our concepts of the whole consistent system of nature, and sets before our eyes the comprehensive and glorious idea of a cosmos which is one and the same throughout, in sun and star, and world and atom; in light and heat, and life and mechanism; in herb and tree, and man and

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animal; in body, soul and spirit, mind and matter." This is no doubt very fine as pyrotechnics, but there is something wanting in clearness. If this be true, what conceivable meaning is there in the words, *body, soul, mind and matter*, since one is not to be distinguished from the other; or if, at least, all are of one category? This confusion of essentially different things, though very much the fashion, is not particularly new, so that we cannot subscribe to the poor tribute to our times with which our author closes: "Almost all that is most vital and essential in our conception of our illimitable dwelling house, the last half century has built up for us unaided."

We now turn to the paper on "The Progress of Thought in our Time," by Mr. Symonds, to whom Mr. Allen alludes as a philosophic thinker. At first one is inclined to expect an antidote to Mr. Allen's materialism, for we are assured of the writer's belief that the main fact in the intellectual development of the last half century is "the restoration of spirituality to our thoughts about the universe." This, indeed, were a consummation devoutly to be wished. We find, moreover, that Mr. Symonds dissents entirely from Mr. Allen's closing assertion, and believes that three centuries of scientific and philosophical labor have culminated in evolution. He thinks that present views are, after all, only provisional, while Mr. Allen, though descanting on the youth of science, apparently looks on his dreams as facts established beyond fear of revolution. It is natural that religion should have a chief place in a paper on thought, and Mr. Symonds has much to say about Christianity. He begins by the repetition of that ten times told tale, that Christianity is in some way connected with the idea that the earth is the centre of the universe. He has only contempt for those who believe that God made nature for man; and the sun, moon and stars to give him light. These ideas fit men's minds for the "mythological elements of Christianity." We are told it becomes difficult to take the scheme of salvation literally, when we remember that it is for the benefit of a race on a third-rate planet. These difficulties come from anthropomorphic ideas of God, with which positivists are fond of taunting believers while they themselves are most open to the reproach. Not only are they unable to grasp the idea that God's ways are not ours, but they seem unable to apprehend that, humanly speaking, one thing may serve more than one purpose. Do the heavens declare the glory of God any the less because the orbs composing them fulfill hundreds of physical purposes? Is a large world more worthy of God than a small one? Does the possession of four satellites make a planet a fitter field for the stupendous miracles of salvation than another with only one? The supreme ignorance of, or indifference to, what opinions Christians really hold is characteristic of

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both these writers. Mr. Allen points out that science has made us familiar with the idea that man started from a low condition instead of being an "archangel ruined," and Mr. Symonds shows how the Copernican system annihilated "the brazen vault of heaven, or the crystal sphere on the outer surface of which God sat;" but what doctor of the Church ever defended these propositions?

It is not to be denied that systems of false philosophy, absurd and contradictory though they be, have pretty nearly destroyed such distorted remnants of faith as Protestantism can claim, and have put even Catholics to some extent on the defensive; but nothing that has received scientific confirmation has come into real conflict with faith. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Symonds implies, that the doctrine of the fall of man is in contradiction with thoroughgoing evolution of soul and body. But the evolution of the soul is merely an assertion, and that of the body at most a working hypothesis. The former is not true, the latter is not proved; and even if the latter should be proved, it is in no kind of opposition to the fall of Adam. Mr. Symonds errs in ascribing grotesque ideas to believers, and in leaving the Church out of the question altogether. It is to be said in his defense that he is writing of the thought of English scientific society, and we can admit freely that religious beliefs which it was respectable to hold a generation or two ago, have not been able to withstand the current when not founded on the rock of the Catholic Church.

Leaving the destructive effects of modern thought, Mr. Symonds attempts to show its constructive and elevating influences, and to establish his startling statement, that it is a return to spirituality. We are assured that, though "the universe is one homogeneous whole, in which nothing can be lost and unaccounted for, through which there runs a continuity of energizing forces, and of which we are indisputably conscious members," the belief in God is left untouched. What this untouched belief will amount to appears later. "I venture to assert," says our author, "that it is the destiny of the scientific spirit to bring these factors, God, law, Christian morals, into a new and vital combination, which will contribute to the durability and growth of rational religion."

The following demonstration is one of the most astonishing pieces of argumentation that was ever met with. It begins by begging the whole question for the major premise. "Science establishes the unity of the Kosmos (in which it is evident from the context that God is included), together with the exact correspondence and correlation of its parts." No evidence of this is given; we are only told that science establishes it. And here we must pause to mention a peculiarity of writers of this class. While overflowing with enthusiasm about the conservation of energy, the

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correlation of forces, etc., they do not explain with sufficient detail what the world is made of. They say nothing of matter and form, of atomism, dynamism, and the modification of these systems. Probably they would look on this as unprofitable. But how can science establish the unity of the cosmos, if it does not tell us what it is made of? If it is all spirit, how account for the universal belief in matter? If it is all matter, how shall we account for phenomena that violate the laws of matter? If it is both, how are they combined, or, what share has each? Or, putting spirit aside, how can we speak conclusively of the laws of matter, and make sweeping generalizations without some definition of matter itself? Is it made of atoms or not? If so, how small are they, and are the smallest still divisible? Are they in contact? If not, what is between them? These are questions that we surely have a right to ask of those who pretend to know as much about the universe as these gentlemen do.

The minor premise is that we are mind, and "nothing in the last resort but mind." This is reached by the *cogito ergo sum* route, which proves at most (if indeed it is anything more than the assertion of a self-evident fact) that we have mind, not that we are mind, and nothing else. Thus we begin with two unproved, and, as it happens, false premises, and reach the conclusion that, as we are mind and an integrating part of the whole, mind is everywhere and in everything. This is not stated in this place quite so plainly, but we are sure it is precisely what Mr. Symonds means, as we shall show at once. We must be pardoned for introducing a rather long example of the purest bumblepuppy we have met with for some time. "Finding thought to be the very essence of man considered as a natural product, we are compelled to believe that there is thought in all the products which compose this universe. Nothing can be clearer, as the result of three centuries of scientific industry, than that there is neither loss of elements nor abrupt separation of species in the Kosmos, but that the whole is wrought of the same ground materials, and evolved in the multiplicity of its forms out of the same fundamental constituents. If, then, we discover thought in man upon one plane of this immense development, how can we deny it to existences on other planes? How can we conceive that the primitive energies out of which the whole proceeded were not conscious, or pregnant with consciousness? If mind is our sole reality and self, is it not the sole reality and self of all? Does not our mind necessitate a universal mind? Must we maintain that, the universe being in one rhythm, things less highly organized than man possess consciousness, in the degrees of their descent, less acute than man's? Must we not also surmise that ascending scales of existence more highly organized, of which we are at pre-

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sent ignorant, are endowed with consciousness superior to man's? It is not incredible that the globe on which we live is vastly more conscious of itself than we are of ourselves; and that the cells which compose our corporeal frame are gifted with a separate consciousness of a simpler kind than ours."

Would that we had the pen of the author of "Alice in Wonderland," to reproduce the conversations between the conscious cells of different orders that contribute to this rhythm of the universe! Even then the task would be no easy one, if we are to follow our author. The consciousness of the globe puzzles us. We should have expected to find it lower than that of plants and animals, but instead, it is not incredible that it is higher than our own, which would imply a higher being. If the cells in our bodies have each a consciousness, is our consciousness the sum of theirs? In that case, if a man loses a leg, he must be a quarter less conscious. But would the leg have a consciousness of its own, besides that of the individual component cells? But, then, if we are nothing but mind, it is impossible that we should have a corporeal framework.

But what becomes of God in this scheme? As well as we can make out, law with a capital L takes God's place. All that is supernatural in Christianity disappears at once. "Science as yet can neither affirm nor deny the life beyond the grave." Virtue and vice, we presume, are no more. Not a bit of it! We forget that we are in the realms of bumblepuppy. Faith, hope and love are to persist. We are still to have "the noble humanities secured to us by Christianity," whatever that may mean. "How far more lovingly," exclaims Mr. Symonds, "we look on nature now than when we regarded it as alien and accursed." What a pity that St. Francis of Assisi could not have sat at the feet of this prophet! What a pity that St. Vincent de Paul is not here to learn from him a broader love of his neighbor, that should embrace stocks and stones. And yet it appears that this new love has its limits, after all. "If we recognize the divine life in parasites, we do not mean to acquiesce in their domination." Let us listen reverently while this philosophic thinker tells us why, and makes the new profession of faith. "The soul possessed of evolutionary religion, penetrated with the gospel of the century, runs no peril of lapsing into the hebetude of decadent Buddhism, or of exclaiming with folded hands, 'Whatever is, is well.' That formula will have to be exchanged for, 'Whatever is, is well, but nothing really is which is not progressive and militant movement.'" Now this is very consoling. If anything presents signs of decay, it does not really exist. We may see it, and smell it, but really there is no such thing, which is very gratifying. Still, it leaves us in doubt as to our conduct towards parasites. They certainly present progress and

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militant movement, consequently they really exist, and whatever is, is well. Moreover, according to Mr. Symonds, we recognize the divine life in them. Why, then, are we justified in eliminating them at the risk of interfering with the universal rhythm? In fact, in this hodgepodge there is no comprehensible distinction between creator and creature, soul and body, the whole or the part, and yet, lo and behold! Christian morals are to flourish in it. "All the elements of morality are not displaced, but remoulded by the scientific spirit." Virtue in some incomprehensible way is to be its own reward, and vice its own punishment. We are promised no resurrection, but our far off descendants may profit by our virtue. "There is something," we are told, "in contributing to the advance of humanity, from which we derive everything, who expects from us so much." But what do we owe to humanity after all, if, as Mr. Allen teaches, solar energy is the cause of life? Moreover, if the earth and sun on the one hand, and the cells composing our bodies on the other, are all conscious, have they Christian morals too? If the sun does not lie, will future comets have longer tails? If the liver cells have faith, will the digestion of posterity be stronger?

It is surely a wonderful but not an encouraging state of things when a leading review on a state occasion publishes papers like these, purporting to be scientific, but really written in ignorance of the rules of science, or in violation of them, or both. The place of reason is taken by arrogant assertion, and the ignorance or forbearance of the public is imposed upon. That the ignorance and forbearance are so great is much to be regretted. It is sad that the public should receive as science what in another field is called bumblepuppy.

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SOME ASPECTS OF PRIVATE FORTUNES.

INEQUALITIES in the wealth of individuals must be expected, because there are inequalities in the individuals themselves, inequalities in the way both of talents and of circumstances. Even could a substantial equality be realized, it would not be desirable, as creating a lessened opportunity for the play of those humanities which a variety in conditions invites, and which ennoble and sweeten life—the rich dispensing, the poor receiving. Apparently, an essential of a perfect social organism is that its spirit should allow free passing from one grade into another, and fall in with the observed tendencies on the part of the lower grades to rise, and of the higher to sink. There is a cycle within which, in a properly constituted society, such a revolution, on the whole, takes place, and compensations are adjusted.

But private fortunes may become excessive. Manifestly, there is a point which the inequality between rich and poor should not transcend, and evil is the day when the logical tendencies of society widen the gap.

We observe, therefore, the efforts of the great law-givers in every age to check such a tendency, and keep the inequality within bounds. Among these, foremost in time, as in place, stands Moses. The fiftieth year was the year of jubilee, beyond which a deed for land could not be executed by an Israelite, and in which all land that had been alienated, save possessions in walled cities, was restored to the original owner. Is there ground for limiting the operation of the law, or at least its spirit, to that ancient people? And are we to see herein nothing of a divine warrant against overgrown private fortunes?

With this law's neglect the downfall of the Hebrews stands closely allied. The conquests made in the brilliant reigns of David and Solomon not only brought in wealth, but foreigners also and their example. Ancient law and simplicity were forgotten. Private fortunes rose. Luxurious habits grew. The line between rich and poor was clearly and permanently drawn. The State became broken in twain, and on the rival thrones followed, for the most part, successions of degenerate kings, whose deeds ended with the blotting out of the nations.

The spirit and letter of Lycurgus' laws were likewise designed to check inequality of fortunes; and, as long as his statutes were kept, Sparta triumphed. After the fall of Athens, private fortunes

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in Lacedæmon grew excessive; the people, however, were impoverished, and Sparta soon lost her supremacy.

The agrarian laws introduced by Licinius had the same end in view. Under their operation the poorest citizen was entitled to at least four acres of land; the richest could not possess over 315, nor could he send to the public pastures more than 100 head of cattle and 500 sheep. The censors, besides, exercised strict scrutiny and reported all the lands that were not duly cultivated. It is the brightest portion of Roman story, when men like Regulus lived. An anecdote of him marks the spirit of the period. While on the tide of success in the first Punic war, he applies for a leave of absence under remarkable circumstances. The few acres near Rome that constituted the hero's sole fortune, he had intrusted to a client with instructions to till the land and provide for his two daughters. These write to him that the faithless client has fled, taking with him almost all the farming implements, and Regulus seeks a temporary return to provide against their impoverishment.

It is a refreshing picture of simplicity and grandeur. And, after all, to live simply is itself to live grandly. These were the days of moderate private fortunes, when Rome was in the best sense opulent, and great and powerful as she never was afterwards.

The laws of Licinius came to be disregarded. In attempting their restoration the Gracchi fell. After their fall the rich enormously increased their riches. By fraud or violence they acquired the small farms of their poor neighbors and, controlling legislation, caused the undivided lands to be distributed amongst themselves. Slaves, exempt from military duty, were employed in cultivating the immense estates. Hence arose such millionaires as Lucullus and Crassus. When Cæsar became dictator, it is said, 2000 men in Rome owned everything, and 320,000 indigent heads of families were fed from the public treasury. The manliness of the free population of Italy was destroyed. The able-bodied men, drafted into armies, came back at the end of their terms to form, by such accretions, an indolent and shiftless mass with no means of living beyond the bounty of the state, and ready to set over the rich any tyrant who would promise to divide their wealth among the poor.

So the empire fell, as Sparta and the Hebrew polity had fallen before—and in each instance a primary cause was the individual concentration of wealth. Let the past be quoted again, if it has lessons for the present.

A prodigious increase in the production of wealth and its distribution against the common man are characteristics of our age. If small fortunes have multiplied, great ones have multiplied more rapidly. The gap between rich and poor has widened and is widening. The struggle to live, in the lower ranks especially, is

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great and growing. Laborers often get little more than what is necessary to mere subsistence. The enormous wealth that steam-power has originated has gone to swell the fortunes of the upper class. In certain mining districts of Pennsylvania the mine owners are millionaires, the *per diem* of the miner not over seventy cents. The poor are relatively poorer than they were thirty years ago.

The most superficial view apparently shows this. All must be conscious of the unusual pressure almost everywhere prevailing. By the way, is it not a vulgar mark on the period? A certain quantum of ease is requisite to gentility. Well-bred instincts, disgusted at press and hurry, are inclined to look away from a whirling locomotive age towards a gentler, superior past—steamless, yet sufficient.

What a pressure to get work! How many thousands of good, needy men are daily striving for permission to work at almost anything, and for almost any price? The diary of one of these poor fellows we chanced to see; here is a paragraph: "Weeks and weeks go by in the vain effort to get honorable work. I almost despair. Sick at heart I roam the streets. How selfish the city seems! How cold and unsympathetic appear the throngs that pass me! They surge by with ungenerous eye. Their looks are all self-seeking. I shudder and shrink within myself."

What a pressure to live by the work! Were strikes ever so common and so wide-spread? Admit there have been foolish strikes, and causeless strikes, and selfish, wicked strikes. The definition of a strike remains, a remedy forced on workingmen to keep them from starvation wages. These strikes to the strikers are often costly and dangerous expedients, but accepted to ward off greater danger. Certain Pennsylvania miners are reported as having come out of one so reduced physically as to be unable for a time to do a fair day's work.

What a pressure in doing the work! When have "bosses" been so exacting, or subordinates so urged? The Baltimore car-drivers, for instance. The weight of an outraged public opinion has, it is true, somewhat improved their condition. Until recently, however, many were required to do steady work for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four; and we had it from one that he had not seen his little child awake for three months, as he left it abed in the morning and returned to it abed at midnight. That hundreds stood ready to fill a vacated position deepens the strain disclosed in such a statement.

There is pressure almost everywhere, but concentrated upon the poor man at the bottom. The root lies in the unjust distribution of wealth, which cuts the poor with a double edge. For while the colossal private fortunes at the top have greatly advanced, all

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the way down the standard of living, at the same time, the ability of the poor man to meet the increased expenditure is relatively less.

Certain professional political economists among us persist in putting it before the public that under an increase of wages and the cheapening (as they allege) of the necessaries of life, the condition of laboring men has vastly improved. The estimate is that mechanics of special skill are 100 per cent. better off than in 1840; average mechanics, 75 per cent.; common laborers, 65 per cent.; and that, if the lower ranks are pressed, it is due, not to the age or to institutions, but to personal faults, to viciousness, idleness or ignorance.

The conclusion we believe to be utterly untrustworthy. These writers, with an opinion to maintain, choose and group data (perhaps unconsciously) in that direction. For a graphic *exposé* of such a bias, we refer the reader to "Economic Optimism," in the April number of the *North American Review*. The most authoritative writers are *per contra*. Of such, none stand higher than the late Postmaster General of Great Britain, who gave exhaustive attention to the investigation of labor questions, and who deliberately declares that in England—confessedly the richest of nations, where laws have been modified in every way to cheapen food, and where steam-power has wrought its best work—the condition of the laboring class has been relatively lowered and the gap between rich and poor decidedly enlarged since the advent of steam. His words are: "A majority of the people of this country" (and the social status of our own land differs little, if at all, from that of England) "have a severe struggle for existence, and no inconsiderable minority live in abject misery and in degrading poverty. One out of every twenty is a pauper. To a great proportion of our laboring classes a life of incessant toil yields no other result than an old age of dependent mendicancy." Bitter words!

Mr. Fawcett's conclusion is confirmed by careful personal inquiries among the laboring class. What better witnesses than intelligent and reliable workingmen themselves, who have always lived at the same social level, and whose working life runs back thirty years and more? They tell us their lot is harder now—that they could "knock on" (to use one of their expressions) easier then—that they *feel* it to be so; and they furnish a firm foundation for the feeling in the following figures.

From these figures it is a question whether even the *possible* opportunities of workingmen are better now. The wages, indeed, have increased, but the most necessary expenditure has increased, perhaps, more rapidly. A deal of misconception prevails in regard to the supposed cheapening of modern products. Writers are

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caught by the lowered price, forgetting there is often such a lowering in workmanship and lasting qualities as to reverse to the consumer the article's value. But to the figures, as they have been given us by workmen. The comparison is between 1850 and 1887:

As regards wages: A common field hand who thirty years since got 37½ cents (with board), now gets 50 cents. A carpenter who then got $1.50 now gets $2.50. Bricklayers, $2.75 then, $4 now. The average increase is about 50 per cent. It must be added, however, as an important consideration materially lowering this increase, that mechanics, thirty years ago, commonly had steady employment, while now they often work scarcely above half-time.

In the matter of expenditure: The important items of flour and sugar remain at about the same price. Yet, in respect to bread, it should be noted, that laboring men, a generation back, used, to a far greater extent, the much cheaper article of corn meal. Bacon, by the 100 pounds, that then cost 4 cents to 6 cents, now costs 8 cents. Beef, per quarter, 4 cents then, 9 cents now. Coffee, 8 to 10 cents then, 16 cents now. Tobacco (important to workingmen), 18 cents to 20 cents per pound then, 60 cents to 70 cents now. A house whose rental was then $5 per month, is now $10. A workman's hand-made shoes, 30 years back, cost $2.50; he now buys machine shoes at, say, $2; but a pair of the former would outlast two of the latter. Cotton prints then cost from 12 cents to 18 cents; they now sell at from 5 cents to 8 cents. But the old women tell us the calico of other days was of superior make, with lasting qualities treble those of the modern product. If the drinking bill of workingmen is taken into account,—and we think it should be, since we are to consider them as they commonly are, and not as a body of teetotalers,—the expenditure is greatly against the present day, not because there are more drunkards, but from the character of the beverage. Three-fifths of the workingmen, it is estimated, drink habitually. The ordinary drink is beer. Ten glasses a day are not an unusual number; whereas, a generation back, whiskey was the more common beverage, and to avoid intoxication the workingman was forced to stop at an expenditure of from 10 to 15 cents. But, omitting the drink item, a computation based on the above figures will show that a month's expenditure to-day, under rigid and even self-denying rules of economy, has advanced some 60 per cent., while the average wage increase, as above remarked, has been about 50 per cent.

We do not think, therefore, that the *possible* opportunities of the workingman are better to-day; while his actual, and, what we may call, unavoidable, outlay runs expenditure far above this 60 per cent. increase. His whole standard of living has been raised by an

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example that despotically descends upon him from the super-wealthy classes. Call it extravagance, if you choose. No man of discernment will set it down as a personal fault, for not being free from which he stands culpable. It is an outlay demanded by imperious environments, by those laws regulating fashion and the general style of living that bind laboring people as distinctly as they do the upper strata of society. The workingman yields to an inexorable social movement, whose impulse originates in the colossal private fortunes at the top. As an illustration of this advanced expediture: Thirty years back the daughter of an average mechanic would find in a cotton print or neat homespun her holiday attire; she now dresses in cloths and cashmeres. Her shoes then were generally a low-quartered kind, which journeymen turned out at $5 per dozen; now-a-days her feet go protected in a $3 article. And so along the entire line the style of living has been raised, and expenditure advanced over 100 per cent. In Baltimore—a city somewhat exceptional for its moderation and comparative social ease,—an average mechanic's family of four heads (it is their own testimony) can live on little, if any, under $10 per week; while such a family, a generation back, lived comfortably on $4 to $4.50.

In calling attention to the untoward aspects presented by vast pecuniary accumulations in individual hands, we recognize the splendid deeds of charity and of beneficence which men of such wealth have done, the splendid enterprises they originate and carry through, the splendid developments they have wrought, and the commanding talents whereof all this is the sign. Moderate fortunes, setting an example of moderation in the way of living, are rather the nation's blessing. China, with her hand labor, and moderate, diffused, unambitious prosperity, offers, even to *us*, some enviable phases of family life. It is false teaching on the part of certain professional political economists, that it is immaterial to the common weal how vast soever private fortunes may become, provided they are accumulated by the possessors themselves, without fraud or violence; and such writers favorably compare the great fortunes of to-day with those of ancient times, acquired, generally, by disreputable means. There are, indeed, many fortunes among us that have been individually won, and by the purest methods; but true economic science requires that even these should not be excessive. As for our *great fortunes*, how far their skirts hang free from fraud, to what degree they are not unhallowed acquisitions, may be a question. They are often the coinage of conscience-blighting, soulless corporations and monopolies, cursed of old by the prophet in them who "join house to house and lay field to field;" those enormous money aggregations,

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that combine wealth to swell wealth, pushing every advantage against the weak, pressing and triumphing in their huge power. The stigma deepens when we see combinations of plutocrats making necessaries of life the subject of their speculative rivalries, and, to swell their plethora, fictitiously advancing, as recently done, the cost of living over the land. Some of our most colossal fortunes are intimately connected with speculations of this nature, and it is a crying shame that such a thing can be. What so fit to make wealth hateful? It deepens the ominous scowl of the pressed and suffering mass below. Can no law be framed to check a lust of gain so infamous? Or must we accept it as one of the inevitable signs of decadence, and "steam on," with such fagots for fuel, towards the end that awaits states as well as individuals?

Apart, however, from methods of acquisition, the acquisitions themselves are a national evil. I speak of the huge fortunes at the top. What if the millionaires can be counted off on the fingers? They set a standard of living. They reside in mansions costing a million, and with furnishings worth a million more—they sport turn-outs valued at thousands—their horses are stabled, their dogs are kenneled far more comfortably than many of the deserving poor. In the grade of fortunes just below, there are thousands who live *towards* this style, many being strained in the effort. In the grade next succeeding these, the ten thousand possessors of moderate fortunes are strained in the endeavor to live in the same general direction; and so the example and the deepening strain and *anxietas* descend upon the poor man at the bottom, who, with aspirations aroused and a rate of expenditure more than doubled, has an increase of wages not over half as much again to meet it.

Here we find a main source of the pressure present (it may be said) everywhere, save in the most opulent strata. On these summits there is ease, and the outlook is full of complacency; but scarcely so anywhere else. In the report of a recent strike the mine owner and the miners, each, make exhibits, the former showing that *he* could not live unless the wages of his workmen were lowered; the latter, that *they* could not live, unless the wages were advanced.

Another aspect of private fortunes is worthy of notice. "It is ominous how wealth invades the United States Senate," was the remark of a distinguished speaker in a late campaign. It is ominous, too, it may be added, how social exactions at the National Capital are making the possession of abundant wealth a practical qualification in a cabinet minister. Upon the retirement of Mr. Manning it was bruited about that the Treasury portfolio had been offered to the Speaker of the House, but declined on the ground, as was alleged, that his private fortune was insufficient to properly

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support the station. We do not vouch for the truth of this, but the reported facts, under all the circumstances, might have occurred, and it is, indeed, a pregnant thought that our purest and best men may be constrained to decline office from such a consideration. In the same vein are the newspaper twittings that have been directed against a cabinet minister for so rigidly excluding himself from Washington gayeties; and the ground of the self-imposed exclusion was doubtless the same, that gentlemanly instincts forbade the acceptance of invitations which his private means were inadequate to suitably return.

Washington, of late years, has made giant strides. The capital of so great a nation attracts influences from every quarter. Incipient institutions of learning are gravitating thitherward for establishment. Superb homes for men of wealth and leisure are increasingly in demand. With the *beau monde* a "winter at Washington" is now the very thing itself; and beyond the political and scientific rays that gather there, this brilliant centre is reflecting more and more the fashion and display of a rich and powerful country. In the diversions of social life the wives and daughters of cabinet ministers are looked upon as leaders. We all remember the accounts, last winter, of their superb entertainments, following each other in splendid and costly succession. The salaries of ministers are relatively very small, and unless these social exactions, requiring an expenditure somewhat colossal, be relaxed, it will soon come to pass, if the point has not been already reached, that a President, to have his administration duly supported, will feel bound, in choosing his advisers, to look to their purse as well as to their statesmanship. It is a state of affairs connected with the greatly advanced scale of living traceable to our colossal private fortunes, and to real republican eyes has a dangerous look.

Our purpose has been to present some aspects of these "piles"; yet a word as to remedies. Mr. George (indirectly) offers one, the acceptance of which would radically affect the present order of affairs. Mr. Lorillard,—himself a millionaire,—conscious of the evils to be apprehended from the "concentration and perpetuation of vast wealth in single families," suggests a legacy tax to the State of 10 per cent. on all private fortunes over $200,000.

Whatever may be the attempted political solution of these pregnant problems which the logical tendencies of the period are rapidly thrusting to the front, the Church has her opportunity for, at least, lessening the strain. She has ever been the friend of the oppressed poor. Let her renew her beauty in the glorious traditions of earlier days, and rear, in the midst of this self-seeking age, the beacon-light of a higher individual charity—that admirable gift, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, which the Apostle

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ranks before Faith or Hope, since divine Charity remains when Faith becomes sight and Hope is swallowed up in fruition. There is a call for that self-abnegation, that enthusiasm for humanity, whereof our Lord Jesus was Himself the signal teacher and exemplar, and which so wrought in the early disciples that "they had all things common, and, selling their possessions and goods, divided them to all according as every one had need." Such a spirit was a power then, for many were drawn towards the Church by seeing "how these Christians love each other;" and it would avail to-day in softening the world's stony heart.

WAS THE PAPACY IN COMMISSION?

NO stronger evidence of how the members of the Anglican body have been driven to the wall in their controversy with the Catholic Church could be needed than the utterly changed nature of their attacks upon her. We no longer hear, at all events from the right wing of the High-Church party, boastful assertions of the validity of their orders, as though the possession of what they incorrectly term apostolic succession were all that is needed to constitute a religious body in the unity of the true Church. They, of course, implicitly still maintain this claim, but in the face of the terrible criticism to which it has been subjected of late years, they think it best to let the subject lie dormant. Nor, again, in their more strictly aggressive methods do we find the same points of attack adhered to, as was their wont fifteen or twenty years ago. Of course, the Vatican Council, and all the imaginary complications which it gave rise to in the brains of non-Catholic statesmen and theologians, has in the years elapsed since its prorogation been a text pregnant with matter for the exercise of both tongue and pen; but the latest efforts of Ritualistic polemics appear now to be centred in showing, not so much that the Church of Rome has erred in matters of faith, and that therefore their separation is justifiable, but that either, as the *Church Quarterly Review* maintained some time ago, the Papal succession and its consequent jurisdiction came to an end in the Middle Ages, intending to prove thereby that, as no valid occupant of Peter's chair was in existence, none could be under an obligation to be

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in communion with him; or else, that no Papal succession, as derived from St. Peter, had ever existed at all. The former of these remarkable theories having, however, been proved inadmissible, it became necessary to invent the second, and for this purpose the "Fathers of the Society of St. John the Evangelist" (who have already made themselves somewhat conspicuous both in Boston and Philadelphia) have thrown themselves into the breach and fabricated a hypothesis which, we presume, may be regarded as the very latest thing in Anglican polemics, and which, while scarcely less ingenious, is, we venture to say, equally as untenable as any of its predecessors.

It would appear that the Rev. Luke Rivington (of the above named society) has lately been engaged in a pamphlet controversy with Mgr. Meurin, S. J., the Catholic Bishop of Bombay. This discussion has resulted in the publication, first in the *Indian Churchman*, and subsequently in book form under the title of "The Roman Catholic Claims" (Elliot Stock, London), of a series of ten controversial papers, with an appendix. In the now exploded theory of the failure of Papal jurisdiction, above referred to, our Anglican contemporary, while admitting that in the early centuries of the Church some sort of Petrine primacy was recognized, maintained that at some particular period between the tenth and fifteenth centuries it must have died out by reason of the simoniacal election of several series of Popes, and other uncanonical actions on their part which so vitiated the validity of their appointment to the sacred purple that in time no validly appointed college of cardinals existed, and so no Pope could be validly elected. But our worthy friends have apparently come to the conclusion, upon second thought, that this was conceding a vast deal too much; it may even have struck them that the idea that Almighty God would support by His providence an unbroken Petrine succession as the centre of unity in the Church for a thousand years and then allow it to go to pieces, was just a little illogical, and they have therefore determined to carry the war still further into Africa,—this time a very long distance indeed,—and demonstrated the fact, which, being proved, would, of course, give the *quietus* to Rome and its usurpations, that during the first century there was not only no universal Pope, but *no bishop of Rome at all!*

"Father" Rivington's little *brochure* contains, as we have said, ten distinct papers, upon many of which, as they have no bearing upon the present subject, we shall not dwell at any length. The first, on the "Unity of the Church," simply contains some feeble quibbles about the relation of St. Paul to St. Peter. No. II., however, contains so glaring a misrepresentation of the true theory

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of St. Vincent of Lerins as to the constitution of the Church, that we cannot pass it over without a word of explanation.

The author, to quote the London *Church Times*, in its summary of this chapter, "compares the treatise of Vincent of Lerins with modern Papal doctrine, and shows that no glimmer of the Papal idea had ever crossed his mind, and that the second century was just that one when an infallible guide and a short way to the truth was most urgently needed, from the bewildering variety of Gnostic sects; but no Father seems for a moment to have dreamt that Rome had the key to the problem."

These two statements may be dismissed in a very few words. First, as regards St. Vincent, we find him, in his "Commonitorium," writing as follows:

"In days past, therefore, Agripinus of blessed memory, Bishop of Carthage, the first of all mortal men, against the divine Scripture (canon), against the rule of the universal Church, held that baptism might be repeated,—then Pope Stephen of blessed memory, prelate of the apostolic see, resisted, with the rest of his colleagues indeed, but still beyond the rest, thinking it, I suppose, becoming that he should excel all the rest as much in devotion for the faith as he surpassed them in authority of place."[1]

And later on in the same treatise he speaks of the "Bishop of the city of Rome" as "head of the world," while styling St. Cyprian and other bishops its *sides*.[2] Comment is superfluous.

Again, as regards the other point, the second century could have no better spokesman than the great St. Irenæus, whose emphatic testimony that the apostolic see of Rome was even at that early period just that infallible guide and short way to the truth which, we are told, was most urgently needed, is well known to all students of this controversy.[3]

The fifth paper in this volume would appear to be among the most important, inasmuch as is here developed the latest theory of Anglicanism anent the government of the local Roman church,

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[1] S. Vincent Lerin., Commonit. No. vi., apud Waterworth, Faith of Catholics, vol. i. p. 451.

[2] "Non solum caput orbis, verum etiam latera." Ibid. No. xxx.

[3] It may be as well to remind our readers that the saint's words are as follows: "For with this Church (the Roman), on account of its more powerful principality, every church must (*necesse est*) agree (*convenire*)." The argument drawn from this passage, which we cannot, of course, here reproduce, is that *convenire* here necessarily signifies *mental assent*, and *necesse* not a mere moral obligation, but an absolutely unavoidable necessity. Thus, to be in the visible unity of the Catholic Church, each Church must be in communion with and submission to the Church of Rome.—Cf. Murray, De Ecclesia Christi.

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which we again reproduce in the condensed form of our contemporary, the *Church Times:*

"There is grave reason to doubt whether any Pope at all sat at Rome in the earliest times, for the evidence seems to denote the episcopate there having been in commission, perhaps all the members of a governing college having been in episcopal orders. One point illustrating this position might have been inserted, that when Pope Anicetus and St. Polycarp disputed about the time of keeping Easter, it was the Bishop of Smyrna who appealed to Apostolic precedent, while the Pope appealed, not to St. Peter (as St. Wilfrid did at Whitby several centuries later), nor to any Apostle at all, but to the 'presbyters' who had preceded himself (Euseb., H. E. v. 24); while St. Irenæus, when writing a protest to Pope Victor against his high-handed attempt to force his view on the Asiatic churches, uses this same word 'presbyters' to describe Victor's predecessors, though he is very careful to speak about 'bishops' in referring to other churches."

Our readers will, of course, observe that it is intended by the adoption of this theory of an "episcopate in commission" to cut away the very roots of the Petrine centre of unity. If this hypothesis were true, St. Peter, of course, was never Bishop of Rome at all, in the true sense of the word, and consequently his successors could not have received that office in due order from him. The *See* of Rome would, therefore, be the merely ecclesiastical creation of a later date, such as were the patriarchates in after times; and any *divine* authority to rule the whole Church existent in that See would turn out to be a fiction.

And yet, what are the facts? It will be observed that the reviewer (for it is only just to acquit Mr. Rivington of any share in this blunder) has the temerity to appeal to St. Irenæus, and endeavors to insinuate that the holy father must have been aware that the predecessors of St. Victor in the government of the Roman church could not have been bishops, because, while referring to the heads of all other churches under that title, he simply styled the former priests, or, as the translator in Bohn's "Eusebius" has it, *presbyters*. Now, we presume that even our contemporary would admit that St. Irenæus himself is at least as capable a witness and as good an exponent of his own meaning as any that can be produced by the combined wisdom of Little Queen street, and, unfortunately for the latter, he is equally "careful" to tell us, in the most emphatic and unequivocal terms, that the predecessors of St. Victor (and he mentions every one of them by name) were not a college of priests, or even of "persons in episcopal orders," but individual bishops, succeeding one another in regular order, just as they had done in every other See throughout Christendom.

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Having observed that the "sacred office of the episcopacy" was first committed to Linus, mentioned by St. Paul in his epistle to Timothy, he continues:

"To him succeeded Anacletus, and after him, in the third place from the Apostles, Clement obtains that episcopate. But to this Clement succeeded Evaristus, and to Evaristus, Alexander. Next to him, thus the sixth from the Apostles, Sixtus was appointed, and after him Telesphorus; next, Hyginus; then Pius; after whom was Anicetus. To Anicetus succeeded Soter, and to him Eleutherius, who now in the twelfth place holds the office of the episcopate. By this order, and *by this succession*, both the *tradition* which is in the Church from the Apostles and the *preaching* of the truth have come down to us."[1]

The Eleutherius here mentioned was the immediate predecessor of Pope St. Victor. A neat little commentary this, certainly, upon the idea that St. Irenæus was aware that St. Victor's predecessors were a college of priests, or, indeed, a college of any kind; and that, moreover, in the second century they had no infallible guide and knew of no "short way to the truth."

But although we have been able to call St. Irenæus himself as a witness against the interpretation thus put upon his words, it is only right to admit that a certain amount of uncertainty does hang over the names and order of the first three or four Pontiffs immediately succeeding St. Peter; it being in the first place somewhat dubious whether Cletus and Anacletus constitute one individual or two (although the opinion of historians inclines to the former hypothesis); and the case is still further confused by the fact that Tertullian[2] distinctly states that just as Polycarp was collated to the Church of Smyrna by St. John, so Clement was appointed to that of Rome by St. Peter. Some theologians are of opinion that this apparent discrepancy may be reconciled by supposing that St. Peter simply designated Clement as his successor, an office which that holy man declined to accept until after the death of Linus, who, they suppose, was coadjutor to St. Peter during the Apostle's lifetime, and who *de facto* succeeded him. It is, perhaps, more probable that St. Clement had been coadjutor, or rather vicar, of St. Peter during his Apostolic journeys, and was subsequently, in the order given by St. Irenæus (in which he is followed by both Eusebius and St. Augustine), elevated to the Pontifical chair. But as a matter of fact, the solution of this slight difficulty is in no way material to our purpose, for the fact remains, and it is an incontrovertible one, that during that very period throughout which Mr. Rivington supposes the See of Rome to have been held in

[1] Adv. Hæres., lib. iii., c.

[2] De Præscript. Hæret., No. xxxii.

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commission, there was living, in the person of St. Irenæus, a great doctor and leader in the Church, removed but by one intervening generation from the Apostles themselves, and who in his youth, as he tells us, had seen Polycarp, the disciple of St. John; who, inasmuch as, according to St. Gregory of Tours, it was the venerable Polycarp himself who sent him to Lyons, must necessarily have gone there while quite young, but who, even had he been thirty years[1] of age on his arrival in Gaul, must still have enjoyed a clear half century of residence in the west; and who, it is absurd to suppose in a man of his prominence, learning and activity in Church matters, should have been ignorant during all this period, up to the time of his letter to Pope Victor, as to whether the Church of Rome was, and had been, governed by a bishop like other churches or by a college of priests. Even supposing that he had been in any doubt as to the actual successor of St. Peter, and his words do not seem to imply that he had any, this would not be a reason why he should speak of all Pope Victor's predecessors as priests, unless, on the one hand, he knew Mr. Rivington's hypothesis to be a fact, a supposition which, as we have seen, contradicts his own words most plainly expressed elsewhere, or else used the word *priest* in its broad sense, the sense in which it is used by St. Paul when he speaks of St. Timothy as having received the "imposition of the hand of the priesthood,"[2] whilst in another place[3] he explains that he himself had ordained him. St. Augustine, too, in his well-known "Psalm against the Donatists," speaks of the line of Roman Pontiffs up to his time simply as a succession of *priests.*

"*Number the priests* (sacerdotes) *from the chair of Peter itself,*" and instances of this use of the word might be multiplied indefinitely.

An objection, however, may be raised which might at first sight have the appearance of giving some strength to Mr. Rivington's theory, or at all events to the idea that the immediate successors of St. Peter did not inherit the Supreme Pontifical authority, namely, the fact that in very early times these prelates were styled *vicars* of St. Peter, *Petri vicarii,* which seems to imply an inferiority. We must be careful, in dealing with this subject, to distinguish be-

[1] He was born in or about 120, made Bishop of Lyons in 177, and died a martyr probably about 202.

[2] 1 Tim. iv., 14.

[3] 2 Tim. i., 6. This use of the word is by no means unknown in English. Thus Shakespeare makes King John say:

> "Add this much more, that no Italian *priest*
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominions."—Act iii., scene 1.

Cf. also Henry VIII., act ii., scene 2; act iii., scene 2.

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tween the *Apostolic* office in St. Peter and his primatial, as supreme teacher and governor of the universal Church; for, while the former was not, of course, transmitted to any individual man after the death of the Apostles, the latter, according to the testimony of all tradition, he did hand down and perpetuate in his successors in the See of Rome. In regard, of course, to the former, they were his inferiors, but certainly not in the latter relation, nor is any such distinction implied in the term *vicarii*, an expression which, as Peter Ballerini points out in his learned treatise "De vi ac ratione Primatus Romanorum Pontificum," is quite commonly used by the Fathers as a synonym for successor pure and simple. Thus St. Cyprian,[1] writing to Pope Stephen, calls him the vicar of his predecessors Cornelius and Lucius, but no one supposes that he was of any lower grade in the hierarchy than they. So, too, St. Gregory the Great[2] styles the bishop-elect of Milan, vicar of St. Ambrose, while even so late as 866 Thato, a bishop of the same city, applies to himself the same designation.[3] Many other instances of this custom might be adduced, a custom which is easily explained by the consideration that they who succeed any one in a given office, act in his stead (*vicem gerunt*). It is precisely in this sense that Philip, the Papal legate at the Council of Ephesus, declared that St. Peter "*even up to this time and always lives and judges in his successors*,"[4] and that St. Peter Chrysologus reminds the heretic Eutyches that "*Blessed Peter lives and presides in his own See.*"[5] Nothing, then, can surely be clearer than that no argument in favor of any other theory than that of a line of individual Pontiffs resident at Rome from the very beginning can be constructed upon the use of this expression.

But the absurdity of this quibble regarding the use of the word *presbyters* is still further demonstrated, and the matter completely set at rest, if we examine the wording of St. Irenæus's letter to Pope Victor as quoted by Eusebius. It contains the following words: "And those presbyters who governed the Church before Soter, and over which you now preside, I mean Anacletus and Pius, Hyginus with Telesphorus and Xystus, neither did themselves observe, nor did they permit those after them to observe it."[6] Now, when we remember that these Pontiffs are the self-same men of whom, in the passage above quoted, he several times speaks as having been elevated to the "sacred office of the *episco-*

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[1] Ep. lvii. Migne edition. "*Vicarius et successor eorum factus es.*"
[2] Lib. I., Ep. 4, *ad Mediolanenses*. "*Vicarius Ambrosii.*"
[3] Ambros. Basil. Monum., p. 200. Apud Ballerini, cap. i., p. 4.
[4] Act III.
[5] Inter Ep. Leonis, Ep. xxv.
[6] *Hist. Eccl.*, Lib. v., c. 24. Bohn's translation.

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pate," we are in a position to gauge the value of any theory built upon the supposition that they were members of a college, whether of priests or otherwise; since it is evident that such a theory derives no support whatever from the writings of St. Irenæus, who, from his proximity to Apostolic days, and his prominence in ecclesiastical affairs, could scarcely have been ignorant on this point. And such being the case, it becomes quite unnecessary for us to examine at any length the similar expression (*presbyters*) as used by Pope Anicetus, to which the *Church Times* also refers, without, however, stating that it is St. Irenæus himself, as we learn from Eusebius,[1] who puts the words into his mouth in the very same chapter in which occurs the passage we have already been considering. St. Irenæus tells us that by these "*presbyters*" he meant to signify the preceding *bishops* of Rome.

We are precluded alike by space and the limits of our subject from dwelling upon the matters touched upon in the remaining four papers. The seventh, "On the Nature of Schism," claims entirely to break up Cardinal Newman's comparison of the Anglican position with that of the Donatists. We were under the impression that the argument drawn from Donatism, so far from being from the pen of Cardinal Newman, was first elaborated by Cardinal Wiseman in the *Dublin Review*, and was one of the causes of the great Oratorian's final submission to the Church.

Anglican orders and the question of intention occupy the next two papers, both of them threadbare themes, while the tenth and last is upon "England and Rome," commenting upon which, by the way, the *Church Times* caps the climax by boldly asserting that "it would be easy to show that the whole Roman body is in material heresy, and those members of it who are seceders from the Church of England in formal heresy also." How this singular phenomenon is brought about our astute contemporary unfortunately does not enlighten us—unfortunately, because it leaves us in pitiable doubt as to whether the writer knows what material heresy signifies. Of course, if the reviewer really means to say that the Pope and all the theologians of the Catholic Church, including such names as Mazzella and Zigliara in the domain of theology, and Hergenröther and Hefele in ecclesiastical history, by reason of their non-acquaintance with Apostolic tradition and scientific theology, are in invincible, and therefore inculpable, ignorance, it is exceedingly charitable of him; but why should we unfortunate converts be expected to know more than the Pope and all the Fathers of the Vatican Council put together? We have had, it is true, the inestimable blessing, which but few of them had enjoyed, of having been reared in that clear and steady light and

[1] Ibidem.

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that unwavering, unalterable conviction which Anglicanism ever bestows upon its highly favored clients; but we venture to say that there is not one "seceder from the Church of England" who will not bear witness with us that the transition from Anglican opinion to the certainty of Catholic faith is like bursting out of the depths of some dark and gloomy forest into the bright rays of the noonday sun; not one who, when he looks back upon the long years of groping, doubt and distress which preceded his conversion, does not daily go down upon his knees and bless that Divine, undeserved mercy which brought him step by step out of the dark labyrinths of ceremonialism and private judgment, into the blessed day-dawn of God's marvellous light.

EXCOMMUNICATION.

Pontificale Romanum. Summorum Pontificum Jussu Editum et a Benedicto XIV. Pont. Max. Recognitum et Castigatum. Mechliniæ: H. Dessain. MDCCCXLV.

THE principle involved in the theory and practice of excommunication applies not only to the Catholic Church, but to every human society where men are permanently organized for any rational purpose. Its ruling power, whether residing in the entire body or intrusted to its representatives, has a right to exclude members from a share in the benefits and privileges of which they have proved unworthy, and to cancel their membership by expulsion. And this, not only in a society to which one gives his voluntary adhesion, but also in those with which his connection depends not on choice, but on the unavoidable force of circumstances. One may become the citizen of a republic or the subject of a kingdom by voluntary tender of his allegiance or by the accident of birth. But neither choice nor accident will permanently secure his right. It is only good behavior that can be his warrant for immunity from expulsion. In old times and in most governments, whether absolute or democratic, the use of this power, when not pushed to the extreme of separation or isolation by perpetual imprisonment or removal by the infliction of death, was plainly seen in the penalty known ordinarily as exile or banishment; in other words, by material extrusion from the territory of

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the commonwealth. Most modern states, that live nominally or really under a constitution, are content with the moral outlawry of criminals, forfeiture of civil rights, or deportation to their own penal settlements. Some modern states, however, enforce the penalty of exile, though unknown to their constitution and laws. Thus Great Britain and other powers have acted by their fraudulent systems of so-called emigration. Thus, too, Piedmont, in our own day, punished a distinguished prelate (Monsig. Fransoni, Archbishop of Turin) whose conscience would not bend to the will of an irreligious statesman. And this happens occasionally, too, in our own country where jurymen and governors commute of their own will the punishment of crime into acquittal and banishment. When juries pronounce a man innocent (or not to be punished) provided he leave the country or state, they may voice the public sentiment, but their way of doing it is no less absurd than illegal. We have known a governor of a State to pardon a criminal of whose guilt there could be no doubt, and for whose crime there could be no shadow of extenuating circumstance. He was pardoned with a peremptory order to leave the State within a few days and never return within its borders. The chief of the commonwealth was one of the most honorable men that ever lived, but was overcome by prayers, tears and entreaties that he knew not how to resist. But tender-heartedness, however amiable in itself, is not counted among the *fontes juris*, nor should it ever be allowed to override written law.

If the power of self-protection, spoken of above, belongs to every well-regulated state or community, with much more reason may we affirm that it is inherent in a society established amongst men by the God of all perfection. Hence it is but just to suppose that it was possessed in an eminent degree by the synagogue of old and its successor, the Church founded by Christ our Lord. In the synagogue it partook of the character of the people, whose stiff necks and uncircumcised hearts could scarcely be broken into subjection by a theocracy wherein God ruled almost by personal sovereignty. He made His own laws for this obdurate people and enforced them by penalties so dreadful that we cannot but shudder in reading them. Excommunication in its earliest stage seems to have been tantamount to rooting out or utter destruction; and it was only in the latter days of Judaism, when the theocratic government had in great part disappeared under kingly rule, or rather after the return from Babylon, that we find the first traces of that milder form of separation from the assembly of believers which is the basis of Christian excommunication.

This is mentioned in Esdras x. 8, where certain offenders, besides forfeiting their substance, were to be "cast out of the com-

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pany of those that had returned from the captivity." And yet more explicitly in the New Testament (John ix. 22; xii. 42), where the form of punishment reads, "to be put out of the synagogue," or as the Vulgate has it, "fieri extra synagogam, e synagoga ejici." We shall not enter into any detailed account of the Talmudic forms of excommunication that are used by the modern synagogue. They are only a development of the practice that prevailed among the Jews after deliverance from the bondage of Babylon, and which we find remaining down to the time of Our Lord. The form is three-fold, the Niddui, the Hherem and the Shammatah, the first mentioned being the mildest and the last the most severe form of excommunication. It is perhaps more of a fancy than a fact that there is allusion to the three forms in Our Saviour's words: "Blessed shall you be, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil" (Luke vi. 22). It may appear singular that the *Hherem* should be now counted one of the milder forms of excommunication, whereas its earlier meaning was *anathema*, a thing devoted or doomed to destruction. It was applied to persons and things, and all so doomed had to perish by fire or the sword. Hence the causative form of *Hharam* is simply rendered (without allusion to the devoting or anathema) by *kill* or *utterly destroy*. Yet the primitive meaning of *Hharam* seems to have been analogous to the roots of Niddui and Shammatha. It meant to shut up and keep from common use. From this the transition to devoting a person or thing to sacred purposes and to destruction is easy. We have both in the Roman phrases: "Minervæ sacrum" and "Diis Infernis Sacer Esto."

The practice of excommunication was introduced into the primitive Church, like all her leading points of discipline, by the Apostles. But they did not assume this power to themselves of their own choice, much less of their own caprice. This was reserved, as we shall see later on, for men who ran where they were not sent, and founded churches of their own in opposition to God's true and only Church. In this, as in everything else, the Apostles were *docibiles Dei*, taught of God. They had received from their Divine Master the power of binding as well as of loosing; and they exercised it in obedience to Him who had made them His representatives and partakers of His right to govern the Church. It was natural, in view of human pride and frailty, that some refractory spirits would change or contradict their teaching and refuse "to hear the Church." These, by command of Christ, were to be cast out and have their portion with the heathen and the publican (Matth. xviii. 17). If they made shipwreck of their own faith, they must not be allowed to taint the faith of others with the

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gangrene of heresy. They were to be handed over to Satan that they might learn not to blaspheme (1 Tim. i. 20).

If another scandalized the community by enormous wickedness of life, such "evil one" was to be "taken away" by excommunication from amongst the Christian people (1 Cor. v. 5, 13). He was, by the power of the Lord Jesus and His Apostle, to be delivered to Satan for the destruction of his flesh (*Ibid.*). God would reserve to His own judgment offenders who were without the pale, but perverse teachers and evil doers among the faithful were to be dealt with by the authority of the Apostles and their successors (*Ibid.*). Yet this authority was to be exercised in no vindictive spirit. It was a punishment, but meant as a remedy. Their flesh was destroyed, but only that their spirit might be saved on the great day of the Lord. If they were given over to Satan, the anger of their mother, the Church, was only inspired by anxiety and hope, that they might cease to blaspheme, be converted and live (1 Cor. v. 5; 1 Tim. i. 20). Whoever would not hear and obey the Apostle was not to be counted an enemy. He was to be admonished as a brother, and if he refused to submit to correction he was to be marked and shunned, in order that he might be brought to a salutary sense of shame (2 Thess. iii., 14, 15).

And this has always been the practice as well as the teaching of the Church, as expounded by her great doctors and theologians in every age from Saints Cyprian, Augustine and Chrysostom down to Benedict XIV. of almost our own day. The latter sums up the universal teaching in these words: "Let Church censures be inflicted only with caution and moderation" (*Sobrie et circumspecte ferantur.* De Synodo Diœc. Lib. x., Cap. I.). One may be disposed to think that, in certain periods of Church history, prelates, abbots and other spiritual rulers have made too lavish a use of ecclesiastical censures. But such judgments are too often the result of hasty, superficial reading. The more closely and accurately one considers the circumstances of the times, and the rough character of the subjects who then fell under ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the more occasion he will find not only to excuse, but to applaud their conduct. As a rule, their use of spiritual weapons was the only means left them to protect the poor and oppressed and to hinder spoliation and sacrilege. Even if some of them failed in their duty of observing the "*sobrie et circumspecte*," as the great Pontiff phrases it, their mistake was their own, and may be judged by the rules of history. It never can be pleaded in denial of the general spirit and teaching of the Church.

Those who are most given to blame the misuse of the excommunicating power in the Catholic Church, and who are ever harping on individual cases to excite sectarian odium or ridicule

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(Voltaire's favorite weapon), are generally[1] members of churches that hate and despise the old Christian Church of nineteen centuries, but would feel deeply offended if their claim to be Christian churches (though of modern birth) were denied or even called in question. Yet these good men seem either to know or care little for what may be retorted against their own churches, in which the right of excommunication was so often unjustly claimed and unjustly exercised. Indeed, the history of excommunication in the two principal Protestant communions, Lutheran and Calvinist, seems to be little known or not considered worthy of the student's attention. Yet it would prove a very interesting chapter in the religious philosophy of the human mind, and would wonderfully and fearfully illustrate how easily spiritual bondage can be made to coexist with the persuasion and boast of unlimited religious freedom. Our limits make it impossible to attempt more than a faint outline of the introduction and abuse of this excommunicating power in the so-called Reformed churches.

In Luther's "Table-Talk"[2] there is a good-sized chapter of some eleven or twelve folio pages on excommunication. .The intelligent reader can only see in it a disjointed rhapsody of dogmatism, self-sufficiency, abuse of his disciples and fellow-religionists, alternating with curses against the Pope and outbursts of indignation and despair in beholding the wretched moral condition to which the "New Gospel" had reduced Germany. He asserts, of course, as confidently as if he were one of the Twelve, that the power of binding and loosing belongs to himself and his fellow-ministers. He maintains that the precept of avoiding all sinners, not even eating with them or giving them friendly greeting, is an unchangeable decree of God's majesty, which binds the Church forever, and which no man has power to alter or neglect. He boasts of how he had punished some sinners by putting them under the ban, though he elsewhere admits that no minister has the right to undertake singly this duty. These sinners, however, seem to have

[1] Not all of them, however. Those who have made a study of Catholic doctrine and history know full well what bold, bad opinions in this matter of excommunication were held and taught by the Van Espens and other canonists and theologians of the Jansenist faction, who pretended to be Catholics in spite of the Pope and the Church, that had by solemn decision cast them out of her communion. Another more recent fact is recorded by Bp. England. A Catholic layman, who was an adherent of the excommunicated priest, William Hogan, acknowledged to the Bishop, not in any spirit of repentance, but with unblushing assurance, that it was he who had given to the Philadelphia press the "Tristram Shandy" form, as the genuine sentence of excommunication pronounced on the wretched priest by Bp. Conwell (Bp. England's Works. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co., 1849. Vol. v., p. 115).

[2] Colloquia oder Tischreden Doctor Martini Lutheri. Durch Herrn Johann Aurifaber Gedruckt zu Franckfurt am Mayn, 1567, fo. Ch. xxi., Von der Excommunication und Bann, oder der Kirchen Jurisdiction.

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been people of low degree; for when it comes to squires, "Hof-Junckers" and nobles, he thinks the ban cannot be ventured on. He repeats incessantly that the law of excommunication ought to be reëstablished, but cannot see his way. The jurists and nobles will not allow it; the people are against it. They do not like to see it enforced against others for fear it might be enforced against themselves. The authorities ought to help the execution of Church censures. But they will not do it, and are not God's servants, but slaves of the Devil in Hell. He falls back on the consoling thought that his New Gospel Christians by being sinners excommunicate themselves, and therefore need not be put under any ban.[1] But the old cry of despair comes back to him, that it is useless to hope that men will endure the yoke to which (thanks to Gospel freedom) they have been so long unaccustomed. Every one will have his own way, and such wanton wickedness is visibly growing every day. All he can do is to long for the last day to put an end to this wretched, devilish state of things.[2]

It would take a volume and more to reproduce Luther's confessions, complaints and inconsolable groanings over the abyss of moral corruption for which Germany (nor did he attempt to disguise it) was indebted to his "New Gospel." And as many more would be needed to record his repeated longings for the last day, in which he saw the only remedy for the horrible evils brought about by Gospel freedom and its abuse by the great majority. He had fancied that to restore excommunication would prove a check to the growing wickedness of his converts; but he was soon undeceived, if indeed there had been any sincerity or earnestness in his purpose. The great crowd of adulterers, drunkards, usurers, oppressors of the poor and Epicureans, as he himself called them, who cared nothing for God or their soul, and could only boast that Gospel light had set them free from all moral obligation, had grown so numerous and powerful, that they could well afford to laugh at threats of excommunication or other attempts to enforce Church discipline. Besides, his unworthy condescensions to princely sinners in Saxony and Hesse had made him no longer a fit authority to rebuke sin amongst high or low.

Hereupon the Saxon "Reformer"—seeing that Papal excom-

[1] "Unser Wucherer, Seuffer, Schwelger, Hurentreiber, Lesterer unnd Spötter dürffen wir nicht in Bann thun, sie thun sich selbs in Bann, ja sind allbereit darinne bis uber die Ohren" (We give the quaint old spelling). He continues: Well, then, since they will not be Christians, let them be heathens. . . . . Let them get no absolution, be present at no baptism, no marriage, no burial; let them count themselves heathens, as they are by choice. Let no parish priest, no chaplain attend them when dying, and when dead let the hangman toss them into a carrion pit. (Fo. 230.) And yet the very next paragraph begins: "We must again establish excommunication," and the reason given is that "we have not thoroughly pressed it up to this time."

[2] *Ibid.*, fo. 229.

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munication and its beneficial effects[1] were hopelessly gone, and that the Protestant pulpit could never become its successor or substitute in stemming the torrent of iniquity amongst his followers —was filled with just indignation, for which it is only fair to give him credit. But instead of studying out the causes of his disappointment, and retracing his steps accordingly, he yielded to another temptation. His books and pamphlets had hitherto done him great service; but in this line of work he soon found rivals not only among Catholics, but amongst his inquiring disciples, with whom the charm of the "αντος εφα" had begun to lose its magical power. They, too, could write and print and with coarse speech, witty sarcasm or logical argument produce ridicule or conviction amongst the daily-growing crowd of learned and semi-learned readers. The pulpit, in which his impetuous, irresistible eloquence carried all before it, in which he could play at will demagogue, inspired teacher and prophet, was exclusively his own, his judgment-seat and throne. Here no rival could intrude; here he could successfully approve or condemn, knowing that his audience came not to examine or doubt, but only "to swear by the master's words." He would use it in future for his personal ends. If it could no longer heal sinners, it could be made a means to hurt his enemies and maintain his own supremacy. It was a dishonest, desperate resolve, but what else could be expected from a man of his ungovernable pride and passion, and who felt that he was no longer the great Luther of Worms and Augsburg, but that (to use his own language) those whom he had rescued from the Pope's tyranny were trying to step into his place and had become his worst enemies?

He stuck to his purpose, and from that day mercilessly pursued and anathematized from his preaching-desk every one who presumed to differ with him, or against whom he had a grudge. Jurists, Jews, Zwinglians, Catholics, and even his own friends and followers who would not make themselves sharers in his personal hatred and quarrels to the extent he demanded—all fell indiscriminately under the ban of his foul tongue. He spared not even the dead.

Having occasion to preach in Halle on "the Conversion of St. Paul," he wanders repeatedly away from his subject to the coarsest

[1] When Luther denounced and cursed the excommunication of Catholic times, he was talking for effect rather than from conviction. In his letter (Nov. 22d, 1526) to his prince and protector, John, Elector of Saxony (in addressing whom there was no need of disguise), he acknowledged that the Pope's excommunication was a salutary check, especially upon the lower class of country people. But now that it existed no more, there was no longer any wholesome fear or discipline. Every one did as he pleased. "The country people lived like hogs," etc. (De Wette, Luther's Briefe, vol. iii., p. 136).

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abuse of the Pope, the monks, and above all of Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg, Elector of Mayence, only four months dead, and to whose jurisdiction Halle was subject. Here are some of his choice phrases: "The damned Cardinal Bishop of Mayence, your former Bishop and Prince, ... tried to lead us by the nose and deceive us, to rob us of the dear Word of God and get our money . . . . I wonder how you, gentlemen (the Senate or Council) of Halle, can yet stand these rascals, these scabby, lousy monks, who keep on blaspheming God and his Word, the wicked, lousy villains who delight in the mocking mummeries of the damned Cardinal. . . . . And these scabby monks hope to bring back the same things again, and to seduce more souls; so did the Cardinal, and he will find it out in Hell. . . . . The Pope knows that he is wrong, and so did your Cardinal Bishop of Mayence, but like the Pope he took delight in fooling and mocking folks. . . . . Were I to tell the Cardinal: you are doing wrong in fooling the people, he would say: yes, I know it quite well (as indeed your Cardinal did know it thoroughly well), but I will have it so and not otherwise. For which (rejoins Luther) may you get your thanks from the Devil in Hell."[1] What a contrast this abuse of the pulpit presents to Luther's own declaration, made thirteen years before in a treatise written against George Duke of Saxony, in which he says: "It is a damnable vice, of which even Pagans would be ashamed, to speak evil of the dead, especially by name. He is little better than a jackal or cannibal, whose angry soul wreaks its hatred on the dead."[2] Evidently St. Paul's conversion was only a handle, the true object being to "wreak his hatred" on the dead Cardinal, and to urge the Senate to drive out the monks. Had they been "rascals and villains" there would have been no need to call for their expulsion. They would have been already in the foremost rank of the new converts, like Lange, Bucer, Melander, Lening, etc.

But, perhaps, one of the most shameful and unprovoked of all his pulpit utterances was his solemn denunciation, indeed we may call it excommunication,[3] of the poet Simon Lemnius in the year 1538, because he had dared to praise the same Cardinal as a patron of literature. That Albert of Mayence was such, was known to all Germany. He had befriended Erasmus, Hutten (Luther's warmest adherent), and a host of other humanists, poets and artists. How natural that a poet, like Lemnius, should sing the praises of his Mæcenas! Besides, his Lutheran orthodoxy was beyond suspicion.

[1] Luther's Sämmtliche Werke, Erlangen ed. vol. xvi. pp. 124, 126, 133.

[2] Erlang. ed. xxxiii. 304.

[3] So Döllinger (with others) calls it: "Er las auf der Kanzel eine art von Bannformel gegen ihn vor."

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Had he not printed in this very year (1538) at Wittemberg a licentious pasquinade against Popery and the religious orders, the very title of which betrays its flagitious character, and which no doubt Luther had both read and relished? But to praise Albert of Brandenberg, whom Luther hated as a personal enemy,—and in his own town of Wittemberg,—was a crime beyond pardon, a "sin unto death." And to make matters worse, the book in question (a volume of Latin epigrams) had been favorably passed on by Melanchthon, who was public censor and whom Luther was then beginning to suspect of waning allegiance, and of too close relations with the Sacramentarians and Zwinglians of Zurich, Geneva and Strasburg. His son-in-law, George Sabinus, was known to be a great admirer of Cardinal Albert.

The indignation of Luther knew no bounds. It fell not upon Melanchthon, whose loss the "Reformer" and the University could not afford, but upon Lemnius and his book. An edict of arrest was procured from the court, but the poet, warned in time, fled away to Coire in Switzerland, and thus escaped perpetual imprisonment, if not death, which Luther considered the proper penalty for his crime![1] The fugitive was denounced and banned by a solemn decree drawn up by Luther and read by himself from the pulpit, on Sunday, June 16, of that year. It is a characteristic document, and did our space allow ought to be given in full as a sample of his pulpit-banning on mere personal grounds. It is addressed "to all the brethren and sisters of our Church here in Wittemberg," and begins with vituperation of the "downright infamous, scandalous, lying book" of epigrams, which a rascally knave, Simon Lemnius by name, has published without the knowledge and against the will of the regular censors. (This bit of irony is meant for Melanchthon, whose intimacy with Lemnius was well known). All right-minded Christians are entreated and exhorted, for the honor of our Holy Gospel, to make away with and burn these blasphemous poems.

"Moreover (he continues), since this vile ballad-monger praises the abominable town-clerk of Halle, or (by your leave) Bishop Albert, and makes a saint out of the Devil, I cannot allow this to be done openly and in print in this church, school and city, because this filthy bishop is a man of falsehood and lying."[2]

[1] "Dadurch er nach allen Rechten, wo der flüchtige Bube becommen wäre, billig den Kopf verloren hätte." Decree read from the Wittemberg pulpit (Seidemann, Luther's Briefe, Berlin, 1856, vol. vi. p. 199).

[2] "Zudem, weil derselbige Schandpoetaster den leidigen Stadt-schreiber zu Halle, mit Urlaub zu reden, Bischof Albrecht, lobet und einen Heiligen aus dem Teufel machet, ist mirs nicht zu leiden dass solchs öffentlich und durch den Druck geschehe in dieser Kirchen, Schule und Stadt, weil derselbige Scheissbischof ein falscher, verlogener Mann ist." (Ibid. p. 200).

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He concludes: "Once more, I beg all our people and especially the poets and hypocrites, henceforth not to praise nor cry up publicly the vile, worthless priest in this church, school and city. Otherwise they and their master had better look out for what I will do against them. Let them know that I will not allow this self-damned, reprobate priest, who would like to see us all dead, to be praised here in Wittemberg."[1] Was ever such shameless, arrogant language uttered from a Catholic pulpit in any age, by any excommunicating prelate or Pontiff? To hide his personal resentment, he gave out that Lemnius had covertly attacked in his epigrams some professors of Wittemberg, and even the Elector. No one believed it then, much less does any one believe it now. When the princes, Catholic and Protestant, of the house of Brandenburg (to which Albert belonged) complained of this outrage, and the Elector rebuked Luther, the latter in his letter of excuse to the Prussian margrave never dreams of this contemptible subterfuge. He speaks of the document, as it really was, directed not against Lemnius, but against Albert of Brandenburg. "Dass sich E. F. G. so hart annehmen des zedels (zettels) *wider den Bischof zu Mainz* ausgangen,"[2] etc. The entire innocence of Lemnius has been established by the famous Lessing, and yet more fully by Strobel at the close of the last century.[3]

Nor was it against Catholic princes only that he hurled his thunders. It is well-known how he spoke and wrote of the royal founder of the Anglican Church. He would not spare even the relatives of his own sovereign. Angered by the attitude of the Protestant duke, Maurice of Saxony, towards the Smalkaldic league, he invented against him a novel form of excommunication, which consisted in praying to death the offender. "I am a prophet (he would say to his friends), and Duke Maurice must perish. This year we must pray Duke Maurice to death, must strike him dead with our prayers, for he will prove a wicked man."[4] Does not this remind the reader of the same formula used from the Presbyterian

[1] "Und bitte abermal alle die unsern, und sonderlich die Poeten oder seine Heuchler, wollten hinfurt den schändlichen Scheisspfaffen öffentlich nicht loben noch rühmen in diesser Kirchen, Schule und Stadt. Wo nicht, so mügen sie auch sammt ihrem Herrn gewarten, was ich dawider thun werde, und wissen dass ich nichts leiden will dass man den von sich selbs verdammten heillosen Pfaffen, der uns alle gern todt hätte, hie zu Wittemberg lobe." (Ibid.) We have retained (not in the translation, but in the original) some fragrant flowers of Lutheran speech, just as he read them out in church to his audience and as they are yet to be found in the Wittemberg, Leipsic, Jena and other editions of his works, in Walch, Seidemann, etc.

[2] "That your Princely Grace feels so sore about the formula published *against the Bishop of Mayence*," etc. De Wette, Luther's Briefe, Berlin, 1828, vol. v. p. 123.

[3] See Karl A. Menzel, Neuere Geschichte der Deutschen, Breslau, 1816, vol. xi. p. 191, and Seidemann, *loc. cit.*

[4] From MSS. sources apud Döllinger, Reformation, vol. iii., p. 266.

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pulpit against Mary Tudor? When the preacher Libius of Eisleben had put the Protestant Count Albert of Mansfeld under the ban in such a way that the Count accused him of stirring up the people to revolt, Luther took up the cudgels on behalf of Libius and declared the accusation unjust, because (even were the ban the result of a mistake) the preacher did not encourage revolt, but in censuring the morals of these big Jacks (der grossen Hansen) only did his duty.[1]

The jurists and other officials who administered church law in Wittemberg, and throughout Saxony, were as hateful to him as if they were Catholics or Papal commissioners. He extended his spite and ill-will to the whole legal profession. He said that they must, of necessity, be ignorant men and bad Christians. They ought to be the Pope's slaves, since they held to his Canon Law —the public law of mediæval Europe. Very few of them could hope for salvation. Had he ten sons, he would allow none of them to study law. In what were lawyers any better than tailors and cobblers? Since their profession consisted in setting people by the ears, he often wondered that God did not destroy the world because of their wickedness. Such proud dunces and pettifoggers ought to have their tongues torn out of their throats (man solte solchen stolzen tropffen und Rabulen die zunge auss dem Halse reissen."[2] Amongst the rhyming proverbs he most loved to quote were these: "Alle Juristen, Sind böse Christen," and

> "Omnis Jurista
> Aut est Nequista
> Aut Ignorantista."

But he was not content to pursue the hateful tribe merely in private letters, pamphlets and books, at the dinner-tables of his friends or the festive conviviality of the Black Eagle. He denounced and banned and damned them from the pulpit, as representative of the Good Shepherd. The allusion is his own, as we shall see. Two years before his death (on Sunday, January 7, 1544), roused to the highest pitch of indignation by a decision of the church law-court against his wishes, in the marriage case of Gaspar Beyer, he attacked the jurists or lawyers of the ecclesiastical court. "Never could I have imagined," he said, "that after thirty years' preaching of the Gospel and writing so much, from which even a jurist might have learned something, that we should yet have among us at Wittemberg such coarse, nasty lawyers, who want to bring in again the Papacy, for their hearts are with the Pope and

[1] Luther's Works, Erlangen ed., vol. lxiv. p. 293.

[2] Tischreden, by Aurifaber, Frankfort, fo. 520. See the whole chapter (lxii.) "Von Juristen," in the same volume, ff. 514–530.

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with Mayence" (gut Päpistisch und Mainzisch—a fling at Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg, who was yet living). "Well, then! since they will not hold Dr. Pommer for a bishop of this church, nor me for their preacher, they shall not belong to this church; I will not count them as my sheep, for they hear not my voice; but will drive them out by a hole in the door. If they wish to be of the Pope's hypocrites and fanatical crew, let them be so, and leave our church in peace. . . . . I will not allow them to make trouble in MY church, and perplex consciences with their dirty law. . . . . They think to sneak in again with the Pope, and to please the Bishop of M. (Maintz, Mayence). Well, since they will not hold us for bishops and parish-priests, we must not be ashamed, but hold and declare them to be Papists and children of the devil."[1]

Having thus scourged, or "washed the hide" (as he playfully expresses it) of the jurists, he comes to the sore point which had provoked him to handle the matter in the pulpit, viz., the secret betrothals, forbidden by himself and allowed by the jurists. "Therefore I, Dr. Martin, in the name of our Lord God, command that no one shall be secretly betrothed, and then, after it is done, shall ask the parents' consent, to cover up and palliate such infamy and wickedness. And, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I damn to the depths of Hell all abettors and helpers of such Devil's work. Amen."[2] The aiders and abettors are, of course, the lawyers, against whom principally, if not solely, the excommunication was meant. Such words might have moved princes and peoples long ago. But the day of Luther's power was gone. He scolded, stormed, and cursed, but in vain. No one contradicted him, but no one heeded or obeyed him. Well might he say that "his heart was chilled" when he saw the utter downfall of that authority, to gain which he had done so much deliberate wrong, sacrificed his conscience and imperilled (to say the least) his hopes of salvation. Whilst attempting to excommunicate others, the unhappy man forgot, or would not remember, that he, too, was under a far more terrible ban, being cut off from the Church of the living God, shut out from every grace save that which remains for the most abandoned sinner, and virtually given

[1] Ibid., f. 518, 519.

[2] "Darumb gebiete ich, Doctor Martinus, im Namen des Herrn unsers Gottes, dass sich niemand heimlich verlobe, unnd darnach, wens nu geschehen ist, die eltern umb Bewilligung ansuche, und also ein Schanddeckel und grund suche sein bōses fürnemmen damit zubeschōnen. Und verdamme im Namen des Vatters, des Sons unnd heiligen Geistes, in Abgrund der Hellen, alle die jnen anhangen und helffen solch Teufelswerck fōrdern. Amen." (We copy the loose and inconsistent spelling of the original.) Ibid., 520, fo. verso. All the quotations above given may be found abridged in K. A. Menzel, *op. cit.*, ii., 419, 420, in Dōllinger, Reformation, iii., 270, and in other historians.

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over to reprobation because of the pride which would not allow him to utter the cry for help that alone could save him.

Luther had failed in enforcing the effects of his excommunicating power, but his successors in the clerical office were not deterred by his failure. The possession of the keys for binding and loosing, which they pretended to have received from Christ, or to have justly wrested from the hands of the Old Church, now apostate and fallen, was a power which, though dormant, conferred a sort of hierarchical honor, and made an intrinsic difference between clergy and laity. Its rights might one day be fully revived; and the pastor for his village or congregation, the superintendent for all churches of the country, might again be what Hildebrand and Innocent III. had once been for the whole of Catholic Europe. It was a pleasant prospect, and some princes humored it imprudently. Thus Maurice of Saxony, in the year 1543 (by rescripts of May 21 and September 22), decreed that the ban should be enforced by civil penalties, and that banned Lutherans, if contumacious, should be expelled from his territory.[1] Had the Lutheran preachers used their power, sanctioned more or less openly by the State, against notoriously scandalous sinners, they might have done something to serve the cause of good morals, and, even under failure, retained the consoling thought that they had, at least, discharged their duty.

But the silent growth of Calvinism in Germany, confronted by an equally growing slavish reverence for Luther's memory, soon divided Germany into two hostile camps. There grew up even in rigid orthodox Lutheranism, as in the opposite faction, a fondness for speculating on dogma, and daily discoveries of new doctrine, or new theological opinions, springing from the crazy principle of deciding the sense of the Bible by private interpretation. Foremost among the new founders of theological schools were the Lutheran clergy. Their zeal and ambition having found a new channel, they gave up all care of watching over the morals of their flocks, of discipline, ban, and censure to check their evil course of living. Orthodoxy became the watchword, and as long as it was safe scandals might flourish with impunity. Every preacher would understand the Bible as he thought fit, but would not allow his neighbor to exercise the same right. Whatever he had found in his Bible, by dint of study and private interpretation, was God's Word, and to think otherwise was blasphemy, Popery, and atheism. Some of these novel opinions were of serious import—concerning the Real Presence, Predestination, Free Will. Others contained truth, but exaggerated in a way to scandalize the hearer. Others, again, were specimens of the finest theological hairsplitting, cobwebs of the brain, beyond the grasp of the congregation, and

[1] K. A. Menzel, *op. cit.*, iv., 137.

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of the preacher himself. Yet, they were all taught alike as vital articles of faith, the denial or doubt of which involved banning from the pulpit; not seldom, imprisonment or other penalties; and, in all cases, death to the soul.

The discord grew to be so wide-spread that the old adage, "Quot capita tot sententiæ" was almost literally verified. Every one was alone orthodox; his neighboring preacher he charged with heresy, Popery and denial of God's word. The abusive terms of fanatic, Sacramentarian, Melanchthonian, Synergist, Papist, Idolater, Bread-worshipper, and worse, were hurled from every pulpit. Andreas, the Lutheran superintendent in Tübingen (the Lutheran Pope, as he was called by others and by himself), acknowledged, in 1576 (just thirty years after Luther's death), that, thanks to the Devil's working, there was scarcely a preacher in Germany who agreed in belief with another, or even with his own sexton.[1] The preachers excommunicated each other from the pulpit, and denounced each other as perjurers, traitors, soul-murderers, enemies of Christ, etc. They fought out their dogmatic battles not only at the church desk, but in the confessional, and at the communion table. When a deacon once refused absolution to the preacher Eggerdes, but granted it to his wife, she went back to him and told him he had better damn her as well as her husband, for she shared his theological opinion.[2]

After Luther, perhaps, the two preachers who acquired most renown (or infamy) and stirred up most trouble by banning, cursing and persecuting their enemies from the pulpit, were Flacius in Jena, and Hesshusius in Magdeburg. The former was so bitter and even brutal in propagating by books and sermons his rigid Lutheranism, that he incurred personal hatred and even persecution at the hands of the "gentle" Melanchthon and his Wittemberg friends. He had been excommunicated by his colleague, Strigel. He not only paid him back in his own coin by a counter-excommunication of himself and all who defended his orthodoxy, but had him arrested and imprisoned in the fortress of Gotha. This scandalous revenge caused such general horror that princes, and even the Catholic emperor of Germany, interceded for Strigel's liberation. The "Pope of Jena," as his Lutheran enemies called him, condescended to release him from the tower of Gotha, but kept him imprisoned in his own house. Flacius's sermons and those of his colleagues, Judex, Wigand and Musæus consisted in cursing the Adiaphorists, Schwenkfeldians, Majorists, Antinom-

[1] "Der Teufel habe es in einem Zeitraum von wenigen Jahren in diesen Ländern dahin gebracht, dass kaum mehr ein Pastor mit dem andern oder mit seinem Küster einig sei." Apud Döllinger, *op. cit.* ii., p. 379.

[2] Döllinger, Ib. p. 463.

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ians, Osiandrists, Philippists (Melanchthonians), Calvinists, and other sectarians, who had improved on Luther's doctrine, making them out apostates, heretics, wolves, thieves, and children of Satan. Melanchthon's Wittemberg friends replied to him in the same tone and spirit, calling him a gallows-bird, beast, fool, ass, God's enemy, sycophant, vessel of wrath, Lutheran Pope, etc. He ought (they added) to be hung, or to make away with himself by hanging. Wigand, Judex and Musæus were poor devils, but their father Flacius was the very incarnate Devil himself.[1] The triumph of Flacius did not last long. Having been ordered by the Duke to put an end to his pulpit anathemas, he replied with a threatening letter, denouncing God's judgments on the prince, and refusing to surrender the power of the keys entrusted to him by God. This angered the Duke to such a degree that he declared he would no longer tolerate Flacius's "new Popedom and Spanish inquisition" in Jena. He sent Chancellor Bruck, a coarse drunkard (who had been for years a warm personal friend of Luther's), summarily to depose Flacius and his colleagues. And thus he was made to taste the bitter cup of persecution with which he had drenched his Lutheran enemies for so many years. He assumed the air of a martyr, and said he was glad to escape from the many tribulations and persecutions he had long suffered in the church of Jena!

The other notorious incendiary, Tileman Hesshusius,[2] thought himself called by Heaven to cleanse genuine Lutheranism from the stains and corruptions of Melanchthon and the Calvinists. Wherever he became Superintendent, in Rostock, Bremen or Magdeburg, he lorded it over his flock and fellow-preachers, cursing from the pulpit the latter, when presuming to differ with him, and denouncing them as night-ravens, asses, blasphemers, Melanchthonians, crypto-papists, etc. He scattered right and left, among clergy and laity, the thunders of his excommunication. Thus he punished the Governor of Rostock, Count George von Erbach, for having dared, with tears in his eyes, to recommend more concord amongst the preachers. He snatched the chalice out of the hands of his deacon Keblitz (a friend of Melanchthon), who was about to give communion, and next Sunday solemnly excommunicated him. The patience of the town-council, on whom he had inflicted the same penalty, became exhausted. They held a meeting, and notified him that he must stop all cursing and banning from the pulpit, and obey the mandate to that effect lately issued by Sigismund,

[1] "Diess soll aber alles nicht euch arme Teufel (Wigand, Judex u. A.) angehen sondern euern Vater, den leibhaftigsten Teufel, Flacius." Answer of the Wittemb. Theologians, apud Döllinger, *op. cit.*, vol. ii., p. 235. Cf. pp. 233–234, 239–240, 245.

[2] Wolfgang Menzel says of him, "Hesshusius had all the characteristics of a dog, except fidelity." Geschicte der Deutschen bis auf die neusten Tage, Stuttgart (Cotta), 1855, vol. iii., p. 153.

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Lutheran Archbishop of Halle. To this he replied publicly next Sunday before the congregation, that the proceedings in council came from drunkards who had not yet slept themselves sober. As to Sigismund's mandate, it was "blasphemous, godless, devilish and hellish." It trampled the preaching-office under foot, and, therefore, ought not to be heeded for a moment. Nor did he heed it, but even threatened the Council with major as well as minor excommunication. He thought himself too secure in popular favor to fear magistrates, who, being (he said) under the ban, were no longer counted such by him; and his fondness for pulpit-cursing grew in extent and boldness. He terrified the excommunicated with his threats that they should never get his absolution, never have his attendance, nor the sacrament in their last hour, nor Christian burial after death. These threats and counter-threats of like tenor from the pulpits of the hostile faction filled the well disposed among the laity with doubt, anxiety and consternation. Many were so bewildered by this Babel of cursing voices and jarring anathemas, that they refused to attend the churches. Others fell into sickness and habitual melancholy, others lost their senses and went raving mad. And some of these wicked church-tyrants had the hardihood to represent this work of their hands as an example of God's just punishment! But the evil brought its own remedy at last. Hesshusius and his noisy crew were driven from the pulpit, and he resolved to preach in the streets of Magdeburg. But his partisans abandoned him, and he was banished.[1]

The same scenes of mutual fighting, banning and cursing were witnessed in every city of Lutheran Germany, where there was a split in serious doctrine, or even in subtle opinion, between the preachers. Thus it was, not to go over them all, with the interchange of anathemas between Osiander and Mörlin, in Königsberg, who damned each other and their hearers so fiercely and in such horrible terms, that husbands and wives, parents and children began to hold each other in mutual abhorrence. "Better (said Mörlin from the pulpit) that you should wade knee deep in blood, better that the Turk should come and murder you all, better that you should be Jews or Pagans, than allow this" (viz., that you and your children should hear Osiander). "I have warned you. Whoever will not take the warning, let him go to the Devil. I need not hand them over to Satan, they are his already. . . . You must not give them greeting, or consort with them, but avoid them as if they were the very Devil."[2] Such, too, was the case with Ketzmann, in Anspach, who poured out fiery invective and anathema against his colleague Karg; and with the preachers of Mansfeld,

[1] See Menzel, *op. cit.*, W., 308-313; Döllinger, *loc. cit.*, 462-463.

[2] Karl Adolph Menzel, *op. cit.*, iv., 420-421.

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who condemned and banished George Major for daring to teach that good works were necessary for salvation.[1] Major took refuge with his friend Melanchthon, who pitied him as an unjustly persecuted man. But the fact is that in arrogance and blackguardism (it is the only fitting word) Major was not a whit behind his enemies and was a rival of Luther himself.[2] In Bremen, Hardenberg, with all his hearers, was banned and given over to the Devil by Tiemann and Hesshusius, his adherents deposed from office and imprisoned, and himself finally banished. When Musæus, another preacher, wished to renew the ban, the town council objected to the measure, whereupon Musæus exclaimed it was a damnable and intolerable act of insubordination for the authorities to interfere with the church and dictate to the preachers. It was very strange that the theory and practice of excommunication so gloriously established in Magdeburg and Brunswick, in Mansfeld, Anhalt, Schleswig, Holstein, and Denmark, should be objected to in Bremen. No matter what danger, noise or tumult came of excommunication, or whether it hurt friends and relatives; it was enough that it rescued souls from the wrath of the Devil."[3]

But the abuse of the pulpit ban took a wider range than the proscription of theological opinion, or the avenging of private wrongs. The Lutheran preachers soon began to take part not only in court intrigues and the petty squabbles of noble families, but also in State politics. And here, as their leading motive was the success of the theological faction to which they belonged or other private interest,—not Christian principles of truth and justice,—they took up or threw aside party allegiance as it suited them, without shame or hesitation. It was seldom, if ever, that they were found on the side of liberty, of the people, the poor or the oppressed; they clung to the party that was in power, the party mostly always of tyranny and high-handed wrong. To it they lent the aid of their ministry, their pulpit, their anathemas. With the help of doubtful text and wicked gloss they encouraged and applauded judicial murder and embittered the last hours of political victims, as they were led to a lingering, painful death, by sermons on the stoning and burning of Achan. We have no space to quote examples of this. One will suffice, that of Hennig Brabant, a popular leader in Brunswick during the strife between patricians and people, who atoned for his patriotism by death (September 17th, 1604). The Lutheran clergy, who at first had sided with his purpose, turned against him when he failed, and compassed his death

[1] Döllinger, ii., 163; Menzel, iv., 28, 73.

[2] See his sermon delivered at Wittemberg, October 13, 1557, and condensed by Menzel (iv., 28), from Salig. We dare not transcribe it, even in the original.

[3] Menzel, iv., 123–129.

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by unceasing calumny, by unworthy artifices, such as forging supernatural appearances and accusing him of having made a bargain with the Devil. He and his associates were shamefully and cruelly tortured before execution; and the preacher, Wagner, ushered in the final scene by an unctuous sermon in St. Catharine's church on the just punishment of Achan (Josue, vii. 25).[1]

Such is the history, briefly sketched (that could be swelled into volumes), of excommunication in the church that pretended to have come on earth to abolish the tyranny of Popery over the human soul and conscience. We are quite willing that any impartial judge should compare the value of her claim to the possession of this power, and the way in which she wielded it, with the claims of the Old Church and the spirit in which she used such power—and decide accordingly. The preachers of a church whose watch-word is freedom of religious thought, steal this sacred weapon from the armory of the Catholic Church, against which they have indignantly rebelled, and use it to crush free thought, to punish dissent not only from their creed, but even from their ever-shifting vagaries of theological opinion. They boldly lord it over both worlds, and usurp the right to punish such dissent by loss of spiritual favors and sacraments in this life, and by eternal damnation in the next. Under the title of God's representatives, they construe every personal slight as an insult to God's majesty, and with this pretext gratify their rancor and hate by dooming their enemies to hell. They ban and curse from their pulpits for political offences, encouraging the oppressor and bearing down yet more heavily on his bleeding victims, by adding to his civil penalties the terrors of anathema and everlasting flames. And all this is done, not by solemn deliberation in synods, consistories and other high places of church authority, but by individual caprice—each village pastor holding that his pulpit ministry confers on him the supreme power of the Keys of Heaven.

How different is excommunication in the Catholic Church! She speaks in the words and with the authority of St. Paul, because she is the lineal descendant of the Apostles. Any individual priest may, when duly commissioned, administer the sacraments and preach; but this gives him no right to excommunicate. This she has reserved to her highest authorities, bishops, councils and

[1] There is a full account in Menzel, v. 229–235. As a characteristic item in the history of legal torture in those days of barbarous jurisprudence, one may read there how Zachary Druseman while undergoing torture was left hanging on the rack that his judges might adjourn to another room to partake of a supper of wine and comfits. As they delayed their return, Druseman implored the executioner by the wounds of our dying Lord to lower him a little and ease, were it ever so little, the pressure of the screws. He replied that he dared not do it without orders. The judges were absent a full hour and came back, quite drunk, to find that their victim had expired under his torments.

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the Pope. And her rule and practice is that neither private resentment, nor court favor, nor worldly politics can be just ground for pronouncing anathema on offenders. In the very darkest period of her history, when excommnnications abounded most, all of them, almost without exception, were issued to protect the poor and helpless, and to terrify and subdue their oppressors. And even if now and then there was found a possible case where excommunication was neither timely nor prudent, it needs only a little good taste and good sense to conclude that (should there be no other alternative) it were far better to be at the mercy of great, holy, high-minded men like the Gregories, Innocents and Clements, than to be daily subject to the wicked caprices of such petty, foul-mouthed demagogues and unscrupulous spiritual tyrants as Luther, Flacius, Hesshusius, Westphalus, Mörlin, Osiander, and the like.

After devoting so much space to Luther and the Lutheran clergy, it might seem almost unfair to pass over Calvin and his followers in Geneva and Scotland. But our space is limited. It is enough to state that Calvin spoke by the mouth of Farel, when the latter asserted that excommunication was of the very essence of the ministry, and to doubt it was worse than stupid, for it implied a doubt whether Christ should be heard in the Church.[1] It was the great lever by which he sought and attained his politico-religious dictatorship in Geneva.[2] He used it not only to carry out his weighty changes in church and state, and punish his enemies political and religious[3]; but to avenge the most trifling slights that no man of sense or dignity would notice; in other words, to make excommunication subserve and defend his unbounded pride and vanity.[4] There were 414 such trifling cases visited with church censures in the two years 1558 and 1559. To impugn his doctrine, or in any way attack the proceedings of his consistory, endangered life. When reproached with this harsh, unchristian conduct, he answered, with unsufferable pride and blasphemy, that he was imitating the prophets, apostles, Christ and the Holy Ghost, who had treated their enemies "with bitterness!"[5] Such value did he set on this power of excommunication that he resolved, if he were deprived of it, forthwith to abandon Geneva.[6]

[1] Life of Calvin by Thomas H. Dyer (English Protestant). London: (Murray). 1850. P. 484. The conscience of Calvin and Farel must have winced while one was writing, the other approving, these words. For the Church of Berne, with which both were in close communion, did not admit this discipline. But as the Swiss Calvinist, Ruchat, says, with the approval of Dyer: This is one of the cases in which Calvin used two weights and two measures.

[2] Ibid., p. 65.

[3] In the Perrin affair, two modern historians, Galiffe and Thourel, who had explored the archives of Geneva, charge him with personal hatred, which could be appeased only by the blood of his enemies. Ibid., 397.

[4] Ibid., p. 144. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid., p. 372.

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All or nearly all the Reformed (non-Lutheran) churches recognize the divine right of excommunication. Berne was made an exception, thanks to Bullinger. Most of them profess this in their creeds. Thus the creeds of Zurich, the Belgic and the two Swiss Confessions. The Scotch Confession deals no further with the subject than by stating that "in our Kirk our Ministers tak publick and particular examination of the knowledge and conversation of sik (such) as are to be admitted to the Table of the Lord." But this is supplemented by the Westminster Confession, which acknowledges the right of "suspension from the Sacrament and excommunication from the Church," though this power is rather vaguely committed to "the officers" of the church, whereas others explicitly forbid individuals to do this unless the consent of the church be obtained. Most of these confessions, especially the Presbyterian, take good care to lay down in full the duty of magistrates to root out and punish all error and superstition, in other words, their pet doctrine of persecution. All this has been altered, of course, in the American form of the creed, which teaches that "it is the duty of magistrates to protect the church *without giving the preference to any denomination of Christians above the rest.*"[1] For many this change exists only on paper, and the events of the last few weeks show that there are many amongst us who lack only the power, not the bad will, to carry out to the fullest extent both spirit and letter of the Westminster Confession. The Anglican church in the thirty-second of her thirty-nine articles allows excommunication, by which the sinner is "cut off from the unitie of the Church and is to be taken of the faythfull as an Heathen and Publicane." But how could they dare excommunicate the temporal and spiritual head of their church? Jeremy Taylor makes bold to say that communion ought to be refused to any king who leads a wicked, scandalous life. But with that happy facility for self-contradiction which characterizes all Anglican theologians, a few lines afterwards he flatly affirms that, if the Prince ask for communion, all the bishop can do is "to pray, weep and cheerfully administer it."[2]

It may be well to say a word or two on the form and the effects of excommunication. As to the former no special formula is necessary. It is sufficient that competent authority intimate it to the sinner and to those amongst whom he lives. And this was the

[1] American Revision of the Westminster Conf., Ch., xxiii., § 3.

[2] Ductor Dubitantium, Book iii., Ch. iv., apud Bingham, Antiquities. Not having an English copy of Bingham, we have to use the Latin translation of John Henry Grischow, a Lutheran divine, of Halberstadt. Taylor's words are, "Orare, flere et libenter ministrare." Jos. Binghami Origines sive Antiquit. Eccles. Halæ, 1729, vol. vii., p. 145.

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simple form used in the early Church. The delinquent, whether self-willed heretic or incorrigible sinner, was expelled from the communion of the Church, and the faithful were notified to the end that they might avoid him. The words of St. Paul in regard to the incestuous Corinthian, to Hymenæus and Alexander (see 1 Tim., i., 20), are very brief and pointed. The culprit is merely driven from the Church, and handed over to Satan, with whom and with whose children he has cast his lot. This simple form, or its equivalent, lasted for many centuries—in fact as long as the Church had to deal with cultured peoples, such as those of Greece, Asia Minor and Syria in the East, or with the settled populations of Italy, Gaul, Spain and Northern Africa in the West. But with the irruption of the barbarians there came a great change in human society and a corresponding change in the relations of the Church to her children, of whom the new comers became, by conversion, the majority. They had become Christians, it is true, but much remained of their old barbarous nature. What had suited the more refined perception of the Greek and Italian or the Roman colonist of Gaul, was ill-adapted to untamed children of the forest, as were the nations of the North. Hence, the formulas of excommunication in the Church grew in vigor and length as they grew in number and in rigor.

For, when these northern barbarians, under the varied names of Vandal, Frank, Teuton, Norman, Longobard, etc., had occupied the whole of western Europe, infused their spirit everywhere, and stamped upon it the impress of their manners, habits of life and institutions, it became a matter of absolute necessity that there should be a new ecclesiastical polity and a thorough change of penitential discipline. And the Church, who like her great Apostle " becomes all to all, that she may gain all to Christ," wisely and gradually made the needed alteration, for the sake of her new children. By the training of centuries in their frozen northern homes, they had preserved their natural goodness and ranked far above the moral type of degenerate Greek and Roman. They were disposed to believe firmly and to show by outward life their religious belief, to imitate whatever they saw of good and to revere all that was holy. They were, however, but children of a larger growth, and had to be treated and disciplined as such. Moreover, they were rough, stiff-necked, overbearing, violent men with whom gentleness and courtesy were but other names for cowardice. Again, they had an irresistible propensity to trample on the weak; to harry, rob and outrage those whose sex or state of life left them defenceless, women and clergymen; in a word, to assert in practice the *jus fortioris*, the right that is born of might. It is well to praise the virtues of extinct generations, but it is also just and (to understand

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Church history) necessary to recall the faulty character and evil deeds of those men, the

Duri ed alpestri avi,

(as the poet[1] well calls them), rugged, unbending, terrible as those dangerous mountain heights around which so many of them had their birth-place and their home.

How was the Church, without sword or buckler, to deal with such men? How was she to enforce respect and obedience to her laws, to insure for her weaker children protection from these men whose hands were ever ready for violence, rapine and bloodshed? She did the only thing that remained for her to do. She appealed to them through their faith, which was lively and solid, through their imagination and senses, by which they were enthralled. She held over their heads her spiritual weapons, of which the most formidable was the sword of excommunication. To threaten them in general terms that they were removed from fellowship with the Christian Church, might have no great effect. But to have piled upon their heads in detail the dreadful curses of the Mosaic law and of the Psalmist, the maledictions that fell on Core, Dathan and Abiron in the Old and on Judas in the New law; to be cursed by each high rank, singly and by name, of the heavenly court; to be cursed in each and every power of the mind and member of the body; to be avoided by all as a moral leper; to forfeit the intercourse of friends and family, even of wife and child; to be shut out from witnessing the Holy Mysteries or taking part, even as a listener, in the prayers of the Church; to live in lonely sorrow and then die under the curse of God and His Church—all this was sufficient to strike terror and dismay into the boldest, most obdurate soul. For many it was quite necessary; since nothing else could induce them to give up their ill-gotten prey, recall a deserted consort, break off an adulterous or otherwise forbidden marriage, or put a stop to hostile incursions with fire and sword for purposes of revenge or plunder. For, it must not be forgotten that these baronial robbers, when they had returned safe with their booty to their mountain fastnesses, could defy the civil law; and that, the higher their title, the greater the boldness and ease with which they would repudiate a wife and take another. It was against these two crimes, especially, that most excommunications were directed. And if Europe did not turn out to be a large Bedouin camp, if marriage did not sink to the level of Turkish degradation, we owe it to the bishops and Popes of the Catholic Church, and to their sentences of excommunication.

These formulas of excommunication varied according to time

[1] Parini, La Notte.

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and place. That is, there was no regular form in the Ritual or Pontifical of any one diocese which would be invariably observed. The document seems to have been prepared afresh for every occasion that arose; for, though the substance was always one and the same, the expression, and yet more the adjuncts, varied. Marculphus, who is supposed to have lived in the seventh century (though it is not so certain), compiled for reference and use a collection of formulas relating to Church law, some of which he had read in old books, others he had drawn up by his own labor. They treat of donations to the Church, to kinsmen, manumission of slaves, etc. Others added their quota to the work of Marculphus; and we have now, taking their title either from the author or place, or modern editor, the Formulæ of Iso, of Angers (Andegavenses), of Alsace, of Bignon, Sirmond, Lindenborg, Baluzius, etc., all of which may be found reprinted in the eighty-seventh volume of Migne's "Patrologia Latina" (coll. 691–954). In the formularies of Marculphus there is no form given for excommunication, nor in any of the others, except in the appendix published by Baluzius, which contains twenty forms, of which eleven contain prayers for the ordeal, whether of hot or cold water, and barley-bread, against diabolical charms (maleficia, incantationes, etc.); of the rest, containing formularies of sentences of excommunication, only three come from the pen of the compiler (Nos. xii., xiii., xiv.). The next five are historical (xv., xvi., xvii., xviii. and xix.), being the forms used by Heriveus, Archbishop of Rheims, against Count Baldwin for sacrilegious murder, against Ragenard, Count of Sens, for rapine, against Count Olibanus by Suniarius, Bishop of Elvira, for the same, and two against Arnold, Radulph and others by Salla, Bishop of Urgel, for a like crime. The twentieth we shall consider by itself.

The latter is the famous excommunication published so often by non-Catholics in England and in this country. It was first made known by Hearne, the celebrated antiquarian, about one hundred and sixty years ago.[1] Subsequently, it was reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and again copied a few years after by Rev. Laurence Sterne, of the Anglican Church, in his "Tristram Shandy," so that we cannot hold the loose clerical novelist responsible, as many have held him, for its first appearance in print. Who was the author of it? This will never be known, as the codex containing it has no name of compiler or editor. Nor is it at all certain that it was written by the anonymous compiler, or was in the codex origi-

[1] Thomas Hearne was too honest and conscientious to publish it from any sinister motive. He lived only for study and antiquarian research. The Vandalism of the early "Reformers" so shocked his feelings and predilections that it led him to contempt and hatred of their religious theories. And there is good reason to believe that before his death he was admitted into the true Church.

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nally. It is too different in outward form from those he has drawn up himself or gathered from historical sources. Besides, there is something peculiar in the heading of No. xx., very unlike the other headings to those of the anonymous compiler. These are respectively headed, "How a Bishop should excommunicate," another, "Address for excommunication,"[1] another, "More terrible excommunication." But no. xx. is headed, "Another formula of excommunication, differing from the above-mentioned." This would seem to indicate either that the composer knew he was travelling out of the common road, or that the transcriber had some misgivings about what he was copying.

It seems to us as if some copyist, who had a smattering of excommunication formulas, here tried his prentice hand in the composition of a new one, just as young rhetoricians among the monks occupied themselves in writing legends of saints and martyrs, which afterwards in an ignorant age were believed to be genuine, on the sole ground that they were found in MSS. in the archives of some monastery. But modern criticism has relegated these to their proper sphere of fiction, but without fraud; and the same may happen yet to the bogus formula of this romancing copyist. Protestants hail it with a chuckle of delight, and print it with many a sneer of triumph. Catholics repel it as a forgery, and they are right. For, to attribute, knowingly, a document to one who never wrote it, is deliberate fraud; to accuse him of uttering it habitually as a legal decree, when he has never even once used it, and that for the purpose of making him odious before the world, is both calumny and forgery. And this is what non-Catholic writers are never tired of doing. If Bishop Conwell excommunicates an unworthy priest, the formula from the anonymous appendix to Marculphus is put into his mouth, and spread throughout the country as the genuine sentence of excommunication, by ignorant or malicious Protestants, and by wicked Catholics unworthy of the name. If Pius IX. reminds Victor Emmanuel that he has incurred the censures of the Holy See, this senseless curse is printed as the form by which the Pope excommunicated him. Within the last year, a priest in our own country has unhappily fallen under the censure of the Pope, and again wicked Catholics and dishonest sectarians print, with the one bad purpose, in newspapers and in pamphlet form, the curses of "Tristram Shandy" as the identical form used by Leo XIII.

But, unwilling to forego the petty advantage this stupid, naughty production of some monk's or copyist's brain seems to afford them, they keep on repeating: "Is it not found in some old MSS.?"

[1] The *Allocution*, which is yet in use before sentence is pronounced.

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And, to show their learning, they add: "Was it not published by the famous Baluzius, in his appendix to the "Capitularia Regum Francorum," and republished some eighty or ninety years ago in Paris by a distinguished French historical scholar?" Grand premises, indeed! But what is the conclusion? We, too, can form our premises, and ask: "Has it not been published over and over again during the last hundred and sixty years by the non-Catholic press of England and America?" And what is the conclusion? One and the same for both questions or premises. Neither publication adds a grain of value to the document. The only difference is, that the publication in France was honest and conscientious, the work of scholars; the publication in England and America is fraud and forgery, the work of dishonest knaves, whether Catholic or Protestant. Are we to repeat again, that the mere material existence of a document is no reason, *per se*, for deciding either as to its intrinsic worth or its authorship? An unknown monk may write a silly legend, prayer, adjuration, exorcism, excommunication, or other religious formulary, and from his hands it may pass into the *scrinium* of his monastery and be found there in after ages. Is this sufficient warrant for holding the Church or the Pope responsible as author? We might as well attribute to the Pope the letters of Ghengis-Khan, Timour the Tartar, or Bajazet, if any are yet extant in manuscript. Baluzius, Martene, and others, were only collectors, who published all the inedited matter they could find, genuine and spurious, good and worthless, chiefly on the ground that all these writings had come down from antiquity, and had not yet found an editor. They would be the last to imagine that by publishing such pieces they had given them any critical value.

The proper question to be asked is this: Was the "Tristram Shandy" form of excommunication ever found in any Ritual or Pontifical of the Roman or other churches? Was it ever used by any Pontiff, bishop or mitred abbot? And if so, when, where, and by whom? The answer to all this must be in the negative. It is said that Ernulphus, Bishop of Rochester, once used this form. If he did, we surely may question his good taste and sense of propriety. But it would be well to have proof of the fact. Even granting that he did, his solitary example proves nothing, or rather we may say in his case: *exceptio firmat regulam.* The thoughtless levity of one bishop proves nothing against the remaining bishops of the Catholic world, much less can it be accepted as proof of existing ecclesiastical jurisprudence. Why should the Popes or bishops adopt this new form? What was there to recommend it? Its only novelty is its petty nastiness; and even enemies must admit that our Pontiffs and prelates have habitually maintained gravity and decorum in

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holding court and pronouncing sentence. The latter may have been occasionally severe, but it never was couched in the language of the streets.

We have said that the only novelty of the "Tristram Shandy" form consists in its few obnoxious words and phrases. This may be seen by comparing it with the forms of Marculphus, and with one singularly resembling it, but more fit to be pronounced from a Christian altar, viz., the excommunication of Rigoldus de Alsunza by Obertus, Bishop of Liege, in the days of Pope Eugene III., about the middle of the twelfth century. It may be found in Martene.[1] The groundwork of all these menaces and maledictions is derived, not from episcopal caprice or tyranny, but from the Bible. There is a great deal of empty talk and boast about Bible-reading which does not agree with facts. How many Bible-readers know or remember what they once read in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy or in the hundred and eighth Psalm?[2] Yet these contain the germ of all sentences of excommunication used in mediæval times. The strong, vehement language of Old Testament Scripture, from which we now almost shrink, was exactly suited to the stiff necks and rough, coarse habits of thought prevalent in those ages.

The true form of excommunication must be sought, not in the codices of monkish *dilettanti* nor in the pages of romancers, but in the pages of the Ritual approved and used by the Church, above all in the Roman Pontifical,[3] which for centuries has been followed by all or nearly all the churches of the West. Nothing could be simpler or more direct than its formula. After an appeal to the example of the Apostles, it declares the sinner separate from the communion of the faithful, shut out from receiving the precious Body and Blood of our Lord, condemned and under anathema, until he returns to repentance and makes satisfaction for his offence. The only relic of mediæval times is an allusion to one of the principal causes that elicited the thunders of the Church in days gone by. "Whereas (it says), N. N., being duly warned, does not cease to lay waste the goods of the Church and *oppress the poor of Christ*," etc. This is the legal formula of the Roman Church, and none other is ever used, nor would it be lawful now for any bishop to select or invent formularies of his own. And yet in spite of all this, in defiance of truth, honor, justice and even common decency, the next time a priest is excommunicated in Europe or America, the old curse of fiction will

[1] Martene, Veterum Scriptorum. Amplissima Collectio. Parisiis, 1724, vol. ii., col. 78-80.

[2] Otherwise cix.

[3] Ordo excommunicandi et absolvendi. There is no book that can be more easily found by any honest inquirer after truth. Every Bishop, every church, and almost every priest has a copy.

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be without doubt reproduced by bad Catholics and unscrupulous Protestants as the genuine form used on the occasion. Where are we to look for redress? We shall have none; for the maxim of Voltaire, "Lie boldly, lie always, something will stick," underlies the perpetual warfare that is carried on against the Catholic Church. But there is a higher Judge than the American public, a more august Tribunal, before which these wicked slanderers, Catholic and Protestant, shall stand one day and wish, but vainly wish, their words unspoken.

We will only add a word or two on the effects of excommunication. We might mention, in the first place, its most beneficial effect, and the one primarily intended. It brought about what other remedies had failed to do. It dragged the contumacious sinner repentant to his knees; it made him restore his ill-gotten goods, take back to his bosom and home the legitimate partner whom he had abandoned for the sake of a wanton, make good the wrong he had done to the poor by oppressing and trampling on their helplessness. Thus Count Rigold (of whom we have spoken before) confesses that it was the terrors of excommunication launched against him more than once, that made him fear for his soul's sake, repent, and restore property unjustly seized by his family and unjustly held for two or three generations.[1] But it was rather of the penal effects of excommunication that we wished to say a word. The prohibition of the Apostles to give no greeting to heretics or sinners under the ban was carried out in the primitive Church and lasted for centuries. Even in the days of Charlemagne the greeting of recognition and the kiss of friendship or domestic affection were alike withheld from the excommunicate (neque ave neque osculum). But when censures became so numerous, this became odious, and the law was modified by Gregory VII., who allowed all family and other necessary intercourse. When Europe became one great Christian commonwealth, then civil disabilites of various kinds became everywhere a sequel of excommunication. And this explains how naturally and logically the bond of allegiance that bound subjects to their prince was severed by excommunication of the latter. In such a great mass of excommunications may not some have been undeserved? Undoubtedly. Where, then, was the remedy? In submission, while offering explanations in self-defence, in patient waiting till a sense of justice should be awakened. And rare, indeed, was the case in which their patient waiting was not rewarded with final success. It happened that good men and even saints (not mock-saints and hypocrites, like the Jansenists, but true saints) were stricken by Church censures. Conscious of their in-

[1] "Maxime excommunicatione frequenti territus." Apud Martene, *loc. cit.*

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nocence, they bent before the passing storm and trusted their case to Heaven's keeping. God invariably rewarded the confidence reposed in Him by His servants, and glorified them in the sight of all men. The penal effects of excommunication have now disappeared throughout the Catholic world, nothing remaining any longer to mark the condemned man but his exclusion from the sacraments. There remains, likewise, the invisible effect, which is much more important, though unseen of men. Sometimes God is pleased to show visibly his anger on the impenitent sinner, whom excommunication cannot move to repentance. All know what happened to Napoleon, who was rash and impious enough to deride the censures of the Church, to Espartero of Spain, excommunicated by Gregory XVI. for his sacrilegious invasion of the rights and property of the Church. And those who know something of our domestic history can tell of sad experiences that happened in Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, and Philadelphia, some sixty or seventy years ago, when these churches were the prey of schism. Some of the unhappy men who fostered and fought for the schismatical state of things, were made visibly victims of God's wrath; others, equally wretched, were given over to hardness of heart and unbelief, and the lamp of faith in their households was quenched forever for themselves and their children. But God does not give us always visible tokens of his anger. He allows excommunication to work out its course silently and invisibly in the way allotted to it by His Providence. The soul, cursed by Christ's Vicar on earth, may laugh his words to derision, as did Napoleon once, and as does the heretical and infidel world around us. But when God's curse accompanies it, as it does in almost all cases, its effects are dreadful. It becomes a garment that the doomed man must wear in spite of himself, a girdle that binds him and of which he cannot get rid. It makes its way like water into his entrails, and like oil into his bones. (Ps. cvii. 18, 19.) It impairs and gradually destroys his spiritual faculties; it clouds his understanding, and enfeebles his will. It eats into his heart, and consumes gradually every element of spiritual life. It dries up all fountains of grace, and is the forerunner of everlasting reprobation. What were the privation of greeting and family intercourse in the Apostolic age, or the civil pains and penalties of mediæval times, compared with this dreadful result of excommunication which is hidden from men, but plain and visible to the eye of Faith?

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THE INQUISITION MYTHOLOGY.

CAN anything of real interest still be found amid the general dulness of what ought long since to have become a worn-out controversy? This much—that even the Catholic of ordinary intelligence, who follows out the lines the controversy has hitherto taken, will learn to be neither faint-hearted nor of little faith whenever the Church is attacked.

Under the general name of the Inquisition the teaching and action of the Church are attacked, as shown in the history of certain tribunals—originally ecclesiastical—which are known by this name; and from the supposed workings of these tribunals judgment is passed on the Church's theory and practice of what is called religious toleration.

The controversy has, briefly, three periods.

I.

The first period answers to the hundred and more years immediately following the so-called Reformation. The Church was then savagely attacked as not teaching the doctrine of Christ at all. Accordingly she was at once Antichrist and Scarlet Woman and Babylon, whenever by spiritual or temporal means she attempted to keep control over the consciences of her children.

There was no plea for toleration included in this anathema hurled against her. So sturdy a Protestant as Hallam remarks that "persecution for religious heterodoxy, in all its degrees, was in the sixteenth century the principle as well as the practice of every church. It was held inconsistent with the sovereignty of the magistrate to permit any religion but his own; inconsistent with his duty to suffer any but the true." [1]

Calvin burned Servetus and defended his conduct, which was approved by the mild Melanchthon; and the state founded by him followed his example. Luther, it is true, against Rome would have "the burning of heretics to be contrary to the will of the Spirit." But he urged the princes to give the sword its right against the Anabaptists. And he incited Christians to bring pitch and brimstone to fire the synagogues of the Jews, and then to exterminate them, once for all, from the land.[2] He also warmly applauded the King of Denmark, who, without reason or pretext of law, had

[1] Literature of Europe, vol. ii. ch. 2.

[2] Döllinger, in Wetzer and Welte's "Kirchenlexicon," 1st edition.

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deprived of their goods and thrown into prison all the Catholic bishops of what till then had been a Catholic realm. England meanwhile crowded the scaffold at Tyburn with martyrs whose sole crime was their fidelity to conscience and ancestral faith. Nor was this intolerant rancor limited to the poor "papists." In 1614 James I. burned two heretics and, says Hallam, "designed to have burned a third heretic, if the humanity of the multitude had not been greater than his own." The same historian thinks that the celebrated Fuller, in his "Church History," written about 1650, where he "speaks with some disapprobation of the sympathy of the people, ... was the latest Protestant who had tarnished his name by such sentiment."

The general principle of this period—that of the rise and first strength of Protestantism—was laid down by the Calvinist Bullinger in a preface to his "Decades," addressed to the boy-king, Edward the Sixth of England.[1] He endeavors to heighten the mildness which, we are so often assured, was characteristic of this prince, by urging him to put an end to what still remained of the old religion in his dominion. At this time, it is safe to say, three-fourths of the population had received all their knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, and still placed all their comfort for earth, their consolation in the hour of death, and their hopes of heaven, in what they and their forefathers had been taught by the Catholic Church. All this was to be put an end to forcibly by the meek boy-king in the name of the new "Gospel liberty." This was the respect which early Protestantism granted to the personal convictions of Catholics.

At the end of the first period the philosopher Hobbes—who is again in favor in our day because he cannot be suspected of religious faith of any kind, and is thus a fair representative of civil atheism—declares that "true religion consists in obedience to Christ's lieutenants (temporal sovereigns), and in giving God such honor, both in attributes and actions, as they in their several lieutenancies shall ordain."[2]

During all this period, the cruelties said to be exercised by the Spanish Inquisition were retailed everywhere to the English people high and low. But they were not yet cited as samples of intolerance, but simply as Anti-Christian martyrdom of the saints. An example of this is the book entitled "Clamor Sanguinis Martyrum" (The Cry of the Blood of Martyrs), published in London in 1656.

This first period deeply rooted in the minds of the English

[1] Ed. Parker Society.
[2] Ed. Molesworth.

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people the dark and sinister mythology connected with the name of the Inquisition.

II.

The second period dates from the well-known work of Limborch, the Arminian theologian. His "History of the Inquisition" was published at Amsterdam in 1692, and contained a copy of the judicial sentences of the Inquisition of Toulouse from the year 1307 to the year 1323. The Arminians were Remonstrants against the dominant Calvinists, as these in their first days had been Protestants against Catholics. Like the Independents in England, their position of galling inferiority in the state seems to have opened their minds to certain logical consequences of the Protestant theory, which they were perhaps the first to formulate. If the private judgment of each member of the community is to be for him the only authority decisive of religious truth, then, clearly, all social religion, beyond mere coincidence of opinion and good-fellowship, is out of the question. Not only is the Church invisible, but pastors may not bind consciences—not even by declaration of Bible law or doctrine; for the individual conscience may judge otherwise in its own high court of appeal. Thus the community has no right, in so far as it is religious, to interfere in any way with the profession and propagation of religious beliefs. This broad result, however, was as yet limited to beliefs which were the outcome of private judgment on the text of Scripture, the existence and divine authority of which was not yet questioned.

Constant internal dissensions and fresh divisions were ever urging onward, as to the only solution of ever increasing difficulties, to mutual toleration among the discordant children of the "Reformation." This the dominant sects in the various countries gradually and grudgingly enough conceded. Private opinion alone was not yet set up as the soul's standard of authority, but the Bible interpreted by private judgment. Still, in practice the atheist was admitted to rights that were long denied to the benighted Catholic.

> Turk, Jew or Atheist
> May enter here, but not a Papist.

The human reason now needed to justify to itself this refusal to extend toleration to Catholics. In consequence the attack on the Church was embittered by the introduction of a new and much needed element. Heretofore she had been persecuted because she was idolatrous. But the reaction against early Puritanism had brought a large number of the High Church followers of Laud into fuller sympathy with the doctrines of Rome than with those

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of Geneva. If toleration of Catholics were added to this, the practical result might be disastrous, especially among a people who had such remnants of "popery" as the English. Hence it was found that the Roman Catholic Church, by her past intolerance, had put herself outside the pale of human sympathy and of justice itself.

True, she had only defended that right to existence as a society which she had enjoyed for centuries, and, so far as her official action went, she had been consistent with principles towards which the Protestant world was now relenting. On the other hand, the Protestant sects, to found upstart societies without a past and often opposed to the will of the people on whom they were forced, had been persecuting in the teeth of their own principles. In such a state of affairs, not the reason, but the imagination and passions of men were to be aroused against Rome.

First, the Church was to be considered the embodiment of a tyrannical principle rendering her dangerous to the liberty and peace of all nations.

Next, the errors and vices and crimes of her children and of the entire ages in which she had lived and ruled were to be thrown upon her, and declared the necessary outcome of this fundamental principle.

Finally, all this was to be thoroughly seasoned with the already existing tales of horror, and as many new ones as the fertile genius of the times could bring forth. There would be a strong antecedent probability in favor of them all.

Accordingly, this was the epoch of revolting and obscene histories, memoirs, relations, etc., of the Inquisition, with its horrors in Spain, in Portugal, in the Indies, in all dark "popish" lands. And the insular, patriotic, un-foreigner-loving English nation hugged itself with delight to hear from Bunyan that, "as for the Giant Pope, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them. So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet at the sight of the old man that sat at the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, You will never mend till more of you be burned."

Thus the traditional Protestant conscience became deeply stained for another hundred years, down far into our own century.

In the year 1810, a certain John Joseph Stockdale was responsible for the publication in London of "The History of the Inquisitions; including the Secret Transactions of those Horrific

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Tribunals." Its occasion was "the important question, whether the claims of the Roman Catholics to equal political rights with Protestants should or should not be conceded by the Protestant Government of the Protestant United kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." That Ireland should be reckoned part of a Protestant United kingdom is bad enough. But what, remembering the nature and extent of the penal laws against Catholics, is to be thought of the following summary exhortation?

"The page of history, ancient and modern, even of these our days, now open for our inspection and our improvement, clearly proves that the Roman Catholic religion was, is, and will continue, in principle and in practice, unchanged and unchangeable. [This, of course, is also the Catholic's position; but observe our tolerant historian's conclusion from it.] Oh, Protestants, observe then, as you have done hitherto towards your Catholic brethren, perfect tolerance, perfect charity—but, always bear in mind the fable of the wolves and the sheep. *Remember, never to give up your vigilance. Remember the massacre of St. Bartholomew;* and remember that Popery, having been driven out of Rome, has taken refuge amongst us and is, with unceasing activity, daily gaining proselytes to its cause, especially among our highest and lowest classes. Read the following pages with more than serious—with solemn attention, for Popery is making rapid advances against your religion, and the embryo of the Inquisition (may I never find it necessary to be more explicit on this subject) is actually established in every part of the United kingdom."

III.

The second or legendary period of the history of the Inquisition has slowly passed into the third and latest in our own time. The unavoidable political necessity has everywhere arisen of including Catholics in the general scheme of toleration. The religion of the "Reformed" nations, resting on no solid basis, has long been made a plaything for the conceit and party spirit of men, and has become tasteless to a generation weary of its assumptions, of its illogical confusions, and of its violence. With the consequent indifference to all religious truth, has come the desire to relegate religion itself to a mental region wherein emotional natures may find a congenial food in harmless sentiment and opinions.

At the beginning of the century, the German philosopher Fichte declared that the man of letters was the true high priest of this age. Later, what is called science has tried to usurp the place of religion. And the state-god has still more lately come to the front in a way that would have delighted the heart of Hobbes. Unluckily, the two essential elements of the religious problem

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remain the same: the subjective needs of men living for a short time and never remaining in the same state, and the objective satisfaction they find in the existing system of revelation in the Catholic Church, which is as lasting as the human needs she is designed to remedy. The Church has therefore held her own in spite of the spirit of the age. It is not wonderful, then, that in the renewed attacks upon the Church, since her life and vigorous action are so obnoxious, recourse should again be had to the Inquisition of the past.

Men of letters have accordingly sought weapons in the manipulation of documents, or have furbished up their old arms to glare as terribly as may be under the light of modern historical research. These weapons the so-called men of science have eagerly seized, joining with the secularists or worshipers of the state-god in forming an aggressive and propagandist sect against the Church. Perhaps they deem it necessary, by appealing to the past, to draw away attention from the present, where they are ever more and more gaining the exclusive support and protection of the civil government. But in that past which they so vituperate, the people's faith and the countenance of sovereign power were, for the most part at least, in harmony. Who will dare to say the same of their own system?

Mr. Andrew Dickson White is, or was, the President of Cornell University—a secularist institution of the higher learning on which the great American commonwealth, the State of New York, has bestowed its enormous official patronage. In a lecture on the "Warfare of Science," which he has declaimed through the country, he leads off with "a remark made by one of the most moderate and judicially fair of modern philosophic historians (this from Mr. White probably means the late Prof. Draper—perhaps Buckle), that of all organizations this world has known, the Roman Church has caused most undeserved woe and shed most innocent blood."

This is worthy of the late Mr. Stockdale himself. In fact, the Catholic reader may easily persuade himself from the writings of the modern infidel school that, even where belief in Christ has long since been lost, the phantom of the Pope as Antichrist has not yet vanished.

In face of this sweeping assertion of "one of the most moderate and judicially fair of modern philosophic historians," a few words, from pages immediately following, will aptly illustrate the religious animus and habit of thought of the tolerant state-functionary who cites it. Speaking of Galileo, Mr. White says that the archbishop of Pisa was probably "the vilest enemy of the human race"; and that his "cathedral is more truly consecrated by the remembrance of Galileo's observation of the lamp swinging before its altar

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than by all the church services of a thousand years." All which sounds to a Catholic ear as much like coarse and reviling blasphemy as would its exact counterpart: "Calvary would have been more truly consecrated by the remembrance of an astronomer's observation of the eclipse of the sun at the moment of our Lord's death than by all the sufferings of the Son of God for the sins of men."

To escape this, it is not enough to leap alertly back from science to the old Protestant ground and declare the Mass no true sacrifice, but only a "blessed muttering" and idolatrous superstition. This may do for purely religious controversy. But the writer of history is supposed to take into account the faith which was the prime fact of the age in question. He may blaspheme what he knows not; but why should he judge what he ignores?

These later times, indeed, have shown that there is no depth of ignorance to which the average man of science may not sink whenever there is question of theology or philosophy, or of history. And it is not out of the way, since the Inquisition is an example ready to hand, to insist on how far professed men of science appeal to the mass of Protestant traditions and prejudices, when the Church chances to cross their path. Once more, they no longer believe even in a Protestant Christ; but they hate the Catholic Pope and dearly love meat on Friday.

The "International Scientific Series," originated by the late editor of the "American Popular Science Monthly," has had among its contributors such representative men as Prof. Tyndall, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. Maudsley, Prof. Bain, Mr. Romanes, the notorious Paul Bert, besides others scarcely less pronounced on the hostile relations pretended to exist between science and religion. To this question the whole twelfth volume of the series was devoted—a history of the "Conflict between Religion and Science," by John William Draper. Since the death of the author an attempt has been made by his school of science to forget this work.[1] This is in the right direction and might prove successful, were it not that certain tactics of their own are, to use the felicitous phrase of President White, "truly consecrated by the remembrance." From cover to cover there is perhaps not a single sign of any effort made to find out, we do not say the truth, but the elementary conditions of any one among the hundreds of questions raised. It is not pretended that the author was possessed of a miraculous intuition of things. It also seems prudent to believe that his only acquired training fitted him for far other lines of thought. In any case no evidence is ever placed by the author before his reader, enabling the latter to review the judgments set down for his acceptance.

[1] See remark in Necrology of English scientific journal, *Nature*, at the time.

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Professor Draper was no friend of the Protestant system. He said pertinently enough: "So far as science is concerned, nothing is owed to the Reformation. The Procrustean bed of the Pentateuch was still before her."[1] Nevertheless, no man, perhaps, has shown such skill and industry in diverting the great stream of the Protestant tradition against Rome into infidel channels.

Especially complete is his presentment of the case against the Inquisition. After a great deal of previous violent and rather absurd historical incrimination, he says: "As the thirteenth century is approached, we find unbelief in all directions setting in. . . . . To withstand this flood of impiety, the papal government established two institutions: 1. The Inquisition: 2. Auricular confession—the latter as a means of detection, the former as a tribunal for punishment."

This, spoken in the name of science, really is enough to take our breath away. We defy any one to find its match in grotesque absurdity among all the tales recounted of foreigners by the Chinese literary men to their lowest countrymen. But the Professor continues, and neither his mythology nor his unconsciousness of absurdity grows less:

"In general terms the commission of the Inquisition was to extirpate religious dissent by terrorism, and surround heresy with the most horrible associations; this necessarily implied the power of determining what constitutes heresy. The criterion of truth was thus in possession of this tribunal [!] . . . With such savage alacrity did it carry out its object of protecting the interests of religion that between 1481 and 1808 it had punished three hundred and forty thousand persons, and of these nearly thirty-two thousand had been burnt [!!]."[2] Here follow in the space of a page—"the air was full of fearful shadows"—"unscrupulous atrocities"—"a frightful statement of its conduct and appalling cruelties"—"this disgrace of Christianity and indeed of the human race." All this is bravely said, but what follows caps the climax. "The necessity of private confession to a priest—auricular confession—gave omnipresence and omniscience to the Inquisition [!!!]. Not a man was safe. . . . His wife and his servants were turned into spies. . . . . No accuser was named; but the thumb-screw, the stretching-rope, the boot and wedge, or other enginery of torture, soon supplied that defect, and, innocent or guilty, he accused himself."

The Professor has no misgivings. Not so Mr. Stockdale, who three-quarters of a century ago published the like sounding tales, if, indeed, he is not the chief authority of our man of science. He thus expresses a feeling which for some time doubtless has been

[1] Page 215.

[2] Page 207.

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stealing over the reader and which seems seriously to have troubled the apprehension of that doughty antagonist of the Church of Rome.

"It may be objected to me, that society could not exist under the control of an authority so tyrannical, nor could so many centuries have elapsed of blind submission to the power of a tribunal which trenched, in so flagrant a manner, upon the rights and interests of mankind." Hereupon the sapient Mr. Stockdale appeals to "the bloody and atrocious rites of Canaan, Tyre and Carthage," and then wisely remarks that "the frame of society is of a more stubborn texture than most people imagine."[1] Clearly, among the few of imagination strong enough to take in the stubborn texture of society's frame, must henceforth be numbered Professor Draper and President White. The reader will probably prefer, as an honest man, to be set down in the commoner category of "most people."

What we have cited is a sufficient specimen of the entire case as made out again and again by a recent man of science against the Church. Perhaps the author relied on the pages intervening between his different charges to prevent the cursory reader from discovering that they are so like because they are all ground from the same mill. No mention is ever made of the serious and successful attacks on the veracity of his chief authority, Llorente, who is followed unhesitatingly, and styled simply "the historian of the Inquisition." To a sober and fair mind, familiar with the authentic extremes of despotism and anarchy, the whole story is at first sight so unparalleled in the history of man as to be in the highest degree improbable, if not impossible. The evident and violent partisanship of the narrators in every period of the controversy does not tend to reassure him. In fact, he fully concurs with the closing sentiment of the scientific professor, though from far different motives. "With unutterable disgust and indignation, we learn [that is, are taught in this mockery of learning] that the papal government realized much money by selling to the rich dispensations to secure them from the Inquisition."

IV.

We have now briefly reviewed the three great periods of this strange but popular controversy. We have seen that, while positive beliefs are changing around it, this odious mythology ever holds its ground. The reason is not far to seek. It offers all the enemies of the Church, whether Protestant or infidel, a popular weapon, the force of which will easily be felt among minds who

[1] History, etc., Preface, xi., xii.

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could never grasp a theory. With recent infidels, as in the case of Professor Huxley in other questions of religious controversy, the Christianity of Protestantism may be rejected, but never its protest against Rome.

From all this it might be hoped that those non-Catholic students who live beyond the heat of disputation should, on many points of the controversy, side with the Church and with the Inquisitors themselves. This, in fact, is the case. There are obvious reasons why their testimony can never be complete or satisfactory. But such as it is, it points clearly to the fact, on which we have insisted all along, that this odious mythology, to call it by its right name once again, is kept before the public, not for purposes of truth, but as a weapon of partisan hatred against the Church.

Writers of this dispassionate school very commonly acknowledge that the abuses of the Inquisition have been exaggerated for party purposes, were independent of the lawful use of this tribunal, and owing to individual ignorance, imprudence, illusion and false zeal, or even vice.[1]

Thus Ranke, though stating facts incorrectly and misunderstanding their import, depreciates the authority of Llorente and seems to think that the Inquisition in Spain was "only a royal tribunal, furnished with spiritual weapons." This is not a quite exact statement of the case, but it indicates the trend of thought, with which alone we are occupied. In this Leo and Guizot in the main agree. Such authors, and even the ultra-Protestant Neander, naturally attribute much to the necessities of an age formed by centuries of rude warfare and in which the breaking up of religious unity was a subversion of the existing social order.

It is a curious fact that, in the agitation preceding the Vatican Council, the small historical clique which afterwards fell away altogether from the Catholic faith gave forth many doubtful utterances on our controversy. Janus and Huber connected the Inquisition with the doctrine of Papal Infallibility in order to bring odium on the latter. Schulte declared it "a product of the Papal doctrine of faith and morals," which it certainly was not. This insufficiency of the impartial non-Catholic school, and the spitefulness of certain half-Catholic writers trimming between the Church and the world, show what the Catholic student has to expect. He might as well wait for those who reject the authority of the Church to defend the infallibility of the Church's head, as to look for a really final vindication from them of the Church's action when it is used, as in the present case, in virtue of her authority.

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[1] See, in the excellent essays of a Catholic author too much neglected by his own brethren, Muzzarelli, *Il buon uso della Logica in materia di religione*, t. iv.

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It is well, however, to put down a few special reasons why the non-Catholic student of the history of the Inquisition is not likely to reach far below the surface. These are not so much owing to the nature of the question as to the student himself; and in their wide application to other religious controversies, they amount to a general answer to the objections made all along the line against the Church. Armed with this answer, even the Catholic who is uninstructed in the controversy can give a true and trustworthy reply whenever attacked. It is that of the Apostle already cited: "*You blaspheme what you know not.*"

In the first place, the student in question is not at all likely to possess the necessary training in theological terms and canon law to understand the very documentary evidence in his hands. Cardinal Newman's remonstrance, in a somewhat similar case, has its application here, and, as we have said, all along the line of religious controversy.[1]

"Men fancy that, though they have never seen Clement or Ignatius, or any other Father before, they are quite as well qualified to interpret the words λειτουργία or πρυτανεία, as if they knew them and their brethren well. How different is their judgment in other matters! Who will not grant, except in the case of theology, that an experienced eye is an important qualification for understanding the distinction of things or detecting their course and tendency? In politics, the sagacious statesman puts his finger on some apparently small or not confessedly great event, promptly declares it to be 'no little matter,' and is believed. Why? Because he is conceived to have scholarship in the language of political history, and to be well read in the world's events. In the same way, the comparative anatomist falls in with a little bone, and confidently declares from it the make, habits, and age of the animal to which it belonged. What should we say to the unscientific hearer who disputed his accuracy and attempted to argue against him? Yet, is not this just the case of sciolists, or less than sciolists in theology?"

Akin to this first defect of knowledge is the strange ignorance, almost sure to be found, of the piety and higher influence of religion in the age whose history is in question. How many historians of the Spanish Inquisition even dreamed of those deep and lasting developments of the spiritual life of the whole people, appearing at that very time round such saints as the Carmelites Teresa and John of the Cross, the Franciscan Peter of Alcantara, the Dominican Lewis Bertrand, the Jesuits Ignatius Loyola, Francis Borgia, and the crowd of missionaries who, in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier, sealed the faith with their sweat and blood

[1] Essay on Development, c. vii., 5.

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among all the races of the earth? Yet here was the human family, from kings to people, far more vitally affected than by the Inquisition itself; and with an action still modifying the whole course of civilization. It is not to be wondered at that, with such ignorance, a whole age, and much more the workings of a single ecclesiastical tribunal, should be totally misjudged.

It may be added that so rare is an entire absence of prejudice that the facts themselves, known only in part as they are, will regularly take on a color not their own, but due to the jaundiced eye of the observer. Thus it has been well said of the historian Prescott: "In opposition to all history, he still asserts that St. Dominic was the founder of the Inquisition, or at least maintains that if he was not, in point of fact, he *ought* to have been." Again, "Mr. Prescott detects many gross historical inaccuracies in Llorente unconnected with the Inquisition, in painting which, accord- to him, he was never at fault!"[1] Besides all this, the essential elements of the ecclesiastical problem will regularly be missed, as was the case with Ranke.

Another of the immediate and most general results reached by the Catholic student, who has carefully gone over this ground, is a well-founded distrust of much pretentious historical research.

One of the very latest writers on the early Inquisition in the south of France, in a documentary work of more than five hundred pages, starts off abruptly from the Council of Toulouse in the year 1229.[2] This was the time when a permanent tribunal was first established, but it was also the time when the work was already leaving the Church's hands. During the seventy preceding years measures had been devised in fifty-two councils, of which two were general, for stemming the evils of the times. The official proceedings of these councils, with the contemporary writings of preachers, pontifical legates, theologians, bishops, Popes, and chroniclers, as well as of the revolutionary heretics themselves, are perfectly accessible to the conscientious historian. But this new trumpeter in the name of modern science against the fair fame of the Church has not even taken the trouble of making himself acquainted with these documents. This is undoubtedly more convenient, but it can scarcely be called reasonable. It is certainly characteristic of a strange kind of science.

Catholic history, therefore, in a question so closely bound up with religion, can, at best, hope to gain from non-Catholic students some corroborative testimony to the truth, with an occasional rectification of facts and frequent clever political views. But with those engaged in direct religious controversy things will be evidently at the worst. Inquisition, early or late, Episcopal or Do-

[1] Abp. Spalding's Miscellanies, xi.

[2] Molinier.

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minican, Roman or Spanish, papal or royal, will be to them the same as one. And they will deridingly point to their heap of undigested facts, partially stated, exaggerated, added to, taken from, ridiculously misinterpreted, confused, falsified, and ask, Where is the Holy Ghost?

President White may appear in this rôle, so unworthy of his position. Enlarging on the "idea" "that the Pope, as *pope*, had never condemned the doctrines of Kopernik and Galileo, . . . that they were condemned by the cardinals of the Inquisition and Index" (which was the simple fact), he declares: "Nothing can show the desperation of the retreating party better than jugglery like this."[1]

Yet treatises on the condemnation of theological propositions, written before Galileo's own day, might have told Mr. White when the power of the Church in defining matters of faith is used, and when it is not. How, too, can he charge "Monsignor" Marini with "the pious fraud of suppressing documents or interpolating pretended facts,"[2] when he himself, if his words have any meaning, declares loudly that the decision in the case was "made by the Pope and the Church," and yet omits to say, what surely he was bound to know before writing on such a subject, that not one of the conditions necessary for a definition of Catholic faith was present? Moreover, he pronounces, *ex cathedra:* "The Inquisition itself, backed by the greatest theologian of the time, Bellarmine, took the same view." Yet Bellarmine himself, years before the famous trial, in the second chapter of his fourth book on the Roman Pontiff, had given the answer to so gratuitous an assertion, which, besides, his published correspondence on the occasion directly refutes.

After this, no surprise need be felt at the absence of all mention of the most essential facts in the case—such as the strain on the minds and hearts of men in authority during those troublous times, when revolutionary heresy was ever impending from the North, or Galileo's own intimacy with the treacherous Fra Paolo Sarpi, or the inopportuneness, lack of judgment, and insufficiency of his arguments. Perhaps, however, this may be the result of President White's earnest desire not to imitate Monsignor Marini, and thus, by telling the truth, "to blacken the memory of Galileo and save the reputation of the Church."[3] It seems, also, to have been more convenient to leave out of sight the fact that Galileo retained his faith, even after the condemnation of his astronomy, and does not seem to have dreamed of the consequences against the Church's teaching which his admirer so indiscreetly undertakes to draw.

[1] Page 60.
[2] Page 52, note, and elsewhere.
[3] Page 53.

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But it is time that we should finish with these hateful specimens of a mythology, carried on with unheard-of violence and disregard of all truth and honesty, out of pure partisan hatred of the Church. It is again President White who, in his own words, shall give a final specimen of the ignorance and prejudice and dull blundering confusion of ideas, mixing what is acknowledged to be human with what is claimed to be divine, which characterizes the whole controversy. The extravagant vulgarity of the language is also characteristic in its way. "It is most suggestive," to Mr. White, "to see in this crisis of the Church, on the eve of the greatest errors in Church policy the world has known, in all the efforts and deliberations of these consecrated leaders of the Church, at the tomb of the prince of the Apostles, no more sign of the guidance or presence of the Holy Spirit than in a caucus of New York politicians."[1] There is nothing new in all this. For thousands of years similar farragos have been foisted on Catholics, regardless of all their protests, by those who reproach the Church, "*while they say to her, day by day: Where is thy God?*"[2]

We have thus attempted a general review of the different aspects, from the worst to the best, of the historical controversy concerning the Inquisition. This, from the "Reformation" down, has been one of the most popular weapons of attack against the Church, and assuredly the horrors of its mythology are well adapted to imprint themselves on the popular imagination and resist all refutation of reason. It is a comfort to find that frank and candid study leads to truth, even along this unpromising path. By this way came to the very door of the Catholic Church Hurter, in his study of the history of Innocent the Third—the great Pope on whom, whether for odium or for love, rests the responsibility of the early Inquisition.

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[1] Page 44.

[2] Psalm xli. 11.

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NO ACTUAL NEED OF A CATHOLIC PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHEN an election for President of the United States approaches there has been latterly much said in the papers of the Catholic vote, and of the tactics used by this or that party to win it. The question naturally arises, whether there is any such thing as a Catholic vote in this country, and whether Catholics, as such, form a class apart, who have no political views, who never belong to any of the great parties, but at election time act on the spur of the moment, and vote as one man by some curious and inscrutable impulse. This is certainly not the case. The Catholics as a body have no special political views of their own, and do not form or constitute a party, or even an organization like the Order of United Americans, constituting the nucleus and working machinery of a party. Each Catholic adopts his own views on political questions freely, without bias, supports any party he prefers, gives his adhesion to any candidate, advocates whatever policy seems best to him as to tariff, protection, government lands, the management of the Indian tribes, pauper immigration, railroad grants, harbor defence, our foreign relations, or any other matter. On all questions before the American public, the Catholic is free to act; but where faith is or morals are concerned, a Catholic is not free to give his support to any policy aiming at the destruction of Christianity or good morals, and every conscientious Protestant will admit that he is similarly bound. The position is not peculiar to Catholicity. No man, Catholic or Protestant, is free to act against Christianity or morality, to support any system tending to the overthrow of natural rights or all civil government.

As Congress is prohibited by one of the Constitutional amendments from establishing a State religion, or requiring a religious test, there is scarcely any scope for the possibility of such action by the Federal Government as would make Catholics a proscribed class. If the amendment passed as one of the results of the late civil war, by which the several States were restrained from depriving any citizen of rights generally enjoyed, by reason of his race, color, or former condition of servitude, had included also the word "religion," the immunity would have extended to the position of each citizen in regard to the State in which he lived, as well as in regard to the United States. A State denying the elective franchise to citizens of foreign race would lose in that proportion its

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right to representatives in Congress, unless it had but one, and under the original compact could not lose that one. Hence, Rhode Island or Delaware can apparently disfranchise naturalized citizens, though as to this there may be some doubt.

But any State can make the profession of the Protestant religion, by every resident within its bounds, necessary to the holding of land, exercising of a profession, voting, or being chosen to office; and the Federal Government cannot interfere. The Constitution as originally adopted a century ago, and all the amendments, leave the power in the hands of each State to establish a religion, or make profession of the Protestant religion a requisite for any purpose whatever, and to exact a test oath.

At the time of the Revolution the Constitutions adopted in several of the States excluded Catholics from office or from the franchise. In the address of the Roman Catholics to George Washington, after his elevation to the Presidential chair, pointed allusion was made to this unjust discrimination against Catholics, notably in New Jersey and in North and South Carolina. Mild as Archbishop Carroll was, he fairly blazed with honest American indignation at the conduct of New Jersey on this point: "The Jersey State," he wrote, "was the first which, on forming her new Constitution, gave the unjust example of reserving to Protestants alone the prerogatives of government and legislation. At that very time the American army swarmed with Roman Catholic soldiers, and the world would have held them justified had they withdrawn themselves from the defence of a State which treated them with so much cruelty and injustice, and which they then actually covered from the depredations of the British army. But their patriotism was too disinterested to hearken to the first impulse of even just resentment."

The limitation of civil rights to Protestants alone was not peculiar to the States named. Massachusetts established Congregationalism by her Constitution as the State church, and the Supreme Court, in a case where a Catholic had built and maintained a church, and consequently claimed that he was exempt from obligation to support a minister of any other church, decided that he must pay to support the Protestant minister, declaring distinctly that wherever, in the Constitution or laws, the word "minister" occurred, the word "Protestant" was to be understood. Rev. Mr. Cheverus was indicted and tried for marrying a Catholic couple in Maine, on the ground that he was not the settled minister of the place. New Hampshire, down to our time, has excluded Catholics from office. New York, in her Constitution, had clauses craftily devised by the bigoted John Jay to exclude Catholics from office, and no Catholic could be naturalized in that State before the adoption of the Federal Constitution; and even after that the oath of

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office required of all members of the Legislature a profession of the Protestant religion, so that no Catholic could sit in that body.

Of the remaining States the number was comparatively small where the declaration of rights was so distinct and clear as to leave the civil rights of Catholics unimpeachable.

Practically, however, as time went on, religious freedom and equality gained, till New Hampshire stood alone in her shameful preëminence.

And what has been, may be. It is not probable, but yet it is possible, that several of the large States might disfranchise Catholics, suppress their religious institutions, and exile their clergy. Such things have been done in the nineteenth century, even in America; and were done systematically in Germany.

Such a case would alone give rise to a Catholic party. The Catholics, deprived of their rights, or finding the great political parties banded together to deprive them of rights, or to deny them redress where rights, though sanctioned by the Constitution and laws, were systematically trampled upon, would have no alternative but to organize and by peaceful agitation endeavor to obtain a revocation of unjust laws, or such distinct and clear legislation as would practically insure their rights in the time to come. Only under such a state of affairs can a Catholic party be possible; and it always presupposes a dominant anti-Catholic party denying us equal rights.

Only once, we believe, and then in a local matter, it has been necessary for Catholics to act as a body politically, and that was in New York city. The old school system of New York was preeminently religious. The idea of educating the young without religious influence pervading the system had never been heard of, and would have been rejected at once. That monstrous scheme was forced on the American people only by crafty and shrewdly planned gradual steps. The general sentiment was in favor of religious education. The churches, with few exceptions, maintained schools, and the State or City granted aid to each in proportion to the number of pupils. In time an association of gentlemen called "The Public School Society" was formed, as its charter declared, to take charge of children whose parents belonged to no church. This Society and its schools prospered, and when it was discovered that a Protestant church had, by false representations as to the number of pupils in its schools, obtained for some years a larger share of the public money than it was entitled to, a feeling arose against giving aid to church schools, and it was finally withheld from all. The Public School Society, though a private body, received all the aid; but its books teemed with misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine, with perversions of history

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calculated to hold Catholics up to ridicule and contempt as ignorant, tyrannical, cruel and immoral. The teaching from the lips of the preceptors only deepened the effect of the vile mendacity of the text books. Catholics asked that the old New York system should be revived under proper safeguards, and the aid formerly given to church schools be again bestowed. This was refused by the city authorities, and Catholics resolved to apply to the State Legislature. It is false that they asked anything new, or anything especially for themselves. They asked simply that a system which had prevailed for years, should be continued. When candidates were nominated for the Assembly by the Whig and Democratic parties, these gentlemen all pledged themselves to oppose the Catholic petition. Catholics, whether Whig or Democrat, could not vote for men who, before a question had been discussed and examined in the legislative hall, pledged themselves to one side. Every one would have been unfit for the jury box in a civil or criminal trial, and was unfit for the legislature. As Catholics could not vote for the candidates before the public, they adopted a ticket of their own, and cast a very considerable vote, to the astonishment of the hack politicians of those days. The result was the adoption of a system of State schools, superseding the Public School Society. This was the present New York system, and when organized it purchased of the Public School Society, an anti-Catholic body, its schools, but no church schools. The new system was full of promise of equal rights and full justice to all without distinction of religion, but it is only one of those

> "Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye
> And turn to ashes on the lips."

The system is and has been essentially Protestant in its managers, in its trustees, school-boards, text-books and spirit.

Germany within the last twenty years has shown, on a more vast and enduring scale, the result of the operation of similar causes. Catholicity in Germany and Austria, leavened by the half infidelity of Joseph II. and the spirit of revolt exhibited at Ems, seemed to lack robustness and energy; but when the new made Emperor sought to rival Decius and Diocletian by warring on the Church, expelling the religious orders, exiling bishops and priests, the Catholic body was organized, able leaders arose, and the Catholic party in Germany has since been a united and powerful element, called into existence not by any spontaneous action on their own part, but by the necessity resulting from an inhuman and hypocritical persecution. Its power has been such that the great Chancellor of Germany has been forced to conciliate it; but the Catholic party will hold together till every semblance of oppression ceases.

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Even if in time it dissolves, as it may possibly do, the elements of organization remain, and at the first note of danger the host will start up ready for action.

We cannot foresee any combination of circumstances in this country that can ever force the Catholics here, like their fellow-believers in Germany, to organize as a political party; but the Societies grouping in Unions already furnish much of the machinery, if the need ever comes.

There is, then, no Catholic party in this country, and fortunately no reason or motive for calling one into existence. Nor is it easy to foresee the possibility of events likely to justify such a step. Of themselves Catholics will never organize as a party; it will only be when they are forced to do so in self-defence, to protect their dearest rights when menaced; the responsibility will be not at their door, but at that of their enemies.

In the Spanish American republics the government has fallen into the hands of infidels, and is controlled by the secret societies. There the Catholic religion is oppressed; every other form of religion, Christian or heathen, is free and encouraged; but Catholics who are attached to their faith have no rights. They are stigmatized as clericals even in our newspaper press, which is regularly subsidized by these infidel governments, and constantly perverts the truth in the news it gives. The Church has been plundered of its property, bishops are driven out at the whim of any president or dictator; religious orders, with their institutions of education and charity, have been suppressed; the outward manifestation of religion, even the wearing of the cassock, processions, and the like, are prohibited. A Mexican may join a Masonic lodge and bind himself by engagements, but he cannot enter a religious order founded by a canonized saint. He cannot obtain a school such as he and his Catholic neighbors desire, for the government will suppress it. And our hireling American press chinks its ill-gotten money and writes about "Clericals" being bitter enemies of the government of their country!

A Catholic party is there put down by military power. Prison, confiscation, exile await the Catholic bishop, priest or editor who attempts to lay before the people the claim of right which citizens who adhere to the religion of their ancestors justly have.

Even now the Archbishop of Guatemala is an exile at San Francisco, expelled by a man who has set the constitution aside and made himself dictator with absolute power.

But the infidel spirit of the French Revolution, which sowed its seed in Spanish America, is now at its ripened harvest. Fortunately the religious and political training of our colonial days saved our republic from being such a mockery.

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We do not live in Germany or in Spanish America, and have no such evils to contend against as our fellow Catholics have in those lands.

There are local grievances in some States; there are injustices to be remedied under the Federal Government in regard to the Indians, and soldiers, marines and sailors in the employ of Government whose religious rights are not respected; but the evils have grown up through apathy on the part of Catholics and hypocritical activity on the part of cliques of fanatics who have obtained a kind of control in some departments; but in all these cases redress can be obtained by effort.

The exclusion of New Mexico from admission as a State, and the federal disfranchisement of its people for nearly half a century, is based undoubtedly, in part at least, on anti-Catholic feeling; but the wrong has been submitted to without remonstrance.

At this moment there is no national or general question appealing to Catholics as such. In the coming Presidential election there will be nothing in the platform of either the Democratic or Republican party which will, so far as we can judge, call on any Catholic to oppose it as hostile to the faith, the Church, or sound morals. Neither of these parties can claim the vote of Catholics on the ground that the other menaces their rights.

The Labor parties, of which there are several, discordant in their plans and remedies, all appeal to classes which number thousands of Catholics. Some of these Labor parties have elements at war with Christianity, with social order, and rights to life and property.

That these Labor parties will gain votes among Catholics is certain; but those who espouse their cause will not vote as Catholics, but as workingmen seeking a relief that seems to them just. A few, perhaps, will openly embrace doctrines which they know the Church rejects, and vote in defiance of its teaching; but in so doing they cease to be Catholics.

Among the avowed socialists, communists and nihilists there are, of course, none who can be called Catholics. Other labor organizations which have no element condemned by the Church expressly or in general terms, will naturally find Catholic supporters.

The cause of temperance has many warm advocates in the Church, from the great Bishop of Saint Paul to the humblest priest and layman who seeks to diminish the fearful crime of intemperance; but the Prohibition party, as such, will have few Catholic adherents. Our people, as a rule, see in the leaders and organizers of that party a set of fanatics who, when not assailing intemperance, are warring against Catholicity, and accordingly have an instinctive dread of them and their political panaceas. Any one who will devote a few hours to a study of the temperance literature of

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the day will find that their writings are leavened through and through with an intense and bitter hatred of the Catholic Church, and that they fail utterly to recognize the work done by members of our Church, individually or in societies, for rescuing immortal souls, not by human respect, but by supernatural motives.

As the political field stands, the Democratic and Republican parties are about equally matched, and were there no other element, the issue would be doubtful. Neither is likely to put forward a candidate especially attractive or repugnant to Catholics. The Labor parties will draw many from both these parties, Catholics, Protestants and Infidels. It would be rash to say that the majority will be Catholic, or that it will be drawn from one side more than from another. The Prohibition vote will include few Catholics, but the number favoring that party, though steadily increasing, will be small compared to the others, unless the Labor party is split up into a number of petty organizations, frittering away the strength which a plausible Utopian scheme must always acquire at the outset, when it presents to the hard-working and struggling, even if improvident, laboring class, some scheme which is to make time, like eternity,

> "A blessed day
> When we shall not work but play."

Who the candidates for the Presidency, to be presented by the Conventions of 1888, will be, it is impossible even to conjecture. And not till they are fairly in the field can the effect of another element be at all calculated. This is the old Know Nothing organization. At the last election the machinery of the order, which had lain dormant, was revived, and from its central governing council orders were sent through the country commanding men who had ever been members to obey their oath and cast their votes against Mr. Blaine, who was the son of Catholic parents. Prominent Republicans in many parts felt obliged to withdraw their active support of the candidate of their choice. It was a bitter lesson to many who had unthinkingly bound themselves, years before, to find in sober manhood that they had made themselves the tools of unseen men, and laid aside the right to exercise their own judgment in selecting a chief magistrate of the country. That the number thus withdrawn from the Republican vote was very large, admits of no doubt.

It was counterpoised to some extent in New York by the disinclination on the part of many Catholics to vote for a man who, as Governor of the State of New York, had, it was charged, hesitated at a critical moment to facilitate the passage of a bill, not to give exclusive rights to Catholics, but to prevent bigoted and self-suffi-

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cient officials in state penal or eleemosynary institutions, or institutions receiving state aid, from compelling inmates to attend a worship of their choice and manufacture, and from denying such inmates their right to worship according to the dictates of their conscience.

A tide against Mr. Cleveland was evidently setting in, several papers taking stand distinctly against him, when the Rev. Mr. Burchard unwarily said to Mr. Blaine words insulting to Catholics. The event, real or fictitious, was heralded over the country, and the Know Nothing organization chuckled to see Catholics aid them to carry out a scheme which sprang from hatred of Catholicity.

So far as regards the feelings of individual Catholics towards Mr. Cleveland, it would seem that the prejudice he excited by his unworthy course as Governor of New York has lost much of its strength. That he broke through a custom that had long prevailed of excluding Catholics from the diplomatic service of the country, and nominated a Catholic as minister plenipotentiary to Austria, is certainly creditable, while it was most dishonorable in that Catholic country to aid the anti-Catholic element in this country by playing into its hands and doing its behest in rejecting the gentleman nominated by Mr. Cleveland and approved by the Senate of the United States.

Mr. Cleveland certainly showed a sense of his dignity in declining to nominate another American citizen to a post where he might be similarly insulted.

As long as the two great parties stood alone in the country, Catholics were very sparingly nominated for office, and where positions were reached by executive appointment the favor seldom fell upon a member of our faith. From all offices in the department of public education we have been systematically excluded, as a thing which we ought to feel grateful in being taxed for, but where we had nothing to say as to the manner in which the money was to be expended.

Politicians played on Catholics. As each party had a strong body of adherents who would not fail to "scratch" the name of a Catholic candidate, the political managers made this a pretext for not putting forward any of our people for fear of offending the susceptible enemies of the faith.

In the new Labor parties Catholics will be largely represented, and they should have their eyes open and watch very closely the manœuvres of their leaders. If the old political trick is to be tried, and Catholics ostracized by not being allowed to run for office, our people ought to have the sense to see and the spirit to resent it. If they are going to allow themselves to be used as mere tools to help to office men who scorn and despise them, they have

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only themselves to blame. In the canvass of next year a Catholic voter will certainly have a choice of tickets and candidates. He will be deficient in common sense if he takes up with a party which shows any such proscriptive or unjust discrimination. In the regular parties an organization of scratchers would, after two or three elections, stop effectually the scratching of Catholic names. If it were known that the defeat, by scratching, of a Catholic on a ticket, where the rest of the candidates were elected, would be followed for five years by the concerted scratching of every candidate put forward by the party for that office, scratching would be found to be a losing game and would be abandoned.

Though there are Catholic office-seekers, experience shows that the Catholic body, as a whole, has never arrogantly demanded that, according to its numbers in the country, it should be represented in the list of those selected for executive, legislative, or judicial stations.

Catholics, as a body true to the religious training they received from youth, have never made their grievance a test or motive for action in exercising the elective franchise, but have cast their votes in a spirit of exalted patriotism, each giving his preference for the men and the measures which he deemed best adapted to secure the general good and the permanent welfare of the country. It has not been from among them that arose the men who combined to control great corporations that hold the country at their mercy, and they have never favored the corrupt legislation which such men have too frequently succeeded in obtaining to gather the wealth of the nation into the hands of a few and impoverish the many. It has always been a society seeking to relieve poverty, erecting and maintaining more charitable institutions for the relief of the helpless and destitute than all other denominations.

The course of Catholics in the past will best assure us as to their course in the election of next year. They will cast their ballots individually; they have no vote which political schemers can hope to gain by bestowing petty offices on a few noisy politicians who are unworthy to be classed as Catholics.

> "Some few apostates, who are meddling
> With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling."

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THE CHARGE OF HERESY AGAINST DANTE.

Dante Hérétique, Revolutionnaire, et Socialiste, par Eugène Aroux. Paris, 1854.

Discorso sulla Divina Commedia, per Ugo Foscolo. London, 1825.

Sullo Spirito Antipapale, che produsse la Riforma, per Gabriele Rossetti. London, 1832.

Gli Eretici d'Italia, Discorsi Storici di Cesare Cantù. Discorso VII. Turin, 1865.

PROTESTANT polemics are so oppressed by the consciousness of the modern origin of their system that they would fain seek relief in the idea that the Lutheran movement was foreshadowed, at least, long before its author's time; that during the centuries when Roman influence darkened the Christian world, there were always a few pure spirits, some clear intellects, to cherish devotion to the true and the good, and who may, therefore, be regarded as precursors of the "Reformation." Alongside of Arnold of Brescia, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and Wyklif, a place is given to Dante, child though he was, and pre-eminently, of Catholic theology and of Catholic philosophy. And it is remarkable that a few Catholic writers have also denied the orthodoxy of the first of poets. The most famous of these is the prince of paradoxists, the Jesuit Hardouin, who, in 1727, styled Dante an impostor wearing the mask of orthodoxy. In the time of Bellarmine there appeared "An Advice to Beautiful Italy," by a "French Nobleman," in which the author defended the thesis so flattering to the innovators. He was triumphantly refuted by the great controversialist; and also, in a "Reply to the Mystery of Iniquity" of M. Duplessis, by the able Dominican, Coeffeteau. The skeptical Bayle warns us to bear in mind that there are good reasons for doubt as to both the orthodoxy and heterodoxy of Dante. In our own day Ugo Foscolo and Gabriel Rossetti, men of much literary acumen, flattered the prejudices of their English hosts by proclaiming their great countryman "as desirous of reforming Christianity and Italy by means of heavenly revelations." But no author has shown more erudition in the ungracious task of aspersing the memory of the divine poet than Eugene Aroux, who arrives at the conclusion that Dante's works are socialistic, revolutionary and heretical. Cantù has ably refuted the arguments of Aroux, as, indeed, this

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author seems to have admitted.[1] According to him, as well as according to Foscolo, Rossetti, etc., the Paterine sect was never entirely exterminated in Italy, but continued as a species of Free-masonry, preserving and transmitting certain doctrines—"mysteries of Platonic love," as Rossetti terms them—which tended to subvert the authority of the Church and of civil governments. Aroux thinks that this heresy was cherished by all the chivalry of the day, and especially by the survivors of the Templars, who, he insists, —and with some reason,—established a new school of Masonry. Dante thinks Aroux wished to show that the Papal supremacy was the visible kingdom of Satan, manifested in the "comedy of Catholicism." When Dante says that salvation will be his who follows "the pastor of the church," he signifies that we must obey the head of that hidden sect of which he was an adept. That is, Dante was a Templar, and devoted to a revenge of the suppression of his order. The word "love," says Aroux, is the key of all the mysteries in Dante's works. Francesca is something more than the mistress of Paolo; by her we must understand the poor little protesting church of Rimini, then a nursery of heresy. This is a strange theory. It is hard to understand how Dante would form so sublime a work, in which everything must always be taken in a sense different from the plain and natural one. And even though Aroux had given us the key to the poet's meaning, we cannot understand why Dante so frequently comments on himself in such a manner that the Guelphs must suppose one thing, the Ghibellines another.

Now, it is certain that in the time of Dante men did not regard him as a heretic, socialist, or (in the modern sense) a revolutionist. He died clothed in the habit of the Franciscans. His remains were lovingly laid to rest in a church, and a Papal legate—more recognizant than the poet's countrymen of his merit—erected a mausoleum to his memory. Immediately, all over Italy chairs were established and endowed for the explanation of the "Comedy." and often in churches. Thus, by a decree of the Florentine government, dated August 7, 1793, Boccaccio was appointed to such a chair in the church of St. Stephen.[2] By command of the fathers of the Council of Florence, the "Comedy" was translated into Latin prose by the Franciscan, John of Serravalle. In the Logge of the

[1] "The system of Aroux was not received by the studious; he complained that I was the only one in Italy who paid it any attention. I wrote him an open letter against his system, and he recognized in it not only a friendly courtesy, but certain arguments which he could not answer."—CANTU, *loc. cit.*

[2] MANNI: *History of the Decameron*, p. I., c. 29.—Boccaccio occupied this chair three years, and was succeeded by Antonio Piovano in 1381, and by Philip Villani in 1401. Bologna soon imitated Florence, and for ten years Dante was explained by Benvenuto dei Rambaldi. Pisa assigned the same charge to Bartolo da Buti, in 1385. (SALVINI; *Consular Annals of the Florentine Academy*, in preface. MAZZUCHELLI: *Italian Writers*, v. II., pt. 4. MURATORI: *Writers on Italian Matters*, v. XX.)

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Vatican, our poet is depicted among the fathers of the Church. His portrait was hung in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence, as it is now found in the façade of Santa Croce. "And when," remarks Cantù, "united Italy wished to celebrate, in 1865, the sixth centenary of his birth, the bitterness which has taken possession of our revolution manifested itself by proclaiming the hostility of Dante toward the Popes and religion. But while the official mob wallowed in such mud, the best thinkers and writers of Italy declared the truth, showing us Dante, the poet, angered against Boniface VIII., the personal enemy of the Pontiff's faction and indignant because of the abuses of the Papal court—then oppressed by kings and by demagogues; but ever reverent to the keys, and devoted to the faith of which Rome is the centre and the legitimate interpreter."

We propose to cite several of the many passages of the "Comedy" which prove Dante's orthodoxy. But before doing so, we would draw the attention of the reader to some facts which explain, though they do not justify, all the virulence which the poet manifests toward certain Pontiffs. Like nearly all unappreciated and persecuted men, Dante showed his humanity in peevishness and anger. Add to this that he was an intense Ghibelline, both by philosophy and in practice. He was heartily devoted to the idea of the emperor's universal monarchy, having nothing of the modern *Italianissimo* in his composition. All who opposed the emperor were mercilessly excoriated; witness his treatment of Lombardy, Genoa, Pisa, Pistoja, and his assignment of Brutus and Cassius to the lowest hell, alongside of Judas. He could condemn an emperor only when he would not visit "his" Rome, weeping because of her master's absence. Witness his curse on Albert.[1]

[1] In his "Italiani Illustri," art. *Dante* (Milan, 1873), Cantù asks whether the divine poet had any aspirations for Italian unity, and he replies: "Yes, but after his own fashion, and in accordance with his own philosophical, theological, juridical, ethical and political principles, which he always combined. In his mind, the law of movement and the end of the universe were in the unity of the creative order, as thought St. Augustine, in whose steps walked St. Thomas, considering the two cities of God and of the world as joined on earth, but after death separated, one leading to eternal felicity, and the other to unspeakable misery. The real sources of Dante's inventions were the "City of God," the "Summa" of the Angelic Doctor, and the "Itinerarium" of St. Buenaventura, which contemplate the world coming from God in creation; returning to Him and resting in Him. Wisdom creates the world, Providence moves it, Justice completes it. The foundation of right is found in order ("Monarchy," II., 7). Even in politics there is a unity which harmonizes the various human societies and leads them to itself. The human race is regarded as one individual forming a part of the order of creation, according to which his end is the knowledge of truth. To attain this, a tranquility of mind is necessary, and, therefore, universal peace is the proximate end of human society, and an indispensable means whereby the human race may obtain its end. Peace can be procured only when there is some person who will unite men according to their divisions in nations and states; a universal monarch, who is the principle of the unity of the human race as a civil society, just as the Pope is that

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Again, Dante was a "White." The expulsion of this faction from Florence had been caused by the favor shown by Boniface VIII. to Charles of Valois; consequently Boniface was to be treated as an enemy. Finally, Dante combated not so much the pontiff-kings as he did the spirit of democracy. When he declaimed against Constantine, it was not because of the Romagna supposed to have been given to the Pope, but because of the imperial dignity which, according to the Guelphic pretensions of the poet's time, had been transferred to the Pontiff. He shows his mind in his "Monarchia," b. III., c. 10, where he reproves Constantine for leaving to the Popes the imperial power, which was one and indivisible. Again, Dante greatly extolled Charlemagne, the asserter of the Pope's temporal sovereignty; and he also exalted the countess Matilda, the most profuse of all donors of dominion to the Holy See. No, the reason for Dante's imperialism must be sought elsewhere than in hostility to the Pope's temporal patrimony. "Dante wished for reforms," says Cantù, "but he felt that they would be sterile without one supreme master over all human society, who would cause it to progress, who would draw from Christian principles their practical consequences. In the mind of Dante, the emperor should rule all kings, and, therefore, he should rule even the king of Rome; while Boniface VIII. and John XXII. claimed for themselves the imperial authority, especially when it was disputed."

He who is familiar with the writings of Dante can scarcely avoid an impression that his invectives against certain Pontiffs are prompted by his intense devotion to and his consummate respect for the chair they occupied. Sometimes, indeed, it is evident that he is actuated by party spirit; but, as a rule, he attacks only such

principle in the moral society. But earthly happiness is ordered toward eternal blessedness, the true end of society; hence the monarch ought to be subject to the Pope, as a son is to his father, and as the moon, a lesser luminary, depends on the sun, the greater luminary. There is no question, then, of an emperor according to the Ghibelline mind, but of a head unifying civil society, without violence, without interfering with the various states; one who will remove causes of disturbance and scandals; who will make the world more similar to God, by making it one; who will be above cupidity, and, therefore, a dispenser of justice to all, peoples and princes. This universal emperor is the continuator of the monarchy of the Romans, which was like a confederation of peoples preserving, under one head, their own institutions; a patronage rather than an empire ('*Patrocinium orbis terrarum potius quam imperium poterat nominari*'—*Mon.*, II., 5); and the world never was and never will be so perfectly ordered as when it was subject to the one prince and commander of the Roman people. So testifies the Evangelist St. Luke (*Conviv.*, IV., 5). Therefore, when Dante sees every Italian province at war, and even citizens of the same town in civil strife, he calls on the Roman emperor to come and restrain such ferocity, and to unify Italy in the peace of order, without any interference with the particular institutions of each province. Dante thought that such unity would ensure the greatest amount of liberty of life and movement; such unity was very different from the centralization advocated by modern mediocrities, and very far removed from the servility of the Ghibellines of his day."

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Pontiffs as he deems guilty of acts bordering, at least, on simony; only such as he regards as abusers of the excommunicating power. An Italian, he was naturally and rightly averse to a removal of the Papal residence from the legitimate seat of the Papacy. This sentiment of indignation was unshared only by those who saw no injury, no insult, to the tiara in making it an appendage to the crown of a foreign ruler. All Italian authors of that day, from the saintly Catherine of Sienna to the buoyant Petrarch, cursed the wretched blunder of Clement V., and begged the Pope-kings to return to their proper and only legitimate home. It is true that Dante locates Pope Anastasius II. in hell, because of alleged sympathy with the heresy of Photinus ("Hell," cto. xi.); but the poet erred in accepting the authority of Martin the Pole, Gratian, and others, who asserted that Anastasius restored the Eutychian, Acacius, and communicated with the Acacian, Photinus. For it is certain, according to the testimony of Evagrius (b. iii., c. 23), Nicephorus (b. xv., c. 17), and Liberatus ("Nestorian Cause," c. 18), that Acacius died before the election of Anastasius II.; and that Martin the Pole, Gratian, etc., confounded Pope Anastasius II. with the emperor of the same name, who favored Acacius, and was killed by lightning. With this one exception, Dante's invectives against certain Pontiffs came from motives which have no relation with Catholic faith.

There is scarcely a heretical doctrine which Dante does not explicitly condemn; not one does he even implicitly favor. There is not one apparently anti-Catholic passage in his writings which must not be interpreted in a Catholic sense. We would prefer to quote the Italian text, but as that is not familiar to every reader, we shall use the English version by the Protestant Cary, warning the reader that in many instances the Anglican minister very much weakens the force of the original.

I. Hearken to Dante speaking of the Roman Pontiff, "Parad.," cto. 24:

> "O everlasting light
> Of him, within whose mighty grasp our Lord
> Did leave the keys."

And in "Hell," cto. 2;

> "It seems in reason's judgment well deserv'd;
> Sith he of Rome, and of Rome's empire wide,
> In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire;
> Both which, if truth be spoken,[1] were ordain'd
> And 'stablished for the holy place, where sits
> Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds."

[1] Here Cary's Protestantism induces him to misinterpret, or at least to minimize, the poet's meaning. The text has "to tell the truth."—"*a voler dire il vero.*"

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In "Hell," cto. 19, Dante thus addresses Pope Nicholas III.:

> "*If reverence of the keys restrain'd me not,*
> Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet
> Severer speech might use."

In "Purgatory," cto. 20, he thus speaks of Sciarra Colonna's insults to Boniface VIII., much as he hated that Pontiff:

> "To hide with direr guilt
> Past ill and future, lo! the flower-de-luce
> Enters Alagna! in His vicar, Christ
> Himself a captive, and His mockery
> Acted again! Lo! to His holy lip
> The vinegar and gall once more applied!
> And He 'twixt living robbers doom'd to bleed!
> Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
> Such violence cannot fill the measure up.
> . . . . . .
> Oh, Sovran Master! when shall I rejoice
> To see the vengeance, which Thy wrath well-pleased
> In secret silence broods?"

In "Parad.," cto. 30, he thus recognizes the holy office even of Clement V., the cause of the "Babylonian Captivity":

> "Nor may it be
> That he who in the sacred forum sways
> Openly or in secret, shall with him
> Accordant walk; whom God will not endure
> I' th' holy office long."

II. "Parad.," cto. 5, Dante thus acknowledges the teaching authority of the Church:

> "Be ye more staid,
> O Christians; not, like feathers by each wind
> Removable; nor think to cleanse yourselves
> In every water. Either Testament,
> The Old and New, is yours; *and for your guide*
> *The shepherd of the Church. Let this suffice*
> *To save you.*"

And in the "Convivio," tr. iv., c. 5, Dante thus reproves heretics: "Most vile and most foolish little beasts, who presume to speak against our faith, and who wish to investigate the ordinances of God; accursed be ye, and your audacity, and all who follow ye!"

III. In "Parad.," cto. 25, he thus recognizes the necessity of good works:

> "Hope, said I,
> Is of the joy to come a sure expectance,
> Th' effect of grace divine *and merit preceding.*"

IV. In "Purg.," cto. 16, the free will of man is admitted:

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"Brother, he began, the world is blind;
And thou in truth com'st from it. Ye, who live,
Do so each cause refer to heaven above,
E'en as its motion of necessity
Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,
Free choice in you were none; nor justice would
There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill,
Your movements have their primal bent from heaven;
Not all; yet said I all; what then ensues?
Light have ye still to follow evil or good,
And of the will free power."

V. In "Purg.," cto. 13, the souls in purgatory pray to the saints:

"And when we pass'd a little forth, I heard
A crying, 'Blessed Mary! pray for us;
Michael and Peter! all ye saintly host!'"

And in "Parad.," ctos. 32 and 33, Dante represents Mary's "own faithful Bernard" as exhorting him to pray to her:

"Grace then must first be gain'd;
Her grace, whose might can help thee, then in prayer
Seek her; and with affection, whilst I sue,
Attend, and yield me all thy heart."

Then the poet pours forth his praises to the

"Virgin mother, daughter of thy Son,
Created beings all in loveliness
Surpassing, as in height, above them all;
. . . . . .
So mighty art thou, lady! and so great,
That *he who grace desireth, and comes not*
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
To fly without wings."

Seldom, indeed, has Mary's intercessory power been more lauded than in this address, and if the reader will peruse it in its entirety he will probably agree with us in regarding it as not unworthy of a place in the liturgy of the Church.

VI. In "Parad.," cto. 5, Dante thus evinces his respect for the monastic vows:

"Of what high worth the vow, which so is fram'd
That when man offers, God well-pleas'd accepts;
For in the compact between God and him,
This treasure, such as I describe it to thee,
He makes the victim, and of his own act.
. . . . . .
The matter and the substance of the vow
May well be such, to that without offence,
It may for other substances be exchang'd,
But at his own discretion none may shift
The burden on his shoulders, unreleas'd
By either key, the yellow and the white."

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Here, as in "Purg.," cto. 9, l. 118, Dante alludes to the golden key of science and the silver one of power, which the mediæval artists always placed in the hands of St. Peter. The idea, taken from the "Glossary in cap. 16 Matth.," was that, before using the absolving or dispensing power, the Pontiff should use the golden key of science to discover the true state of affairs.

VII. The whole "Purgatory" is a proof of Dante's belief in the Catholic Doctrine of a middle state of suffering for sin, and of the efficacy of prayer for the dead. But we would ask the reader's attention to the following passages. In "Hell," cto. 1, Virgil promises to consign Dante to the care of a more worthy spirit, who will lead him, after his visit to hell, to a region where he may view those

> "who dwell
> Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
> Whene'er the time may be, among the blest."

In "Purg.," cto. 26, a suffering soul begs the poet

> "say to Him
> One 'Pater Noster' for me, far as needs
> For dwellers in this world, where power to sin
> No longer tempts us."

And in cto. 11, our relations to the souls in purgatory are thus noticed:

> "Well beseems
> That we should help them wash away the stains
> They carried hence, that so, made pure and light,
> They may spring upward to the starry spheres."

VIII. Hear Dante's encomium on Sts. Francis and Dominick, the founders of the two great mendicant orders. In "Parad.," cto. 11, he says:

> "The Providence that governeth the world,
> In depth of counsel by created ken
> Unfathomable, to the end that she
> Who with loud cries was spous'd in Precious Blood,
> Might keep her footing toward the Well-Beloved,
> Safe in herself and constant unto Him,
> Hath two ordain'd, who should on either hand
> In chief escort her; one seraphic all
> In fervency; for wisdom upon earth,
> The other splendor of cherubic light.
> . . . . . .
> Forth on his great apostleship he (St. Dominick) fared;
> Like torrent bursting from a lofty vein;
> And, dashing 'gainst the stocks of heresy,
> Smote fiercest, where resistance was most stout."

Two passages, above all others, are confidently adduced as indicative of Dante's heresy. In "Hell," cto. 19, the poet addresses Pope Nicholas III. in these bitter terms:

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"Your avarice
O'ercasts the world with mourning under foot
Treading the good, and raising bad men up,
Of shepherds like to you, th' evangelist ("Apoc.," 17)
Was ware, when her, who sits upon the waves,
With kings in filthy whoredom he beheld,
She who with seven heads tower'd at her birth,
And from ten horns her proof of Glory drew,
Long as her spouse in virtue took delight."

Nevertheless, Dante acknowledges Nicholas III. as supreme pastor:

"*If reverence of the keys restrain'd me not*
Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet
Severer speech might use."

In "Purg.," cto. 33, Dante is said to exult in the coming of Luther:

"Without an heir forever shall not be
That eagle, he, who left the chariot plum'd,
Which monster made it first and next a prey.
Plainly I view, and therefore speak, the stars
E'en now approaching, whose conjunction, free
From all impediment and bar, brings on
A season in the which, one sent from God,
Five hundred, five, and ten, do mark him out,
That foul one, and the accomplice of her guilt,
The giant both shall slay."

Here Luther is supposed to be predicted in the "five hundred, five, and ten," the Roman numbers, D. V. X., forming the word *dux* (leader). And in the following passage the aspersers of Dante's name see the Roman Church in the "beast," and Luther in the *veltro*, "greyhound."

"This beast
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death;
So bad and so accursed is her kind,
That never sated in her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before.
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain, He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue, and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro."

Much as we admire Dante, we are not disposed to credit him with the gift of prophecy. "Most of our poet's interpreters," says Lombardi,[1] "hold, either as certain or as probable, that the indicated leader is the emperor Henry VII." But Lombardi himself

[1] In his *Notes* on the *Comedy*, 3d Rom. edit., 1821, p. 484.

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contends that Can Grande, Lord of Verona, is signified. And certainly the passage applies more naturally to Can Grande than to Luther. Dante shows us, in "Parad.," cto 22, that he relied on this great baron, the chosen leader of the Ghibelline league, to reform the world. Again, we know that Dante had received many favors from Can Grande, and it is quite likely that he would adopt this poetical and easy method of showing his gratitude. Finally, the indicated birthplace or residence of the leader cannot be assigned to the German friar; whereas Verona, the fief of Can Grande, was midway between Feltro of Romagna and Feltro of the Marca Trevigiana—"the land 'twixt either Feltro."

The passages above quoted are as strong as any adduced to show the heterodoxy of Dante. In fact, the only argument worthy of attention is the one based upon a supposition which is purely gratuitous; namely, that the "Comedy," like many other Italian and Provençal compositions, was conceived and executed according to a metaphorical system, in order to deceive the Inquisition. Such is the theory of Rossetti and of Aroux; and as the reader may be curious to know how it is developed, we shall show, by way of example, how the latter author interprets the interview between the poet and the spirit of the unfortunate Francesca de Rimini ("Hell," cto. 5). We must imagine Dante writing as follows, in the midst of his presumed grief for the persecution of the Waldensians of Rimini:

"How many sweet thoughts of peace and evangelical charity, how many hopes of a brighter future—'*quanti dulci pensier, quanto desio*,'—have our brethren nourished! And this has brought them to so fearful a fate—'*menò costoro al doloroso passo!*'—Oh, daughter of the valleys (*Valdese*), buried in grief, humble church so cruelly treated, thy martyrs inspire me with pity, and force me to feign orthodoxy—'*Francesca, i tuoi martiri a lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.*'—But tell me; when thou wert timidly desired by the noble hearts of Rimini—'*al tempo dei dulci sospiri*,'—how did they manifest their trembling yearnings—'*i dubbiosi desiri*,' for the religion of love? Then Francesca replies: If thou wouldst know the first germ of our love—'*la prima radice del nostro amore*,'—I, a poor Vaudoise obliged to feign orthodoxy, will tell you—'*come colui che piange e dice.*'—Thou knowest that our propaganda was effected by means of Provençal sectarian poems and romances. One day, while we were enjoying a reading—'*lettura*'—the text of which was taken from the Albigensian romance of Lancillotto, and which narrated how that knight of the Holy Grail embraced the religion of love—'*come amor lo strinse*'—we thought that no profane eyes were watching us—'*soli eravamo e senza sospetto.*'—Frequently, this teaching—'*quella lettura*'—(in French freemasonry, *instruc-*

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tion) enthralled us—'*gli occhi ci sospinse*'—and at the same time, frightened us—'*scolorocci 'l viso*'; but one passage of that book triumphed over our hesitation—'*un punto fu quel che ci vinse.*'"—

When we read how the lover of the faith gave her the kiss of fraternity, and in exchange received from her the "consolation" (*consolamentum*)—"*il disiato riso esser bacciata da cotanto amante*"[1]—"Then this people of Rimini—'*cotanto amante*'—kissed me on the lips, adored me, and received from me the 'consolation,' although trembling for fear of Rome—'*la bocca mi baccio tutto tremante.*"

Let the reader compare this paraphrase with the original. Undoubtedly he will proclaim it ingenious, but just as surely will he deem it far-fetched and unwarranted. The strain to which the inventor subjected himself is evident in his work as a whole, and in every detail; its utter gratuitousness, its natural belonging to its native region of the "perhaps," is shown by an absolute and ever persistent absence of anything approximating to proof. Rossetti exercises his imaginative faculties over a larger field than that of Aroux; he devotes five volumes to convince us that the mediæval Italian poets were not at all erotic; that they were constantly engaged in manifestations of supernal truths—that their Beatrices,

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[1] Speaking of the Waldensian Cathari, Aroux says that, in times of persecution this ceremony of consolation, "the most imposing in their ritual, was performed at night, and with great mystery. Numerous lighted torches symbolized the baptism of fire. The assembly was arranged in a circle (the perfect figure), and around a table covered with a white cloth, and serving as an altar (VAISETTE: *Proofs*, III., 224, 387). *The brethren assemble around the altar, and form a circle, leaving a space for the most excellent master* (*Light on Masonry*, 116). The minister, placed in the centre, gave to the neophyte the doctrinal instruction, blessing him thrice (as did St. Peter to Dante—*tre volte cinse*), and receiving from the new brother a promise of fidelity to the rules of the Cathari—an engagement similar to that of the Masons. Among other obligations, he bound himself never to sleep 'without shirt and drawers'—*sine camicia et bracis*, as did the Templars, and to be ever accompanied by his companion—*socius* (MARTENE, *New Anecd.*, F., 1776; *Arch. Inq. Carcass.*, 1243, Dt. 22, f. 110 a). The minister then gave the brother the Gospels to kiss, and invoked upon him the Paraclete. Then all the brethren recited the Lord's Prayer, and the service ended with the reading of the first seventeen verses of the Gospel of St. John,—a reading reproduced in certain degrees of Masonry. In token of his initiation, the brother received a linen or woolen cloth for a garment, 'to be worn over the shirt' (*Lib. Sent. Inq. Tolos.*, 247). Women wore a cord under the breasts (*Arch. Inq. Tolos*, 1273, Dt. 25, f. 60 a). It is remarkable that, in our day, the Masonic apprentice is introduced into the lodge of reception with one foot bare and the other sandaled, with a cord around the neck (*Light on Masonry*, 8), and the Mark Master wears the cord in four coils around his body (*Ibid.*, 96). The new Perfect received on his lips the 'kiss of fraternity,' and it was then passed around. The perfect ones, men and women, called each other brothers and sisters; Dante uses these terms, and with *frate* and *suora* instead of *fratello* and *sorella* (and so could any Italian, without incurring the suspicion of Catharism). All these ritualistic usages are perpetuated in Masonry, and are found in the *Comedy* with the most minute details."—*Proofs of the Heresy of Dante, drawn from the fusion, about* 1311, *between Albigensian Masonry, the Templars, and the Ghibellines*; Paris, 1857.

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Lauras, etc., were not flesh and blood women, but symbols of a free and pure Church, unencumbered by the errors of Rome. But, says Cantù, "without descending to particulars, the slightest notion of æsthetics would cause one to reject a system which would make of poetry an allusion, not an inspiration; which would celebrate persons and charms which had no reality. And to what purpose? The multitude, for whom poetry is written, would not understand it; only the initiated would appreciate such allegories, and they are supposed to have already received a revelation of the mystery. And if they so carefully disguised their hatred of Rome, why did they afterwards burst into open invectives? It is very well to say that Dante calls upon sound intellects to admire the doctrines hidden under the veil of his verses, but why proclaim the allusions if they were to remain a secret? And if he dared not declare the truth, how could he boast of a voice which "reached the highest summits," and vaunt himself as "no timid friend of truth;" how could he hope, thereby, to be famous in the minds of those who would look upon his times as ancient? Would he not merit rather a place among the "ill spirits both to God displeasing and to His foes," or among the hypocrites who are "in the Church with saints, with gluttons at the tavern's mess?"[1]

[1] In the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, 1836, p. 400, vol. vii., series 4, Schlegel remarks: "The Middle Age had a great taste for allegory. It was manifested in painting, and dramatic poetry commenced with allegory. The personification of a general or abstract idea has nothing equivocal; but in poetry, despite its clearness, it is always somewhat cold. In order that an ideal being may appear real, it must assume individual traits. . . . . Dante, in his personification, so combined the ideal and individual character that they cannot be separated. It is the natural man who travels through the three regions where souls dwell; but it is also the poet Dante Alighieri, with all his biographical peculiarities. Virgil represents reason, unenlightened by revelation, but yet he is the Latin poet whom the Middle Ages revered as a great sage. Beatrice represents the science of divinity, but she is the same Beatrice Portinari whose chaste beauty made so profound an impression on Dante's youthful heart. Is there anything unlikely in this combination? The beautiful is a reflection of the divine perfections in the visible world, and, according to Platonic fiction, a pure admiration moves the wings of the soul toward the heavenly regions." Probably no modern author was better constituted, both by nature and by study, to appreciate Dante than Silvio Pellico. In one of his unedited poems, cited by Pianciani (*Ragionamenti*, 1840), and called *La Morte di Dante*, he says: "I have never been able to understand why Dante, simply because a few of his magnificent verses are animated by an angry spirit, appears to anti-Catholics to be one of their coryphees; that is, to be an enraged philosopher, not believing in Roman Christianity, or, at least, professing another faith. If the poem of the Florentine is read in good faith, and without party spirit, it will show that he was a thinker who was an enemy to schism and heresy, and submissive to all Catholic teachings."

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THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Christanus es, in fronte portas signum Christi.

EVERY society or body of men, if at all numerous or important, possesses some distinctive sign. This sign may be known only to the members of the body, as is the case with Freemasons, or it may be manifest to all, as is the tonsure of the priest; it may consist in some peculiarity of dress, some badge to be worn, some act to be performed; but whether hidden or apparent, material or immaterial, there is always something to distinguish the member of a society from his fellow-men. The sign of the cross always has been, and ever will be, the special mark of the followers of Christ. As circumcision was amongst the Jews the exterior mark of the chosen people of God, so under the Gospel the sign of the cross is the exterior mark of the Christian people. We find it prefigured in the Old Testament by the sprinkling of blood on the transom and posts of the doors of the dwellings whereinto, on the Paschal night, the destroyer was not to enter; and, still more clearly, in the letter *Thau*, T, one form of the cross, which Ezekiel was to mark on the foreheads of the men who mourned over the abominations committed in their city. Some of the fathers are of opinion that our Lord gave this sign on His ascension to the apostles, and that they taught the people everywhere to use it; at any rate, there is abundant proof that from the very earliest ages of the Church, while the symbol of our salvation was an emblem of obloquy, an object of contempt and aversion to mankind in general, and long before the cross, either carved or painted, *crux exemplata*, found a place on the walls of every Christian house, the sign of the cross, made with the hand, *crux usualis*, was employed by the members of the Church to denote that they were Christians, and distinguished them from the Jews and heathen amongst whom they lived and with whom they mingled. St. Epiphanius, speaking of a woman who was subjected to some vain enchantments, says: "She, being a Christian, crossed herself in the name of Christ" (Haer. 30). "If man does ask a catechumen," says St. Augustine (Tract ii. in Joan.), "Does man believe in Christ? he replies, 'I believe in Him,' and makes the sign of the cross." And in another place (Serm. 53, De Verbo Dei): "We recognize the members of Christ because they bear the sign of Christ." The phrase, *portare crucem in fronte*, recurs frequently in the writings of

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the early Christian apologists and fathers, and in some cases received a literal interpretation, for in the days of persecution those Christians who were condemned to work in the mines had a cross stamped on their foreheads.[1] A custom seems, too, to have existed at one time in the East of branding Christian children on the forehead, in order that they might be recognized if carried away into captivity.

The sign of the cross was originally made with the thumb of the right hand on the forehead only, or on the forehead, lips and breast. On the forehead, because it is not only the noblest part of the human frame, the seat of the intellect, but also because it is the most conspicuous. There a man's character is said to be inscribed, and there the flush of shame, the fear of disgrace first writes itself. What place, then, more fitting for that sign which proclaims that he is not ashamed to confess Christ crucified, which seals His dedication to God in the Christian church? "He placed his sign on my forehead," says St. Agnes, speaking of her celestial Spouse, "that I should admit no other lover." "Have Christ in your hearts and His mark upon your foreheads," was a Christian proverb. The act of crossing oneself was accompanied by an invocation of the three persons of the Holy Trinity, either severally or together, or of the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; by the words, *adjutorium nostrum*, etc., or some formula of renunciation of evil: "I renounce thee, O Satan, and thy pomp and service, and I enrol myself as thine, O Christ. As thou sayest this make the sign of the cross on thy forehead" (Chrysostom, or. 21 ad pop. Antioch.). It was made with the right hand, as being the worthier and more honorable, at first with one finger only, and later, when this method became unorthodox, owing to the monophysites and other heretics quoting it in support of their doctrine of the single nature of Christ, with the whole hand, to signify, as Durandus suggests, the five wounds of our Lord; or with three fingers, in reference to the Holy Trinity; or with two, to denote the twofold nature of the God made man. About the eighth century the primitive manner of making the cross was supplanted by the more elaborate one of raising the hand to the forehead, lowering it to the breast, and passing it first to the left shoulder and then to the right. The movement from the head to the breast signifies the descent of Christ from the height of heaven to the Virgin's womb; from

[1] In the Dict. des Antiquités Chrétiennes, Martigny mentions a painting on glass, the bottom of a drinking vessel, found in the catacombs, bearing the inscription, *libernica*, and the bust of a young man on whose brow a Greek cross is imprinted. This is explained as perhaps intended to indicate his sanctity, the mark of the Lamb on his forehead; but most probably it is to betoken him as one of those who were sentenced *ad metalla*.

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right to left shows how the Son of God removes us from the goats on the left to the sheep on the right, from the kingdom of death to life eternal; we finish on the breast to signify that the cross and the Crucified are to be always in our heart.[1] "It is on our brow that we may confess Christ, on our heart that we may love Him, on our arm that we may work for Him," says St. Ambrose (Lib. de Isaac et Anima, 8). The Greeks taught that the hand should be passed from right to left, because the Son is seated at the right hand of the Father, and the Holy Ghost on the left; but this manner of making the cross was condemned by Innocent III., who expressly prescribed that the cross in the Mass should be made from left to right, and this practice has since been followed in the Latin Church.

But the sign of the cross in the early days of Christianity was by no means regarded as a profession of faith alone, otherwise it would have fallen into disuse when the Pagan empire was overthrown and all nations became Christian; and the Puritans might have been justified when, on separating themselves from the Church, they abolished the use of this sign, urging the altered circumstances of the times, and comparing it to the brazen serpent destroyed by Hezekiah's command. On the contrary, we find that the faithful were exhorted to employ it as a defence in danger, an encouragement in suffering, a remedy in sickness; above all, as a means of stilling unholy passions and resisting sinful desires. "The flesh is signed that the soul may be fenced," writes Tertullian. And St. Cyril: "We make the sign of the cross to recall all that is good and virtuous." The sign of the cross was the habitual accompaniment of the Christian's daily life, no action being considered too ordinary or too oft-recurring to be preceded and followed by it. Not only did they cross themselves on forehead, eyes, lips and breast, on rising up and lying down, on going out and coming in, but they made the same holy sign on the garments they wore, the food they ate, the cup from which they drank, the couch on which they rested, the instruments and implements of their toil or handicraft. The works of the Christian writers of the first five centuries abound with passages showing how constant and widespread was its use. "We ought, on rising, to give thanks to God, and perform all our daily work with the sign of the cross," says St. Ambrose (Serm. 43). "And St. Jerome: "Whatever thou doest, wherever thou goest, let thy hand make the sign of the cross" (ad Eustoch. Ep. 22). "Before undertaking any work, at every step or movement, when we go in or out, when we dress or put on our shoes, at the bath, at the table, when lights are brought, when we go to bed,

[1] Gretser, De Cruce, l. 4, c. 5.

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when we sit down, whatever it is that occupies us, we mark our forehead with the sign of the cross" (Tertullian, de. Cor. Mil.). Some superstitious custom seems to have been connected with putting on the shoes, which the sign of the cross was to replace, as at the commencement of meals it was substituted for the idolatrous usages of the heathens, who placed their gods before them at table. St. Augustine asserts that the sign of the cross is referred to by St. Paul, when, writing to Timothy, he says that every creature is to be sanctified by the Word of God and prayer; at any rate, it was the ordinary method whereby objects that had been employed for idolatrous purposes were purified, and meats offered to idols rendered fit for the food of the faithful.

And if every action, even the least and most trivial, was thus to be sanctified, how much more must the Christian have recourse to this sacred sign under exceptional circumstances of trial and temptation, on special occasions of danger and difficulty. If anything important was to be said, the speaker crossed himself before commencing his discourse. If the Christian heard words of blasphemy uttered, he smote his breast and made the sign of the cross, as when alarmed by tempests or any sudden peril. It was made over the sick to alleviate their sufferings, and again when the hour of death drew near. St. Jerome says of St. Paula, that when the sign of the cross was made on her breast, her pains seemed to abate. It formed the affectionate farewell of friends when parting for a lengthened period, or on any solemn occasion, a custom the memory of which still lingers in the German farewell salutations: "Behüt' dich das heilige Kreuz"; "Gesegne dich Gott." Soldiers, going to battle, crossed themselves when the trumpet sounded for the fight, to show that they trusted less in the strength of the sword than in the name of Christ. The martyrs crossed themselves in the presence of their judges, when asked if they were Christians; again, in the hands of their executioners they crossed themselves, this proving in many instances the means of delivering them from injury. We read in the "Martyrology" that St. Tiburtius (20 Jan.), after making the sign of the cross, walked unhurt over burning coals. St. Vitus (15 June), being thrown into a fiery furnace, came out uninjured, having made the sign of the cross; and when exposed to a raging lion, he tamed him with the same holy sign, so that the fierce animal licked his feet. Of St. Tecla (23 Sept.) it is said that, when thrown upon the fire, she made the sign of the cross, and a violent downpour of rain extinguished the flames. The acts of the saints furnish innumerable examples illustrating the piety wherewith the early Christians made the sign of the cross, the confidence they reposed in it, the wonders that were worked by it. By means of it St. Julian (9 Jan.) deprived poison

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of its deadly power, and St. Remigius (13 Jan.) arrested a vast conflagration in the city of Rheims. St. Mary of Egypt (8 April), on making the sign of the cross, was able to traverse the Jordan, walking over its stormy waters in order to receive the Holy Eucharist from the hands of Zozimus. St. Procopius (8 July) made the sign of the cross before the statues of certain heathen deities, and they were cast out and broken in pieces without human hands. St. Benignus (1 Nov.), in the same way, caused the wood and stones and vessels prepared for offering sacrifice to idols to vanish into smoke. In like manner St. Amandus (6 Feb.) put to flight a monstrous serpent, and banished it from the isle it infested. He also, by the sign of the cross, restored sight to a woman struck blind for adoring idols. Pope Cœlestine (10 May) thus healed a woman paralyzed in both hands, and John, Archbishop of York, made a dumb man to speak by making the sign of the cross on his tongue. And as the powers of nature were dominated by the virtue of this holy sign, in like manner evil spirits were unable to resist it. "The devils cannot approach to them on whom they see this heavenly mark," writes Lactantius (Inst. l. 4, c. 27), "nor can they hurt those whom this heavenly sign, as an impregnable fortress, defends." It was thus the monks of the desert used to put the devil to flight when he appeared to tempt them under various forms, as man or brute, fawn or satyr. "Let him who wishes for proof," says St. Athanasius (De Incarn. Verbi Dei, c. 48), "use the sign of the cross, and he will see how the demons are put to flight by it, how the oracles cease, and all magic and witchcraft are brought to naught." It was also the usual form of exorcism; St. Theodoret, the Archimandrite, is said thus to have expelled an unclean spirit from a boy who was possessed (22 April). Even when employed by unbelievers and those who are opposed to the Christian religion, the cross was not without effect on the powers of evil, as was seen in the case of Julian the Apostate, Josephus, and other Jews of whom Theodoret and St. Gregory Nazianzen speak. This fact, as well as that of its use being recommended on all occasions, is brought forward by Gretser (De Cruce, l. 4) as proof that the cross has power *ex opere operato;* he admits, however, that the effect of the sign is enhanced by the piety and virtue of the user, and the name of Christ more powerful when invoked with the heart as well as the lips.

Many passages might be quoted from the pages of early writers to show that from the first the sign of the cross was, as it still is, a marked feature of Christian worship, both in the general devotions and, preëminently, in the administration of the sacraments. By this sign of the Lord's person, the body of Christ is consecrated, the fount of baptism sanctified, priests are initiated, the

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other orders conferred, churches dedicated, and altars consecrated. It was considered as an essential part of the sacraments: "Unless the sign of the cross is made either on the foreheads of the faithful, or on the water wherewith they are regenerated, or on the oil with which they are anointed, or on the sacrifice with which they are nourished, none of these things are duly performed," is the dictum of St. Augustine (Hom. 118, in Joan.). St. Cyprian, speaking of baptism, says: "Whoever may be the minister of the sacrament, of whatever sort may be the hands that immerse the candidates, by whatever lips the words are uttered, it is the authoritative sign of the cross which works the effect." (De Pass. Christi.) It was the token of admission into the Church, the giving up of the catechumen to Christ, the sign and seal of passing from the state of sin to the state of grace. In baptizing, the priest first made a cross upon the catechumen's forehead, and, after the renunciation was pronounced, on his breast and head also, with olive oil, using the words: "Take the sign of the cross, both on forehead and breast;" for the heart of man, being the seat of error and vices when possessed by the devil, is made the abode of faith, hope, and charity when illumined and defended by Christ.[1] The original form of words varies according to the different rites, likewise the number of times the cross was to be made. In the Cologne rite it was repeated as many as seven times, on different parts of the person, each sign having its special signification: on the head of the catechumen, to show that he adopts the faith of Christ; on his ears, that he may hear the divine command; his eyes, that he may see the light of God; his nostrils, that he may perceive the sweet odor of Christ; his mouth, that he may speak the words of life; his heart, that he may believe in God; and his shoulders, that he may take Christ's yoke upon him.[2] Immediately after the immersion, the neophyte was again anointed with consecrated oil on the forehead by the bishop, if it was possible for him to be present. This was the sacrament of confirmation. Gregory of Tours tells how Clodovic was baptized and then anointed with sacred chrism with the sign of the cross of Christ. The ancient formula of confirmation was: Take the sign of Christ to eternal life; or: In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. But this varied, until Pope Eugene IV. (1439) fixed the formula since in use throughout the whole Church.

In the ordination of priests, the laying on of hands was in the form of the cross, not merely *consignatio*, but *consignatio cruciformis*

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[1] See Augusti, Denkwürdigkeiten, v. 7, p. 295-7. Also, Martene, De Ant. Eccl. Rit. 4, l. art. 13.

[2] Binterim, Denkwürdigkeiten, v. l. p. 22.

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(Dion. Areop. de Hier. Eccl., c. 5), to express that the priest is to imitate the life of Christ. The sacred vestments are also blessed with the sign of the cross. When, towards the end of the first century, the Church's blessing first became an adjunct to the nuptials of her children, the union of man and wife was sealed and sanctified by the same sign, in consequence of which St. Andrew Cretensis calls the cross *conjugii vinculum*, the bond of wedlock. It is also sometimes termed the sign of blessing, because the benediction, given to the people in the time of the Patriarchs with outstretched hands, under the new dispensation is given with the sign of the cross. Penance and extreme unction, also, like the other sacraments, are nothing unless accompanied by the sign of the cross, because the reconciliation of the sinner cannot be effected without it.

There still remains to speak of the use of the sign of the cross in the sacrifice of the Mass, which is both ancient and universal. The officiating priest crosses himself repeatedly, as well as the book, the altar, the offerings and oblations, and the people when he gives the benediction at the close. The different revisals of the "Ordo Romanus" decree differently as to the number of times of making the sign. The first mentions the cross to be made on the forehead at commencing, as well as three times over the elements at the consecration, as ordered by the Apostolical Constitutions. According to the Roman Missal now in use, the cross is to be made fifty-five times in the celebration of High Mass. In the liturgy of St. Mark it appears that the cross was made in the Creed at *Et incarnatus est*, at *crucifixus etiam pro nobis*, and again at *in spiritum sanctum;* and in that of St. James it was made by the priest over the elements at the *Sanctus*. From old records we learn that it was formerly, in some places, the custom for the deacon or priest, when about to commence the Gospel, to cross himself on forehead, lips, and breast, and for the people, standing up to show respect to the word of God, to do the same as a profession of faith. Gretser[1] says that it is related of St. Martin that when he made the sign of the cross in the prayer of consecration, his whole arm and hand shone with light to show the divinity of the act, which has also been attested by many other miracles.

That the sign of the cross should be employed in the celebration of Mass, to bless the unconsecrated bread and wine, occasions no surprise, accustomed as we are to its use in Christian ceremonial as a means of sanctification; but the reason why it should be employed subsequent to the consecration, when the elements have become the Most Holy Body and Blood of Christ, is less obvious,

[1] De Cruce, l. 4, c. 16.

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since it would be absurd to suppose that any added sanctity could be conferred upon the Sacred Host by the blessing of the Priest. What, then, is the meaning of the sign of the cross when employed after the consecration? Bishop Hefele enumerates several explanations which have been suggested,[1] neither of which taken singly, however, does he consider as satisfactory when applied to all the occasions when the sign of the cross is made over the consecrated elements. The first is that of St. Thomas, who says that it is to commemorate the power of the cross and the form of Christ's passion, to signify, that is, the blessing that flows to us from them. This explanation holds good in regard to the first seven times that the cross is made by the Priest subsequent to the consecration, namely, the five in accompaniment of the words: *hostiam puram, hostiam sanctam, hostiam immaculatam, panem sanctum vitæ æternæ, et calicem salutis perpetuæ;* and the two later on at the words: *Ut quotquot ex hac altaris participatione sacrosanctum Filii tui corpus et sanguinem sumpserimus.* A second explanation is that the sign of the cross was originally made to bless the eulogia, or blessed bread placed upon the altar, and then given to the faithful who did not receive communion, the sign still remaining though the eulogia are abolished. This applies to the crosses at the words: *Per quem hæc omnia, Domine, semper bona creas, sanctificas, vivificas, benedicis et præstas nobis.* A third explanation is founded on the general custom of making the sign of the cross on naming the Persons of the Holy Trinity; and here we have the reason why it is made at the words: *Per ipsum, et cum ipso, et in ipso,* etc. The three first times it is made with the host over the chalice, because Christ is present in both. The cross thrice repeated at the words: *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum,* may be explained in much the same manner as those immediately after the consecration, as signifying the blessing accruing to the faithful from the passion of Christ. A fourth suggestion, taken from Kössing's work on the Mass, quoted by Bishop Hefele, but acknowledged by him to be insufficient to account for the use of the sign of the cross in the celebration of the holy sacrifice on all occasions, is that it is intended to express the identity of the victim offered upon the altar with the one who suffered upon the cross. Other and more mystic significations have also been given, but these may be regarded rather as a pious afterthought than the real reasons why the use of the sign of the cross was decreed in the liturgy of the Mass.

When the "mummeries of the Mass" and the other ceremonies of the Church, authorized by tradition, confirmed by custom, observed by faith, were swept away at the "Reformation," the sign of the

[1] Beiträge, vol. ii. p. 286.

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cross, too, was abolished as being of human, not divine, ordinance. Not wholly abolished, however, for, strangely enough, the Lutherans retained it in the consecration of the bread and wine as well as the giving of peace at the close of the Communion service; the Episcopalians also, in England, thought fit to retain its use in the baptismal, though not in the Communion service, thereby giving great offense to Puritan zealots, as Hooker testifies.[1] "To some," he says, "it hath seemed almost an unpardonable oversight to retain the dangerous sign of the cross. To sign children's heads with the cross in token that they shall not hereafter be ashamed to make profession of the faith of Christ, is to bring into the Church a new word, whereas there ought to be no doctor heard in the Church but our Saviour Christ. . . . . For although it be the word of God that we should not be ashamed of the Cross of Christ, yet it is not the word of God that we should be kept in remembrance of it by two lines drawn across each other on the child's forehead." Hooker himself is ready to acknowledge the good and profitable use of this ceremony, and maintains that "we are by no means bound to relinquish the sign and ceremony of the cross as superstitious."

Those who rashly refuse to sign themselves with the sign of Christ, in their folly fail to see that the Scriptures, on which they profess to rest their beliefs, repeatedly describe those as marked of God on the forehead whom His mercy will preserve from final confusion and shame; with what are they marked, but with the sign of the cross? Furthermore, in the last great persecution of the Church foretold in the Apocalypse, this sacred sign will be the mark which will be opposed to the mark of the heart, and will distinguish the followers of Christ from the followers of Antichrist. For, as we are distinctly told, that last and greatest enemy of the Christian Faith will also have his sign whereby his adorers may be known, a character which he will imprint in their right hand, or on their forehead, wherewith he will seek to obliterate the memory of the cross, to abolish the sign of the cross, and finally prevent its use.

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[1] Eccl. Polity, 5, 65.

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THE LAST IRISH STRUGGLE.

THE last struggle for Irish liberty is taking place at this hour on the soil of Ireland. Nobody on either side doubts this. The Tories themselves know that it is their last chance. If they do not succeed, then the return of Mr. Gladstone to power is inevitable; and the return of Mr. Gladstone means the immediate concession of Home Rule. Even if that great statesman were not as deeply committed to Home Rule as he is, even if his never tarnished honor were to be dishonored by an abandonment of the Home Rule platform, Home Rule would still be inevitable. The English people will not endure the continual distraction of their country, the cessation of all their business, the demoralization of their Parliament, and the scorn of the whole civilized world for another period of five years; and altogether, irrespective of the rivalries and the claims of politicians, there will certainly rise from the many-throated democracy, before long, a hoarse, imperative, angry roar that Ireland must be got out of the way. It is this that largely accounts for the desperation of the efforts put forward on the side of the Ministry. On the other hand, the Irish people and the Irish leaders are sensible of the vast consequence of the struggle. They feel that if a Tory government were able to show that coercion could conquer Ireland and govern Irishmen, the policy of coercion might endure for some years; and even a few years may bring any number of those mishaps which have dogged Irish effort throughout all the centuries.

For these and many other reasons, there is infinite interest in the battle that is now being fought out in Ireland. The whole world feels the intensity of the interest. In spite of the fact that Ireland has been the beginning and the end of everything for the last ten years or more, the English journals devote the largest amount of their space still to Irish affairs. The *Times* publishes every day columns of verbatim reports of Irish trials, the cross-examination of a policeman or an informer, the speeches even of Irish barristers,—things that practical journalists know are rarely given more than a few lines in the crowded columns of newspapers,—all find as much space in the leading London organs as if they were sensational murders or highly scandalous divorce cases. Nearly every one of the London journals, too, is represented in Ireland by special correspondents who send elaborate and more or less accurate descriptions of everything in Irish life. Even Irish scenery is, almost for the first time,

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beginning to have charms for English eyes, and the London reporter is laboriously describing for the London public those sights and sounds in Ireland that have been familiar to Irish eyes and Irish ears for centuries. The same thing is true of political addresses. Going down to a contested election a short time ago, we asked the local "wirepuller" what was the subject upon which the people would most desire to hear a speech. We had begun by this time to think that Ireland would have almost stunk in the nostrils of English audiences by the annoying iteration of the theme, and our inclination was to speak to them of some of their own grievances and some of the reforms which they themselves demanded. The reply of the electioneerer was that Ireland was what the people wanted to hear about. It was the first question, the great question, the only question, he said. Such a strain, of course, upon the attention and passions of a democracy it is impossible to keep up for a long time, and this monopoly of speaking and writing on the Irish question at the present hour is one of the many factors which will produce the urgent demand for immediate settlement to which we have already alluded. The present struggle is engaging, apart from the tragic Irish interests involved, from the light it throws upon the English character. Many times already in the columns of this REVIEW we have ventured upon a forecast of what course the English people would take when the Irish question was brought before them by one of their own statesmen. The strongest factor, we have always thought, in favor of the conquest of English opinion was the absolute ignorance of the English people upon the tragic story of Ireland's wrongs. The speeches of Mr. Gladstone and other Liberal leaders have come upon the English people not as a repetition of a wornout and too familiar theme, but as a revelation of a new world of fact and suffering and wrong. This accounts for the extraordinary responsiveness, especially of the English masses, to Mr. Gladstone's appeals. After all, the English people were at bottom generous and inclined to do right; and they do wrong, at least in the present age, rather from blundering incapacity, imperfect appreciation, or profound ignorance, than from malice. The whole history of the English people, at least in the present century, is one of quick and almost effusive reconciliation with enemies they once hated and once fought. Indeed, in all there is a tendency to proportion the bitterness of our repentance according to our sense of bitterness for wrong we have done. It is a noble form of reaction in which the human soul everywhere abounds. One has seen many instances of this in recent English history. To take one recent instance: The very people that applauded for awhile the disastrous enterprise which broke up the kingdom of Cetewayo, were ready a year or two afterwards to lionize that monarch when he came to

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London. There is something of the same kind of feeling in the English mind at the present moment towards the Irish people, and even still more towards the Irish members. There has been no public man of his time who has passed through such fierce hurricanes of personal attack as has Mr. Parnell. For years he was perhaps the man whom the English people most hated. We well remember the time when, sitting beside him, we passed through the streets of Manchester amid a tempest of howls from English lips. All this has been completely changed, and at the present moment there is no politician who has a greater hold upon the respect of the English people than Mr. Parnell. In the elections of 1885 he received enthusiastic receptions wherever he went, and now the mention of his name at public meetings is certain to evoke the heartiest cheers. The same thing takes place with regard to the rank and file of his party. Indeed, the position of the Irish members at the present moment in English politics is one of the most eccentric of modern political phenomena. Mr. Parnell had reason, some months ago, to establish an agency, the sole purpose of which is to receive and consider applications from English constituencies and Liberal organizations for Irish members, and the applications are at least quadruple the possibilities of supply. Even where an English meeting is able to obtain the services of a Cabinet Minister, a peer, or a great law officer like Sir Charles Russell, there is still the same cry for the Irish Nationalist. It has been confessed by English politicians themselves who are the most bitter enemies of Irish claims, that the by-elections which have gone so badly against the Union Ministry have been mainly won through the speeches or the appearance on English platforms of members of Mr. Parnell's party. This, of course, is made the more remarkable from the fact that in the present year the deadliest attack was made upon them to which they have been subjected during the storms of the decade which is drawing to its close. Even at this hour the *Times* newspaper has the boldness to still advertise its villanous articles in which the Irish members were accused of being the accomplices of assassins, and which contain the clumsy forgery connecting Mr. Parnell with the Phœnix Park murders. But so far as these things have had any effect, undoubtedly it has been only to make Mr. Parnell and his followers still more popular than they were before. The demand for their presence is on the increase every day, and if Mr. Parnell had eighty-six orators in his party, there is not one of them who would not find ten times more work than any one politician could do. To sum it all up, the Irish Nationalist is the English lion of the present political hour.

The sympathy with the cause of Mr. Gladstone and of Ireland

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has caught even classes that might be expected to be hostile or at least indifferent. Everybody knows how keenly the Dissenting sects of England, and still more of Scotland, resent the claims of the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone has no followers more united, more active, than the Dissenting clergymen. At this moment, indeed, there is scarcely a Nonconformist clergyman of eminence that is not on the side of Home Rule. Mr. Spurgeon is silent, and probably neutral; Mr. Chamberlain still keeps on his side the clergyman at whose chapel he and his family worship; but, with one or two exceptions like these, the Dissenting churches are, to a man, in favor of Home Rule. Even among the clergy of the Establishment Home Rule has its adherents, and if they be comparatively few in number, they are at least fervent in spirit. At a visit to Cambridge University, the other day, we met a young curate of the Church, who lived down in a remote part of Cornwall where the enemies of Irish rights are especially powerful. When we mentioned Home Rule to him, his whole face was lit up with the enthusiasm of faith, and he declared that Home Rule with him was part of his religion. It is right to dwell upon the strength of Mr. Gladstone among the Dissenters, and especially among their clergymen, because it was the apprehension of Dissenting clergymen and laymen of importance that largely led to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's first appeal to the English constituencies. They were the abstentionists, whose absence from the polls enabled the Tories to win seats in London and the populous centres where, at the election of 1885, the Liberals had been returned by large majorities. The days of Liberal abstention are past. Whenever the next appeal comes to the English constituencies, the Liberal party will vote solidly, and its solid vote will be given for Home Rule. As to the working-classes, they remain where they were, or rather their feelings are rising higher every day. With a keenness of instinct that seems to belong to democracies, they saw in the Irish struggle its influence upon their own struggle for their own rights. The follies of the present administration have done much to increase this feeling. The cynic brutality with which the renegade Home Ruler, who is now Home Secretary, treated the destruction of a poor workwoman's reputation, the domiciliary visits of the police to English homes and English meetings, have developed the feeling that the present Government is an enemy of the people, both English and Irish. The scenes enacted in Ireland, to which I shall have to allude more largely by-and-by, have stirred the bitter and passionate resentment of wrong, which is stronger among toilers than any other class of a community, and to-day it is true to say that the policy of the Gov-

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ernment and its members is almost as detestable to vast masses of English artisans as to the evicted tenants of Ireland.

The story of the by-elections is already well known in America. They all tell the same tale. The Liberal party has not only recovered the abstentionists, but it has caught that shifting ballast of not particularly strong politicians that usually turn elections. Even North Huntingdon, which the Tories won, speaks as vehemently as Spalding of the enormous advance of Mr. Gladstone's power. Of course, it would have been better to have won it; but, next to a good victory comes a good fight, and to reduce the Tory majority from what it was in 1885, when there was no division in the Liberal party, to bring them close to a defeat in a constituency where a Tory family had occupied the seat for a century, was an extraordinary result. Within the last few weeks several incidents have happened which show the anxiety of the Tories, and, indeed, their sense that the case has gone against them in the constituencies.

Your readers are familiar with the odious scandal which has filled the columns of the English and American press for some days. There is no doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, Col. Hughes-Hallet would have been called upon by his own party to immediately retire from the seat. Even such palliation of his offence as is involved in not pressing him to withdraw from Parliament, must seriously damage the party of which he is a member and the Government of which he is a supporter. In the face of these facts, the Tory authorities, both at headquarters and in the constituency of Rochester which he represents, have used all their influence to induce him to retain his seat; and a man who would not find his way probably into any club in London, whose presence in the drawing-room would threaten the immediate withdrawal of every other guest, and who, in fact, has already notified them that he intends to escape from the odium of his own acquaintances by withdrawing to the Continent, is still retained as a member of the highest assembly in the country. The meaning of this, of course, is, that the Tories fear the effect of another appeal to the constituents, and believe that if such an appeal took place, it would result in the return of a supporter of Mr. Gladstone. Similar tactics have been employed with regard to the constituency of Deptford. Mr. Evelyn, its present representative, is a Tory—but he is a Tory with a conscience, and he pledged himself against coercion before he was elected. He did so with the knowledge, and even at the instance, of the Tory leaders, and he now finds himself between the awkward alternatives of breaking his word or disobeying his party. He also has been anxious for months to wash his hands of responsibility for crimes and follies which both his sense and his heart condemn, and he has been unable to do so.

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The fear of the return of a Liberal has induced his political friends almost to compel his continuance in Parliament. Any chance, indeed, of allowing the people to declare their opinion is dreaded by the Tories, and this dread speaks as eloquently as an electoral victory of what is the prevalent feeling of the majority of the English people at the present moment.

There are many things to account for this undeniable change in public opinion. It is notorious that the Tories and Liberal Unionists alike pledged themselves in language the most positive against coercion at the last general election. Their promises, in this respect, are more important, not merely as showing their own dishonesty, but as forecasting their sense of the opinions and tendencies of the English people. They would not have pledged themselves against coercion if they had not the feeling that coercion was a policy which the English nation would not stand, and they have proved to be correct prophets. We now have a policy of coercion, and it is pretty plain that the English people do not intend to stand it. But the fact remains that the Tories have violated their pledges, and this has assuredly led to a strong sentiment of disgust and disappointment in the English constituencies. The idea among many people—especially among people who combined a certain kindliness of feeling with a certain muddle-headedness—that Mr. Gladstone had gone unnecessarily far, that this was a case for a compromise, and that Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington, between them, might be expected to elaborate a scheme which would give the Irish all they had a right to get and at the same time not break up the unity of the country. This was the kind of thing that was promised in nearly every Tory speech. No statement of Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstonians was more strenuously denied by the Tories and the Unionists than the statement that between such Home Rule as Mr. Gladstone proposed, on the one side, and coercion on the other, there was no middle path. The middle path was promised effusively and vehemently, though, of course, a little vaguely. Mr. Chamberlain was emphatic in the declaration that he was a Home Ruler in principle, not only at that hour, but long before Mr. Gladstone adopted his new creed. The Marquis of Hartington could be satisfied with the admission of four conditions—some of them, at least, quite admissible even by an ardent Home Ruler, and other Unionists made concessions of Home Rule still more sweeping. The dream of the *via media* has vanished. There is no talk even of a scheme of local self government, and the rude awakening of the muddle-headed sentimentalists who wanted a compromise, is the massacre of Mitchelstown, the manufacture of outrage, as at Lisdoonvarna, and the suppression of the liberty of the press, as in the case of the

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attack on the Lord Mayor of Dublin. This is not what your moderate and tender-hearted man wanted, and thus he washes his hands of Tory policy, and, perhaps with an accompanying sigh, says there is nothing for it but Mr. Gladstone and real Home Rule.

The events in Ireland itself have powerfully contributed to increase the reaction from the Tory policy. Things there have turned out better than the most sanguine could have hoped. The Irish nation stood between a Scylla and a Charybdis as menacing as ever threatened the fortunes of a nation. Tame submission would have been disastrous; an outbreak of crime would have been still more fatal. To steer so clearly that there could be no mistake as to the intensity, on the part of the people, of resistance to oppression, and, at the same time, that the holy cause should not be stained or prejudiced by cowardly and secret crime and outrage, was the task which the Irish people had to perform; and right well have they done it. Nothing, indeed, in the whole history of Ireland is fuller of encouragement to those who believe in the political capacity of the Irish race than this attitude since Mr. Gladstone proposed Home Rule. The truism has become more trite than ever during recent discussions that responsibility steadies men and nations. Already the steadying effect of responsibility has been visible to anyone who has been accustomed to see and keenly observe the Irish people. This demeanor, even at public meetings, is different from what it used to be. Despite the rich flow of hope that is in all their hearts, there is a visible absence of that unrestrained enthusiasm which used to be one of the main characteristics of Irish political gatherings. They cheer less frequently, they have almost ceased to interrupt, they are silent, self-restrained, almost stolid even when a favorite orator in a stirring oration is appealing to their ears and hearts. We speak now of Irish audiences in England. We hear of even still more remarkable signs of self-restraint among audiences in Ireland. Even from irresponsible lips there comes no cry that might embarrass the speaker, or prejudice the cause. This is, indeed, more significant than any number of discreet speeches on the part of individuals. A crowd is a thing which no amount of previous arrangement or drilling can wholly manufacture into any mood. The conduct of the Irish people at these gatherings must therefore come from individual impulse, and surely this is a marvellous instance of political sagacity that so many millions of people should be able, even in the moment of their highest hopes and at their most tumultous gatherings, to so correctly appreciate the situation and to so completely exercise that self-mastery which is the highest quality of political society.

One of the greatest dangers, therefore, which threatened the Irish Cause has been got rid of. The Irish people have been able to

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exercise complete self-restraint. Their success in this regard has been made more remarkable, because it stands side by side with their success in avoiding another peril. The Irish people have been discreet; they have likewise been brave. No Irishman can read without a stirring in his blood of those scenes in which men and even women and girls have for hours resisted the bailiffs, the emergency men, the police and the soldiers, and have made, in nearly every cabin in Ireland threatened with eviction, a defence whose bravery and whose skill might well make a military engineer envious.

The effect of these fierce and brave fights has been excellent. There was a time when whole villages in Ireland could be swept away not only with the swiftness, but also with the deadly silence, of a plague. The cries of hundreds of men, women and children turned out on roadsides to die, or starve, or emigrate, never pierced for many generations any ears beyond those of their next door neighbor, or the priest that came to smooth the passage of many of the victims from eviction to death. In 1846 and 1847, the landlords raged with a ferocity almost as deadly as that of the famine and the fever; but the world regarded it all as the inevitable consummation of the rights of property. In any of these years a hundred thousand homes could be levelled, and the world know nothing and care nothing, beyond a short conversation in the House of Commons, a sigh and the confession that 'twere better that such things should not be kept from the Ministry, and the reproduction in the English newspapers of all policies of a stirring article from an Irish National journal, as a specimen of wild Irish rhetoric. And now there isn't a cabin so squalid in all Ireland, there isn't a poor creature, man or woman, old or young, so mean but the world knows and digests and rages over the story of their wrongs. Every eviction has been a drama which has had all mankind for an audience; and this it is that is breaking down the power of the landlord and the tyranny of the Government. Every man and woman, then, that has stood by the humble home bravely against eviction, has not only acted the manly part, but has fought for an Irish victory as truly and as effectively as if he or she rushed to the cannon's mouth under a green flag amid the swift rush of battle.

The publicity thus ensured for evictions has been the first great cause of the downfall of the Ministerial policy. The second great disaster was the Mitchelstown massacre. Our readers have doubtless already had an opportunity of examining the main evidence in this case. Never has there been a greater exhibition of want of courage, order and humanity. It exhibits the Government of Ireland as at once cruel and incapable. It is now clear that nobody

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is willing to take the responsibility for having ordered the people to be shot down; that there was not the smallest necessity for the firing in defence of the barracks; that the persons killed were entirely innocent of offence; and that the whole massacre originated in an attempt on the part of the police to force their way through a meeting in a manner at once exasperating and illegal. No one can exaggerate the thrill of horror which passed through England on the receipt of this news. The English people have been accustomed for generations to the most absolute freedom in their public gatherings; and the one exception to this rule, where people peaceably demonstrating were shot down, namely, the Peterloo massacre, is still remembered and will be remembered to the end of English history.

The brutality of the police has been made the more clear by the fortunate fact that there were present at the Mitchelstown meeting a number of Englishmen who were able to tell the story to the House of Commons and to English audiences. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Brunner have done Ireland enormous benefit by being able to describe, as eye-witnesses, the whole scene; and indeed the English visitors to Ireland must be counted as one of the most important factors in bringing about the present condition of the public mind. These visitors have at once instructed the English people and intimidated the Dublin Castle official and the evicting landlord.

We believe Mr. William O'Brien has expressed the opinion that if it had not been for the presence of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Brunner, fifty or sixty people would have been shot at Mitchelstown instead of three. The most amusing stories are told of the obsequious servility which is shown towards the representatives of an English constituency or of a just English journal by some of those tyrannical agents, who in days gone by have mercilessly lashed every one of the helpless defendants. Already it was supposed—and it was intended by Mr. Balfour when he introduced his Coercion Act—that resistance to eviction should, if necessary, be put down in blood. Resistance to eviction has, however, gone on, and rather more fiercely, since the Coercion Act was passed, and not one life has yet been taken. The police have more than once been ordered to load their rifles and prepare for a volley, but the rifles—at least up to the moment at which we are writing—remain unfired. This, of course, is not to be attributed to any awakening of the spirit of humanity in the breasts of Mr. Balfour or his subordinates. It is the keen sense of the electioneerer. The absence of bloodshed marks the low cunning of the dare-devil, not the awakened conscience of the humanitarian. The eye of the Inspector of Police and of the evicting agent has quailed before the publicity, and the menace of Englishmen has brought home to them and Mr. Balfour that

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another Mitchelstown would mean an outburst of popular rage in England that would sweep him and his policy from power. It is no exaggeration, then, to say that the sympathy of English Liberals has enormously aided the bravery of the Irish people in paralyzing the arm of coercion, and bringing over the Cromwellianism of Mr. Balfour to obsequious parleys with English negotiators and to miserable fiascos in the police courts.

A final disaster to the policy of coercion has been what is known as the Lisdoonvarna murder. It will be remembered that in a moonlighting raid on the house of a boycotted landgrabber, Head-Constable Whelehan was murdered. This was the one untoward event since the passage of Coercion. It might be the first symptom of that wild outburst of crime which would probably submerge Irish hopes in blood. The Irish members regarded the crime with a shudder and with a painful anticipation of what these fresh brutalities might evoke. The Liberal Unionists were not slow also to perceive the capital use to which this outrage could be put, and for a couple of weeks every one of their journals placed this murder in the forefront. Liberal Unionist politicians adopted the same policy at a meeting of an organization consisting of relatives and dependents which Mr. Chamberlain dignifies by the name of the Radical Union; and a special resolution was devoted to this great crime. Of course, there was much dishonesty in all this. Even if the murder were as atrocious as Unionists and Tories endeavored to make it appear, it was still but one murder, and one murder in a period of terrible excitement would contrast very favorably with other periods of excitement, not merely in Ireland, but in any other country. But still there was the crime, and there were the Unionists endeavoring to galvanize it into something like the semblance of life. There were the calumnies which even Ministerial statistics had refuted in the earlier part of the year—the calumny that Ireland, instead of being almost miraculously free from crime, was overrun with murder and outrage. It will be understood with what surprise, therefore, the revelation came upon the public that this murder was an outrage manufactured and almost paid for. One of the wretched menial race of informers was present at the raid which resulted in the death of Head Constable Whelehan. It seems to have been observed that he stood apart while the raid was going on, and was unarmed. For some days after the arrest of the alleged moonlighters there was a whisper that Callinan had turned informer. At first this was supposed simply to mean that one conspirator had proved more cowardly than his companions, and had determined to save his own neck by betraying others. But when Callinan came upon the witness stand it was proved that not only was he a police agent on this particular occasion, but that for six years

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he had been in the regular employment of the police. The wretched creature made his miserable trade and the conduct of the Government that employed him still more conspicuous by the revelation he had to make as to his own odious life. There is scarcely a crime in the calendar to which he had not to plead guilty. He had deserted from the army, he had stolen, he had been convicted of drunkenness, of carrying arms in a proclaimed district, and of indecent assault. He had been sentenced to almost every form of imprisonment known to the law—from a week's detention for drunkenness to seven years' penal servitude for larceny. This drunken and wretched thief is a fair specimen of the kind of agents upon whom English rule in Ireland rests. More startling, however, than even his own odious biography was the story of his relations with the police. It was clear that he did not belong to the county of Clare, and that he had been brought there by the police. He confessed that he had received both money and drink from the police before the raid took place, and that the raid and the person to be attacked were actually told by him to the police before, and that when he and his party knocked at the door of Sexton, the land grabber, Callinan passed a secret sign which had been previously arranged with the police. The question has yet to be determined whether this murder plot owed not merely its revelation, but also its conception and manufacture, to the fertile brain of the police informer. In every case the police had him employed, he was *agent provocateur*, and the policeman whose life has been sacrificed is proved to have been an instrument in bringing about the encounter in which he died. The shock of this upon such a people as the English is peculiarly strong. Nothing has given them greater pride in the past than the contrast between their own institutions and the system of espionage on the Continent. They now find that their police adopt the worst methods of the Russian system, that the detectives of crime are partially, at least, its creators, that their rule in Ireland can find no better instrument than such a creature as Callinan. All these things have caused every decent Englishman to feel ashamed of English rule in Ireland, and have given thousands of men a disgust for the policy of coercion which perhaps even more striking and more important events could not produce.

The fiasco in the prosecution of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, though in itself apparently a small matter, has come to bring final discouragement to the Coercionist party. Governments are more discredited by incompetence than even by wickedness, and the last prosecution is an instance of gross incompetence. There is not a man in England that has not been laughing for the last two days over the miserable break-down of the Castle lawyers, and Mr. Bal-

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four has been ordered peremptorily to curtail his vacation and to return to Dublin Castle. That gentleman is not accustomed to allow pressing matters of State to interfere with his elegant leisure. For the first time almost in the annals of Parliamentary life he has been absent from the House of Commons at question time, and has left the important work of answering questions on the administration of his office to a subordinate at once so incompetent and discredited as Colonel King-Harman. Whether the return of Mr. Balfour is to have such a beneficent effect upon the action of the officials of Dublin Castle as his backers in the press hope, is very open to doubt. Some people seem to think that he has come out of the trying ordeal of the present crisis with credit. That certainly is not our opinion. We have watched the gentleman for a great many years, and we think now as we have always thought, that he is one of the weakest and most incompetent men in the Tory party. His appearance is like his mind. His head is extremely small; he has long and very thin legs, which he stretches out ostentatiously, leaning the weight of his body on a neck as thin as a girl's, with a simper on his face that suggests the school miss; and he has the habit of seeking inspiration from a scented handkerchief, after the manner of the typical curate of the English burlesque stage. Prince Bismarck once remarked of his uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury, that he was a reed painted like iron, and one or two sensational journalists have discovered that Mr. Balfour is a lath that really is iron. This new legend is largely the creation of some Liberal journalists who desire to make a sensation by saying things that may be disagreeable to their own party, but it is only a legend. The only foundation for the new faith in Mr. Balfour is that he has made some smart speeches, that he has been openly discourteous and factiously candid in his ignorance of Irish affairs. Some of his statements with regard to the Irish question might well be put in copybooks of the Irish National Schools of the future as examples of the depth of folly by which Ireland used to be ruled in old and forgotten days. His violence appears to us rather to represent feminine hysterics than manly self-confidence, and reminds us more of a *petroleuse* than a Bismarck. He breathes of slaughter in fantastic dreams. He imagines himself a Cromwell, because he happens to clench his teeth and tighten his delicate fingers, and he orders a fusilade between a giggle and a scream.

Mr. Balfour, then, may return to Dublin Castle, but the fight will still remain unequal, and this, of course, insures the entire breakdown of the Ministry. The Chief Secretary for Ireland and his Ministry have, after all, a short shift. The interval left to them is only that between the present date and the meeting of Parliament next February. In February Mr. Balfour must be able to point to

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a subdued Ireland and a suppressed League, or he must "throw up the sponge." What prospect there is of the suppression of the League our readers will already have had abundant opportunities of judging. Every day the newspapers contain accounts of the meetings of branches that are supposed to be suppressed, and this will go on. The calculation of Mr. Balfour probably was that if he were only to strike hard enough, and to put in gaol a sufficient number of people, the rest of Ireland would be terrorized; and a hundred men sentenced to six months' imprisonment must mean the running away of the half-million of people who would form the membership of the National League. That has turned out to be a gross miscalculation. It is perfectly clear that if he is to break up the League by imprisonment, he can only do so by the imprisonment of almost every member of that body in every district which he proclaims. His prisoners must be counted, not by scores, nor even by hundreds, but by thousands; and he knows as well as anybody that the spectacle of even a thousand men in prison is more than the English people would stand or any Ministry could survive. Even at a time when the whole Liberal party was on the side of Mr. Gladstone, and the Tories were rejoicing at the splendid development of Tory policy set by a Liberal statesman, the arrest of a thousand men broke down coercion, drove Mr. Forster from political life, and but for the assassinations of the Phœnix Park would have brought Home Rule two or three years ago. How, then, is Mr. Balfour going to succeed, in case he resorts to wholesale imprisonment in the face of Mr. Gladstone, the most powerful of English leaders, nearly two hundred Liberal members, and a public opinion which is becoming daily more exasperated with that policy?

This leads us to a few words upon the manner in which the action of the Executive has been met by the members of the League. We have all along in these pages pointed out that the present movement is different from previous movements, in the fact that there is a union, for almost the first time in Irish politics, of all the forces of Irish National life, except the landlords and the Orangemen. We have indicated the enormous importance of the fact that the episcopate and the priesthood of Ireland, for almost the first time in Irish history, have stood to a man on the same side as the National party, and that throughout the country nearly all the Branches are under the presidency of the curate or the parish priest—and almost as often under the presidency of the parish priest as the curate. We think it necessary to add that, because, as is well known to those familiar with Irish life, there is often a difference between, if not the politics, at least the political spirit of the parish priest and his curate—a difference mainly accounted for by the difference in the age of the two. The parish priest as a rule represents the

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more conservative, and the curate the more fiery section of the Nationalists in the ranks of the clergy; and the branches of the League, as we have said, are now largely under the leadership of a body so conservative and so potent as the parish priests. We have again and again pointed out—and the Government knew the fact better than any one else—that a contest with the united Catholic Church in Ireland is a more serious thing than a contest with any political party. We think we have in previous articles shown that the branches of the League are only the first line of defence, and that when they are broken down the chapels still remain; and that no Government would dare to really bombard this second line of defence. The real question, considering the probabilities of the struggle between the National League and the Government, we have always held to be, whether the priests and the people would continue to remain absolutely united. They have remained absolutely united. Throughout the whole of Ireland there is not the smallest sign of a difference between them. The meetings of the suppressed branches are presided over quite as frequently by the ecclesiastical as by the lay president, and it is clear that the priest is determined to pursue the same policy, run the same risk, and suffer the same sentence as the lay Nationalist. One can fancy the spectacle Ireland would present if Mr. Balfour were to proceed with his crusade of sham Cromwellianism, and bring before the courts every priest who has presided over the meeting of a suppressed branch of the League. Of course such a thing is not within the range of political possibility. Ireland would not stand it—England would not stand it,—for the faith in Mr. Gladstone's policy has slowly broken down the old partitions of religious bigotry, and the civilized world would stand aghast at the spectacle.

The second point, which we have always held would decide the struggle between the Government and the National League, would be, whether a sufficient number of men were willing to go to prison in the defence of their political opinions. There is now not the slightest doubt about it. Indeed, there never was any doubt among those who had an opportunity of judging the temper of the Irish people during the last six months. No one, of course, looks forward with a feeling of pleasure to the prospect of six months' imprisonment, with all its hardships, its horrors of prison dress and insufficient food and solitary confinement, which Mr. Balfour declares it is his intention to extend to political as well as ordinary prisoners. But the Irish people have recognized the importance of the struggle and the necessity for sacrifice, and wherever the question has been put, the universal answer has been that six months' imprisonment has no terrors for the people. Indeed, the remarkable thing about the whole business, one reason why we all feel assured as to the result, is the spirit of cheery

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confidence among the Irish people themselves. The feeling towards Mr. Balfour himself is one rather of strong contempt than of fierce resentment. An English orator was abusing him very strongly the other day in a remote district of Achill, when a peasant from the crowd cried out: "Don't mind him, sir; he's like the madman's curse." This indication of the temper of the people is most important. In political as in other battles, much depends upon the *morale* of the troops, and whether they go into the struggle with a feeling that they will come out victorious. In entering on the struggle with Mr. Balfour, the people have perfect confidence in ultimate victory, and victory will, in all probability, very soon justify this confidence.

It is clear, then, that if, when Parliament meets, the suppressed branches of the League still continue to meet; if the great organization, instead of being entirely overpowered, is still more potent than ever; if, from the different jails of Ireland there issue voices of defiance against the Government, and if thousands of men show their readiness to take the place of those who have gone before them—if this is the state of things when Parliament meets, it is plain that Mr. Balfour must acknowledge his defeat.

How far this will affect the Parliamentary situation it is not easy yet to forecast. One disagreeable feature in the future is, that the more clearly the voice of the English constituencies is against the policy of the Government, the more certainly will the Liberal Unionists back up the Government. A general election, whatever the results it will have, must mean the extinction of the Liberal Unionists as a party. There is every reason, therefore, from this point of view, to postpone as long as possible the appeal to the constituencies, as that appeal must mean their own political death. On the other hand, if the voice of the country be so loud as to leave no doubt of what the future verdict will be, the Liberal Unionists will begin to break up, and there will come to Mr. Gladstone a certain number of those who are determined to remain in political life, and to remain in it not as Tories, but as Liberals.

The first day that fifteen or twenty Unionists turn against the Ministry, it will mean the dissolution of the Ministry. A fierce policy like the present requires a strong government, a government with large majorities. The secession of fifteen or twenty Unionists would so bring down the Government that it would only have small majorities; and a government with small majorities would be unequal to the gigantic task of governing Ireland by force. When such a state of things comes about the Government will stand between two alternatives—either they will have to give way to Mr. Gladstone or they will have to appeal to the country for a united and stronger party. Either course would mean the almost immediate passing of Home Rule. No sane politician has the least doubt that an appeal

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would now give Mr. Gladstone a great majority. If the Tory party resigned and left him at the mercy of the Unionists, there is little doubt that he at the first moment would also bring the great question before the high tribunal of the people.

These, then, are the facts and the situation at the present hour, and there is not one of them that does not portend a great and at the same time a speedy victory for the cause of Home Rule. The Liberal Unionists seem to feel this. One has only to look at their prints to observe the perceptible difference in their tone at the present hour and their tone a short time back. The *Times*, which has been the most unscrupulous and the most braggart in its attacks upon Home Rule, has already begun to speak in a minor key. A few days ago it piteously exclaimed that "nations like individuals sometimes went mad;" the madness of the *Times* being, of course, the giving of Home Rule to Ireland.

Among the ablest opponents of the Irish cause have been Mr. Edward and Mr. Albert Dicey. Mr. Edward Dicey is the editor of the *Observer*, an important Sunday newspaper, which has been a most effective enemy of Home Rule. Mr. Albert Dicey, his brother, is the author of the best work upon the English Constitution, and also of a most able book against Home Rule. Both brothers have contributed to recently published monthlies, and each is equally loud in his lamentations over the decay of Ministerial *prestige*. When one turns from these counsels of despair to the Liberal party, an entirely different spectacle is seen. Never has there been greater activity or greater hopefulness in the ranks of that body. The hopefulness of the Liberal Party will best be seen by the contrast between its present position and its position on previous occasions after a great defeat. When, in 1874, Mr. Gladstone was driven from office by an overwhelming majority, it took him six years to overthrow the Tory Ministry, and four or five years of incessant effort, and constant propagandism and huge gatherings from one end of England to the other, before he could shake the Tory Ministry, or win a single by-election. In the same way the Tories were for several years unable to shake the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone after their defeat in 1880. We are now separated from the apparently overwhelming disaster of 1886 by about fifteen months, and already the Liberal Party is restored to its hopefulness of spirit and is more active than it was even before its defeat. Great, enthusiastic and unanimous meetings of Liberals are taking place in all parts of the country. Even districts where the Tory Party have enjoyed undisturbed possession from time immemorial are waking up and falling under the Liberal influence. In the midst of this din of battle, the Tories as a rule observe a melancholy silence. In short, the battle of Home Rule will be decided before many months have passed from the appearance of these pages.

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Scientific Chronicle.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

DURING the week ending August 6th, the American Association for the Advancement of Science met at Columbia College, New York. The promoters of the Association may well be gratified by the great interest in its work manifested by scientists and the public throughout the session. The success of the meeting in New York goes to confirm the assertion made two years ago, that the Association can have successful reunions only in the great centres of intellectual activity. The meeting was more numerously attended than any of the thirty-five previously held, with the exception of the one of 1884, held in Philadelphia, when the attendance of many members of the British Association and the interest taken in the International Electrical Exhibition helped largely to swell the number. The average worth of the two hundred and fifty papers read at the recent meeting also compares favorably with former years.

The usual addresses in the general session and the various sections, do not call for particular comment. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed that of the retiring President on the subject of Darwinism. The address was a great surprise, but we cannot criticise it in detail, having tried in vain to obtain its text. We were not prepared to find in a scientific paper such modes of demonstration as the Professor uses. We were astonished at his boldness and assurance in advancing statements, which, even from a Darwinian point of view, could not be substantiated; and, doubtless, even his scientific associates thought it at least questionable taste for him to go out of his way to attack the Church with the old calumnies so often refuted. The lack of accuracy in many of his statements tended to mar the credit of the Association and to bring its work into disrepute with many intelligent men. It may be on this account that the address was ignored in the reports of some scientific papers, ordinarily very ready to disseminate views favorable to the Darwinian theory.

A reference to some of the papers will furnish most of the items of this issue's Chronicle. Of the others, some were of too technical a character, and some, again, not sufficiently interesting to our readers to treat of in these pages.

Mr. W. O. Attwater's paper on "Physiological and Pecuniary Economy of Food" was clear, entertaining and instructive. A lengthy discussion, in which many distinguished persons participated, followed the reading of the paper, and gave ample testimony of the interest attached to the subject.

Another paper attracting general attention was that of Mr. Lucien

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Howe on the "Increase of Blindness in the United States." From this gentleman's figures it would appear that, while the population increases 30 per cent., the number of persons afflicted with blindness increases 140 per cent.

In the section of Physics, a great many interesting subjects were very ably treated. The paper on a "Method for Making the Wave Length of Sodium Light the Practical Standard of Length," for which we are indebted to Drs. Michelson and Morley, excited the most flattering attention, and in the discussion that followed elicited many expressions of approval and praise. Another paper by the same gentlemen, on the "Relative Velocity of the Earth and the Luminiferous Ether," was scarcely less favorably received.

EDISON'S "PYROMAGNETIC GENERATOR."

Mr. Edison's paper, read by Professor Barker, of Pennsylvania University, was an item which will make memorable the meeting of 1887. It gave an account of the new discovery in the direction of generating electrical energy cheaply and abundantly. The discovery seems to be one of the most important of recent years, and Professor Barker declared in a private conversation that it is probably destined to revolutionize mechanical appliances and industries.

In the generators at present in use the energy accumulated in coal is transformed into motion, which is imparted to suitable apparatus and converted into electricity. For a long time scientists have been endeavoring to transform calorific energy directly into electricity. Mr. Farmer, indeed, and others had succeeded by thermo-dynamical appliances in developing electricity directly from calorific energy, but only to the extent of converting 1 per cent. of the energy latent in coal. An economical method was still to be found. Mr. Edison has shown keener vision in the search, and his is the honor of discovering and developing the plan. His invention is not the outcome of some newly discovered principle. It is the development of facts long and familiarly known. These facts may be briefly and simply stated as follows:

1. When magnetic substances gain or lose magnetism within a coil of insulated wire, currents of electricity are induced in the wire.

2. Iron, nickel, cobalt, chromium, etc., are demagnetized on being raised to a certain temperature, and, if within the field of a permanent magnet, resume their magnetism on being sufficiently cooled.

Let an electro-magnet, consisting of a hollow core of iron surrounded by insulated copper wire, be placed between the poles of a powerful horse-shoe magnet. Permit a current of highly heated air to pass through this hollow core and a current of cold air to succeed the heated one. When the heated air passes through, the iron loses its magnetism, and a direct current of electricity is induced in the wire. Then the current of cold air reduces the temperature of the heated iron, and it again

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becomes a magnet, inducing a reverse current of electricity in the surrounding wire. These two currents can be utilized as alternate currents, or, if a continuous one is desired, they can be "straightened" by means of a commutator. In Mr. Edison's new generator, there are six or more electro-magnets with hollow cores, of very thin iron. These are fixed vertically between the poles of a horse-shoe magnet, and are attached to two metallic disks at either end. They should be arranged so as to be equally distant from a common centre and from each other. Through the disks passes a hollow shaft, carrying a semicircular plate of fire-clay below the electro-magnets. The whole system thus arranged is placed over a furnace fed by a blast. The fire-clay plate shuts off the heated air of the furnace from one-half of the iron cores, giving it free access to the others. The heated air raises the thin iron cores through which it passes to a temperature at which their magnetism ceases. Thus a direct current of electricity is induced in the bobbins surrounding them. The cores covered by the plate are not heated, and, therefore, retain their magnetism. On revolving the plate, however, these one by one are exposed to the flame, and the action just described again takes place. On the other hand, those previously exposed are now shielded by the guard-plate, and are cooled off rapidly by the cold-air blast, which, on its way to feed the furnace, is forced through them. Being thus reduced to a temperature sufficiently low, they again become magnets, and accordingly induce reverse currents of electricity in their respective bobbins. So the action continues, and a constant supply of electricity is furnished. On the revolving shaft is arranged a commutator very similar in principle to the one of Gramme's machine. This commutator affords the means of "straightening" the alternate currents.

This pyromagnetic generator is still, no doubt, in a rudimentary stage; but there seems to be every indication that it will furnish electricity for practical purposes at much smaller expense than the generators now in use.

FOG SIGNALS AND THE TELEPHONE.

"A Method of Telephonic Communication Between Ships at Sea" was the subject of a paper read by Professor L. E. Blake, Terre Haute, Ind. The many disastrous collisions at sea during the prevalence of fogs, and the appalling loss of human life in consequence, have stimulated scientists to a renewed energy in the endeavor to find some means by which these fatal mishaps may be prevented, either entirely or in part.

Experience has shown that the ordinary fog-horn is not sufficiently reliable. The signal is often heard too late to avoid disaster and death, and hence another mode of signalling, both more speedy and reliable, is imperatively needed.

We dare express our belief that the *method* treated of in Mr. Blake's paper possesses both the required conditions, and that, too, in a marked

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degree. The Professor suggests that the signal be transmitted through the water, which may be accomplished by supplying vessels with a bell or whistle so arranged as to produce sound under water. Furthermore, every ship should have a telephone plunged to a sufficient depth in the sea, and connected with a receiver on board, so that signals from approaching vessels may be communicated to officers in charge.

Sound in water travels five times faster than in air, and supposing the telephone to be below the disturbed portion of the water, the sounds will be regularly and distinctly communicated. Moreover, the sounds from the bells or whistles might be regulated to a certain peculiar pitch, so as to be easily distinguishable from other sounds heard at the same time.

Lighthouses, lightships, headlands, etc., might also be provided with submerged bells, differing in pitch from one another as well as from those on ships. A system of detailed communication could easily be established by an arrangement of short and prolonged sounds with intervening pauses, as in the Morse alphabet.

INTEROCEANIC CANAL.

On Monday, the 15th, before the joint meeting of the sections of Mechanical and Economic Science, several interesting papers were read on this subject. Each of these papers was seemingly directed to show the marked preference of its author for the route through Nicaragua. Commander Taylor opened the discussion. "Many routes," he said, "have been examined across the Isthmus. . . . Of these only three have been gravely considered, a sea-level canal at Panama, a lock canal at Nicaragua and a ship railway at Tehuantepec. . . . The Panama Canal has been demonstrated a hopeless failure." He then gave some figures to confirm this statement. These words recall to our mind the language employed for years by the English, when the Suez Canal was in process of construction. Frequently men, considered competent to judge, declared it a failure and an impossibility. Yet, it is the English who have derived from it the greatest benefit. It cannot be denied that many and great technical difficulties must be overcome to complete the Panama Canal. Moreover, from a financial standpoint, it must be conceded that the estimated cost of construction has proved to be entirely inadequate. But it still remains true that, as the English exaggerated the difficulties hindering the completion of the Suez, so on this side of the ocean have many acted in regard to the Panama project, simply because it is not an American enterprise. It was not without reason that the *British Trade Journal* recently remarked, concerning the Panama route, that the Americans "would be willing to buy the whole concern" and finish it, if they could get the work, as it stands, at a reduced price.

Commander Taylor added: "The ship railway at Tehuantepec prom-

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ises to be as disastrous a failure as the Panama Canal." Here he comes in contradiction with many ardent defenders of the novel project of the late Captain Eads, whose authority in engineering was second to none, and whose success in several difficult undertakings is known to all. Did time and space permit us, we could easily give satisfactory answers to many of the objections urged against the plan proposed by Captain Eads. This, at least, must be conceded, that, if the interests of the United States alone were to be consulted, the ship railway would be preferable to either of the canals, because it would furnish the shortest route between the great harbors of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific. But, however great this advantage may be for the United States, it should not decide the choice of the route, because the success of canal as well as of railway will depend upon the traffic of many nations. From this point of view the Nicaragua Canal is preferable to the ship railway, while the Panama Canal is better than either of the other two. For it is nearer to all the Pacific ports of South America, and to the ports of Australia and the surrounding islands. Besides, it is the only route free from the delays which are occasioned by locks and the raising of ships, granting the latter to be possible.

It is worth our while to employ here the experience afforded us by the Suez Canal. At present, this canal is almost insufficient, to such an extent has the traffic increased. In consequence of this, those in charge are seriously considering the utility either of enlarging it or of constructing another parallel to it. What would be the result, if the ships had to be raised above and lowered to sea-level, whether the means employed were the old-fashioned way of locks or the novel plan of Captain Eads? In the face of this experience would it be judicious to select any route across the Isthmus which would soon prove to be inadequate?

But let us return to the papers on the Nicaragua Canal. After the general questions had been set forth by Commander Taylor, a more technical and detailed paper was read by Engineer R. E. Perry, United States Navy. This gentleman was the principal assistant of Chief Engineer Monocal, United States Navy (who was absent from the convention on account of sickness), when the survey of the Nicaragua route was taken in 1885 by order of our Government. It would be too long to consider the many details and figures given in this paper. Allusion was made to the delays occasioned by locks, but the objection arising therefrom was by no means completely answered. The advantages of the route were set forth at great length. Some of these are incontestable. Others were viewed in a light perhaps too favorable. It appears from this paper that the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the Nicaragua route is 169 miles. Of this distance the actual canal occupies 40 miles. The remainder is free navigation through Lake Nicaragua and the Rio San Juan. The lake would be entered at a height of 110 feet above sea-level. It is deep, and would furnish a great and safe harbor. The estimated expense is $65,000,000, and the time for construction six years. Surgeon J. F. Bransford, United States Navy, fol-

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lowed with a paper on "Climatic and Sanitary Notes" of the route. He showed its great and undeniable superiority under this aspect over the Panama Canal, where so many lives have already been sacrificed. This paper concluded the discussion which was, on the whole, very interesting.

IMPROVED METHOD OF METALLURGY FOR SODIUM AND POTASSIUM.

WHEN we spoke, during the past year, of the great progress made in the metallurgy of aluminium, especially with regard to the cheapness of its production, we alluded to the new method devised by Mr. H. Y. Castner for the manufacture of sodium. This latter metal is extensively used in the preparation of aluminium, and up to the introduction of Mr. Castner's process was very costly. As the details of the new method were then kept secret, we could not do more than mention the fact; but now that the process is made public and has been for months in successful operation, it may be of interest again to say a few words about it, the more so as the cheap production of sodium and potassium will be appreciated, not only in the manufacture of aluminium, but also in many other industries.

The method heretofore in use for the preparation of sodium and potassium consists in distilling, at a very high temperature, a mixture of the sodium carbonate and carbon, in the form of charcoal or small coal, technically termed slack. A small amount of chalk or lime is added, chiefly with a view to render the mixture less fusible, thereby preventing the two substances from separating by reason of their different specific weights. The carefully mixed and previously calcined mass is packed in wrought-iron cylinders fifteen centimeters in diameter and heated almost to the melting point of iron. Under the influence of the heat carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide are given off and a double oxide of calcium and sodium is formed. As the temperature rises this is decomposed in presence of the excess of carbon, and the sodium (or potassium) set free is volatilized and passes into the condenser.

Even when the greatest care is taken the yield is only one-third the theoretical amount of the metal contained in the charge. The consumption of fuel is comparatively great, and the constant renewal of the wrought-iron cylinders increases much the costliness of the process, representing about one-half the expense of the reduction.

Mr. Castner's modification consists in doing away with the addition of the lime and using instead of the carbon a sort of iron carbide, having the same specific weight as the sodic carbonate when fused. Since the two substances have the same weight, the fusion of the carbonate does not prevent intimate contact; therefore less of the reducing agent is necessary, larger crucibles, and consequently larger charges, may be employed, and the operation may be perfected at a much lower temperature than is possible in the old process. The reducing agent is

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prepared by calcining a mixture of tar and finely divided iron, and the resulting heavy metallic coke, containing about 70 per cent. iron and 30 per cent. carbon, is pulverized.

The mixture of the alkali carbonate and the iron carbide is put in large cast-iron crucibles fitted with lids and communicating by means of tubes with the condenser.

The fuel is ordinary illuminating gas and hot air, sufficient heat being evolved to raise the temperature to about 1000 degrees.

The materials need not be as carefully mixed as in the old process, and the preliminary calcination may be omitted. The cast-iron crucibles last much longer than the wrought-iron ones formerly used, and the yield of metal is much higher, amounting to 90 per cent. This advance over the former yield is to be attributed to the extremely close contact of the materials, and also to the fact that the gaseous product (carbon di-oxide, carbon monoxide and hydrogen) has very little chemical action on the sodium vapor, while in presence of excess of carbon many compounds are formed from which the metal is with difficulty separable.

The iron remaining in the crucible after the operation is washed with hot water to free it from traces of sodic carbonate, then pulverized, dried, mixed with tar, and again transformed into carbide for another operation.

ALVAN CLARK AND THE GREAT LICK TELESCOPE.

The death, at the ripe age of eighty-three, of Mr. Alvan Clark, the most eminent and most successful manufacturer of telescopic lenses, calls fresh attention to his remarkable career. Whatever progress lens-making has recently made may be said to be identified with Mr. Clark's life, and to have culminated in his last successful work—the great thirty-six inch lens for the telescope of the new Lick Observatory.

For many years Alvan Clark lived in Boston, pursuing the life of an artist; nor did he begin telescope-making until his elder son was old enough to be his co-laborer. As he himself said, "I began to study mechanics and astronomy in order to instruct my boy." His first work in the new line was to make a reflecting telescope. He then turned his attention to the manufacture of lenses, beginning with smaller ones. Each successful lens drew him on to try his skill at one of a larger size. In 1853 the first small lenses of his make were sent abroad, and immediately his reputation was assured. Up to 1860 the largest lenses in the world never exceeded fifteen inches diameter. But at this date he succeeded in filling an order for one of eighteen inches, by the aid of which his elder son, Alvan G. Clark, discovered the Sirius Companion, and received, in recognition, a gold medal from the French Academy.

Ten years later Alvan Clark accepted the contract for the twenty-six inch lens of the American Naval Observatory. It was mounted in 1873. About this time Mr. James Lick, in a trust-deed, imposed upon his heirs the obligation of erecting "a powerful telescope, superior to and more

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powerful than any yet made." When these directions were penned the largest telescopes in existence were that of the Naval Observatory just mentioned and Lord Rosse's six-foot reflector at Parsonstown, Ireland. It was considered at this time that the twenty-six inch lens had touched the limit. But a little later, Grubb, an Englishman, constructed a twenty-seven-inch refractor for the Vienna Imperial Observatory; whilst Mr. Clark surpassed himself by making a splendid thirty-inch glass for the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, Russia. Both of these feats were accomplished while the board of Lick trustees were preparing to let a contract for a telescope superior to anything thus far perfected. After hesitating between choosing a refractor with an aperture of more than thirty inches diameter, and a reflector exceeding seventy-two inches diameter, they at length resolved upon the former. Accordingly they made, January, 1881, a fifty-thousand-dollar contract with Alvan Clark & Sons for the manufacture of "an achromatic astronomical object-glass of thirty-six inches clear aperture," this size being the largest the firm would venture to contract for. The disk of flint-glass was cast by Feil & Son, Paris, in 1882, when it was at once put in the hands of Alvan Clark. Towards the close of the same year its companion, the crown-glass disk, was ready for shipment; but so brittle was the material that it cracked in packing. Great difficulties attended the casting of this crown-glass lens. Indeed, previous to this contract, no glass of the dimensions required had ever been cast. The Feils attempted the task, and cast thirty or more blocks before they obtained anything at all satisfactory; their failures now figure as curiosities along their factory walls. At length the elder Feil did succeed in the task; the good news was at once made known (September, 1885), and the lens shipped to Alvan Clark. This lens has been recently tested, and has given such satisfaction that it may be looked upon as the crowning triumph of Mr. Clark's life. We may add that the extra lens to be employed, in connection with the achromatic lens for astronomical photography, is yet to be made. It was nearly completed with the other, but was unfortunately destroyed during an experiment.

The powers of the eye-pieces prepared by the Clarks for the Lick Telescope are not known to us in detail. But to give an idea of the advantages afforded by it, we may add the following data deduced from theoretical considerations. The highest magnifying power giving good definition which can be used with the thirty-six inch lens is 2000. To one using this instrument, the moon would appear but one hundred and twenty miles distant, and on a clear night with a steady atmosphere objects on it one hundred feet or more in diameter would be distinctly seen. A higher power would bring the moon still nearer, and, though there would be some loss in distinctness, still smaller objects would be perceived.

While Mr. Clark proved himself to be a master optician he also figured as a general scientist. To him are due several discoveries, among which may be mentioned a very valuable and accurate method of measuring small celestial arcs.

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Book Notices.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By *George Parke Fisher, D.D., L.L.D.*, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. With maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

In this work Dr. Fisher presents the historical movement of Christianity under five heads: Missions, Church Polity, Christian Doctrine, Christian Life, Christian Worship. Chronologically, he divides Church history into ancient, mediæval and modern.

The ancient era comprises the history of Christianity in the Græco-Roman world, prior to the fall of the Western Roman Empire, and during the migrations and conquests of the Germanic tribes. It terminates at the reconstitution of the Empire of the West under Charlemagne.

The mediæval era extends from Charlemagne to Luther and "The Protestant Reformation" at the opening of the sixteenth century.

Then commenced the modern era, extending down to the present time.

Each of these principal eras Dr. Fisher divides into distinct sections or periods. The first subordinate period covers the interval between the founding of the Church and the end of the Apostolic age or the close of the first century. The next period extends from the close of that century to the edict of toleration issued by Constantine in 312. During this period "we find," says Dr. Fisher, "that the Church has drawn apart from heretical parties and has formed a more compact organization under the Episcopate." The interval from about 300 to 600, or from Constantine to Pope Gregory I., constitutes another period during which Christianity, as professed by the Church and as defined through Councils, presents itself as the acknowledged faith of the Roman Empire, East and West. In the next two centuries, or from Gregory I. to Charlemagne, "the Gospel is received by the Teutonic nations over whom the sway of the Church is established." In the next three centuries "the sway of the Papacy is more and more built up in Western Europe." They bring us to "the advanced assertions of Pontifical authority" in the age of Gregory VII., who "ushers in the flourishing era of papal domination, which continues to the end of the thirteenth century or the reign of Boniface VIII., when its prestige and authority began to wane. Then two centuries elapsed before the Protestant revolt began, centuries during which the forces that produced that revolt were slowly gathering." This brings us down to the beginning of the sixteenth century. "The age of the Reformation" was attended and followed by "contests, both doctrinal and political, down to the Peace of Westphalia," in 1648. "At about this date may be placed the dawn of the recent period."

"This last period," says Dr. Fisher, and in this we agree with him, "is characterized by a new spirit in philosophy and culture, by discussions consequent on the spread of scientific investigation, by debates on the foundation of natural and revealed religion. With regard to the further characteristics he imputes to it, there is good reason for disputing Dr. Fisher's statement, unless he means to confine it to non-Catholics. The characteristics he mentions are "the growth of Christian philanthrophy, the progress of political and social reform, and the fresh

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awakening of missionary effort." All these have characterized the Catholic Church from the days of the Apostles onwards, sometimes more visibly, sometimes, owing to supervening difficulties, less visibly; yet always and in every age have they formed important essential parts of the work she ever has striven to do.

But this is aside from our immediate line of thought. Our immediate purpose was to state the plan of Dr. Fisher's history, not to criticise it.

The outlines of this plan, as we have briefly sketched it, he has filled up with rare ability, and, as he says in his modest preface, and as we believe, he has tried to do it with "an honest desire to avoid all unfairness." As regards this, the difference between him and many other Protestant historical writers is very marked. Yet, at the same time, we are not sure that Dr. Fisher's honesty of purpose will not make his work all the more misleading, owing to the fundamentally erroneous ideas he entertains on a number of important subjects.

Without pretending to an intimate knowledge of Dr. Fisher's theological opinions or his relation to the various schools of New England thought, we gather enough from the work before us to convince us that his theory of the Church, of its mission, and of how it was to accomplish its mission, is essentially defective and erroneous. For him, evidently, the Church is not the Body of Christ, is not the Pillar and Ground of the everlasting, unchangeable truth, its authoritative teacher and interpreter. The Church is simply the form or forms which Christian ideas or Christian societies take to themselves for the purpose of self-existence, self-defence, and growth. So far, too, as we can discover from the volume before us, the character of these forms and the changes that, in his opinion, they underwent, were as purely the result of natural causes and human motives as the changes that have taken place in civil and political institutions. We do not affirm that this is Dr. Fisher's belief, but this is the impression which we gather from what he says about Church polity and Church organization.

We are under the impression that Dr. Fisher believes that the Church was divinely founded and was invested with certain divinely given functions, prerogatives, powers. But we fail to discover clear evidences of this belief in the volume before us. He seems intentionally to keep it in the background, and to aim at exhibiting the changes wrought by Christianity in the world as the result simply of the action of human forces aroused and guided by clearer knowledge of "the truths of the Gospel."

Hence Dr. Fisher seemingly attaches no more importance to the testimony of Sts. Clement, Polycarp, Ignatius, Irenæus, Cyprian, and others who were personal disciples of the Apostles or of those who immediately succeeded them than he does to the speculations of Alexander Campbell or Emanuel Swedenborg. As for miracles, even those wrought by our Divine Lord and His Apostles, he barely alludes to them. As for subsequent miracles, however incontestably proved, he is as skeptical as Hume or Gibbon. He does not sneer at them, he systematically ignores them. No one would know from reading his history that St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist, was miraculously saved from death, or that God, time and again, has manifestly and miraculously interposed in answer to the prayers of His saints. As for mediæval miracles, "the minds of rude multitudes were attracted by the sight of wonder-working relics. . . . ." Even missionaries, like Boniface and Ansgar, although disclaiming supernatural gifts for themselves, believed that others possessed them. ". . . In the devotional system of the Middle Ages the celestial hierarchy had an important place. . . . The potent

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reliance of the timid, tempted, persecuted soul was in the help and intercession of the saints. . . . More and more the legends of the saints were read. . . . These legends fill the sixty volumes of the yet unfinished collection of the Bollandists. . . ." Respecting the *stigmata* of St. Francis, he says: "There is no room for the suspicion of deceit. The idea of a strange, abnormal, mental state is more plausible."

We acquit Dr. Fisher of intentional unfairness, but it is impossible to acquit him of frequent unintentional unfairness. Some instances of this are so glaring that it would be marvellous for him to be unconscious of it, were it not for the well-known power of personal bias and prepossession to becloud even the clearest intellect. We cite at random a few instances of this, some of them utter perversions of historic truth.

Referring to the turning-back of Attila and his host by Pope Leo the Great, from capturing and destroying Rome, Dr. Fisher says: "Their fury was not checked until the great Bishop of Rome and the imperial ambassadors, . . . *by gold and persuasion*, turned them back." St. Thomas of Canterbury, in his conflict with Henry II., is characterized as having "withstood every measure of reform that touched the interests of the Church." The flagitious lives, the crimes, the tyranny of Frederick Barbarossa, of Henry IV. of Germany, of Philip II. of France, of Henry VIII., and of Elizabeth of England, are lightly passed over, and placed in the background. Even the execution of Sir Thomas More is but faintly condemned, while that of Mary, Queen of Scots, is referred to as justified by proof of her connivance with a conspiracy to assassinate Elizabeth. As for Mary, Queen of England, and Elizabeth's predecessor, she was "bloody" Mary. The Albigenses, Dr. Fisher acknowledges, were tainted with Manichæan errors, yet he claims for them, in the face of opposing testimony, purity of life, and omits all reference to the fact that their principles were anarchical, and destructive of all social order. So, too, as regards the Lollards in England and the Hussites in Bohemia. His references to Luther and Calvin and Knox, and other "Reformers," are, in like manner, remarkable for suppressions of notoriously discreditable facts.

In like manner, we might complain of the entirely incorrect and misleading statements of Dr. Fisher with regard to the promulgation by Pius IX. of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and of the definition and promulgation of the Infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church. So, too, might we complain of his meagre account of Catholics, of what they have done, and what they have suffered at the hands of Protestants in this country. But we can scarcely expect that Dr. Fisher, from his point of view, and with his life-long prepossessions, would or could do justice to these subjects.

Taking his book, as a whole, and looking at it simply as a literary work, it is a model, as regards judicious, orderly arrangement of topics, clearness of statement and style, condensation of matter, and consecutiveness of narration. It is infinitely superior, too, to any Church History, written by a non-Catholic, that we know of, in its statements and explanations of Catholic doctrines and practices, and of heretical deviations from them, and in its treatment of the relation of the Church in ancient and mediæval times to the promotion of learning, morality, charity, and, in a word, to civilization.

To Protestants, we mean to Protestants in the historical, proper sense of the word, the work will be unwelcome; for the acknowledgments it contains, if followed out consistently to their logical consequences, would disprove the fundamental contention of the "Reformers," and convict the whole "Reformation" movement of being an unnecessary,

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unjustifiable schism, based upon self-will and obstinate self-opinion, ambition, hatred, and other unworthy motives. They would prove that all the reforms that were legitimately desirable or needed, could better be made within the Church, and that the so-called "Reformation" was a needless revolt against authority and a movement promotive of lawlessness and confusion, as regards ecclesiastical, civil and social relations.

But, plain as this is to Catholics, we doubt that non-Catholics will perceive it. Those of them who read Dr. Fisher's work thoughtfully, but with the bias of their present opinions, will have their prejudices against Catholics softened, but will also be confirmed in what is now the prevalent error of our times—the belief that "one religion is as good as another."

THE NEW PROCEDURE IN CRIMINAL AND DISCIPLINARY CAUSES OF ECCLESIASTICS IN THE UNITED STATES; or, A Clear and Full Explanation of the Instruction "Cum Magnopere," issued by the S. Congr. de Prop. Fide, in 1884, for the United States. By *Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D.*, Professor of Canon Law, Author of "Notes," "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law," "Counter Points," etc. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1887.

In this latest volume of Dr. Smith's, we have a work of great practical usefulness. It is an exposition of the *Instruction*, "Cum Magnopere," which was issued by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda as a law for the Church in the United States. But to say only this of the work, would do it injustice. For the *Instruction* itself, like most laws, merely outlines the main features of the procedure which it prescribes, and presupposes a full and accurate knowledge of the Canon Law bearing on the subject. Accordingly, Dr. Smith has endeavored, as he tells us in his preface, to fill up this outline. He explains the consecutive order in which the different stages of the trial follow upon each other, and the connection of each article or part with the whole *Instruction*. He also interweaves with his exposition such explanations of the principles of Canon Law as are necessary to an easy and clear understanding of the *Instruction* by those who are not acquainted with its principles.

Until very recently, the Church in the United States had, practically, no Canon Law. Outside of the meagre and necessarily inadequate legislation of Plenary and Provincial Councils, the government of the American Church has been in the hands of its bishops, with few or no limitations or restrictions. True, the government of the Church has been in their hands from the beginning, for they are the divinely appointed rulers of God's kingdom on earth; yet not in the manner and sense as was the case in the Church in the United States. In other countries authority, especially as regards matters of discipline, has been exercised according to law. With us ecclesiastical rulers have been practically a law unto themselves. This plainly was unsatisfactory. In the nature of things, it opened the way for complaints respecting the manner in which discipline was exercised, for disaffection and for contempt of authority.

Man is human, be he ecclesiastical or secular; and unrestricted, irresponsible power is calculated to do him harm. When possessed of it, he is liable, unconsciously almost to himself, to become proud and dictatorial. That the Church in the United States has suffered so little in this way, is reason for congratulation. It is, moreover, a splendid testimony to the noble Christian character of the American Episcopacy. We do not claim that there has been no dissatisfaction; that, from arbitrary exercise of episcopal power scandals have not at times arisen,

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for history records such. But, taking it all in all, we cannot help thinking and saying that God has specially watched over the selection of rulers of His young Church in this country, and has jealously guarded against the exercise of tyranny. Plainly, had it not been for this, her history would have been less glorious, and the conquests of her faith less extensive and less firmly established.

In the "*Instruction*," "Cum Magnopere," we have the beginning of a new and better order of things. The old possibility of unjust exercise of power and of consequent contempt for authority no longer exists. For all practical purposes we now have a Canon Law for the Church of this country. The main features of the "*Instruction*" were discussed at the conferences held in Rome between the Cardinals of the Propaganda and the American Archbishops, toward the close of 1883. After these conferences it was promulgated as a law of the Holy See, and sent to the *Third Plenary Council of Baltimore*, held in 1884. It is now obligatory all over the United States, except in a few dioceses where, by Papal dispensation, the "*Instruction*" of 1878 is allowed to remain in force.

The present "*Instruction*" furnishes us with a judicial procedure, approximately like to that which prevails in Catholic countries, where strict ecclesiastical law obtains. The form of trial prescribed seems eminently wise and generous. To this there might seem to be two exceptions.

One of these is the fact that the "*Instruction*" makes the bishop of the accused his judge. Against this arrangement some have objected that, without impeaching even in thought the integrity of ecclesiastical superiors, and attributing only the purest motives to the framers of the law, there is, nevertheless, room for the opinion that the end of the law as stated in the preamble to the "*Instruction*," "to protect authority and avoid complaints of unjust treatment," would have been more directly and effectually attained by providing a bishop as judge, other than the bishop of the accused.

In support of this objection, it is urged that, unlike the methods of procedure in civil tribunals, the bishop of the accused is made, by the provisions of the "*Instruction*," at once prosecutor and judge and jury. The bishop is the representative of the Church; therefore, her prosecutor, and in the nature of things, it does not seem just that he should also be the arbitrator of the guilt or innocence of the accused. A just and fair trial is the right of every one charged with crime. It is not a privilege, but a right, and every judicial process should be above even the suspicion of infringing upon this right.

But, in answer to this objection, it is sufficient to say briefly that the Church does not and needs not follow after the methods of procedure in secular tribunals. The animating spirit of her discipline is purer, and its object and aim higher than that of those tribunals. Moreover, the bishop, in judicial proceedings under the "*Instruction*," does not act alone, nor unrestrictedly, nor arbitrarily. He has regularly appointed official counsellors, with whom he consults and who aid and advise him at every step of the proceedings, both in deciding the case and pronouncing sentence. Again, there is good reason to believe that another bishop, a stranger to the accused and to the diocese, would be a sterner and less considerate judge than the bishop of the diocese to which the accused belongs. And, finally, that room is left for an appeal to the Holy See in case the accused believes that his trial has been irregular, informal, or in any way unfair.

The other hypothetical objection may be still more easily answered.

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This latter objection refers to the fact that to the general law,—in cases when repressive remedies are called into requisition,—a formal trial is the right of the accused. There is a notable exception, viz., the power to sentence and punish *ex informata conscientia.* This most certainly is a remarkable exception, and at first sight would lead a superficially informed person to suppose that the grand scheme of the "*Instruction*" was frustrated and that on this point it was self-contradictory. For to punish *ex informata conscientia* seems to deprive the accused of the sacred right of defence, and to punish him unheard.

But to this there is an all-sufficient answer. The law giving the power of condemning and punishing *ex informata conscientia* was first framed in the Council of Trent, and since then has obtained throughout the Church. In those days the corruption of ecclesiastics was deep and widespread, and heroic measures were required. There were crimes which, from their peculiar nature and from the circumstances connected with them, could not be brought home publicly to the perpetrators, at least, by a public trial, without doing even more harm than did their secret commission. Yet, of the commission of those crimes there was no room for doubt. To meet these cases the Church gave the seemingly astounding power to her bishops of condemning and punishing *ex informata conscientia;* and the necessity of continuing this power to them still exists.

Nor is this extraordinary power so astounding as at first sight it seems to those who are unacquainted with its reasons and limitations. Bishops are not thereby empowered to exercise this extraordinary faculty at will. There is still a *medium in rebus* even for them under this method of procedure. The crime must be well defined and certain. It must be occult. In no case, upon which testimony, either favorable or adverse, can be brought into the open light of day, is the exercise of this power permissible. Then, too, the accused has still the right of appeal to the Holy See. And we know whereof we speak when we say that our reigning Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., is fully resolved to restrict the exercise of this extraordinary power within its proper and legitimate limits.

On the whole, the "*Instruction*" is eminently acceptable. It supplies a long and a deeply felt want, and is assuredly hailed with pleasure and satisfaction by the Priesthood of the American Church.

The exposition by Dr. Smith of the aim and meaning of this "*Instruction,*" is timely and valuable, and it will be so received, we believe, by the clergy and bishops of the Church in the United States. We hope it will obtain a wide circulation.

INDIFFERENTISM; or, Is One Religion as Good as Another? By the *Rev. John MacLaughlin.* New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates; Glasgow: Hugh Margey; Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. 1887.

This unpretentious and modest, but able little book is emphatically a "Tract for the Times." It deals with what is the prevalent error of our age, and the one which is now more actively powerful than any other in lulling into a false security very many amiable and well-meaning persons, who have sufficient discernment to see the irreconcilable contradictions and fallacies of Protestant creeds, but who are deluded by the shallow but specious theory that a certain knowledge of revealed truth is unattainable or unimportant, and one religious belief is as good as another, or, in other words, that all religious belief is merely a matter of personal preference and of no essential importance.

This false notion is the chief and most prolific cause of the prevailing

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tendency of our times to Agnosticism and infidelity. For it is but a very short step from the notion that one creed is as good as another, and one religion as good as another, to the belief that all religions are valueless and have no claims upon the belief or the consciences of intelligent persons.

The Rev. author, in his introductory chapter, very clearly explains this and shows how this Latitudinarianism or Indifferentism has paved the way by which millions of persons in England have passed or are passing from Evangelical Protestantism to Rationalism, Agnosticism, and infidelity. And what he says of the effects of Indifferentism or Latitudinarianism in England is equally true of it in the United States and on the Continent of Europe.

And while Indifferentism is thus the enemy of the Protestant sects by sweeping immense numbers of their adherents into the ranks of unbelief, it is not less the enemy of the Catholic Church. It is this not from bitter hostility or determined opposition, for it is too tolerant, at least in its first stages, of every form of belief, to be sternly opposed to any, but it is the enemy of the Catholic Church by keeping many persons out of her fold who otherwise would enter it. For, "when a man has gone so far as to regard religion as a mere matter of opinion, and consequently as a matter of choice, he is not likely to choose a difficult one, when an easy one will suit his purpose quite as well. Naturally men are averse to having their intellect bound down to definite doctrines, and to having their will burthened by difficult obligations. There are few, if any, who will think of embracing a creed which imposes many restraints, while they feel, or at least try to feel, they can go to Heaven equally safely by one that imposes hardly any restraint at all."

In the treatment of his subject, the author first refutes the theory of Indifference on grounds of natural reason and of reason enlightened by faith. He shows that, God being what He is, the God of eternal, unchanging truth, He cannot be indifferent as to whether His intelligent creatures choose a particular creed or some other one that contradicts it. To say that He is indifferent to this is to declare by necessary implication that God cares not whether His children believe truth or falsehood.

The author then, in successive chapters, shows that the theory of Indifferentism contradicts Divine Revelation. Were that theory true, then there would be no need of Divine Revelation. Moreover, when our Divine Lord commissioned His Apostles, He enjoined them to teach all that He had commanded them. They were all, therefore, to teach the self-same truths and precepts, and this being the case, it was obligatory on those who were taught to receive and believe what the Apostles taught, and not to receive or believe, but to reject whatever was at variance with that teaching.

The author then shows, in separate chapters, that Indifferentism contradicts the history of Cornelius the Centurion, and the history of the Council of Jerusalem. He then, in Part II. of his work, makes a direct practical application of his previous arguments. He refers to the fact that many persons who believe in Divine Revelation will acknowledge the truth of what thus far he had said, viz., that all religions cannot be true, that only one of them can be true, and, therefore, that all others must be false, yet they contend that it is impossible to ascertain which of them is that one only true religion.

This error he exposes and refutes by showing that the true religion has certain notes or marks which it alone possesses and by which it can be infallibly known. Two of these notes, Unity and Universality, he points out and explains very lucidly. The other notes of the Church

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he omits treating, in order to compress his matter into the smallest possible compass.

It is to be hoped that the work will be extensively read. Its plan is highly judicious, and its arguments are plain, direct and solid.

THE NEW RACCOLTA; or, Collection of Prayers and Good Works, to which the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached Holy Indulgences. Published in 1886 by order of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Translation authorized and approved by the Sacred Congregation of Holy Indulgences. To which is added an Appendix, containing Prayers for Mass and Vespers for Sundays. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son. 1887.

The next latest edition of the *Raccolta* to this, which was, officially, published in Rome, appeared in the year 1877. Since then other documents, containing Indulgences already granted to all the faithful who recite certain prayers, or perform certain designated good works, were presented to the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics. Moreover, since then our Holy Father has enriched many prayers and pious works with indulgences which may, in like manner, be gained by all the faithful. Then, too, many of the indulgences previously attached to prayers and works of piety have been extended or restricted. On these accounts, and in order that all these indulgences might be more widely known, and that thus the interests of religion might be promoted, the Sacred Congregation thought it opportune to publish a new edition of the *Raccolta*, adding therein those prayers and pious works which, owing to the causes above mentioned, were not contained in the edition of 1878. This collection, therefore, which the Sacred Congregation of Holy Indulgences authorizes, has superseded all previous ones. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in virtue of his Apostolic authority, has approved and ordered this to be used by all persons as the genuine and authentic collection of all the indulgences hitherto granted. Hence, also, His Holiness has decreed that this same collection is to be taken as a rule in the settling of doubts which may arise as to the sense of the concession or as to the conditions requisite for gaining the indulgences.

The translation before us of this latest edition of the *Raccolta* was duly examined by two professors of theology of Woodstock College, who testified that they found it to be entirely faithful and in full accord with the Italian original. It was then submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics, and by them it was approved as authentic and permitted to be published. It also has the *Imprimatur* of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and of His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS, a Joanne Gury, S.J., Primo Exoratum et deinde ab Antonio Ballerini, ejusdem Societatis, Adnotationibus Auctum, nunc vero ad Breviorem Formam Redactum, atque ad Usum Seminariorum hujus Regionis Accomodatum ab Aloysio Sabetti, S.J., in Collegio Woodstockiensi, S.J., Theologiæ Moralis Professore. Editio Altera. Ab Auctoritate Recognita ad Norman Conc. Plen. Balt. III., atque Recentiorum Cong. Rom. Decretorum. Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnati; Frid. Pustet et Soc., S. Sedis Apost. et S. Rituum Cong. Typogr., 1887.

Father Sabetti, in the volume before us, has given the clergy and theological students a most excellent and valuable book. Taking Gury for a basis, he has reproduced all that is worth preserving, and has retrenched all his references to French law and European usages, which are quite unnecessary for our students. In its place he has substituted from the Baltimore Councils and other sources what is most useful and necessary for American priests and students to know. So, too, he has

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done with Ballerini's notes. They are excellent, like everything else that came from the pen of that learned and holy man. But they are too copious and prolix for a student's manual, and, we may add, too controversial, the controversy assuming occasionally a personal character. Father Sabetti has shown his judgment by incorporating in his text all that was new and valuable in Ballerini's notes. Yet it were a pity that the notes should be lost or forgotten. And it is to be hoped that, if ever Ballerini's long-promised volume of Moral Theology should be gathered up and printed from his posthumous papers, these notes will be preserved in the Appendix, for they are too long to be printed at the foot of the page. F. Sabetti's book is well adapted for all our seminaries, for it is neither prolix nor jejune, and where the course of Moral Theology is longer, his brief pointed statements can be enlarged and filled out by the living voice of the professor. That the book (first printed in 1884) has so soon reached a second edition, is proof of its popularity with priests and professors.

CANONICAL PROCEDURE in Disciplinary and Criminal Cases of Clerics. A systematic commentary on the "Instructio S. C. Epp. et Regg. 1880." By the *Rev. Francis Droste.* Edited by the Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, D.D. New York: Benziger Bros. 1887. 8vo. Pp. 268.

It is a pity that any necessity for ecclesiastical trials should exist. But as long as human nature remains what it now is, they will be needed. The only thing left to be done is to conduct them properly, so that innocent parties may not be aggrieved, and that justice and equity may remain intact, even in the case of the guilty. The provisions of the Church in this portion of her jurisprudence are admirable for their wisdom, and when fully carried out leave no possible ground for complaint.

The work of Droste is what its title calls it, a commentary on one of the latest and most important enactments on this head, and will be of great use to any Canonist or student of Canon Law. The work, written originally in German, was translated by a priest of Covington, Ky.; but the present edition by Dr. Messmer may be looked on in the light of a new translation. He has infused into the work the *lucidus ordo* which was wanting in the original, but has also enriched it with many additions, which render it more suitable to the wants of our country. He has done a good work, for which students should feel deeply grateful. The style is clear, and even non-professional readers may find it to their advantage to consult the work.

CLARE VAUGHAN. By *Lady Lovat.* New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns & Oates.

This is not a novel, as its title might lead some to suppose. Yet it is "as interesting as a novel." Nay, far more so. It is a true story. And as truth is often more wonderful than fiction, so, too, it is, as it ought to be, more interesting.

Clare Vaughan is not the name of a fictitious person, nor of one who lived long ages ago, but of a girl of our own times, the child of highly respectable English parents, in comfortable circumstances. She was well educated, gentle, refined, intellectually gifted, graceful, beautiful, amiable in every respect; a girl of exquisite sensibility, of ardent affections, and of firm resolve.

She fixed her affections upon One who was most worthy of her love.

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To Him she clung, for Him she lived, and for Him she died. He was no earthly lover, but our Blessed Redeemer and Divine Lord.

The story of this beautiful life is simply and beautifully told, and will be read both with interest and profit by all who can discern what is above all things else truly beautiful and lovely.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST. The Sacrifice, the Sacrament, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. Practice of Love of Jesus Christ. Novena in honor of the Holy Ghost. By *St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1887.

This is the sixth voume of the new and complete edition in English of the works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers, and called "The Centenary Edition." It comprises a number of independent treatises of St. Alphonsus, but all relating to the same general subject. The chief of these are The Sacrifice of Jesus Christ, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin, Meditations for the Octave of Corpus Christi, Novena to the Sacred Heart, The Practice of the Love of Jesus Christ, Novena to the Holy Ghost. Appropriate meditations and prayers and hymns are generally appended to these different treatises.

FIORDALISA: A Quaint Italian Tale. By *Anton Giulio Barrili*. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Co.

This story goes back to the fourteenth century and the times of Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi, founders of the Florentine school of painting. Its chief personages are mainly artists and their disciples. It introduces the reader into their studios and makes him intimately acquainted with their ruling ideas of art, their friendships and their jealousies, their likes and their dislikes. Incidentally, too, it portrays the habits, customs, and peculiarities of Italian life in those times. It is a story of intense passion, of deep unchanging faith, unrelenting hatred and tragic vengeance.

OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR AND OTHER DISCOURSES. By the *Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B.*, Bishop of Newport and Menevia. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This volume is made up of eighteen sermons, which chiefly treat of the Incarnation and kindred subjects. They are not controversial in form, yet they have constant reference to current errors of our day. They are brief, concise, lucid; profoundly philosophical, yet so direct and simple, in the arrangement of their thoughts and in their language that any person of ordinary intelligence can understand and profit by them.

ONCE UPON A TIME: A Collection of Stories. Reprinted from the "Ave Maria." Office of "Ave Maria," Notre Dame, Ind.

The volume before us contains a dozen or more short stories that were originally published in the *Ave Maria* and are now republished in book-form. They are admirably written and, though intended especially for children, will be read with pleasure and also with profit by older persons.

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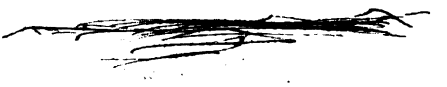
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Leo P.P. XIII.



(*Translation.*)

JANUARY 3, A.D. 1884.

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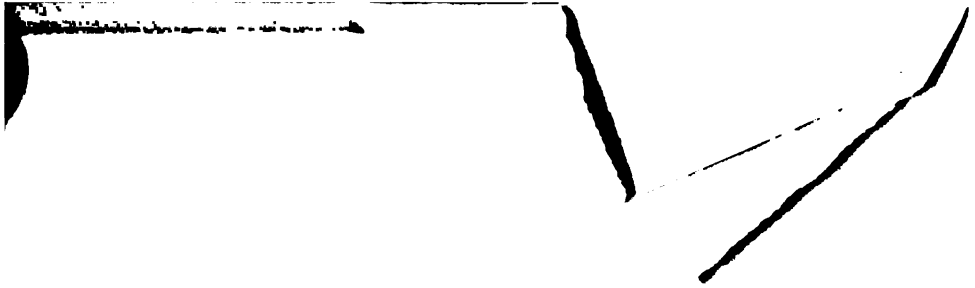
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MAR 3 189
APR 24 189
FEB 3 1891
OCT 30 1893
NOV 17 1893
MAR 4 1895
NOV 7 1901
NOV 11 1901
DEC 23 1930
APR 13 1933
DCE SEP 16 '33

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